

A
RECORD
OF

SUPER
SAFARI

DECEMBER 8, 1972
TO
JANUARY 21, 1973

BY
JAKE LAMKINS

**THIS
JOURNAL
IS
DEDICATED
TO
RIK LAMKINS
WHO WAS THERE
AND
HELPED MAKE IT HAPPEN.**

SUPER SAFARI

This trip had been planned since early 1971. I had invited brothers Link and Rik along. I had also invited Stan Needham, Bob Owen, and a few other traveling friends.

I bid my vacation in late 1971 for my 1972 vacation. I was approved for the last three weeks in December, 1972. Then in late 1972 I was approved for the first three weeks of January, 1973. At this time my annual vacation was three weeks but by sandwiching the time of the trip at the end of the year and start of another year, I was able to get six consecutive weeks off.

The idea was to purchase Eurail passes for a 30 day period which allowed for unlimited first class rail travel in Europe. We would carry everything in a backpack for convenience and mobility.

The Summer of 1972 I worked in Jackson Hole. During that time Bob Owen got married to Arlene and dropped out of the trip. Stan had never been keen on backpacking and told me he wasn't going either. Link was in California and had other things going on and wasn't interested. Rik had said all along he was saving up money and intended to go. Of all the invitees I considered him the long shot. He came thru tho and we made the trip - just the two of us.

My life had gotten more complicated during the planning stage. In the Spring of 1972 I was living in a mobile home at Western Hills with Peggy Yoder who was the Avis Rent-A-Car manager at the airport. We'd been lovers all Winter. However, that Spring I met Lisa Causey, a blonde college student, who had started working at National Rent-A-Car. I was very attracted to her and we had a few dates in May before I left for Jackson Hole.

I told Peggy before I left that I didn't intend to live with her when I returned from Jackson Hole and that she should look for another roommate. Frankly, I was tired of the drug scene she was so involved in. She was a very nice person and I liked her but it was time to move on. Plus, I was thinking about Lisa for the future.

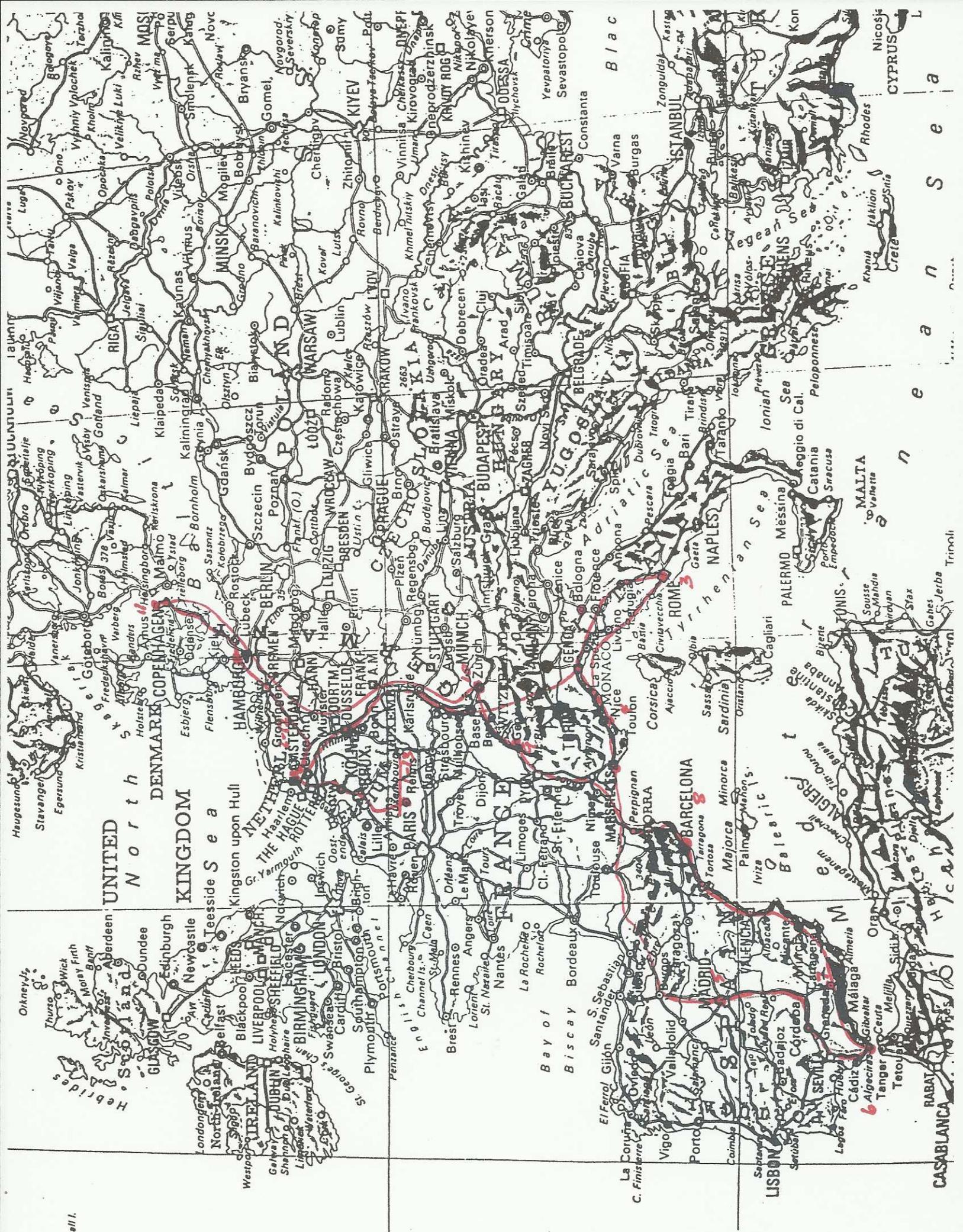
Not long after arriving at Jackson Hole in late May I got a "Dear John" sort of letter from Lisa saying she was trying to get over another relationship and wanted to get her life sorted out before getting involved. She wanted to concentrate on finishing up her last year of work at the University.

When I returned to Fayetteville in early September, Peggy had a small house rented not far from campus. She had a girl friend living with her. I visited her some while trying to get the fire started with Lisa. Peggy's girl friend walked in on us once while we were making love and making quite a bit of noise. She handled it real well. I rented a pink trailer from a retired army sergeant. It was just across the street on South School Street from the Grandview Apartments. It was convenient to work. Ironically it was at that section of South School that I had my bad car wreck in 1966.

The affair with Lisa ignited on October 23rd, 1972 when she called me at the trailer and asked if she could come by. She came by from the airport about 4PM while she was on her lunch break. We went straight to bed. It was a race to see who could get the other's clothes off the fastest. We were very good together and our affair quickly became mutually exclusive. We began to make plans to get a place near the campus when I returned from my long planned Super Safari. Lisa's "Russian Drinking Society" name became Sunni Honeytungski.

So the stage was set for Rik's and my departure in early December. I kept a journal of the trip. It follows.

Upon our return we found six inches of snow on the ground. We had to dig Rik's MG out of a snowbank and do considerable clearing to get into my little pink rented trailer. Rik stayed a few days, got the MG running, and returned to Hot Springs. I gave the old top sergeant notice that I was giving up renting his trailer. Lisa and I rented a small cottage near the campus on Gray Street where we lived until I bought Roosterpoot about 7 months later. (9/8/99)



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ST LOUIS FRI 8 DEC 72

AT 1:22 PM ON DEC 8, 1972, FRIDAY AFTERNOON, SUPER-SAFARI WAS FINALLY UNDERWAY AS RIK, LISA AND JAKE PULLED OUT OF SOUTHGATE VILLA IN FORT SMITH AND HEADED SOUTH TO FT SMITH. FORT SMITH WAS SOCKED IN AND RIK AND MY FLIGHT WOULD NOT LAND. IF WE WANTED TO GET STARTED - IT WAS DRIVE TO FT SMITH. SUPERSAFARI HAD BEEN PLANNED FOR MONTHS - OVER A YEAR. BOB OWEN HAD BEEN CONSIDERED DEFINITE AND RIK A LONG SHOT. BOB SAVED \$900, THEN IN SEPTEMBER RAN OFF TO LAS VEGAS TO MARRY ARLENE, HIS MISTRESS. I HAD GOTTEN THE TIME OFF BY TAKING THE 3 WEEKS OF VACATION DUE IN '72 AND 2 WEEKS IN '73 AT END OF YEAR RUN TOGETHER. RIK CAME THRU - TO MY SURPRISE AND JOY. GREAT. IT WILL BE A FANTASTIC TRIP. RIK ARRIVED IN FORT SMITH DEC 6 IN THE AFTERNOON. HE STOPPED AT THE AIRPORT. I INTRODUCED HIM TO LISA AND THERESA, HIS SUPER DATE THAT EVENING. RIK LEFT FOR MY PLACE AND GOT TO THE HILL NORTH OF THE AIRPORT WHERE HIS CAR GAVE OUT. I HAD TO DRIVE UP AND PUSH THE MG TO MY TRAILER. WE LEFT IT SITTING THERE TODAY IN FRONT OF 'OL BLUE.' IN FT SMITH WE HAD A SNACK, THEN I SAID 'SO LONG' TO LISA OUT FRONT OF THE TERMINAL • RAN INTO JOHN MARXENSON IN LOBBY. HE AND MARGIE WERE JUST BACK FROM EUROPE AND HAD COME IN TODAY FROM ICELAND. AROUND 4:30 PM RIK AND I WERE OFF. ARMED WITH OUR EURAILPASSES, WE EXPECT TO BLITZ EUROPE. HANK MET US AT THE AIRPORT. HE WASN'T AT THE GATE. WE HAD FULL BLADDERS FROM THE COORS ON BOARD SO HEADED FOR 'PISSOIR'. WAS JUST HITTING MY STRIDE WHEN HANK'S HAND SMACKS ME HELLO. WE SHAKE HANDS WHILE MY OTHER HAND HOLDS SPRAYING OSCAR.

(1)

FRI 8 DEC 72

HANK DROVE US ON DOWN TO HIS PLACE IN FENTON WHERE WE HAD A DELICIOUS DINNER COOKED UP BY ANGELIQUE (DIANE). AFTERWARDS WE DRANK GIN AND BULLSHITTED TIL MID-NIGHT.

SO WE ARE FINALLY UNDERWAY ON SUPERSAFARI AFTER SO MUCH PLANNING AND ANTICIPATION. IT FEELS GREAT.

PLANS CALL FOR US TO GO ON TO NEW YORK ON SUNDAY AND TO ICELAND THAT NIGHT, THEN TO LUXEMBOURG TWO DAYS LATER. FROM THERE TO AMSTERDAM. LATER TO PARIS, THEN SOUTH TO IBERIA. NO DEFINITE SCHEDULE THO! WE WILL DO WHAT PLEASES US.

St Louis SAT 9 DEC 72

TODAY WAS A LAZY ONE. NASTY OUTSIDE AND DREARY WITH A FREEZING RAIN AND SLEET. STAYED AROUND HANK'S TIL MID AFTERNOON - THEN TO HENRY'S - THE OLD LOW-TASKA BAR IN SOUTH ST LOUIS. ROADS TREACHEROUS. SAW 5 CARS OFF ROAD ON SOUTH 244. PLAYED POOL AND DRANK BEER TIL JIM SHOWED UP. WERE KISSED BY MILLIE, WIFE OF THE OWNER, ABOUT LAST TIME WE WERE IN THERE. THE TIME IN MAY '70 WHEN MIKE KEY AND HIS BUDDIES - AL (JAPANESE KARATE EXPERT) AND BILL, A BIG FELLOW, - AND I LAD SEIGE TO THE PLACE FOR 13 HOURS. THAT WAS THE LAST TIME I SAW MIKE TIL RECENTLY IN ROOSTERPFOOT. JIM SHOWED US WE SHOT THE SHT TIL AFTER 7. CAME ON BACK TO HANK'S WHERE I LEARNED TO PLAY (PAINFLY) 'CHOPSTICKS' ON THE PIANO. HANKPOO TRIED TO TEACH ME. THEN PHIL GOT US INTO A VIGOROUS TABLE TENNIS MATCH DOWNSTAIRS. I PLAYED ASS NOBBY TIL THE LAST 2 SETS WHEN WE CALLED IT QUITS. RIK'S ARM GOT LIMBERED UP CONSIDERABLY TODAY. HE DRUNK A BIT OF BEER THEN SOME WINE AT HANK'S. WE ARE HAVING A GLASS OF GLUCKENHEIMER BOURBON WITH JUP FOR A NIGHT CAP. TOMORROW WE ZAP ON AMERICAN FOR CHICAGO, THEN NEW YORK, THEN A NIGHT FLIGHT TO REYKJAVIK. HOPE THE LOUSY WEATHER WON'T BE A PROBLEM. LIKE IN FATALBURG!!! DAMNED HOLY ROTCH ANYWAY.

THOUGHT A BIT ABOUT MY TIME IN ST LOUIS

2

SAT 9 DEC 72

JUL '68 - MAY '70. QUITE A BIT OF EXPERIENCE
ACCUMULATED IN THOSE TWO YEARS. REHASHED
MEMORIES WITH HANK AND SHARED SOME WITH
RIK THAT HE HADN'T HEARD ABOUT BEFORE.
NAMES LIKE SHEILA, RAEAN, DIANE, IMPERIAL,
CEDAR MANSION, THE WAY, AND MERAMAK
RIVER RUN LIKE A THREAD THROUGH THOSE
TALKS AND MEMORIES. NONE GREATER THAN
'SUGAR' THOUGH.

TOMORROW WE GO. TONIGHT WE REST.

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SUN-MON
REYKJAVIK ICELAND 10-11 Dec 72

NO TIME YESTERDAY TO MAKE AN ENTRY. TO START OFF, THE AMERICAN FLIGHT TO CHICAGO WAS DELAYED IN DALLAS BY WEATHER AND WE CHANGED OUR FLIGHT TO ONE DIRECT TO LAGUARDIA VIA CLEVELAND. RIK WAS EXCITED ABOUT RIDING A JET AND SEEMED TO ENJOY THE FLIGHT. HAD BREAKFAST WITH THANK AND DIANE AND AROUND NOON THEY DROVE US TO LAMBERT FOR THE FLIGHT. I RAN INTO A BUNCH OF THE FRONTIER GUYS I WORKED WITH WHILE IN ST LOUIS. RIK AND I ARRIVED IN NEW YORK AT LAGUARDIA AT 5PM ON THE 11TH. RIK THOUGHT WE WERE LANDING IN THE BAY TIL THE OLD PIER RUNWAY SHOWED UP AT THE LAST MINUTE. LAGUARDIA HAS EXTENDED SEVERAL OF THEIR RUNWAYS OUT INTO THE BAY BUILT UP LIKE PIERS, TWO MUCH STRONGER.

WE TOOK THE \$2 BUS TO KENNEDY AND CHECKED IN WITH LOFTLEIDER ICELANDIC AIRLINES FOR OUR FLIGHT TO ICELAND (SPURRED ISLAND LOCALLY). FOUND OUT THAT ONE FLIGHT WAS CANCELLED AND THE OTHER 4 HOURS LATE. AND NO CHANCE OF MY STANDING BY ON A PASS. THE AGENT SUGGESTED WE CHECK BACK AT 9PM FOR A BETTER APPRAISAL OF MY CHANCES. WE TOOK OUR PACKS UPSTAIRS AND CAMPED AT THE BAR (ICELANDIC WOULD NOT TAKE OUR BACKPACK SINCE I WAS 'STANDING BY' AND HAD 'NO' CHANCE). DRANK \$1 BEERS AND \$.60 GIN & 7's AND WANDERED AROUND AND PLAYED GIN RUMMY TIL 9 OR SO. CHECKED BACK WITH THEM AND WAS TOLD COULD NOT TELL TIL 11PM. FLIGHT WAS ESTIMATED TO LEAVE AT 11:30PM. I ASKED FOR AN HONEST GUESS ABOUT MY CHANCES AND WHETHER IT WAS WORTH WAITING FOR. IF IT STILL LOOKED BAD, RIK AND I WERE GETTING A HOTEL FOR THE NIGHT.

Sun - Mon - 10/11 - 12 Dec 72

THE AGENT SAID THERE WAS A CHANCE I COULD GET ON. WE MADE SURE RIK'S RESERVATION WAS STILL HOLD THEN SPENT THE NEXT 2 HOURS IN THE SAME FASHION AS THE PREVIOUS 3 HOURS. AT 11 PM I WAS CLEARED AND WE FINALLY GOT OUR PACKS CHECKED. IT WAS A MOB SCENE IN BOARDING THE AIRCRAFT, A SUPER DC-8 WITH AIR BAHAMA MARKINGS. SOME OF ICELANDIC'S PROCEDURES SEEM TO BE INEFFICIENT. WE FINALLY GOT SETLED AND IT LOOKED AS THOUGH THERE WAS AN ASS IN ALL 250 SEATS. THE STewardESS CONFIRMED THAT WE HAD 249 PASSENGERS ON BOARD. I HAD MADE IT WITH ONE TO SPARE. AT LEAST I DIDN'T HAVE TO RIDE THE JUMP SEAT LIKE THE TIME COMING OUT OF BERLIN ON PAN AM. IT WAS CROWDED FOR THE $\frac{1}{2}$ FLIGHT FROM NEW YORK TO KEFLAVIK AIRPORT IN ICELAND. WE GOT COMPLEMENTARY DRINKS WHICH EASED OUR PAIN. SAMPLED BEE FROM LUXEMBOURG AND HAD MORE GIN & TONIC, PLAYED SOME MORE GIN AND FOR THE LAST HOUR OR SO OF THE FLIGHT HAD AN ANIMATED CONVERSATION WITH AN OLD FELLOW WHO WAS ENROUTE TO LUX-BURG, THEN TO PARIS, AND THEN THE ORIENT EXPRESS TO ISTANBUL AND VACATION ON THE BLACK SEA. HE WAS FULL OF TALK ABOUT HIS TRAVELS AND IF HE CAN BE BELIEVED HAS BEEN JUST ABOUT EVERYWHERE. RIK AND I FOUND HIM VERY INTERESTING. WE LANDED AT KEFLAVIK, WHICH IS A U.S. AIR BASE, AT 11:30 AM TODAY. SNOW EVERYWHERE BUT NOT TOO COLD AND IT WAS NOT A WET COLD, BUT DRY WHICH WASN'T TOO DISAGREEABLE. THE LANDSCAPE HAS A STARK WHITE JAGGED BEAUTY.

Rik and I decided not to take the package tour but just get an airline discount at the Loft-leider Hotel and crash. We took the bus from Keflavik to Reykjavik (30 miles or so) and by 12:30 pm were dying in our rooms. Around 10:30 pm we roused to find that we had missed dinner and everything was closed except the bar. Ah yes, just lucky so. We drank beer til they closed, then inspected the premises of the hotel. Rik brought a pamphlet about Iceland back to the room with him and read it while we drank the 4 bottles of Egils Pilsener that the desk clerk had sold us. Rik read along, then laughingly informed me that we had been drinking soda pop all evening. Turns out that beer is not allowed in Iceland although hard liquor is available. Non alcoholic beer is sold which is usually used to chase schnapps and akvavit with. What a disgusting discovery! And they call the toilet here a 'snyrting'! With two black marks like that against them we don't feel there is much hope for the Vikings so we'll try to get out of here in the morning and go to Luxembourg. Snyrtings and non alcoholic beer. What a bloody lot of both.

Rik was upset at our takeoff in New York. We were seated in the extreme rear and the shaking, clattering, and general racket caused him to comment disparagingly on the pilot's ancestry and sexual habits.

Guess I offended the 'Holy Roach' because weather has caused us problems on 3 separate occasions now on supersafair!

9:30 AM

REYKJAVIK TUE - 12 DEC 72

GUESS THE 'ROACH' IS PISSED. OUR FLIGHT TODAY IS 9 HOURS OR SO LATE. EXPECTED TO LEAVE AT 4 OR 5 THIS AFTERNOON. IT ALMOST DISCOURSES ME. IT IS STILL SNOWY, COLD AND WINDY OUTSIDE. AND DARK TOO. SUNRISE IS AFTER 11 AM AND SUNSET A LITTLE AFTER 3 PM. LONG NIGHTS THIS TIME OF THE YEAR. THE HOTEL IS A SHORT BUS RIDE FROM CITY CENTER, YET WE PROBABLY WON'T GO SINCE WE MUST CHECK OUT OF THE HOTEL BY NOON AND WE HAVE NO PLACE TO STORE OUR PACKS. THE PEOPLE HERE THAT WE HAVE DEALT WITH IN THE HOTEL AND WITH THE AIRLINE ARE LIKE THE WEATHER - COLD AND GLOOMY. NOT VERY HELPFUL AT ALL. I WILL BE GLAD TO LEAVE.

FOR A LITTLE THIS PLACE COULD SEEM LIKE A PRISON.

(LATER) THINGS GOT BETTER BUT THE FLIGHT GOT LATER.

WE FOUND OUT WE COULD SPASH OUR BAGS IN THE ROOM +L THE FLIGHT LEFT. SO WE TOOK OFF FOR HOURS AND PROWLED AROUND AN HOUR OR SO. ON RETURNING TO THE HOTEL WE WERE TOLD THE FLIGHT WAS STILL DELAYED AND ASKED IF A TOUR WOULD BE INTERESTING. WE TOOK OFF ON A COUNTRY SIDE TOUR - VISITED A GEYSER AND HOT SPRINGS, SOME GREENHOUSES WHERE THE HOT SPRINGS ARE UTILIZED TO CREATE A TROPICAL ENVIRONMENT. WE SAW BANANA AND ORANGE TREES IN FULL BLOOM ALONG WITH OTHER PLANTS NORMALLY NOT EXPECTED IN ICELAND. THERE ARE ONLY 4 NATIVE ANIMALS ON THIS LAND - FOXES, FIELD MICE, MINK AND REINDEER. SAW MUCH EVIDENCE OF VOLCANIC ACTIVITY. RE-TURNED TO HOTEL AT 5:30P TO LEARN THAT THE BUS WOULD LEAVE FOR THE AIRPORT AT 8:15P. I GOT A MEAL CHIT FROM LOFT LENDER AND TOOK CARE OF OUR HOTEL

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BILL (50%). DOZED A LITTLE IN THE ROOM WHILE
Rik THE CHOWHOUND ATE (I WASN'T HUNGRY) THEN
WE DID FINALLY TAKE OFF ON THE BUS FOR
KEFLAVIK AT 8:15P AND THE PLANE TOOK OFF
14½ HOURS LATE AT 10:15P. THINGS HAD TO GET
BETTER AND THEY DID - COMPLIMENTARY BOOZE
ASTIN. WE WASHED A DELICIOUS COLD SNACK
DOWN WITH BEER (GOOD OLD BOFFERDAMS - A HELL
OF A LUXEMBOURGSE BREW), GIN-7, AND COGNAC
(SOME SORT OF TERRIBLE BRANDY THAT KEGANIC
HAD PROBABLY STOLEN) WHICH PUT ME INTO A LIGHT
PLEASANT DOZE THAT LASTED UNTIL WE WERE
TOLD IN A PLEASANT AND UNINTERESTED TONE BY
THE CAPTAIN THAT WE WOULD PROBABLY LAND
IN BRUXELLES, BELGIUM BECAUSE OF THE
WEATHER IN Luxemburg. HOWEVER, HE
WOULD MAKE A PASS AT Lux-Burg TO BE CERTAIN.
FOR A LONG TIME (AS RIK REMINDED ME
SEVERAL TIMES - 'HOW COME WE'RE FLYING A-
ROUND SO LONG IN THIS FUCKING FOG?') WE CIR-
CLED AND SO ADD BEFFOIS IF THE JOKER DIDN'T
LAND US IN Lux-Burg. 3:15 AM AND 15
GOD-DAMMED HOURS LATE AT A FOGGY AND
TERLORU Luxembours Airport. But THAT story
is another day.

AMSTERDAM

WED-13-DEC-72

Finally MADE A DAM AT 9:30P TONIGHT ON THE 'EDELWEISS' EXPRESS TRAIN FROM LUXEMBOURG. AFTER Rik And I Finally Got To Europe We Just WANT 2 THINGS. REST AND ZAP - IN THAT ORDER. WE JUMPED A TAXI AND BEAT OUR ASSES OUT OF THE CHAOS AND BITCHLOG CROWD AT THE TERMINAL (EVERYBODY TRYING TO GET LOFTLEDER TO SPRING LOOSE WITH THE FREEBIES) AND WERE TUCKED IN AT THE HOLIDAY INN (YEAH! THERE'S ONE IN Lux-Burg too, and ^{they} HAS A HOT LINE PHONE AT THE TERMINAL) SWEET AND NICE BY 4AM AT A 25% AIRLINE DISCOUNT. UP AT NOON AND READY TO ZAP. HAD TEA AND A ROLL, GOT OUR SHIT TOGETHER AND WERE AT THE 'TOUR DE LA GARE' BY 2:30P. THAT'S THE TRAIN STATION. HAD OUR EUFAILPASSER VALIDATED AND TRAIN DEPARTURE TIMES LINED OUT SO SPACKLED OUR PACKS IN A BACKROOM WITH AN OLD FELLOW FOR 11 FRANCS (25¢) AND TOOK A STROLL. AND DRANK SOME MOUSSEL BEER WHILE Rik ATE SPAGHETTI AND I RIGATONI (NEVER HEARD OF IT SO FILLED UP - JUST LIKE Rik's EXCEPT MY NOODLES WERE SHORT, FAT AND HOLLOW. TRAIN LEFT ON SCHEDULE - 4:29P - YEA, ON TIME! DO YOU HEAR GODDAMMIT - ON TIME. IT GOT TO AMSTERDAM ON TIME TOO - 9:31P. THE ZAP HAS STARTED. GETTING SITUATED IN THE TERMINAL WHEN AN OLD FELLOW TRIED TO TALK US INTO STAYING AT HIS HOME (LOT OF PEOPLE MAKE EXTRA MONEY WITH BOARDING HOUSES HERE) BUT SLUFFED HIM OFF. AT THE CURRENCY EXCHANGE A YOUNGER GUY ACCEPTED US. NAME LARRY AND FROM KC. HE MARRIED A GIRL WHOSE UNCLE OWNS A HOTEL

AND HE HUSTLES US TO STAY THERE. WE DO - SINCE
HE HAS WHEELS AND WILL BRING US, IT IS CLOSE
AND CENTRAL, AND THE RATE IS RIGHT. SO OUR
A-DAM HEADQUARTERS IS THE TAMARA HOTEL just
OFF Rokin Street NEAR THE ROYAL PALACE AND
THE DAM SQUARE. 13½ GULDERS EACH (54.10)
INCLUDING A BIG HEESEY DUTCH BREAKFAST.

TAKE A 3 hour STROLL BEFORE TURNING IN. Rik
LOVES THE SHOPS WHICH ARE FANTASTICALLY VARIOUS
BUT IT IS SO FOGGY THAT I CAN'T SHOW THEM
MUCH IN THE WAY OF LANDMARKS. WE STROLL
ALONG ZEEDIJK STREET, COMMONLY KNOWN AS CANAL
STREET, WHERE ALL THE 'HOORS' ARE. Rik SAW HIS
FIRST LADY IN A WINDOW. I THINK TEMPTATION MAY
CAUSE HIS FALL. NOT I THO, MY HEART IS PURE
AS THE DRIVEN SNOW. BEIDES, WE HAVE HAMBURGER
WHEN TOP SIELOON AWAKE MY REFRESH. HAD
A 30¢ HEINEKEN BEER WITH 'POMMES FRITES'
FOR A LATE SNACK. FRIES ARE DELICIOUS FRIED
POTATOES SOLD IN LITTLE STANDS IN PAPER CONES.
GREAT. THE ZAPPING HAS STARTED, MORE LATER -
TIRED AND IT'S 2:30 A.

AMSTERDAM

THUR - 14 - DEC - 72

OUR FIRST FULL DAY IN AMSTERDAM WAS A TIRING ONE. AFTER BREAKFAST AT THE HOTEL WE STROLLED AROUND THE OLD SECTION OF THE CITY FOR ABOUT FIVE HOURS. VISITED THE FLEA MARKET, A DAILY EVENT, EXCEPT SUNDAYS, AT THE WATERLOO PLEIN. SOME CONSTRUCTION OF A BUILDING HAS TAKEN PART OF THE AREA AWAY FROM THEM, BUT THE JUNK DEALERS AND HAWKERS OF ANTIQUITIES ENERGETICALLY OCCUPY WHAT'S LEFT. ATE A 'CROQUETTEEN VLEES' - A CORN DOG TYPE CONCESSION, CONTENTS UNKNOWN, WHICH WAS PRETTY GOOD AND LATER A 'BROODJESCHAAF' - A FRESH BUN WITH BATTER AND CHEESE - ALONG WITH A GLASS OF COLD MILK. ALL OUT OF LITTLE SNACK STANDS WHICH ARE EVERY WHERE. WE SPENT QUITE A WHILE IN CENTRAAL STATION GETTING RESERVATION INFORMATION, AND EXPLORING. PLAN TO LEAVE SUNDAY, THE 17TH, ON THE LORELAY EXPRESS TO ROMA. DUE TO ARRIVE MONDAY A.M. 9:30 AFTER 26 HOURS ENROUTE. I DOUBT WE LAST THAT FAR BUT WILL TRY IT. AFTER OUR STROLL, WHICH TOOK US BY ST NICHOLAS' CHURCH AT THE HARBOR (IT STILL HAS SCAFFOLDING AROUND IT FOR REPAIRS), THE WAAG - A 15TH CENTURY WEIGHING STATION, AND THE MINT TOWER; WE RETURNED TO THE HOTEL, WINDOW SHOPPING, CROWDING, PEOPLE-WATCHING, AND GRUNTING ALL THE WHILE TO RECUPERATE AND PREPARE TO SALLY FORTH AGAIN. A COUPLE OF HEINEKEN'S AND A FEW MINUTES TO REST OUR FEET WAS SUFFICIENT. AS IT WAS GETTING DARK WE WALKED TO BINNEN BANHUISSTRAAT FOR DINNER AT THE LING NAM RESTAURANT. WE HAD A 14 COURSE MEAL OF Rijsttaffel WHICH

NEARLY STUPIFIED RIK AND NEATLY STUFFED
ME FOR 9 GULDERS EACH. ABOUT \$3 A PIECE. THAT
DEFINITELY CALLED FOR ANOTHER STROLL AND IT
LASTED SEVERAL HOURS UNTIL OUR FEET STARTED
REMINDING US THEY WEREN'T USED TO SUCH
PROTRACTED USAGE. AFTER A COUPLE OF HEINEKEN'S
AT THE HOTEL WE TURNED IN WITH PLANS TO
GET AN EARLY START TOMORROW. OUR ROOM
HERE AT THE TAMARA IS AT THE TOP OF THE
BUILDING FIVE STORIES UP. OUR WINDOW LOOKS
OUT ON VOORBURGWAL STREET. TO GET TO IT
INVOLVES NAVIGATING FIVE FLIGHTS OF STAIRS
WHICH ARE 14 INCHES OR SO WIDE. LUCKILY THERE
IS A BANISTER. THE TOILET IS ON THE 4TH
FLOOR AND THE SHOWER IS ON THE 3RD. WE
HAVE FOUND A 'WASSALOON' WHERE WE CAN
LAUNDRY SOME CLOTHES. STRANGELY ENOUGH, IT'S
NOT FAR FROM THE SHADY LADIES OF CANAL
STREET. RIK THINKS THERE IS MUCH SIGNIFICANCE
IN THAT. HE COMMENTS ON HOW MEAN THE
'HOORS' LOOK AND IS RETICENT TO YIELD TO
THEIR LURES. CAN'T BLAME HIM. GOOD NIGHT.

AMSTERDAM

FRI - 15 - DEC - 72

Rik and I got an early start today and after breakfast set out to find Heineken's brewery. My sense of direction was even more lacking than usual and we made several false starts. Finally tho I got lined out and we headed down Kalverstraat, the shopping district, for the Spui. Enroute I showed Rik the Begijnhof, the beguine court, which is an enclosed court of 16th century townhouses. So quiet and peaceful - and in the middle of Amsterdam. Found the Spui okay and turned down the Leidsestraat til we got to the Leidseplein and it's coterie of clubs, hotels and shops. From there it was easy to the Rijksmuseum and I knew Heineken's was somewhere nearby. Finally had to ask directions which I dislike. I'd rather look until I find it myself. That was only the 2nd time this trip too that we've asked directions. Any way, we found the brewery just in time to get in on the last tour of the day at 10:30A. We got to see how they make those wonderful frosties and then sat down and drank some along with 'nibb-its' of cheese and crispy chips. At noon we were back at the Rijksmuseum and spent over 3 hrs looking over the fine collection of Jan Steen's, Rembrandt van Rijn's, and Vermeer's works along with scores of others. Just great. Wish we had some way to bring a few prints back, but with the packs it would be a hassle keeping up with prints or posters - and we've seen some fantastic ones too.

THIS EVENING WE WALKED TO THE REMBRANDTSPLEIN, A NIGHTCLUB AREA, AND AFTER SOME SEARCHING WE FOUND THE CORRIDA CLUB ON WAGENSTRAAT WHERE WE SPENT THE EVENING LISTENING TO GEÉ VAN TOORENBURG PLAYING THE PIANO. SOME EXCELLENT CLASSICAL MUSIC. ACCOMPANYING THE PIANO WERE SERVINGS OF GENEVER (DUTCH GIN) COINTREAU, GIN & SEVEN, AND SCOTCH & WATER. SOME IN THE AUDIENCE PITCHED IN OCCASIONALLY TO HELP ENTERTAIN US WITH RENDITIONS FROM OPERAS - IN DUTCH. WE LIKED THAT. AFTERWARDS RIK AND I PROWLED BACK TOWARDS THE HOTEL AND STOPPED ENROUTE FOR A SNACK AT A 'BROODJE VAN KOOG' THEN THE HOTEL AROUND 2:30A.

AMSTERDAM

SAT - 16 - DEC - 72

TODAY WAS OUR LAST IN A-DAM. TOMORROW EARL WE TAKE THE LORELY EXPRESS FOR ROMA. SLEPT IN BECAUSE OF THE LATENESS OF LAST NIGHT AND MISSED BREAKFAST. AFTER WE GOT OURSELVES PULLED TOGETHER, RIK AND I WALKED DOWN THE DAMRAC TO TAKE THE CANAL RIDE. WHILE WE WAITED FOR THE BOAT WE ATE A 'HARING' FROM A STAND. 'HARING' IS A RAW HERRING CUT INTO 4 PIECES WHICH ~~ARE~~ PICKED UP WITH TOOTHPICKS, ROLLED IN CHOPPED ONIONS, THEN POPPED DOWN THE CHUTE. VERY TASTY. THEN WE HAD SOME FRIED FROM AN ADJACENT STAND, ME AN APPLE AND RIK SOME GRAPES. THE CANAL RIDE WAS IN A OPEN TYPE GLASS PLATED ROOF SORT OF LONG BOAT WHICH CARRIES UP TO 96 PEOPLE. IT LASTED OVER AN HOUR AND WE WENT THRU A BUNCH OF THE CANALS AND HAD VARIOUS POINTS OF INTEREST SHOWN TO US. IN THE HARBOR WE SAW SEVERAL FREIGHTERS IN DRYDOCK AND THE BACKSIDE OF THE TEIJUS TERMINAL. AFTERWARDS WE JUMPED A TROLLEY FOR THE LEIDSEPLEIN WHERE WE WALKED OVER TO THE MUSEUMSPLAAT IN A FALLING DRIZZLE (DOESN'T A DRIZZLE ALWAYS FALL?) WHERE WE WERE YESTERDAY AT THE RIJKSMUSEUM AND HEWELKENS. THIS TIME WE WENT TO THE STEDELijk MUSEUM AND SAW THE VAN GOGH COLLECTION ALONG WITH SOME PICASSOS, CHAGALLS, KANDINSKYS AND OTHERS. WE HAD TO LEAVE AROUND 5PM BECAUSE THEY CLOSED. THEY HAD A SHOP WITH A TREMENDOUS SELECTION OF POSTER PRINTS AND CARDS TOO. TOO BAD IT WOULD BE SO MUCH OF A HASSLE TO lug PRINTS

AROUND THERE WERE SEVERAL I'D LIKE TO BUY. WALKED BACK TO HOTEL AND WERE PROPOSITIONED SEVERAL TIMES FOR DOPE. RIK OR I HAVE BEEN APPROACHED ABOUT 6 TIMES WHILE WALKING AROUND AND ASKED IF WE WANTED ANY HASH. ONE FELLOW WAS IN A PASSING CAR AND ANOTHER OFFERED COCAINE. RIK SUGGESTED TO ONE 'WHY WEREN'T YOU IN HOT SPRINGS WHERE I NEEDED YOU?' WHICH PROBABLY GAVE HIM A HEADACHE TRYING TO CIPHER IT OUT. WE NEEDING SOME CLOTHES WAITED AND TOOK OUR DIRTIES OVER TO A LAUNDROMAT NEAR CHAM STREET AND IT WAS CLOSED, WENT TO ANOTHER WE KNEW ABOUT AND IT WAS ALSO CLOSED. GAVE UP THEN, CAME BACK TO HOTEL AND DUMPED THE CLOTHES AND WENT OUT AGAIN TO FIND MUNCHIES FOR THE RIDE TOMORROW. HAD A FEW 'CROQUETTES' FOR SUPPER ALONG WITH 'PATAT FRITES' AND A HEINEKEN. SPENT BALANCE OF EVENING PREPARING FOR EARLY DEPARTURE IN MORNING AND 26 HOUR RIDE TO ROMA. HOPE WE CAN LAST THAT - IF NOT WILL JUMP THE TRAIN SOMEWHERE EURROUTE AND CRASH. MAY TRY TO GET BACK THEN A DAY PRIOR TO LEAVING FROM LUX-BURG.

Enroute - SWITZERLAND

SUN - 17 - DEC - 72

Rik and I have been on the train since 8AM. We left Central Station shortly after we settled into our 6 seat compartment. Thus - out the trip we've been the only ones to occupy the first class compartment and that has made it very comfortable for us. We've spread out our travel books to get checked out on board from and 'Cancer Ward' is there for both of us to read in and, of course, the cards are out for the gin rummy hands. The country side has been interesting and the day and evening passed fairly fast. In Germany we went into Köln then turned south along the Rhine Valley - Mainz, Mainheim and Karlsruhe. Heavy industry and pollution evident thru the area. Rik didn't care for it. Wiers Atals is - we went thru a yellow fog bank all the way thru Germany and it had frozen to all the trees, plants and buildings giving it the appearance of there having been a freezing rain. Many scenes were a featherly and beautiful fog tableau. Rik and I christened the phenomena a 'frizzle' - a freezing fog. By 5P it was dark and our interest in the country side waned. We concentrated on reading and swishing. Around 7PM the 'Suisse' took over our train at Basel. These boys don't play around. We took off at such a fast rate and clatter that Rik felt constrained to crawl around and see exactly what our physical situation

WAS. HE RETURNED WORRIED. THERE WAS ONLY
ONE CAR IN FRONT OF US AND IT WASN'T THE ENGINE -
THE THEREFORE THE DRIVER WAS AT THE FAR OTHER END
OF THE TRAIN AND PROBABLY COULDN'T SEE THE
CURVES WE WERE BEING THROWN INTO. (FUCK,
WE'D BE 20 FEET OFF THE TRACK BEFORE
HE SLOWED FOR THE CURVE, HE MUST HAVE A
JUG OF WHISKY AND 2 WOMEN TO KEEP HIM
COMPANY!) - PREFERMING TO THIS MEXICAN TRAIN
WRECK RECENTLY. SO WE GOT THROUGH THE
BLACK SWISS NIGHT SWIFTLY AND JUST AS
WE WERE SITTING DOWN FOR SOME SHUT-
EYE (WE HAD DECIDED TO HOLD OUT AND GO
STRAIGHT THRU TO ROME) THE GODDAMMED
ITALIANS TOOK OVER OUR TRAIN AT CHIASSO.
THOSE BASTARDS WERE IN A PLOT TO KEEP ME
FROM SLEEPING. MORE LATER.

ROMA

MON-18-DEC-72

THE Bloody Wags KEEP ME AWAKE MOST OF THE NIGHT WITH THEIR STOPS AND STARTS (AND THIS AN EXPRESS) AND INVARIAILY AS I WAS DOZING OFF THE TRAIN WOULD SLOW DOWN ON A SLOPE WHICH TRIED TO ROLL ME ACROSS THE COMPARTMENT, Rik SLEPT LIKE A LOG. I GOT SOME ZZZs IN ON THE INSTALLMENT PLAN - IN ~~RED~~ BITS AND PIECES. AFTER 26 HOURS WE PULLED INTO ROMA TERMINI AT ABOUT 10^{AM} TODAY. THIS MORNING WE RAN INTO THE SAME 'FRIZZLE' WE HAD IN GERMANY ALTHO NOT AS DENSE AND THICK. AFTER ARRIVING IT WAS AFTER NOON BEFORE WE GOT SETTLED AT THE HOTEL VENEZIA. CLEARED UP A BIT AND HAD A MEDIOCRE LUNCH AT THE HOTEL. BUT, LUCKILY, MANAGED TO GRAB A Bus TOUR FROM THE DOORSTEP AND VISITED ST. PAUL'S BASILICA, THE FORUM (A FELLOW WAS PASSING ON THE SIDE OF THE ROAD AS WE WALKED DOWN (An ANCIENT RELIC?)), THE COLOSSIUM, THE SENATE, OTHER ABRODDED RUINS AND THE CHURCH WHERE MICHELANGELO'S MOSES IS. WE WERE SOLICITED BY A PRIEST THERE AND AT ST PAUL'S THE BENEDICTINE MONKS WERE SELLING KNUCK KNACKS AND BONZ. THERE WAS A POPCORN VENDOR IN THE COLOSSIUM. THE ATMOSPHERE OF 'TOURISTO' HAS REALLY TURNED RIK AND I OFF. WE WILL LEAVE TOMORROW. AFTER THE TOUR WE STOPPED AT A SHOP AND GOT BREAD, HAM, CHEESE AND RED WINE FOR SUPPER. GOOD!! TONIGHT WE ARE REALLY BEAT AND WILL REST. ROME DESERVES MORE TIME THAN WE'RE GIVING IT, BUT SUPERFICCIALLY, IT STAKES ME AS A HUSTLE, FROM THE VATICAN TO THE POPCORN VENDOR IN THE COLOSSIUM. FT

WAS SO BAD, THAT AT THE MOSES STATUE
BY MICHELANGELO THE LIGHT WAS FAIRLY DIM
AND IF PHOTOGRAPHERS WAITED MORE ILLUMI-
NATION FOR THESE SHOTS, A SLOT WAS
PROVIDED TO SLIP A 100 LIRA COW IN
WHICH TURNED AN OVERHEAD FLUORESCENT
LIGHT ON FOR A FEW SECONDS. THIS IS A
LIGHT THAT SHOULD HAVE BEEN ON ALL THE
TIME TO SHOW THE STATUE WELL TO THE
VIEWERS.