With a Boeing 707, which can remain in the air for 11 hours and 45 minutes, our flying time from Amsterdam to Los Angeles was 11 hours and 30 minutes. One of the advantages of that flight is that upon arrival at Los Angeles no more time is wasted upon circling above the airport! At Immigration I found myself speeding up the proceedings by acting as a German-English interpreter between elderly Lufthansa passengers and the young (and beautiful) female U.S. Immigration officer, all in my own interest, because I wanted to catch my connection to San Francisco. (It worked.) For the benefit of my readers who enter the USA at Los Angeles as transit passenger the following advice:

(1) get your luggage booked through to at least your next destination in the USA: already in the Custom’s Area, your luggage will be placed on an “Express Belt”. It works!
(2) try to get TWA as your next carrier: from the International Arrivals to the TWA-building is really within walking distance (and on US Airports, walking distances are very rare indeed!).

I caught my connection and at 22.00 (their time!) I was picked up by my host, Tony Wasserman, who drove me to his home. After some talking, two hard-boiled eggs, a glass of cold milk and a few glasses of whiskey I went to bed and slept from midnight until 6 o’clock in their morning. At 7 o’clock we had breakfast and then my host — who was Chairman of ACM Pacific 75 — and his wife disappeared and I was left to myself. For one and a half hours I studied Vol. 1, nr.1 of the IEEE Transactions on Software Engineering. (With the exception of the Liskov-Zilles paper, which was at least instructive, that first issue seemed to me alarmingly weak and I was glad to have refused to join its Editorial Board. The biographical blurbs about the
members of that board — no doubt supplied by the subjects themselves — were very amusing when compared against each other! At Los Angeles, next week, many others would express their disappointment about that first issue.) Vol. 1, nr.1 proved sufficiently soporific on that Thursday morning for another two hours of undisturbed sleep on the family couch. The nett effect was that, at noon, I had had eight hours of sleep and, from then on wards, I had unusually little trouble with the eight-hour time shift. That was fine and reassuring, for it was with considerable trepidation that I had been looking forward to my commitments: a lecture on that Thursday at Berkeley at 4 o’clock (= midnight) and the next Friday a luncheon speech at San Francisco ACM Pacific 75 and, the same after noon, again at 4 o’clock a lecture at Stanford.

At Berkeley the lecture room overflowed, and I had very little blackboard space. The sound system, however, was adequate and I was not expected to speak for more than 50 minutes. It was an acceptable performance. The Chinese restaurant where we should have dinner together and where Tony Wasserman would pick me up during the evening having had a fire, we ended up in a Japanese restaurant. Between the talk and the dinner I was rescued by Sue Graham and Michael Harrison, with whom I drank a few glasses of nice, white wine in a cool and peaceful living room. For the last glass we were joined by Vuillemin, who had asked a question after my talk. (It turned out that I had him in my audience at the Summer School in Le Breau-sans-Nappe, some five years ago: as usual, I did not remember, but, thank goodness, he did not blame me. Otherwise, he would not have turned up.)

On Friday morning I joined Tony Wasserman while going to the ACM Pacific 75. I bought a small, cheap camera and did not attend any of the sessions, except the Luncheon Banquet, where I had to read — no problem therefore — my Luncheon Speech. (It was printed in the Conference Proceedings, and under such a circumstance I always find it a little bit silly just to read my text — as if one’s audience cannot read! I used the Railway Parable by way of introduction. It all went very well.) I walked through the corridors, was introduced to Codd (we had never met) and encountered Lyle, Cowan and Barton from Burroughs. They invited me for an informal meeting near San Diego (with Holt and Petri), but next week I discovered that I could not make it.

Immediately after the Conference Banquet I was taken to Stanford, where I met Jim Eve as expected; I also found there Brian Randell and Peter Henderson (which I could have expected) and Rod Burstall (which was a pleasant surprise). As Stanford had asked for the same lecture as Berkeley, I gave the same lecture again. This time we had been moved to a larger auditorium, so that it did not overflow. The sound system was not of a convincing quality — it was in the EE Department — and the old blackboards were of the type that cannot be cleaned anymore. I suffered less from these minor disturbing influences than the previous day and the