

Germany 1975

time during the day in preparation for the following morning a partially filled tea kettle that heats extremely rapidly, several tea bags, two rolls wrapped up tightly in plastic, several pads of butter, and all paper containers of milk and several little jam and jelly containers. I brewed up tea and ate some of the Alpen for breakfast each morning, which gave me a very substantial breakfast.

SCHWEITER HOF

Well, here I am in the ~~Sweitzer Haus~~ Schweiter Hof. The bomb scare was all over so there was no unusual happening or troops around Heathrow when I left. Did have a little trouble getting away on the plane. I overheard the purser talking to one of the passengers about a dog they had in a box that was too big to get into the plane. Finally they arranged to send it by Lufthanser, so we took off. I promptly went to sleep. It was quite cloudy and misty on the ground, so could see nothing from the plane. I had noticed on the dispatch board that this flight landed in Bremen on the way, rather than non-stop the way I thought it would be. I woke up just as the pilot was demanding that we put out seats up straight, then the announcement came that all through passengers to Berlin stay aboard the plane. While we were waiting first of all a German passport control officer came aboard and checked all our passports. I noticed that the passenger ahead of me handed him a bright red passport but that's all. There was nothing more significant. But in a couple of minutes the passenger turned around and spoke to me through the crack between the seats. In this particular plane, a 1-11, there is about a 2-inch gap. It turned out to be a gal who had flown right straight through from San Francisco. She had to fly to Los Angeles and then take a non-stop flight to London and then after about two hours got on this flight. She was tired and complained she was a little sick. She wanted to know how long it would take to get to Berlin. I told her I thought about thirty minutes. It turned out to be forty-five. She was concerned that the Passport Control had not stamped her passport. I told her that was standard practice these days, at least going into a country and sometimes going out. We had a few more minutes of discussion through the crack during which time it developed ~~it-wa~~ she was from Chile but now living in the San Francisco area. I asked her if she knew anything about Berlin. She said she didn't but was being met by some people who lived here. I mentioned I wanted to know the best way to get to the hotel so she said she would speak to them. Well, the two of us got to the baggage area almost first of all the passengers and then waited a long time for the luggage to come. She was carrying a very heavy carry-on bag and proceeded to pull three duffle bags off of the conveyor belt before my suitcase showed up. When it showed up and I pulled it off she asked me to wait while she went out to see if she could find a porter. She came back - she had seen her friend and announced to me that her friend would take care of me since she knew where the hotel was. Then this girl announced she had two cardboard boxes also due to come. We hadn't seen them yet, so we waited around quite awhile. She decided to take off with the two duffle bags while she went to see her friend and I stood guard on the carry-on bag and watched for the boxes. Well the boxes didn't come. She came back and suggested that we got out and see her friend who turned out to be a middle-aged lady also from Chile and her teen-age son. The mother spoke English fairly well but the son spoke almost no English. He spoke enough to tell me he spoke no German. About this time the girl and her friend went off and left the boy and me to guard the luggage. After awhile I got the bright idea that the boxes had gone to the freight depot rather than sent out as regular luggage. The boy went running off to tell them to look there. I was getting to the point where I could communicate fairly well, reverting to the simple English I use under these circumstances. He didn't come back for a long while, finally when he did he said they hadn't found it. The girl came and needed the tags off her other stuff so she could file a report. After she left I got another bright idea, I remembered the dog in the box and I said I bet the boxes went with the dog. He off went the boy again running like mad. This time he came back all smiles. He said - that's where the boxes were - with the dog. Well, after waiting some more (during these waiting periods I had gone to Pan Am and confirmed my flight, had gone to the bank and cashed some Travelers Cheques into Marks). Finally the girl came back. She was really working on nerve but still smiling. She said one of the boxes had been with the dog but the other one still didn't show up, so they carefully identified it and British Airways would get it to their house when they did locate it. So we all started outdoors. Still I didn't know what the story was. I had suggested I go along but they insisted they would take care of me. Turned out the hotel was near where the friend lived and they were traveling in a taxi anyway, so we loaded the taxi down - four of us with duffle bags, briefcase, carry-on bag, my bag, but sure enough the taxi came right around to the ~~Sweitzer Haus~~ Schweiter Hof Hotel. I tried to pay for the taxi but the mother

said no and they were sorry I had to wait so long. Off they went. I had no trouble checking into the hotel. They had me listed. Al Bock's receipt for \$50 deposit worked the trick so I was brought to this very small but certainly very satisfactory room. I would say the only thing I would complain about is they have no TV and today I would like to be watching those football playoffs which I believe are in Germany, maybe even Berlin. I sure hope they don't charge me for this room what Bock indicated it would cost - 70 Deutsch marks per day. If it is that much for this room - at the most 5 meters wide by 7 long, including the bathroom ... After settling down for a couple of minutes I went out for a little walk around the block and believe it or not, right on the other side - in fact I can see it from my window - is the building in which our meetings are going to be held. This was a good choice for a hotel. There are two or three others right around close, including the Hilton. Right across the street, I'm on the back of the hotel, in front of the hotel is the row of buildings which includes the Hilton Hotel and just on the other side of that you can see these tall trees sticking up behind the quite shallow buildings except for the hotel is the Berlin Zoo. This was pointed out to me by the mother as we approached the hotel. I've been here about two hours now. I fixed myself some lunch from the stuff I had with me and an apple left in a little dish on the table with the greeting.... on the calling-card of Rudolf W. Shelbert, Director of Hotels, Sweitzerhof, Berlin.

Ate dinner tonight (Sunday night, the 30th) with Prof. Darbel, ^{Loy UPP} ~~Louis~~ and Madame West. The same Madame West of the French delegation. Loy talked a little about the enormous new business they are in, that of Total Flowmetering Systems applied to oil, gas and mixed feed from the off-shore platforms. Later he referred to this as being something like a twenty-four million dollar a year business for the last year and they have that much lined up for the next year also. They are basically a 30-million dollar a year company up to now. He said they started up a new facility in Scotland to support the North Sea activity. (Remind * me to tell Al Bock that the 70 mark per day hotel room rate does not include Continental Breakfast. That costs another 4 mark.)

Back in the hotel Monday evening. For breakfast this morning I ate the Continental Breakfast - hard rolls and jam - and I took my own Promise spread. For lunch not such good luck. Roger Darbel, Loy Up and I went with Sargent of Taylor in England to the Embassy Hotel and ate in their Coffee Shop. I ordered a curry but it was sure a mess of butter. All of the vegetables to go on the curry were covered with butter. It had been listed as a Vegetarian Curry but I hadn't asked the right questions. After lunch I came back to the room and supplemented my lunch. Tonight we ate quite well using a list that had been given us listing as to whether they were high, medium or low price. We went to a low price one but it was closed. Right near by there was a medium price one and it turned out to be just that. It was a small room with half a dozen tables and booths adjoining a bar-room. There were only three or four people in there during the whole time we were there. The waitress could speak a little English, in fact plenty, so when I told her my problem of no butter she suggested one of the dinners which I took. It was called Ceaal Gedunstt Krautersauce en Salzkartoffeln. She said the name is eel but it is not a true eel. It was not oily at all - boiled fish of some sort with boiled parsley potatoes and a parsley sauce that seemed to be just flour. I didn't eat much of the sauce to be on the safe side but the fish was very good and the side order of vegetables - carrots, asparagus, beans, - sure made up a nice and too large dinner. The name was Bauernstube in the Berlin Europa Center - an arcade at ground level. There is another arcade down below under that entire Europa Center.

Back in the hotel Wednesday evening after a dinner at Hotel Berlin given by DNA to all delegates. Had several very interesting conversations. Sat between the interpreter, Mlle. Chamont, and the representative of PTB, Dr. Ashenbrenner. Talked about language differences with Mlle. C and about business items and also stereo photography with Dr. A. He knows Maarten Niermeijer but didn't know of his interest in stereo photography.

At noon today, rather than eat lunch with the rest and go through the problem of getting the right kind of food I made a peanut butter and Promise sandwich. This morning and this noon I headed off for the East. I walked four or five miles, I would guess, in the hour and a half period of time. Saw the famous wall a couple of places, saw a lot of construction going on, took some pictures showing East Berlin from a distance - one of them had the wall in it, one alongside the canal with a lot of ducks in it, and had good exercise.

Now for the hotel - please tell me how one is supposed to sleep comfortably in a bed that is the right dimensions all right, there are two pillows - one is fairly thin and about a foot by a foot and a half, the other about two and a half feet square (correction - it is 70 cm by 76 cm) and about 100 cm thick. The bed has a single sheet on it and a thing on top. One might call it a comforter or quilt. It is a little wider than the bed and not quite as long and about 5 to 7 cm thick. Now, if the weather is cold I am sure that my feet would stick out at the bottom or my shoulders would be cold. When the weather is warm or hot I guess you just do without it. In between, it is too heavy and warm and yet there is nothing else. My answer has been to start out with it covering me only from the waist down and hang over the foot of the bed and if I wake up cool I can pull it up a little bit or if it is hot I can push it down a little bit, but this does mean I have to have good circulation to keep the exposed part warm and the covered part from getting too hot. And tell me, how does one take a shower with the shower-head on a hose and no curtain. I've learned to do it without getting the floor wet.

This is Thursday morning and another day like all of them so far - part rain and part sun. It has rained every day, a couple of very hard rains and a slight sprinkle a good share of the time and very brief periods of hot sunshine. I'm sure glad I brought the umbrella. Humidity lowest so far has been 85 and they claim it is 95 right now.

Thursday evening dinner went a little rougher partially because there were too many of us and we had a chance to order. Wednesday evening there was no problem because I just had to choose what I could eat or couldn't eat, mostly it was couldn't. Tonight we searched the menu up and down with one of the Germans, a technical man who had never heard of cholesterol apparently because he recommended one dish that was drowned in a thick gravy. So I had vegetable soup to start with. I wanted another dish of vegetable soup but everybody else wanted to do right by me so they insisted upon ordering in place of the creamed biscuit or whatever it was they wanted to order a chicken salad for me. Well, I was able to eat the pineapple ring, a couple of cherries and the toast that came with it. Anyhow I had a very enjoyable time with M. Bonathal, M. Stoltz, and Madame West. I can understand more Japanese than I can French, because as soon as they started talking French I lost contact completely even though I tried very hard to understand some of it.

Friday night. The meeting was over about 12:45 today and most everybody headed for home but Loy Up and I are staying over until tomorrow morning for our planes, so we took the tour of East Berlin. The bus went from the Kaiser Wilhelm Memorial Church, rather the remains of it, not very far from the hotel. Went through the wall at Checkpoint Charlie, which is on Frederic Strasse, went down Unter den Linden to almost the Brandenburg Tower and then headed through a quite extensive area of apartment houses and shops. We went along the Spree River on the East Berlin side and across the bridge from which we could see the dividing wall going down through the middle of the river. The tour went on to Treptower Park where we got out in the drizzle rain and saw Soviet War Memorial where some five thousand Soviet troops were buried. Beyond a line of weeping birch trees imported from Russia to give the dead a feeling of being home. From here we went back through other apparently prosperous sections. The only industry we saw was along the Spree River where there was some activity, apparently shipping sand and gravel. Through the fairly heavy rain now we went back to the so-called Museum Island, pretty much the physical center of old Berlin. Here we went to the Museum of Western Asiatic Antiquity. Here they have a fairly extensive exhibit of Babylonian and other Near East architecture, artifacts, and other relics. After this we went out through Checkpoint Charlie and back to the hotel. We had been in the East Berlin area for about three hours and seen plenty of evidence that it is a fairly thriving city. The traffic was just about as heavy as in West Berlin with undulating buses, many people walking, ~~and~~

and many, many cars. The automobiles were not clearly identifiable except for the characteristic Russian car patterned after the old original Chrysler turtle-shaped car. The Russians took a lesson from Henry Ford because these cars are apparently available in any color just as long as it is black. Hope I got a reasonable ~~good~~ number of good pictures. The light was poor. There is sure a strain between East and West Berlin. Our guide on the bus had to be changed at the checkpoint for an East German one. They looked carefully at every passport on the bus and those people from West Berlin were scanned for all entries. American passports just provided a picture of the owner. When we came back through Checkpoint Charlie there was a more extensive examination. The bus driver had to open every access hole all the way around to prove he had no stowaways. In order to go through the Checkpoint on the way in one had to stop at the American gate first and then at the East Berlin one. It was there that the passports were checked, both going in and coming out. There are 2 meter thick walls about 1 to 1-1/2 meter high in the middle of No-man's Land, one extending from each side of the passageways so that it required some skillful manouvering to get the bus through. We were advised that we could not take any pictures on the East Berlin side of Checkpoint Charlie because it is considered a military area. We could take pictures anywhere other than that except in the Museum where it required a 1 mark permit and then it required a flash. For our purpose of buying postcards and things the exchange rate was 1 to 1 and we got no change. It was necessary to buy enough to match the money you had. The girl guide we had was very good in English and she really was skilled in showing the museum and also the Soviet cemetery. On the West side we had a girl that spoke German, French and English on everything she said but the East Berlin girl only spoke English.

I'm on board the 727 for Amsterdam at the Tempelhof Airport. Had a little trouble getting a taxi this morning. The bellboy went out on the street to catch one as it went by and mone came by, so then he went in and called for one and of course three or four showed up before the called one got there.

The search this morning was fairly complete. I will admit the fellow looking through my briefcase sure didn't give it a thorough search but the one checking me sure did. They were making a body check on everyone, feeling what was in every pocket plus possible strap-ons. The armed personnel carriers were patrolling the edge of the field and special police were posted in strategic places in the airport building. One of them was in the room that the Amsterdam people collected in. He had a pair of binoculars and watched every take-off. Also periodically he looked at things around the field. He had a walkie-talkie, telephone and a submachine gun.

Those were birds in Maarten's backyard. I was trying to get the blackbird which sounds very much like the American robin but what you do hear is a lark and a dove.

Well, I am in in the ~~Castania~~Hof in Room 2A which looks out over *KARNEMELK LAAN* Maarten met me at the airport and we drove out to the office long enough for me to look at my mail and talk to Maarten. Then we went over to his house where after eating a little lunch in the form of soup we went out for about a 2-hour walk through the woods. Many birds, some squirrels, some rabbits and a deer track, along with such things as horses, cows, bulls, Great Dane dogs, and a very few people. There had been a terrific rain storm while Maarten was going to the airport but by the time he met me the sun was out and the sky was blue just like last time. This good weather lasted right straight through although it clouded up a little as we were walking back toward the house. About five minutes after we got there some sprinkles started and within an hour it was raining hard. Another hour and blue sky again. Weather pattern moves very fast overhead. I'm optimistic about tomorrow but don't know enough about the weather to make that good a judgment.

Saw the last fifteen minutes of the Polish victory over the Brazilians in football. The Brazilians did no rough playing like they did against the Dutch the other day in the previous game. Then we saw a German movie about 1-1/2 hour long. It was a mystery story with Dutch sub-titles and German talking. I was quite surprised how much intelligence I