

Our next stop was out in the field to see how the men were coming along with the harvest.



On the way to the fields we went through "Downtown Holzbung." This is it! My guess is 15 or 20 homes with two or three stores.



We arrived just in time to see Peter on the combine unloading the rye into a wagon. That is a German made "Klaus Combine" which cuts a ten foot seven inch swath

If my math is correct, in changing hectares to acres and kilos to bushels, they were getting about sixty-one bushels of rye to the acre. We didn't grow rye on the chicken farm so I don't know how that stacks up with rye in the midwest of U.S.A.

We had a plane reservation from Hamburg to Brussels at 21:15 (9:15 pm) that evening, so we said our "Aufweidersiens" to Peter and Klaus, and headed back to Hamburg without a wrong turn.

I made sure I had Klaus's full name and address, because he would be the only one I could communicate with in the future. We thanked him for his full day of guidance and Peter for assigning his son to be our communicator throughout the day. It was a truly meaningful day for both of us.

CHAPTER 4

CULLIGAN S. A.

It was 22:35 when we landed in Brussels and after having lived there for three years it almost seemed like "getting home again."

The ground controllers must have known that Dad had trouble walking because our plane was directed to gate 9, the furthest from the terminal. The only advantage was that our luggage was waiting for us, at the baggage claim area, when we got there.

The cab driver was not thrilled when I told him our destination was the Holiday Inn at Diegem. It was a journey of only about a mile and a half compared to the usual distance of about eight miles to the hotels in downtown Brussels. So, he told us the Holiday Inn had a Courtesy Car and they would be glad to come and pick us up.

After finding a phone, and the number, we cooled our heels until the Courtesy Car arrived. The Holiday Inn was new to me as it had been built since we left Belgium in 1965.

Actually it was located in what used to be the Diegem Burgomiesters' field where he grew Brussels Sprouts while we were building the factory.

This must have been "our night," because our room was down the longest hall we had yet encountered. Dad made it and we were ready to fall in bed sometime after midnight. It was a deluxe room with a TV which would have been of no advantage, to Dad and me, because there was no commercial TV in Belgium and they went off the air a while before midnight.

(We had no TV, for the three years we lived in Belgium, because it was broadcast in either French or Flemish. We did have a radio with a phonograph. We could pick up the BBC, from England, for the news. For music it was the Beatles, or records (78 or 33 RPM). Our radio must have been pretty good because Jim was able to grow shoulder length hair just by listening to the Beatles on the radio.)

The next morning, when the alarm went off and we got up, I realized this was one of the few hotels where we planned to