

Toverbal /  
Magic ball  
1972

In the middle of winter, wearing a denim jacket, on the Puch to Maassluis.  
That happened on a Saturday afternoon when we went to the magic ball.  
The Magic Ball was a very pleasant youth centre in Maassluis.  
When we wanted to go home late in the evening, it was snowing terribly.  
And we only had that denim jacket on.

Unbelievable? Terribly cold, slippery, and wet.

We then did something that was actually not nice.  
Namely, we stole two warm Afghan coats from the coat rack.  
You may still remember those lovely lined coats that smell of sheep.

And exactly the right size too?  
They were really hanging there for us.

Of course not nice for the owners, but nice and warm. After an  
hour's drive we arrived in Vlaardingen.  
Stiff under the snow and yet still numb with cold.  
Those coats stank for an hour in the wind.

Two weeks later we took the coats back and secretly hung them back on  
the coat rack.  
We haven't been to the magic ball for a while after this.

Appie the flag

Another day we went to the magic ball again. But a friend of Jan S  
wanted to come along. On the back of Jan's Puch.

Appie, that was his name, was a very thin boy.  
He weighed only 43 kilos.  
When Jan tore along the Zuidbuurtseweg, yes, tore along, there were  
many bumps in the road surface.

Jan rode over such a rise, and as he landed, Appie was launched.  
Appie only held onto Jan's shoulders and hung behind him like a flag.  
When landing, Appie fell onto the back seat and could barely hold  
on.

We stopped because I was driving behind Jan and saw everything happening.  
I was pissing my pants laughing.

At some point we both started dating in Maassluis.

The girls came from Maassluis and could often be found in the youth harbour and the magic ball.

We often lay behind the large oil stove, fooling around in the magic ball. One day we had arranged to meet in Schiedam during the fair. My girlfriend was there, but Jan's wasn't?

Jan was obviously bummed. When I spoke to my girlfriend, she told me her friend had died in a car accident.

Jan was devastated and went straight home.

This immediately meant the end of the relationship.

Raid on the magic ball.

During a movie night at the Toverbal, a raid was carried out. The police had heard that drugs were being dealt in.

Well, not really. We were lying by the warm stove, making out.

Several parents also took their daughters home immediately.

Everyone was frisked, and those found carrying drugs were arrested.

The Toverbal was then closed for three weeks.

The last time I went to the magic ball was in 1974.

A very pleasant time with ups and downs.

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