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Lusiad Expedition 1962

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<https://escholarship.org/uc/item/8t34k1bv>

Author

Jones, Alan

Publication Date

2013-06-01

LUSIAD EXPEDITION 1962, Alan Jones June 2013

On Sunday Sept. 16, 1962 four of us flew off from Lindberg Field in San Diego. Our group consisted of Fred Stone, George Hohnhaus, Dwight Pollard, and Alan Jones. There were supposed to be three other men from Marine Facilities, but no sign of them. After an uneventful flight to San Francisco, we found the other three. Hertz only had one car reserved instead of two. Found that National had one car left, so off to Vallejo in the two cars. Found Hertz in Vallejo was closed. Had to call SF to get rid of car. I then called my parents in Sonoma to see if they could take some of us to Travis air force base where we had to fly out of. We all arrived at the Mats terminal about 5:30. Here we made the great discovery that there were no planes to Bangkok, only to Korea, and Manila. Visas were required for both places, and we had no visas. We were told to come back tomorrow and they would kick off some lower types from the milk run to Hawaii. Jones and Stone then retired to Sonoma, and the rest drove off in the National car for a night in San Francisco.

Monday Sept. 17. Cooler today after a hot day on Sunday. My parents drove us to Travis base in about an hour, arriving at 3:45. Here we found much confusion. Our "Fearless Leader", George Shor rushed in rather breathless at 5pm. The plane proceeded to flap its way across the Pacific at the outstanding speed of 260 mph. After about 10 hours of flapping we arrived at Hickam Air Force base in Hawaii about 1:30 am.

Tues Sept 18. We slept until 8:30 am. George Shor, Dwight, and I rented a car, and drove to the Philippine Consulate. There we obtained visas in about an hour. After that, we went off sight-seeing around the west end of the island. Had a very poor lunch on Waikiki Beach. Another long flight out to Wake Island at 200 plus mph. A TV dinner on plane, and some sleep, then a bumpy landing about midnight Sept 19. (Crossed the Date line and lost a day).

Thurs Sept 20. We had a breakfast of eggs and toast on Wake Island, followed by a long wait while our airplane was being repaired. 3:30 am found us on the plane. It was very hot inside, even this early. After another bumpy landing we landed on Guam at 7:15 am local time. Had another breakfast in the rain, and allowed a shower. Very hot and humid. Back on the plane at 9am. After a hot 20 minutes we all got off the fine airplane. A half hour later all our equipment and luggage was unloaded. It was announced that there would be a bit of a delay while they changed one of the engines. Perhaps we could leave in about 24 hours. Went to PX and bought several cameras. Very inexpensive prices here. After dinner, the plane departure time became "indefinite", as an engine had to be flown in from California, or maybe Japan.

Friday, Sept 21. A knock on the door, and the announcement that we would be taking off at 0830. It seems a stray plane had arrived from somewhere. I asked why our plane said Air Force on top, and Navy on the bottom. I was told that this was for when the plane crashed into the ocean it would float. The name of the plane was the "Sick Six". It seems that it has had lots of trouble but was fine now. I slept and read. Only a few windows on the plane. Then all the coffee was gone. We landed in Clarke Air Force base (in the Philippine Islands) 1300 (1 pm). Very hot. Customs requiring a visa if stop over, and not going out on the next plane. Stoney thought he was going to have to take the next plane out as no visa. Took a taxi to BOQ (bachelor officer's quarters). After a shower, and rest, off to change money etc. Dinner at the Officers Club. Very plush. To bed about 9:30 pm. Slept ok until about 4 am. Lizards and some kind of bird were quite noisy.

Sat. Sept 22. Up 6 am. Steak breakfast at Officers Club. Took several pictures, and took taxi to MATS. We took off about 10am, with plane thumping and bumping. Flapped off toward Bangkok at 230 mph and 10000 feet. Smooth flight until 1300, then clouds, and bumpy. We landed ok 1640 in Bangkok. Ten of us traveling together now. After customs, we all crammed into two taxis with all our luggage, and

equipment. Twenty mile trip into Bangkok. We were deposited outside the Hotel Oriental-very plush, and on the river. Split level room, with upright telephones-dials on the bottom. Felt better after shower and dinner. To bed early after we arranged for boat trip tomorrow.

Sun. Sept. 23, 1962. Very interesting boat trip on the Klongs. Passed temples. Floating market on klong. A complete traffic jam of boats. Bartered for hats that look like lamp shades. One of the boatman was good on the flute. He played Thai music for us as we cruised along. George Shor's hat blew off into the murky water. It was retrieved. Took many pictures, including some black and white 8mm movies. Stopped for 1/2 hour at the Temple of the Dawn. Very colorful with steep stairs. Lots of broken bits of glass dishes etc. embedded in the sides of the temple for color, and designs of Lotus etc. Rested in afternoon, then took cab to Thai Lapidary for bronze and silk. Bought bells, ashtrays, and silk for mother. Dinner in hotel, rained during night.

Monday, Sept. 24, Off on temple tour by various taxis after breakfast. Bangkok very clean by Asian standards, and hot. No beggars! They have been rounded up and put in work camps to learn a trade. Gold Buda very impressive. Wonder it was never hijacked. Perhaps it is too large. Visited Wat Po very old paintings on the walls-history- European missionaries shown, sailors visiting India etc. We were shown around by a monk. He would not accept a donation to the temple, but asked for a picture to be sent to him. Scurry for airport bus. Ross borrowed \$30 for what seemed like a shady camera deal. (turned out he wasn't so dumb after all, as it was an antique Leica.) Ross missed the bus, but managed in a taxi. Much confusion at the airport, but nothing like India. Plane delayed for one hour because of "technical difficulties." Very plush flight. The works at mealtime. Then the plane started leaping around- had to hang on with both hands. Dark, no view of the mountains. Wine spilled. Hot towel served after dinner. Hot, sticky, and stinking in Calcutta. Lizards on the walls. Customs quite cooperative. They put SIO equipment in bond. Took about two hours all together. Wagdman's temp. is 103. Nine or ten miles into hotel. Slow, rough trip. Millions of people. The end of the world's sewer. Filth everywhere. Quite depressing. Hotel very old, but seems clean. An Indian doctor was summoned for Wagdman. We paid him cash. Very large Indian guard with huge sword patrolled the halls. Punishment for theft in India is chop off fingers. This works quit well. I washed some clothes, and to bed at 12.

Tues. Sept. 25. Up 7 am. Mix-up on plane reservations. No reservation for George Shor. We learned that tickets don't mean much, but bribes do get you on the plane. Much scrambling to get checked out, and then to town office of airline. Much wait, more confusion. Bags moved here, then there, in and out of busses. Calcutta very dirty and depressing. Probably some good parts, but we did not see them. Beggars everywhere. Cows always have the right of way. They are sacred. Lots of confusion at airport. People milling all around. Ross decided to take train. Some of us finally on a plane at 11:15. We chipped in and loaned the people stuck behind what money we could spare. Trip south was along the Indian coast. Flew over muddy, meandering rivers. Landed OK in Madras. This seems like a much cleaner place. Large comfortable hotel. lots of mosquitoes. Rested, then dinner about 8:30. Bought some souvenirs.

Wed. Sept. 26, Up 5am, after night of swatting mosquitoes Breakfast at 5:30. 6:10 off for Temple ruins to the south. About 7 am I noticed sun coming up in wrong direction. Discovered we were heading for wrong temples. We got the driver to turn around and go back to the right road. Chipmunks ran across the road, deer, kites, a few myna birds and lots of bicycles. Very green countryside. Very interesting tour of Manabali Puram. Beggars at first temple. Caretaker chased them off, but they came right back. Girls on school tour provided color for our next stop. Pleasant day. Then to the airport, and complete confusion. Group stranded in Calcutta discovered the fine art of bribing their way on a plane. Much coughing and sneezing. We finally all got on an old DC3, and reached Cochin after one stop. We were met at

the airport by Jim Faughn, and taken to a hotel on waterfront in view of the Argo. Discovered that the USIS had set up a full schedule of us.

Thurs. Sept. 27. Out to the Argo after breakfast. George had to go to Univ. meeting etc. I got most of our equipment down into the lab. Back to the hotel to check out, and then waited. Feel lousy again. Immigration about 3 to 5 pm on "Argo". Hot sweaty night. Stone removed sick to hotel, then to hospital with pneumonia.

Fri. Sept 28. Worked most of the day in the lab. Do not feel at all well. Dwight sick also. Rested quite a bit. We were invited to dinner at Bolghatty Palace. Decided at the last minute to go. They put on an exhibit of Kakthakakli dancing. Famous dancer Gopinath demonstrated facial expressions and gestures of various moods and animals. Very good. Dwight felt lousy. Back to Argo about 10 pm. Ship's doctor very busy. Most everyone is sick to some degree. George Shor still tearing all over the place giving talks etc.

Sat. Sept. 29. Still feel poor, but still able to do some work. George Shor coming down with it. Doc. says it is the Asian Flu. He is disgusted the way we were sent out here. Says we will all be lucky if we don't come down with all kinds of awful tropical diseases because of our lowered resistance. Stone is to fly home. (not on MATS). Horizon arrived about 5 pm. It came across the Atlantic, and Mediterranean, and the Argo across the Pacific. The two ships met with a crash at the dock, as the Horizon smashed into our cable puller, and depth charge rack. Then they got a big line caught in their propeller. Fortunately no explosion. They got tied up alongside about 6 pm. Dick McGehee reports that the trip across the Atlantic, Mediterranean, then down through the Red Sea to here was bad. Many drunk crew members during the night. Slept poorly. Got up three times to yell at drunk crew members.

Sunday Sept 30. up 7 am. Feel tired, chest hurts. Worked hard unloading TNT. No help from other scientific projects. Felt bad around noon. Opened a few boxes in afternoon, but did not load TNT. Stone better. George Shor sick.

Mon. Oct. 1, 1962. Worked aboard ship, sorting, unpacking, hunting for things.

Tues. Oct. 2, Felt better most of the day, got the Argo Seismic equipment about ready to go. Pouring rain most of the day. Bought a large Sony tape record from the Horizon's doctor. Dick Von Herten is now down with the flu.

Wed. Oct. 3. In to see Stone. Feel weak when I walk around. Gave up on post office. back to boat. Worked until about 9 pm on equipment.

Thurs. Oct 4 Horizon sailed at 0745. Argo about 1800. Missing equipment did not show up. Stone, Horizon doctor, and two others flying home first class jet. Argo doctor did not get aboard until last possible minute. Slightly sea sick. Horizon tried out hydrophones. Got them badly snarled.

Fri. Oct 5. Up 6am. called Horizon at 7. No answer. We stopped about 10 miles from Horizon and waited and waited. They got their cables tangled, then into the hydro wire somehow. Finally sailed up to them to transfer some plastic, and vacuum tubes. I feel lousy-chest hurts and sea sick. Finally started run, then radio trouble started. McKay receiver on Horizon gave trouble. Sailed back. Then Argo transmitter gave bad interference into our receiver. Poor signal out. This fixed. Horizon still can't hear me. Dwight's voice makes modulation meter hit pin. This is heard ok. Firing circuit only goes up to about 20. George Shor very persistent about firing mark. He always considers that there are a bunch of idiots on the other ship. This after fouling up the hydrophone lines in the hydro cable.

Sat. Oct 6, Long day. Up at 6:30 to fix pinger. Balanced hydrophones. Doctor gave me 4 or 5 kinds of pills. He really likes to give out pills. Took them about 11 am. About 9 am main cable broke. Pinger and water sampler lost. PDR broken down, then EDO (fathometer). Helped a little on magnetometer. Ran in circles for several hours. 12 noon, sort of out of it from the pills. Nap. Recovered about 2. More hydrophone balancing. Then, seismic receive station. Fixed firing circuit amp. Hunted for electrical noise. It was in the hydro winch. Shooting run afterward. We stopped for nap at 12 midnight.

Sunday Oct 7, 1962. Up 3:15 am. Worked until 5 am. Up 7 breakfast. Sleep 8-9am, pills, then sleep 9-11. Worked on equipment in afternoon. Trouble with the captain. He changed outgoing radio message to La Jolla. Rationing of small cans of juice etc. Capt. Hopkins on the Horizon sent over two cases of fruit juice on the condition that Capt. Phinney not have any of it.

Mon. Oct. 8. 0 to 4am watch. I do not like this watch at all. Weather rougher. Had to take sea sick pill. Worked on firing circuit, and notes. The expedition leader, Robert L Fisher radioed us from La Jolla, to put pinger away, and use old ball breakers. These have been only about 50% successful to tell when a corer, or other device is on the ocean bottom. Problem with ball breaker was that we did have the skill necessary to use this technology. We disobeyed, and kept on using the Pinger.

Tues. Oct 9. 4 to 8 am watch. 6:30 am Chief Engineer came into lab and said the Horizon had crossed astern. They were on a course 45 degrees from ours, heading for the same point in the ocean as the Argo was. I radioed the Horizon, and they got George up. Argo ordered to run parallel with the Horizon. Seismic run started about 8:30am. Stopped for radio traffic with the Indian Navy. Bon Voyage etc. Seismic run started again 9:30. Much bickering and insults over radios via the intercom from Capt. Phinney, and George Shor on the Horizon. Had to steam on station most of the day. Tricky business with Capt. Phinney, trying to keep the hydrophones out of the propellers. This procedure works fine when the first, second or third mate are on watch. Told we would have to start working nights. "We'll be working daylight hours only, starting about 7 am and finishing about 5 pm." George Shor quote in La Jolla before we left. I complained that the three of us could not work night and day. George wanted to know what was wrong with using all the other people aboard the Argo? We tried to explain the difficulties, re the exclusive UCLA group, who refused to give any help. Another group of three who were excluded from general work. Then I found the same old table scraps in "Phinney's Snack Bar" ice box that had been there since Sat. or Sun. These were unfit for human consumption. Everything else is locked up, except a loaf of bread, and peanut butter.

Very strange echo on PDR fathometer for about 1/2 hour starting about 3:15 pm. Started more of Doc's pills.

Wed. Oct. 10, 1962. Did not sleep well- headache, hot, sea rather rough. Worked on amplifiers in afternoon. Headache letting up. Started Seismic Run 6pm. Finished about 1 am. Very clear night. Dwight caught a tuna fish. ET has flu or bad cold. Capt. has sore throat.

Thur. Oct. 11. Felt ok today.

Fri. Oct.12. Felt fine today. Started work at 9am, and finished in evening. The first 8 hour day. Horizon sent over some more fruit juice.

Sat. Oct 13. My chest and throat hurt again. Talked George into an extra night in Seychelles. Had 0-4 watch. Traded with Keith for 4 to 8. Did not sleep much. Nap in afternoon. Mixture of pills is causing strange dreams, and sound sleep. Dreamed Dwight and I went home, then were sent out again to the boat.

Sunday Oct 14. Seismic station 0400 to 1430. Lots of troubles, cables tangle etc.

Mon. Oct 15. 0 to 4 watch again. Traded for 4-8, but could not sleep much. Seismic shooting run 0900 to 1330. Then Receiving station to 2200. Very tired today.

Tues. Oct. 16, Seismic receiving station 0500 to 0900. Winch motor broken down.

Wed. Oct. 17. 4 to 8 watch. George S. gave up Seismic station, and ran straight into Mahe. Horizon arrived in port at noon, and Argo about 4:30. Beautiful jagged island. Port Victoria is at the base of some mountains. Unspoiled island only accessible by a boat that runs once a month from India to Madagascar. I packed a bag and took the first boat ashore. Long ways in. Walked up town. Decided against bar. Sam Scripps and I took a taxi over the mountains to the West coast, and to the Seychelles Hotel. Hotel in a beautiful setting. Very white, fine sand. Drank and relaxed until dinner time. Had dinner with Capt. Hopkins, and two commercial ladies (Capt. Hopkin's), Sam Scripps, and two others. Got stuck for paying part of ladies dinner. Spent rest of evening writing letters, and walking on the beach. So clear that I could see my way with star light. Very quiet. only surf noise. This is certainly one of the most beautiful islands in the world. Cost of hotel and three meals 16R. about \$3.50

Thurs. Oct 18. Very quiet night, except for snoring next door. Rooms open at top. Thatched roof, cool. Rooster crowed off and on during night also. Finally used ear plugs and slept fine until 6 am. Knock on door with tea. Sat on the beach until 7:30. Breakfast of mush, eggs etc. Off to town at 8:30. Tourist Bureau, obtained booklets, and arranged for car. Bank and post office. Then discovered that our car had been given to wrong people. It took about three hours to find another car and driver. Not that many cars on island. Cost 30R plus gas. Roads deserted after leaving town. Stopped for pictures many times. Stopped at "Pepper and Salt" for lunch. Run by very interesting old British couple that had been about everywhere. They finally settled here. On around south end of island and up over steep mountains. Stopped several times for pictures. Red pineapple. People did not want their picture taken. Stopped at botanical gardens. Saw large land tortoise. Only a few left. Capt. Marvin Hopkins conned them out of one of them with his San Diego Zoo card. George was refused with a letter from the SD Zoo Director. He was also supposed to get a flying fox. (bat). On through town and around north side of island. This is the most beautiful side of the island. We were getting tired at this point. Late, did not get as many pictures as would have liked. Granite boulders and palm trees down to the waters edge. Stopped at Seychelles Hotel on west side. Dr. Rakestraw went back to town. Others fell into drink and gripe session with other SIOers. I decided to just sit and loaf in the water. The temp. was just right. Delightful just to half float in the water and look up at the mountains. The hotel was very casual, no charge for the extra time spent. About sunset went back to town for coconuts and shells. Small shops had no electricity, in fact one that we wanted to patronize had no one in it. I had a small flashlight fortunately. Wild ride back to hotel. Had good dinner \$1, and then wrote postcards, and drank lemonade. I went down for a last look at the beach, before taxi back to ship. 1/2 hour wait for boat. Walked down to Horizon. Saw poor old tortoise. He looked very unhappy. Had some ice cream and juice. Back to Argo. Terrible racket, and rain about 4 am. Drunk crew etc. The doctor was pulled overboard. Everyone rescued, including the third mate who drifted ashore in a small boat.

Friday Oct 19. Up 6am. Pulled out of harbor in rain, and then waited for Horizon. Security very poor on Argo. Crew members on watch were drunk. A number of items were stolen from the lab, including a stop watch and two large coils of rope. We anchored off Mahe island after Capt. Phinney refused to go out on route George Shor picked. Horizon delayed due to factor of bill. \$550 instead of \$55.

Had to wait for bank to open. Capt. Phinney went off on George's course with no reason given for change of mind. We had fried prawns for dinner.

Sat. Oct 20, Woke up with bad headache from the prawns. Weather cleared up during day. Nap in am after fixing magnetometer. Relay went out about 11. Back in service about 1pm. nap. 2:30 work on power supply, then 4-8 watch. 1836 position of Argo 08 20.0 S, 55 50.4E

Sun. Oct. 21. up 7am. Doc talked about his career at breakfast. He started dirt track car racing when about 14. Drove a truck across the country in 1931 or so. Became master plumber when 17. Medical school and married in 1941. Became a fisherman, selling fish to Avalon. Bought medical practice in a mountain valley in Alaska. (Prob. right after WWII. I think he was in the Army.) The hospital burned down before he got there. He built new one. His office in town burned down. He became a pilot, crashing many times. Total wrecks several times. Every three weeks he made 2000 mile route into back country. Nobody would fly with him. Crashed while near the ground, shooting at bears out the left window. He was rescued after three days. He crashed at Eureka, CA. in fog. Left Alaska about 1950, and worked for Plymouth motor co. Involved in Indianapolis speed racing. Pikes Peak run with apparently pro tennis and basketball on the side. He worked on "stock cars" for Mexican road race in 1954 and 1954 (Buick). All specially built to appear like standard models. Involved in pyrene fumes from fire, and was in the hospital for 7 months. Capt. Fearless Phinney stopped miles off position, refused to go closer to an island that is no where near here. George Shor irritated. Dr. Rakestraw sympathetic with the capt. Worked on equipment. Seismic receiving station 1600 to 0030.

Mon. Oct. 22. Seismic rec. station 0800 to 1400, and 2200 to 0230. Leapfrogging. Hard to rest. Not much sleep. Rain. Large shark caught and flopping around deck. I dove into cable box, and got cables all tangled up.

Tues. Oct 23 More seismic leapfrogging. Doc. had a mild heart attack. No digitalis aboard. Removed from ship in Cochinchina?? A brief bit of news about Cuba blockade and missile crisis.

Wed. Oct 24. Had 2000 to 2400 watch. George Shor and two seamen rowed over to Argo in rather rough sea to get records. Capt. Phinney locked himself in his cabin and would not answer. Doc. up and around. Birds, terns, trying to land on boat. One got in the Ward room, and left fish dropping on floor. Headless flying fish on deck.

Thurs Oct 25. Fairly rough during night. Much cooler. Had to use blanket. Cleaned up lab. loaded batteries and rested.

Fri. Oct. 26. Arrived Port Louis, Mauritius. Bob Fisher, and Russ Raitt joined expedition. I walked around town, post office, museum. Visited Merchants Navy Club. Up to Park Hotel about 6. Drinks and dinner. Rained during night. Chickens noisy.

Sat. Oct. 27. Up 6:45, breakfast, and taxi down to Horizon where a bus had been arranged for those interested in seeing the island. Dark, raining, not many took bus. I got off in La Chaland hotel. Plush spot. A film Co was filming a BOAC commercial in French, with very pretty girls singing etc. Michelyne was one of them. Several years after our stop on Mauritius, there was an overthrow of the government. Independence from England. Michelyne and her family had to flee to Brazil. In evening visited the "Golden Bar" in Port Louis. It was dead. Then went out to another place about 5 miles out of town. The Beach Hotel. Lots of activity. A lot of crew members there. Capt. Hopkins was playing the piano. The cook, Pete, did a wild twist, with the band, rather drunkenly. We decided to go to the Golden nearby. Much more respectable. Stayed until about 1 am. Back to ship. Sam

Scripps and I stayed. Haley and Waterman went off to look for a "cat" house. I went to bed after a snack at Capt. Phinneys scrap bar.

Sunday Oct. 28. Up 6:45. Car and driver waiting for us. Car larger than expected, so asked Dr. Rakesktraw to come too. Off about 8am. Air sparkling clear. Women carrying large loads on heads. Sugar refinery, sugar fields, rock piles. Lots of myna birds. Beautiful day after the rain cleared the air. Stopped to photograph Le Reduit. On to the St Pierre, Quartier, Militiere. Ocean inside reef a light green color. Took pictures, stopping many times. Stopped at Grand Baie for lunch. This took about two hours. Drove up to Pamplermousse Royal Botanical Gardens. Very vicious fish 1 to 3 inches long turn water into turmoil when a small piece of bread is dropped into the water. Saw deer and turtles. One place on coast had small, ringed sea snakes in the water. Back to Port Louis, and south to Le Gaulette, and Chamarel, up steep, narrow mountain road. Wild monkeys on road. Stopped to photograph beautiful water falls. Stopped at Colored Earths. Various colors of oxides of iron. Discovered Exakta camera shutter speed changer was busted. Pictures up to the last roll probably ok. Fast trip back to Port Louis. Dinner over on ship. Ate scraps, and a can of sardines from the Horizon. Bob Fisher hosted official reception on the Argo, locals beautifully dressed. Champagne and catered things to eat. Then gin and tonic. Interesting talk with Mauritius Information Officer. Mauritius tied to one crop economy- sugar cane, and dependence on England. England not joining the common market. Sugar cane only crop that survives the cyclones, and soil conditions. US only buys 10000 tons of 600,000 tons of crop. England about 300,000 tons at high price to keep island going. No peace corps sent out here. They seem to want help from experts. US sent pamphlets. Tourist trade might develop if agreement with other close areas in Africa etc. Felt sick, so had to leave. Took a sea sick pill, and went to bed. Woke up later feeling better.

Mon. Oct. 29. Dick and I went up town to museum, post office, and Port Louis tourist bureau. Walked around town to a market place. Bought a small stove for about 30 cents. The Horizon sailed in afternoon. Capt. Hopkins still rather soused, after settling agent's billing, and refused to wait for a pilot. He steamed off in a burst of speed, around the wrong inner buoy. The Horizon did not reappear on the other side of a large ship that blocked our view. They had run onto a muddy reef, stuck fast at low tide. The Harbor Director's two tug boats, the Paul and Virginie were brought in, but could not pull the Horizon free. A large lighter was called in and we had to unload fuel, and everything that could be moved to lighten the boat. Angry Harbor master and Bob Fisher together the whole time; some others notably absent. Then a large tow rope broke, sweeping across the barge. We lost much equipment into the water. Divers found some of it, but things like spare amplifiers, and seismic supplies lost in the mud. At one point it was proposed that the Horizon decks amidships would have to be removed, and the engines pulled out in order to lighten the boat enough to get free. This was decided to be too drastic a solution; Horizon might be ruled "salvageable" and lost to SIO in court.

Tues. Oct. 30. Eventually at 2:30 AM on a high tide, the Horizon was pulled free, and we finally sailed in afternoon.

Wed. Oct 31, 1962 Worked hard for 9 1/2 hours at sea. Hydrophone drill. Listened for sea quakes.

Thurs. Nov.1 Seismic run, and 4 to 8am watch.

Fri. Nov. 2. Up 4 am Seismic run until about 5 pm. Watch 4 to 8 pm. Worked until 9pm on equipment. Horizon having PDR (Precision Depth recorder) problems, possibly a damaged transducer from the grounding. Sea chest on bottom opened underway to check, under Chief's direction.

Sat. Nov 3. up 7am. Worked until 9 pm processing seismic records, fixing the magnetometer etc. Horizon borrowed some PDR parts, and the instruction book. Theirs lost in Mauritius harbor.

Sun. Nov 4. Up 3:45 am. 17 hour day. Seismic run. Rakestraw has flu or cold.

Mon. Nov. 5, 1962. Up 4:30, Worked until 8:30 pm. Weather getting colder. 32 degrees south now. Forgot to bring a heavy coat, and hooded sweat shirt.

Tues. Nov 6. up 7am. Processed records, repaired developing machine, Miller camera etc. Finished at 7pm.

Wed. Nov 7. Seismic station, up 3:40am. Wind and sea up, and getting colder. I seem to be catching another cold (Rakestraw's) Horizon tried to transfer some stuff by letting it off upwind to drift down to us. This did not work. Doc prescribed a lot of pills for me. Took some of them, and slept part of the day during seismic run. Took more pills at night, and slept 10 hours. Ship rolled 42 degrees.

Thurs Nov 8. Sea rough, everything closed up tight. Most of ship heated. Some rooms not. Mine is not yet. Two blankets, coat, shirts to get warm. Slept most of day. Worked 3 hours on music system, and a 4 hour watch.

Fri. Nov 9. Cabin warm now. Just hung on most of the day. Large swells, and rough sea. Roaring 40s and 50s. Rolled 45 degrees.

Sat. Nov 10. 52 degrees south. Seismic station. The sea is down, but the large swells continue. Can see green water out the porthole when in trough of waves. We had to steam on station. Developed records after my 8 am watch. Had to work on equipment in afternoon and evening. Russ being difficult.

Sunday Nov. 11, Russ woke me at 5:30 saying there was a beautiful picture outside, and incidentally the magnetometer needs fixing. Rare clear day. Island with snow capped peaks standing out very clearly. Took a lot of pictures. Tried to get a little more sleep after fixing the magnetometer. I got my cold weather clothes together, such as they are. We anchored about 11 after interesting trip around end of island, past Mt. Ross, and up a fjord to a French Weather Station. A lonely outpost. A supply ship visits them once a year, and was almost due, so they had not seen visitors for almost a year. We anchored way out as usual. Russ, Morris, Ross, and Waterman went first. Russ said for me to be on the second boat, and wait for him on the dock. Our boat was met by some Frenchmen. They asked us if we would like to join them for dinner? Russ was no where in sight, so we climbed in their jeep, and went tearing up to a long building. I had to hang on with both feet and both hands. I was dumbfounded at what was in the building. Seventy or so men dressed in suits, eating roast pigs, snails, salads, shouting and cheering as we entered. Unfortunately we had just eaten, but I ate some anyway. Also two glasses of wine. After this we were taken around to different labs. A very elaborate program going on. Magnetics, gravity, geology, upper atmosphere "whistles" in the jet stream etc. They have a little white dog named Fifi. Fifi spent much time barking at seals and rock hopper penguins. Some of us were given a ride in their weasel overland to see the local geology. By the time we got back, several boat loads of crew had landed, and gotten drunk on wine. About 3/4 of us got down to the dock. I was presented with a rock sample that they cut from a large rock. (Still have it). We said goodbye and waited on their landing barge as the wind suddenly increased. Soon it became evident that we weren't going anywhere. The wind was too strong at 56 knots. We had trouble walking back to the dining building. About 5:30 the wind dropped to about 30 knots. Everyone was rounded up. The drunken crew were rolling all over themselves - like bear cubs at the zoo. Our outboard boat followed the French landing barge back out to the Argo. The boatman was very drunk. Almost hit a mooring

buoy, then got broadside to the waves, and almost capsized. Then he fell asleep in spite of water (very cold) splashing in his face. Somehow all arrived safely back on the Argo. The Frenchmen sailed clear around us shouting cheers and goodbyes. The rock samples (except mine) were left aboard the landing barge. It was decided to lay over, and get the rocks in the early morning. Too late to make it clear of the island by night anyway. Three drunkards still reeling around ship late into the night. The same ones that had stolen a jeep ashore. They couldn't walk, but managed to drive off in the jeep.

The rocks were brought out to us at 5:30. We sailed at 6am. I took pictures as we sailed out. Russ still chipping away about our sub-standard seismic amplifiers. He was used to his old, vacuum tube relay racks of open, high voltage lethal system. Besides being dangerous, it was continually giving trouble from the damp air etc. I built a system using the new invention of transistors, built into a compact, water tight case. Russ could not accept this new system. I spent all morning trying to make changes to make him happy. He had the 4 to 8am watch, during which he could not leave things alone. He kept turning up the fathometer gain to get two bottom echoes. This caused the recorder to smell up the lab badly with burning carbon. I said I would stand my watch in the inner lab. A few minutes later he toddled in, and started pestering me with petty problems again. He keeps referring to his good old stacks. (amplifiers)

Tues. Nov 13. Slept poorly last night. The Argo is rolling and lurching a lot. Felt lousy, and depressed all day.

Wed. Nov 14 The Weather is slowly improving. Had the 4 to 8 watch, Russ up at 5, but did not pester me for some reason. He left me alone most of the day. I got a lot of work done. Finished about 4:30 in the afternoon.

Thur. Nov 15. Up 4am. Seismic station #37 or 38. We were 70 miles further north than expected. Lots of hydrophone switching, and some amplifier trouble. These are the amplifiers that drive the Brush ink monitor recorder. I tried to remain calm throughout it all. Fisher asked me to round up items that he has been trying others to get. One chart Capt. Phinney didn't want to give up. Fisher told me to go get it. I said things had been going quite smoothly, and I hoped this would not stir up trouble. Bob announced in definite terms that the items asked for were needed. About 10 seconds later Capt. Phinney came into the lab, and thumped his fist on the work bench shouting at me: "What do you mean saying a thing like that on the radio", and on and on. It took about 10 minutes to calm him down. He obviously listens in on the conversations between the two ships. About an hour later he came down with the charts all wrapped up ready to go. Thirty seven more days to go! Still quite rough sea, but the sun came out in the afternoon. We had stuffed cabbage for lunch. Surprise, it was quite good. We were also surprised to find blue cheese in Capt. Phinney's snack bar last night.

Fri. Nov. 16, Up 4am for seismic station. Repaired the LF hydrophone. The weather is calmer- a welcome change. Felt much better today. Doc. and Wagdman transferred over from the Horizon today. Seaman David O'Conner is very sick on the Horizon, and Doc needs to identify blood donors from both ships. Doc has to go back tomorrow. We finished the run about 4 pm.

Sat. Nov 17. Up 0315 am. Seismic station. About 8 am the Hydro wire broke. The Pinger and Probe lost near the bottom. Wagdman is working on the magnetometer cable. Seismic run going fairly smoothly. About 2 pm the bottom camera came up all smashed. The two cameras were salvaged, but lights, pinger, and frame a complete loss. Russ had asked the electronics technician to change the EDO fathometer to the Gift fathometer to see if it would pick up the camera near the bottom. Probably we drifted into a cliff while the switch over was going on. The bottom photo program is washed out. Fisher is quite upset about today's events. Decided to go into Amsterdam Island facility to transfer some new hydro wire from the Horizon. We reached the island about dark, and stopped about one mile from shore lights. Another

French meteorology base. A small boat started out to meet us. Fisher first said to come out away from the island to try to make a night sounding circuit. Then he radioed us to wait and see what the boat wanted. Capt. Phinney followed the first order. He said that "the boat was probably just coming out to sell cigars Ha Ha." Fisher said to continue on out, leaving the small boat far behind, to rendezvous late that night in the lee of St. Paul, fifty miles to the south for shelter.

Sun Nov. 18. About 5:30 the wind started blowing. 7am three men were transferred over to the Horizon to give blood to the sick man, and Fisher came over to the Argo for conference on actions. The wind continued to blow harder. Idea of transfer of wire given up. The skiff was lowered into the water with Fisher. The outboard motor quit on way over to the Horizon. They had to row, and almost capsized several times. Then they almost got caught under the Horizon's stern as it came up out of the water. They all gave up and came back to the Argo. It was decided to run on to Freemantle, Australia. Horizon to be underway all the time with the sick man, and the faster Argo stop for four stations as the Horizon passed close by, firing seismic shots. The wind is up to 50 knots. Heavy swells, and short 20 foot waves. Much rolling. The Horizon reported a 60 degree roll. Wonder it did not capsize. The penguins and the turtle still surviving so far. Doc. demanding a straight run to Freemantle. Our seismic cable boxes partially smashed. The magnetometer cable is repaired. Ross started a winch and tore off new plug again. Pete the cook managed a fancy dinner in spite of the heavy sea. Pitchers of cocoa etc. flying all over the mess hall during dinner. Had the 4 to 8 watch.

Monday, Nov. 19. I worked on the magnetometer, and tapes for Bob Fisher. The storm is letting up. The sick man is better, but HMS Calvalier, a British destroyer is on it's way out from Fremantle to meet the Horizon. We have had six seismic stations in seven days. Keith put 5000 volts into the PDR damaging it.

Tues. Nov. 20. Sick man on the Horizon is worse, and given more blood. Doc on Horizon making all kinds of noise. Wants no more seismic stations. AMA on Scripps' case etc. Seismic station in the afternoon. Doc and patient asleep. All ok up to 94 lb. shot. This woke up the patient. The run was halted. More work on the magnetometer, and the tape recorder.

Wed. Nov 21. It is the big day of transfer. Most everyone is glued to radios. Then all the radios went dead. The transfer to the destroyer from the Horizon was finished by the time we discovered the trouble. The sick man was transferred by whale boat to the destroyer. Doc forgot his wallet and money. We never heard from Doc Garrett again.

Thurs. Nov.22. Up at 5am for seismic station 41. The 1000 foot cable broke when the "A" frame held it under tension. The sea is finally calm enough for Fisher to try to transfer back to the Horizon. The transfer skiff started out, then the propeller pin sheared off, and the skiff rowed back to the Argo. After repairs, the transfer was successful. We finished the run about 3:30. I slept for an hour, then repaired the broken cable. A turkey dinner for Thanksgiving. Then worked on the magnetometer after dinner.

Friday Nov.23. Seismic station #42. Up about 5:30 with 10 minutes warning to start of station. Now warmer during the day, but cold in the am and pm. I worked on the Temperature Probe, and developed records. Temp. Probe troubles mostly put in aboard ship. Motor leads reversed, a condenser in backwards, cooked transistor, shorted stylus, and a bad relay.

Sat. Nov 24 Shooting run in am. #43. Transmitter trouble-relay in power supply. Receiving run in afternoon, #44. I put radio in our room. Fisher wants shore watch.

Sun. Nov. 25. Up at 3:30 am. I had the 4 to 8 watch. Station 46 was from 0600 to 1600. I was tired most of the day. Had a 10 minute nap after lunch, and a 1/2 hour nap in the afternoon. Had to work on the magnetometer again from 1600 to 1730. To bed at 7:15pm.

Mon. Nov 26. Slept well. Up 4:30 for seismic run #47. I finished processing records on the way to our SOFAR station. Russ started complaining about the seismic amplifiers again. He wants to bring the Horizon set of equipment over to rob parts to make like his old stacks of amplifiers. To bed 11 pm.

Tues. Nov 27. Up 7 am (really got to sleep in). I cleaned up lab. The SOFAR station was in the afternoon. 300 lb. shots every 10 minutes. This was to test the sound layers in the ocean. Don't know if they were picked up at Big Sur or not.

Wed. Nov 28. Up 3:30 for 4 to 8 watch. We landed near Freemantle about 8 am, and got ashore about noon. George Shor and I planned to go into Perth, but Russ and Fisher insisted we all go together. We started walking-really impractical- George hailed a cab. We rode all the way into Perth for 16S. Got out at St. Georges Tavern. Had beer, and then walked all around town. Very colorful-a combination of Christmas and Olympic games. Had espresso coffee in London Court, then a haircut, and bought magazines. Visited Quantas air lines office. Met a Japanese scientist staying at the Palace Hotel. He couldn't speak much English, and we no Japanese. We had dinner at Loui's-roast duckling and orange sauce. Then walked around until 8pm. Caught the train to Freemantle, and a taxi to the Argo after some ice cream in Freemantle.

Thurs. Nov 29. Most everybody busy with the Horizon moving explosives etc. I decided on a day without pay, and slipped off by myself to Perth. I was delighted to get away from it all. My Quantis ticket was not ready, so I just walked around town. Took a bus out to the beach, and went swimming. Then a rain storm came up, and I retreated back to Perth. There was a scurry to buy raincoats. I was tired from walking, so had cocoa about 5. Then back for books, and a bear for son George. I had dinner at Guysippies-a down stairs outfit. The place was full of beautiful women having tea. The men, or mostly all of them were in the pubs for beer. After dinner I took the train back to Freemantle. Then walked to an exhibit building to watch TV. Watched the Olympic foot races, and the Bob Cummings show. After ice cream, walked back to the ship.

Fri. Nov 30. Up 7am. Rumors flying all around. Note on bul. board about all hands to load stores. This is not part of our job description. I quickly decided on another no pay day. The Capt., Russ, and First Mate tried to capture the scientific party to do the crew's work, so we scattered in all directions. Two taxi loads of us met behind a warehouse, and off to the train station. We just made it on to a train. Escape made good to Perth. I walked to the Gov. Tourist bureau, and got the last ticket available for tour to Darling Ranges. (no notes on this, but recall a pleasant day up into the "Bush" with view down on the coastline.) Got back to Perth about 5:30. Four of us went to dinner at Guiseppies. Again full of beautiful girls having tea. Then caught the bus back to Freemantle. We missed the stop and went on to Freemantle center. It was a long walk back to the boats. We had a short rest, cleaned up. Haley, Dick and I took a taxi about 9 pm back to Perth to attend a dance at the Embassy. Everybody seems to go stag. Danced some, and left about 11:30. Taxi back to boats.

Sat. Dec.1, 1962. Up about 7am. Same routine as yesterday. Horizon's food this time. Quick escape off to Perth again. Cashed a check, and had coffee in London Court. Then walked around taking pictures. Beautiful day. Saw the Duke of Windsor speaking to band of soldiers, then he drove out in a big Rolls Royce. John and I took a bus to King's Park. Dwight went off to check on a hotel. We lost Gideon at the post office. The Olympic bicycle races were on. We listened and watched for an hour. Then an exciting ending. Took pictures of the Duke of Windsor

close up. We had lunch at a tea room with a beautiful view. John and Dwight left after lunch, and I looked for a quiet place to write letters. Very peaceful up there. Had tea about 3pm, and decided to try for dinner on the boat to save money. Should have stayed in Perth. Missed dinner, so ate scraps. Almost got caught to unload all the Horizon's meat etc. Their freezer had broken down. Surprised anyone noticed, as the crew is mostly drunk. Caught a taxi to the bus stop, and fled back to Perth. Went to another dance at the Embassy. It was more fun this time. It had half "old time dances" (folk dancing). We left about 12. Rest of our group went off for beer. The bus driver drove up to the exhibit building on the wharf-off his route. I walked the rest of the way back to the boats. It was a beautiful night-very clear, and cold. I found Big George Hohnhouse in my bunk. George was really out. Shouting, cold water, tugging would not wake him. Haley, Dick, etc appeared after about 1/2 hour in a taxi. We decided to wake George up. He finally came to fighting mad, but too drunk to do anything about it. The noise woke Uncle Fudd up. He asked if I had gotten some items off the Horizon, as we were sailing in the morning. He was unconcerned that Big George was on the wrong boat, and in my bunk. I grabbed up my bedding while George was temporarily up. Then George H. fell back in a deep sleep. The rest of us went off to get some items off the Horizon. Haley, Dick, and John feeling no pain with lots of beer. I escaped to an empty bunk below with my bedding. Finally got to bed about 3am.

Sun. Dec.2 up at 6:30. We got George H. off to the other boat, and some boxes out of the hold. At 8am (departure time) a two hour delay was posted. Then came an announcement that we were sailing immediately. The Harbor Master said we would have to sail now, or stay an extra day. The Olympic game ships, and Navy ships were leaving soon. Of course we sailed, then anchored outside the harbor until about 3pm. Uncle Fudd and Capt. Phinny took the outboard skiff back to Perth. Something about a phone call to La Jolla. Big secret. Sad to leave Perth. Had the 6 to 8 pm watch.

Mon. Dec.3 , Up 7am for station #48. Sea calm. We set up for hydrophone drill at 10:30. We then sat around developing records, and washing clothes. The Horizon finally sailed after getting their freezer fixed, and reloaded. And then loading TNT. We finally received three 200 lb shots off Rottnest Island. The sea got rougher, and I felt seasick. Had the 8pm to 12 watch.

Tues. Dec.4. Up 6am for station #49. Felt tired most of the day. Managed a 15 minute nap in the morning, and 1/2 hour in the afternoon. I developed seismic records, and tried to stay out of the way. Trade winds, or a storm? The sea is getting rougher

Wed. Dec.5. Had the 0-4am watch. Slept until 10:30. Developed records in the afternoon, and fixed the magnetometer again.

Thur. Dec.6. 4 to 8am watch, then seismic station 50. 1/2 hour nap during day. Making up for time off in Perth.

Fri. Dec.7. 8-12 watch. Poor bottom echo, so had to stay with the PDR the whole time. (Precision Depth Recorder). Packed some in the afternoon, and developed records in the evening.

Sat. Dec.8. Up 6:30 for station. We steamed on station to keep the hydrophones quiet. After stopping to receive a shot, we did not resume speed. I asked Uncle Fudd about this, and he said he wanted to stop steaming. So I went off for a snack between shots. Came back to discover one hydrophone caught under the ship. A diver could have freed it quickly, but Capt. Phinney was reluctant. He put off making a decision until after lunch. In the afternoon, the cable broke at the battery box. The hydrophones had some strange noises earlier. Then off in another direction. Sunken object? Finished run at 6pm. The cables were in quite a snarl.

Four cables out. Hydro Tech phone ng. Homemade special ok. Had to work on magnetometer after dinner until 8pm. Night cap, and a cup of beer.

Sun. Dec 9. Up 7am. Discovered a time change, only 6am. Packed and sorted seismic equipment. Took out mattress and all bedding. Have red spiders or?. Vacuumed and sprayed. Then shut our cabin up for several hours. The ship's plumber finally fixed our sink. Nap in afternoon. 4 to 6 watch. Put new plug on magnetometer, and fixed relays. Fixed Brush Recorder. Weather much warmer, but still quite comfortable. Beautiful night with full moon, sea sparkling, and very clear stars.

Mon. Dec.10. Up 6:30 took malaria pills. Seismic station postponed until bottom smoothed out at 9:30. Much warmer. We pulled boxes and reels out of lower hold. Hot. Took salt pill. Stumbled up on bow and hurt left foot. Too hot for shoes. Flip Flops dangerous on boat. Transfer cable reels and boxes to Horizon.

Tues. Dec.11. up 5:30, then station #53 delayed until 8am. I got very tired about 5pm. Station over 6pm. Nap 7 -8pm, then watch 8pm to 1215am. Some very large sharks today. Basking Shark-eats plankton. Tried out hydrophone that Stone had put together. It was full of stupid errors, and it leaked.

Wed. Dec.12. Seismic station #54. More wind today. Finished about 7:30, and to bed at 8.

Thur. Dec.13. Had the 0 to 4am watch. Slept until 6:45 am., then station #55. Rather hot today. I took two short naps during day. Finished station 7:30pm. Some small fish were caught, also a crab. Uncle Fudd has been getting up early to pick up flying fish from the deck for breakfast. The cook is getting annoyed, because he thinks the only fish fit to eat comes out of the freezer.

Fri. Dec.14. 4 to 8am watch. Feel tired today. Cramps and direaha. Slept 9-11am.

Sat. Dec.15. Station #56. 13 49.2 degrees S, by 100 02.4 degrees E Started 0630 and finished 1730. Fixed tape recorder. Capt. inspection. Gideon and Chi got memo on dirty room. Gideon furious. Feel sort of dopey in am. Cramps. better in pm.

Sun. Dec.16. Saw doctor after breakfast-says I appear to have Diverticulitis. If persists should have x-rays. Says I look pretty healthy, and shouldn't worry about it.

Mon. Dec.17 Up 6am for station #57. Finished 7pm. Felt better most of the day.

Tues. Dec.18. packed and developed records. 6-8 watch.

Wed. Dec 19. Up 0530 for station #58. 115 deg. 32.5min E, 13 deg. 46.55 min. S. Hot. Spray paint all over. Finished 1630.

Thur. Dec. 20. Station 59. Very hot, and spray painting again.

Fri. Dec. 21. 0-4am watch. up again 8:45. Worked hard most of the day packing equipment. 1 hr nap in afternoon. Then worked until 8pm. Very hot and more paint.

Sat. Dec 22. 4-8am watch. More packing, and hotter.

Sun. Dec.23. We finally arrived in Darwin, Australia about 8:30. Very hot and humid. We loaded the packed equipment into the Horizon's hold. This went fairly

quickly and smoothly, and we finished about 2pm. Cleaned up, and off to the Darwin Hotel for beer. I walked around town with Dick, and had a milkshake. Saw Gus, the cab driver that took us around the area two years ago. Different wife, and two children. Many new buildings. Ate dinner at "Brazil". Not so good. Back to Darwin Hotel, and many lemon squash drinks. Also gin and tonic. Back to ship about 10:30. Very quiet night. Unusual for a first night in port. Maybe crew too drunk to make it back?

Mon. Dec.24. up 7am. Heat and humidity almost unbearable. Had salt tablet with breakfast. Packed my belongings, then to post office. Rode back in Gus's cab. He said he wasn't married to the person we thought was his wife two years ago-just living with her. I asked him if he still wanted the pictures I took of them. Yes, his wife knew about his affairs. Flew from Darwin 4:30. 32000 ft. pressured for 6000 ft. temp. outside -39 degrees. 1770 miles to Djakarta. About 4 hours in the air. Then on to Singapore. The plane, a Comet 4, rather noisy plane. Service not as good as on Quantas planes. Malaysian airlines seemed remarkably well organized. We breezed right through immigration. The hotel reservations and bus to the Raffles Hotel all paid for by the airline. The Raffles hotel has huge rooms, old and sedate. I sat in the large sitting room for awhile while the others drank beer. Some started off to find a night club. People dressed in funny hats, acting quite British in the plush wood paneled Elizabethan room. George H. was persuaded to go put on a suit. Uncle Fudd, George and I took taxi to Prince Hotel. Very gay (old definition of gay)- balloons popping, paper streamers, singing and much twist dancing. The twist has become an international dance. Everyone did it quite well with absolutely no embarrassment, as in the U.S. Felt glum and tired. It was an exhausting expedition. I drank gin and tonic. Geo. and Russ drank Singapore Slingers, and who knows what else. Many outstandingly beautiful girls. No race predigests- all races mixed together. An extremely beautiful Indian girl came over, and wished us a merry Christmas, and shook hands with each of us. Then she asked us to join her group, consisting of two girls from Perth, two others from India, and a Malaysian. The Indian girl's husband had been sent to Borneo on a ship. He is a navigation officer. She is a grammar school teacher. The whole group had been on a Hockey tour of Malay. They tried to get us to twist-we declined.(Why?? must have been too drunk??) We left about 2am, and slept soundly.(maybe we danced later??)

Tues.Dec.25 Woke up at 7 with the phone ringing. I tried to ignore it, but had to answer. I dragged around until 7:45. breakfast and checked out of hotel, all paid for by airline. We decided to take a taxi to the airport, and I took a few pictures on the way. We had to push the taxi after the second stop for pictures. No battery. The weather was very cool compared to Darwin. Checked into airport, and bought stamps. Visited airport shops. Prices too expensive. Had tea and coke. Feeling rather logy. Taken out to plane in a bus. Joe, with crash helmet, just made the plane at Darwin, seems to be behaving himself. Smooth takeoff. Very good pastry and coffee. Drinks, Christmas dinner with three egg nogs. Fresh fruit, chicken etc. cake and more very good coffee. Not many people on plane. Could roam all around plane. Stopped in Saigon for about 40 minutes, and arrived in Manila 3pm. We tried for an hour to stay on Pan Am flight. They would have taken us for MATS price because they had so few passengers. Joe getting obnoxious after drinks. We couldn't get MATS, or anyone else as it was Christmas etc. We had to give up, and then tried to get a cab. None available. We finally got the Manila Hotel bus to take us to the Am. embassy. This was practically closed down, and the Manila Hotel was full. We stayed in a Filipino hotel. George H. had a bottle, which we consumed. Then we started to go to the Swiss Inn for dinner. Instead George H. found a cab(??) driver to take us to #1 eating place, and #1 girl show afterwards. Dinner-Spanish- was lousy, but the music was fairly good. After lots of beer, George H. tried to go through the front window to check on our cab. Russian swear word used by Gideon on the boats "Return to the Holy Mother to be repaired". We finally went out and woke up the driver, and thought we were going to a nightclub show. We were driven through the back streets of Manila to a place called the Yellow Bar. It was a bar and dance floor, with many girls sitting around playing cards, or just sitting. We were

immediately seated with girls, who started right off running their hands up and down our legs, and other places. We danced some, and were asked if we wanted to go to the rooms yet. George was very drunk, and started to fall asleep. Then he decided to go back to the hotel. The rest of us very much awake, but worried about the consequences of staying any longer, so we all left. The cab man was disgusted with us. "#1 girls, no catch clap- full time doctor, not like fancy, expensive houses."

Wed. Dec.26, 1962. 2 am Joe broke into Donavin's room with three females. Two young ones, and probably the mother. Entertainment provided until daylight. Fortunately Joe was restrained from waking the rest of us. We got up at 7am, had breakfast, and arranged for a trip to Bagio in the mountains. Then walked to the American Embassy. They called Clark Air Force Base. Sure enough, we had reservations-very inflexible ones. No way to change them, so we got two cars, and checked out of the hotel. No Joe, so we left without him. The highway was quite crowded with trucks, people, horse carts etc. It took about 2 1/2 hours to get near Clark base. The weather was rather smoggy-did not take many pictures. The car I was in broke down a half mile from the base, so the other one made two trips into Clark. MATS completely inflexible-no changes. Civilians not allowed to travel on the jets. The Priority system seems to have fallen apart. We ate a lousy lunch in the terminal, and finished the red tape about 1pm. Taxi to free port BX, where we shopped until 3 pm. The plane left about 4 pm.

Thurs. Dec. 27 We did not stop in Guam. Landed on Wake Isl 7am. 1/2 hour delay due to a minor breakdown. The airline hostess limped about. Someone said she had fallen off a bar stool last night. (she fell off a motorcycle into the coral sand.) Fairly pleasant flight to Hickman Air Force Base near Honolulu. We landed there about midnight for a four hour stop for customs etc. Tired.

Thurs. Dec 27 II. Scramble for seats on the plane. Obnoxious enlisted drunks given first priority over civilians. We landed in Calif.at Travis Air Force base about 11 am. I phoned home, and Sonoma. Dad had a mild heart attack on Dec.26, and was in the hospital. I tried to get to Sonoma by bus. No car rental place near Sonoma. Taxi cost \$20. Mother came over about !:30. Many calls to La Jolla and the airport.

Fri Dec. 28. I finally got a reservation on Western for Sat. am.

Sat. Dec. 29, 1992. Up 4am. reached airport 6:45. a quick breakfast, and a clear direct flight to San Diego. Olga and George waiting. Joe wandering around the airport! Home at last!!