

It looked like it was being lived in so we didn't disturb the present occupants. After looking the place over we turned the car around in our next door neighbor's driveway, the Ambassador from India to Belgium.



Dad looking over the shrubs along the front of 11 Avenue des Erables, our home from 1962 to 1965, in Rhode St. Genese, a suburb of Brussels.

We then returned to downtown Brussels where I had an appointment to meet Jim Begg so we could evaluate several hotels and choose one for the upcoming 1972 U.S. Culligan Convention. These included the Palais de Congress, the Palais des Beaux Arts, the Shell Auditorium and the Salle Arlequin. Our choice was the Palais de Congress.

While Jim and I were doing this I had dropped Dad off on Ave. Louise which might be compared to State Street in Chicago. I showed him where to find Galleries Louise which is an enclosed mall. He found a sidewalk cafe there where we found him enjoying an Orangeade when Jim and I returned.

That evening we had promised to take Brian Sellwood to dinner. One of my favorite places was the restaurant de Hoef. This restaurant had a few years behind it. It was started in 1627. One of its features was that much of the cooking was done over an open fireplace in the main dining room. Unfortunately it had changed hands sometime in the last six years and the cooking was being done in a kitchen, somewhere behind the scenes. The food was still good but I was a bit disappointed because of the build up I had given to Dad.

Brian lived in Woulowe, a suburb on the east side of Brussels, so after dropping

him off we drove by the factory so I could show Dad the blue-lighted water fountain next to the front entrance. Again, I was disappointed because they had improved the lighting along the Autoroute to the extent that it somewhat washed out the fountain lighting.

The Holiday Inn was practically across from the factory so we parked there and took the long walk to our room.

When the alarm sounded next morning it was Friday the 20th of August. When I checked on our promised one-day laundry it was still being promised. I left word that someone from Culligan, across the way, would pick it up when it became available.

With the weekend coming up and the still uncertain value of our Traveler's Checks we took the precaution of stopping at the office and raiding the petty cash again. This proved to be a wise move, because the dollar crisis continued.

We had not made any hotel reservations for the next leg of our journey which was to be in Germany. While in the office Jim Begg recommended a hotel near Andernach. A telephone call there and to eight others found no rooms available. Finally, with perseverance, Jim found a room which you will hear more about in the next chapter.

CHAPTER 5

Castles On The Rhine

We pulled out of Culligan S.A. about 9:00 am heading for the Rhine River. We went through Louvain via Steenockersteel Straat.

(I had to throw that in because that is where the farmer lived who planted crops on the back half of our property before the size of the factory was doubled.)

Leaving Diegem we headed east through the town of Louvain, St. Truiden and crossed the Muese River at Liege. Continuing east, we crossed the German border about four kilometers west of Aachen. Our honest German ancestry served us well as we were waved through Customs without a stop.