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Monsoon Expedition, October - November 1960

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MONSOON EXPEDITION, OCTOBER - NOVEMBER 1960

Alan Jones
16 September 2008



ARGO leaving San Diego

I sailed with the Argo as it left on Monsoon expedition, but got off when it stopped for fuel in San Diego.

Sat. Oct 8, 1960 I sadly left Olga and George- onto United 285 jet. Took off at 5:02 pm. it felt like a fast elevator (used to old propeller planes). Interesting cloud formations-sort of unreal. Over Monterey 5:55, SF bay 6:00, and landed 6:05pm. Two caterpillar contraptions moved out to the plane, each with its' own pilot. Parents met me. Phoned Olga, and picked up luggage. Then we whisked into SF on the freeway. (Times have really changed now). Seems like a lot of cars. The parents wanted to try a restaurant on Market St. called Grissens Chicken and Steak House. I was not impressed. After about 1/2hr wait, it was decided to go somewhere else. We ended up at Hippo's hamburger joint. Here you can get a hamburger topped with mocha ice cream and 1000 island dressing. It used to be a Safeway store. I had a Mushroomburger. It was lousy. Parents new T Bird is on its second clutch. We passed the new Safeway in the Marina with its murals. The moon came up and reflected on the bay water- beautiful.

Sun. Oct 9. Up 8am. Watched quail. Windy. We drove up the valley to Trinity Mt. Road, then down into Napa Valley.

Mon. Oct.10. Went for ride up the Gravenstein Highway. We stopped in Sebastopol to see a friend. He had a bad cold. We passed a school 104 years old. Great Grandfather was the school superintendent. Gorse- yellow, prickly plant near Bodega Bay.

Tues. Oct 11. We left Sonoma 0650, and arrived ok at Travis Air Force Base. Helen and Russ Raitt, Carl Shipik, Bob Fisher and Van Hoy were already there. Fisher was not allowed to carry his suit, so into baggage. I Bought life insurance. Had a milkshake and donuts with parents and Raitts. 9:40 am we lined up to get on the MATS plane. Russ is VIP, so escorted on plane, but put in wrong seat. Van Hoy got the good seat. The plane took off at 1005. Rather noisy, and sitting over wings- no window. I read and dozed. 3pm (5 hours later) announcement that they were 13 meals short. I gave the fellow next to me some of my dinner. Set watch back two hours to 1:35 (1335). Someone asked Russ if he was a "Sand Crab" (some Navy rating??) We passed over Hawaii 1705, and landed Clark Field 1725, for a three hour stop. We took off 9pm.

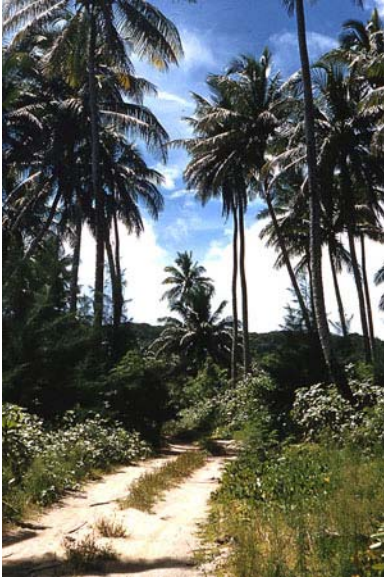
Wed. Oct 12 crossed the International Date Line. Lost a day

Thur. Oct 13. woke up 0230, and had coffee, fruit dish and snail Then I dozed. The seat is quite comfortable. 0355 the lights turned on- near Wake Isl. We landed 0400, and were taken by bus to breakfast. Then back to the air terminal. It was too dark to see much. The weather was sticky and hot. 0620 we took off.



An eerie sunrise as we climbed up through the clouds. The weather was still fine. We are flying above fantastically shaped clouds. The tops are turning a soft pink. 8am the weather seems to be changing slowly. High cloud formation. We passed through several squalls. Landed on Guam Isl. 1055. Very hot. We were told that Typhoon Lola prevented us from leaving Guam before 0600 tomorrow. We decided this would still allow us to make our connection to Australia in Manila. An hour or so later we were taken to BOQ. The main building was full, so we were put into a Quonset hut. I took a shower, and walked to the PX. Many great bargains in cameras etc. Van Hoy bought two. I had a steak dinner at the BOQ, then walked up to see about our PAM flight. A cute airlines girl was sitting on the pilot's (?) lap. I got no information, except that there was little chance of getting out until Sat. am. So I looked at cameras some more, wrote a letter, and went to bed about

1030. Small lizards on the walls and ceiling. They sound like a cross between birds and frogs- a chirping noise. Three kinds of ants. Small type got into my brief case. I slept fairly well, baby crying, and planes taking off in the night.



Fri. Oct. 14 Off to PANAM office after breakfast at the BOQ. They sent a wire to Qantas, but no answer. Probably the typhoon. The PAM man gave us some info on the island. We took a taxi to town, and rented a Volkswagen. Back to BOQ for lunch after stopping to buy a map of the island. We started out around the island. Very thick jungle. Some Japanese soldiers were just found a few months ago from WW II. The south end is mountainous, and very scenic. Small villages, and less Quonset huts as we progressed toward the end of the island. We drove through the jungle to the edge of the ocean twice on very narrow roads. We found a sort of shrine- a converted pill box, probably from WWII. A splendid view from here. The road is quite steep up and down. We stopped for 7-up and beer at a small roadside place. Arrived back to town about 5pm, then got a permit to get on the base with the car, thinking we would be there several days. The next thing we discovered was that MATS had been looking all over for us. The plane was going to take

off in 1/2 hour. This caused us to rush into full panic mode. Russ went in to call the car rental, and check PAM. The rest of us went back to pack up. We threw



everything into suitcases. Van Hoy got the other occupant of the Quonset hut to drive him to the main building to check out, and then up to the MATS terminal. I got all our stuff into the VW. Just then Russ and car rental man drove up. AT the MATS terminal we hastily unloaded, hoping that everything got on the plane. Russ went off

to change clothes, and missed loading, but got on plane before we took off. The car rental charged \$5 extra for having to come out to the base. We took off 6:25 pm for a 5 1/2 hour flight. (3 hr by jet). All tourist class- no first class on this plane. Big lightning bolts outside. Set watch back 3 hours for Manila. Guam was on daylight saving time? It took 7 hours to reach Clark Air Field. Patchy clouds. Close call when runway not visible at 150 ft. Just rice paddies. The control tower was manned by idiots. They gave the pilot a course right into buildings. Fortunately the pilot did not follow orders, pulled up steeply,



and left, not being sure where some nearby mountains were. We finally landed at a Navy base near Manila. This made it possible for us to catch our Qantas flight. However, two armed guards prevented us from getting our luggage and equipment out of the plane. We finally got clearance, and were rushed through

customs. The Navy was very helpful, after we got past the first guards. We were loaded into a six passenger truck for a ride down to the admirals gig. This fine boat sped us across the bay to the US Embassy. There the guard called two taxis. The road along the water's edge was impressive, with many big hotels etc. The road to the airport was in poor condition, with big holes. The recent typhoon did not help it any. This took about an hour. The service on the Qantas plane was outstanding. This plane took off 3:30 am for the six hour flight to Darwin. Watch set ahead one hour. Landed in Darwin about 10:30 am. Quite a day and night.



ALAN, ANT HILL

Oct 15, Sat. I slept a little from 0400 to 0530. Beautiful sunrise. Got up, shaved. Plane quite gay about 7am. People moving all over. Breakfast started with a glass of juice, then a tray with corn flakes, fruit dish, roll etc. This was followed with a plate of very good fish, tea

and coffee. Candy given instead of gum for landing. Flew over many small islands. The fellow next to me was loaded down with cameras from Hong Kong. Very hot in Darwin. We were treated very well. Tea and lemon aid served from real silver. Qantas made hotel reservations for us, and then took us to the hotel.

The Hotel Darwin has resisted change for many years. Stogy, upper class, tie for dinner etc. Very large rooms, fairly comfortable with the air conditioner going all the time. I rested, and then took a walk. Met Vic. Vic went swimming. I held his watch etc. People seem to wear bikinis here. Dinner then walked around town. The town very busy. People come in from the country. Dance at hotel. Upper class of Darwin attends. Stuffed shirts (and dresses). To sleep about 12.



WALLABY

Oct. 16, Sun. I went on tour after breakfast. Not much to see around Darwin. Very hot, but green. Miles and miles of forest, ferns, and flat leaf trees. A few look like small pine trees.

Van Hoy finally shut up. Very red soil. Interesting group of anthills, all lined up N-S, and six to nine feet high. Local people insist that the red ants have magnetic properties. I think it is a function of the rains, and wind. I had a pocket compass with me, and we found no evidence of any magnetic material. Our driver did not know much about the country. He was Dutch, and spoke with a Dutch accent. Difficult to understand him. Observed some small Lung Fish (?) on mud along river. We were shown the Humpy Doe Rice Project. It has failed so far. The Malita arrived. Also Stone and Fred Dixon. Fred Dixon quite drunk.



Alan and "magnetic" ant hill

Oct. 17, Mon. Woke up with a cold. Walked around town a little. The Argo arrived about 3pm. George Shor hoped off and walked to town.

Oct. 18 Tues. My cold worse. Checked out of hotel. Rain. Felt sick in afternoon, better in evening. Dinner at the hotel, and drink with Parker, and Fisher. Back to boat. The Malita is tied up to the Argo. Lots of activity aboard the Argo during the night. Toilets stopped up the next day.

Oct. 19, Wed. Felt better. Up 7AM ate breakfast. To town 8:55, post office. Stone bought a boomerang. I took picture of the hotel. Walked "three or four blocks" to Doctors Gulley. Turned out to be about a mile. The Malita was high and dry on the beach. Very large tides here. The Malita was propped up with several timbers, so work could be done on the hull. A man was slowly digging a hole under the boat for the fathometer head. I got a cab and went back to the Argo. Fisher was running around in circles, trying to get the boat out today. I went back out to the Malita after lunch, Stopped at Burns and Philip ship agents. There a man was saying he never had so much trouble as

he had with the Malita and the Argo. At the Malita a carpenter was working away at two tables. A fine craftsman but he thought he had several days to do the work. He finally started on our work. Walked back up to boat works. Found much grumbling about that _____ captain of the Malita. I walked over to see the Steels, and ask how long it would take for the tide to wash in. About $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour. He said you might as well sit down and have a cup of coffee. There is no chance of them finishing the job. He was right. The tide comes in very fast. About 3:30 George and Betty came down. We laughed at the ridiculous situation. George took a picture. Then Russ and Bob Fisher came down. They decided we would sail at 5pm. We eventually cleared customs and sailed out of Darwin on the Argo. Stoney and one other did not have passports, or there was a visa problem. They had to hide on the Malita under a tarp in the forecandle when we left. The Malita joined us some time later, and we transferred TNT via the old chain gang system. Work continued into the night. When this was done, the Argo left, Out at sea, we launched hydrophones. Of course nothing worked. About 1 am some success. I got to bed about 2am. At 4 am I was shaken awake to stand watch.



OCT 20, Wed. I went back to the lab and pointed out the mistake to the idiot on watch. Then dozed until 7 am. I worked all day in the lab. My cough is bad and uncomfortable. Very cold in lab and very hot outside.

Oct. 21. Friday. Up at 7:30 am. Did wash. Cough better today. Fish for dinner. Russ

wanted to change things all around. I stood Instrument watch. Loose wires hanging down from bottom of HF amplifiers. Russ said he didn't want to go to sea with this haywire outfit again. Outdated 10 years ago.

Oct. 22, Sat. Seismic station 11. I spent most of the day chasing troubles. The Argo rides very smoothly compared to Baird and Horizon. We are to meet the Malita tonight. The Big Winch broke down at 7 am. I worked until about 10 pm, and then slept until 2am. 2:30 to 4 am worked on equipment. Slept 4am to 6 am.

Oct 23 Sunday. Up 6am for Seismic station. Worked until about 7 pm. Island in sight. Very tired by noon, and could hardly keep going.

Oct 24. Monday. Seismic station 12. Up 7 am. In the Banda Sea now. We got a late start with the seismic station. Worked until about 9 pm. The Malita is working with a 25 watt bulb on the fantail in the dark. They had fresh Barracuda for dinner. They passed close off the bow of the Argo. Stone said he wanted to get off the Malita. We cast off the hydrophones before each shot to get them as quiet as possible. The crew caught small squid, a shark, and flying fish. Cook only cooks fish that come out of the freezer. 7 pm took malaria pills.

Oct 25, Tues. Up 7am. Watch 8am to 12. Worked on equipment during watch. Many interruptions. Volcanic bottom. About 12:30 we passed through a line of choppy water. It looked like we were coming toward a reef. It was about $\frac{1}{4}$ mile wide, perpendicular to the course of the Argo. Convergence zone?? I spent most of the afternoon until 5:30 working on plugs and hydrophones.

Oct 26, 1960. Wed. Seismic station 13. We are now in the Flores Sea. Up 6:30am. Worked until 9:30 Pm, then washed clothes and to bed at 10:45. The sea was very calm today. Lots of hydrophone trouble. Vic took movies. Bob Fisher planned to have Russ and I go to the Malita to work on the equipment in the night, then shoot and receive all day tomorrow and into the next night. Stone would run the Argo end. VERY impractical. No way could Stoney do this. Sail boat passed us in the afternoon. Shipick threw a bucket of water at Vic.



Oct 27, Thursday. Up at 7 am. The Malita called at 7:30. The watch did not answer them. Too late by the time we got to the radio. They wanted to tell us about water bubbling up out of the sea. No seismic station today. I worked on a few minor troubles. About 1 pm we anchored at Sumbawa Island. A few fires were visible, and some native sail boats. No people in sight. Perhaps they thought the Argo was a warship? The Malita approached about an hour later. We transferred TNT fuse, and water. I transferred to the Malita. Then frantic scurrying around getting equipment checked out. Life here is quite different. This boat stops dead in the water at night. All lights off, but one man supposed to stay awake in case another boat came near. Boat carried rice and tea, and some water. The rest of the food was caught from the sea, and cooked fresh. One day the engine was dismantled, and the connecting rod bearings were scraped down to a better fit, and then reassembled. Very pleasant after leaving the Argo. We had fresh Barracuda fish, fresh carrots, potato salad, fresh bread, tea etc. Very good. I sat up on top deck for a long time. Radio contact at 8 pm. The Argo had back tracked to look for the bubbles that the Malita reported seeing. We stopped still in the water to wait. Then the wind came

up, and we began to roll. The Malita has a two second roll period. Took Bonimine. I had an amidships bunk and could not sleep. I asked the captain about his former ships. The last one was called the "Wee Wack." Where is it now? "on the beach." (wrecked on Timor Island.) His income is 10% of the value of the boat per year. Somewhat higher this trip because of the TNT. It seems that Stone, Dale Newhouse and Rick were classed as stowaways in Darwin. The fine for Dale was 500 L, and 1000 L each for Stone and Rick. No passports. When the Malita cleared customs the three were sent below to hide. The Customs man asked how many aboard. Curly, an Australian aborigine, the Capt. The Capt. Son, the chief engineer, Bill, and Lee the cook. "Are you sure that is all you have aboard?" "yes." "All right, bring out the three stowaways. Fortunately they did not go down in the dark hold and missed all the TNT. The Argo captain was also fined for stopping in the Darwin harbor, after clearing customs. This was to transfer TNT and people. The TNT via a human chain in the dark. Another radio schedule at 12 am. We got underway and went back over the

route east. The motion was much better underway. I got to sleep. The crew sleeps anywhere on deck. There are no lights, except one on the mast. A large tuna fish was caught at 8 ½ to 9 knots during dinner. A BT cable, large hook, and a piece of red plastic hose for bait.

Oct 28, Friday. Up 5 am. Delay on the Argo. Firing started about 7:30. I worked on the receiving equipment between shots. Fresh tuna- choice of raw or cooked for breakfast.



Position: 7 degrees, 59 minutes, 117 degrees 01 minute. Malita receiving station. Lots of flying fish. The receiving run went quite well, after initial scouring and snafu of shots. We finished about 7 pm. I transferred back to the Argo, and Van Hoy and George H. transferred over to the Malita. We were talking

about Djakarta. Someone said "just hold out the Yankee dollar. They will do anything for the dollar." Cat. Burt Cummings replied "They don't care a ___ for the dollar. Why should they, when they can get big money from the US etc. The Malita sailed off into the dark.

Oct. 29 Up 3:45 for watch. Had to stay with the instruments as we came through straits. Bali on the right. (west) A 19,000 foot cone. Looked like a beautiful island. Very dark. We hit swells once out in the open. I worked on equipment most of the day, and got most of Russ's list completed. I should have kept Van Hoy here. At least he kept all the records developed, and has an understanding about plugs, cables etc. Stone is sort of tired of the whole mess. He does not grasp reasons for doing things as we want, i.e. Used zip cord for a ground instead of copper strapping. He leaves plug uncovered out in the salt air etc. Dale works hard at what is given him. He does not look for work, and disappears as soon as he finishes a task. He makes a good shooter or good man on the firing circuit. Porky (Bob Parker) has been considered low man on the totem pole. His work has been first to be canceled when time is short. It was decided to give him a chance at dredging

Oct 30, Sunday. Up at 4:30 worked on seismic station until about 8 pm. Hard day, but minimum of equipment troubles. Van Hoy sea sick on the Malita and of no use over there when he could be of much use on the Argo. I worked on the Chronometer in pm. Porky dredged, but no luck.

Oct 31. Halloween. Up 5 am. Station 15 Indian Ocean. Station over at 5 pm, then I changed batteries. The hydro winch is broken so had to use the big winch. This anchored the stern. The hydrophone wires got all tangled in the winch cable. Hectic

morning. Russ says the Vector plugs are not idiot proof. Only an idiot would carry caps in his pocket. I carry the plug caps in my pockets, and make sure each plug is capped when unplugged. Guess I am an idiot. The days I went over to the Malita the caps were left off and the plugs got wet. Van Hoy better today. Temperature probe stopped to get wires out of way. Had to pull up probe. I had a can of ale in the afternoon and really felt it. Had to have a cup of strong coffee.

Nov 1, 1960 Tues. Woke up 2am boat rolling Java Trench. Asleep about 2.30. 3:15 am the watch woke me saying PDR band was broken, and Fisher wanted me to fix it. I told the watch to wake up Brownie. Fisher was insistent, and sent watch back up again as I was getting up. Fixed it, back to bed 3:45. Russ had me up at 4:15 for seismic run. The usual morning hydrophone drill. Launching them in and then out, to balance them etc. About 8:45 the winch cable broke with the camera on the bottom of the sea. The experienced winch operators off drinking coffee. An oiler who had only run the winch once before was asked to raise the camera one meter. He pulled handles, and nothing happened. He jiggled a handle by a row of three switches, and two drums pulled against each other, and the cable broke. It zipped out through chives etc, and into the water. Russ did not favor giving up seismic station to grapple for the camera. About 6,600 meters of cable out. Lost. Camera about \$13,000. Next the temperature probe was lowered on remainder of cable. Nobody watching the cable below and a tangle came up through the chives. The temp. probe was pulled in and it was decided to grapple for the camera at 5pm Russ balked and haggled. He got an extension to 7pm. The batteries in the pinger with the camera would probably be dead by then. 7pm. Off to look for the camera. To bed about 9pm. (no notes as to whether the camera was retrieved or not) Malita noon position 11 deg 08 min. S 115 deg. 04 E. Argo position 11 deg 17.5 minutes S, 115 deg 27.5 E



**Piston Core
Coming Up**

Nov. 2 Wed, up 5 am for Seismic station 18. Wind blowing about 16 knots, Argo rolling, but much more comfortable than Baird and Horizon. Malita rolling very heavily. We steamed on station all day. Elect noise from prop. Station was over 5pm. Changed batteries after dinner. Lunch lousy, beans

and ham hock. Dinner steaks. Ban Hoy wants to come back to the Argo.

Nov. 3, Thurs. Station 19. Russ woke me at 5:30 Said station was in ½ hour, and said that it was now 5:15 I switched on light and saw it was already 5:30. 14 minutes later he came back and wanted to know where I was. Off to a bad start today. It was a beautiful day, the wind was down. I got sunburn working on hydrophones.

The Malita stopped for bread, meat and marlin, plus 3 pens for the Brush Recorder. Russ had about driven Stoney nuts. Stoney quite willing to go back to the Malita. Russ quite edgy, and takes everything you say wrong etc. Station over about 6 pm. Very beautiful night. Full moon, colored clouds reflection on water. I stayed on deck about 1 hour, then back to the lab to finish up work. Brownie came down with Radar book for help. Russ came in and started asking me if this and that were done. He couldn't find anything I had not finished, so left me alone after that. We may have Radar tomorrow? Dredge haul last night. Mg nodules and clay forams.

Nov 4, 1960 Friday Up 5:15 am for station 20. We stopped on station about 5:30. All 3 hydrophones ok until about 8am. 200 ft drop was full of water from a leak. New drop and plugs installed, and relaunched. Fire and boat drill. Strong current opposite of wind. Boat drifted over hydrophones. Pulled then all in. Three people went swimming to retrieve one of them. Fire hose on fantail soaked plugs etc. Then somebody shut a valve too fast, and pipes in the lower engine room blew out. Killed the lab air conditioner. The inner lab got very damp and hot. Very miserable. Then one of Chris's boys filled a storage battery with salt water. Lots of chlorine gas now in lab. Three of us pried open a hatch. It was covered with sacks of potatoes, old tires, etc. Then radio noise started. I spent most of the run chasing around the ship looking for the source. I crawled all around through the engine room. I was told nothing had been turned on, but found all sorts of auxiliary equipment turned on when the main salt water supply failed. Noise was probably an emergency pump for #2 compressor up forward, and down in second basement. The seismic run was over about 7pm. Took nap until 11 pm. No land in sight, so back to bed.

Nov. 5, Sat. 1 am. We anchored. Malita nearby. Russ came in to wake me. Already awake. High swell. Malita could not tie up to us. We pulled up the anchor, and moved in close to shore. There we transferred seismic recording equipment, TNT, Stoney and Dale for George and Vic. Just off shore from Bali. Checked out EDO and PDR, firing circuit etc. Almost daylight when finished. Fisher annoyed and growling about how much time it took. A number of small boats moved out to see what we were. We left just as sun came up over Bali. I took some pictures. Very tired. and slept



until 7:30 am. Ate, and worked in lab etc until 10am Another nap until 11:30. Lunch, washed clothes, and worked in the after hold. Hot and sticky. Watch 8pm until 12 am. Russ up the entire time pestering me etc. asking questions as I was trying to take readings. I played Bach and Mozart. and worked on seismic equipment between

readings and Russ. A number of sea snakes caught. These are very poisonous. One stayed alive 1 ½ hours in formaldehyde. Another got away, and scrambled across the deck into the hydrophone box

Nov. 6, Sunday. Underway all day. Much rougher weather. We spent the day packing equipment, repairing etc. Up 7:30 am, 1 hour off in afternoon. Stopped work about 8:30 pm. Hydrophones on bungee cords for tests.

Nov 7, Monday. Up 5:30 am for station 21. Four hydrophones in the water. Rather difficult day. I finally took a tranquilizer. Cooler. I felt tired most of the day. Position 11 degrees 29 minutes south, 109 degrees 32.1 minutes E.

Nov. 8. Tues Up about 5 am. On very short notice, station 22. It went quite well. No equipment troubles. 11 degrees 39.8 minutes S, 109 degrees 37.5 minutes E. Finished about 5 pm. Clear and good sunset. Worked on equipment for several hours after dinner

Nov. 9, Wed. Up 5:15 am Station 23. Long day. Finished about 9:30 pm. Drifted off station. The disrupted the Camera station. Carl Shipek temperamental. Complete foul up of four hydrophones around ship. Radio noise. Stone and Rick loused up firing circuit when transmitter battery slid and fell. Malita batteries all run down. Carl and Russ fought over the hydrophones and camera mess up. Both in rage Too many stations in a row. 10 degrees 24.9 minutes S, 109 degrees 45.0 minutes E. They went around and around for another hour at midnight also.

Nov. 10, 1960 Thurs. up 5:30 Station 24. 0615 to 1900. Changed batteries etc after to 8:30. Hydrophones went out ok. Only minor troubles. Time to go into port. Lots of tension etc over small things. Position 9 degrees 21 minutes S, 109 degrees 14.5 minutes E. Van Hoy can generate an amazing amount of gas. I turned on the big blower in the inner lab. This kept ahead of Hoy for a while. Then he out blew the blower. Two of us bailed out. Russ spent a good part of the day on the fantail working out tangles and watching the hydrophones. The run went quite well.

Nov. 11, Friday. Up 5pm for station 25. I did not sleep very well. Station went fairly well. Malta's radio went weak in the evening. Our radio operator being rather belligerent. Ran cable plug into winch on way in. Had to redo the plug. One cable opened up during the day. Had to splice in new cable.

Nov 12, 1960 Sat. Station 26. Last station! The monsoons have arrived. Up 5 am. Hydrophones ok. One engine ran away during night. 1200 rpm. Knocked out some valves etc. Kept the engineers busy during the day. Fire and boat drill. Radio noise. It was the fresh water pump. A squall hit us in the afternoon. Wind changed direction. Cables wrapped up around the boat. Hail, wind, cold and wet. Maneuvering from bridge finally got things straightened out. About 9pm we lost the seismic water wave. We pulled in the hydrophones and moved the boat. Then streamed the hydrophones again. 11pm we pulled in the phones again, with Russ's high school graduation music playing loudly on the fantail. A plot to cut a fake hydrophone line trial went off fine. Only trouble was that Russ trotted off to the lab at the wrong minute and missed it. The second try not quite as smooth, but Russ present. Finished 11:30 pm

Nov 13, Sunday. Underway most of the day along the Java coast. Very scenic. Got a haircut by Brownie for \$1. Packed equipment and stowed below. We anchored about 6 pm in a cove. Another squall. Fuel and water transferred to the Malita. The Malita crew came over for dinner. Then transferred equipment. Some kind of swallow landed on the Malta's captain's sextant while he was taking a sight. The bird was vey thirsty and hungr7y. It stayed the afternoon, and then flew off across the ocean again. Pulled in the anchor after farewells etc about 7pm. The Malita headed back

to Australia. They would have nothing to do with Djakarta. After the squall we could see sunshine. Very pretty. Large cave onshore. We could see a waterfall in the distance. No sign of life. Thick bamboo forest and coconuts.

Nov. 14, 1960 Monday. Up 7:30. Rain. Traveling 14 plus knots along Java coast. Finished packing equipment etc. Entered harbor. Many ships waiting for pilot. Other ships tied end to end. Eventually the Argo's pilot came out. We tied up to a pier. Lots of solders on guard. Hopeless red tape. Captain Davis very nervous, and wants everything locked up. Our agent arranged for Espe Tourist Service instead of Nitours. We got ashore at 5:30, and only allowed to take 50R. The travel service took out #20 each. This was hidden in the vans and changed into Rupees at his house. 45 R for \$1. Taken on tour for \$3 each. Gus and Al had to go real bad. The guide thought they wanted a bath. Finally got it across and stopped. Passed a Russian trade fair. Saw new and old Djakarta. A little shopping. Then back to ship. Travel agents there. They took our tickets. Bali very difficult. Jojarkarta difficult. Many bandits. Rebels shoot at cars at night.

Nov 15, 1960
Tues Espe
Travel and
immigration
aboard early.
More and more
forms to be
filled out. We
were all
entered as crew
members. This
complicated
things greatly.
Much confusion.
Some of us off
to the embassy.
Party
arrangements
made, and visit
to Indonesian
professor's
house. Bob
Fisher, Russ
Raitt, Vic
Vacqueir and I
finally got off
on our trip at
12:15. Reached
to edge of
Djakarta about





1pm. No unused land around here. People everywhere. 92,000,000. Passing through very lush, green countryside. Bicycles and sort of rickshaws are the main means of transportation. Some little steam trains, some diesel trains and a few trucks, but mostly people carrying huge loads of things. Lots of spring poles

with men trotting along swing these loads in a rhythmic fashion. Women strapped to their backs. Bicycles loaded down in an amazing fashion. Many water buffalos plodding along while working. They almost seem to smile when free in the water up to their heads. Quite a few streams. Our driver does an amazing job of dogging trucks, bicycles etc. He slips by with an inch to spare, with split second timing. We passed through many little towns. Djatimegara, Bekasi, Tjickarang, Krawo and Tjikanfeh.

Lots of rain, mud, no maps, but driver an expert at finding the right roads. We were



flagged down by police at quite a few places. One got in for a ride. The VW van was running low on gasoline, so we stopped by a policeman. He flagged down another car going in the opposite direction. He took over a jeep can of gas. This was poured into the VW, and off we went. Later gas (benzene) was sniffed out of the dandiest places. The

road runs along the coast. About dark. Fish traps visible. On through Karangampel, Tjirebon, Ttgal, Pemalang, Tjomal, Pekalong. Now dark and road deserted. We passed through our guide's home town. He got very excited, pointing in one direction and then another. He had not been back here for two years. On through Batang, Subah, Kendal. Reached Semarang about 11 pm. No room in the hotel that we were supposed to stop in. It was full of Russian football or Soccer players. About 9pm we stopped for dinner in one of the small towns above. Rather dirty, small Chinese place. We drank beer with the food to try to sterilize it. I gave most of my food to a little beggar boy outside the door. Met an Indian fellow in the restraurant. He told us we could go to Bali on the train, or pay a large tip to get on a plane. Stopped in Semarang at a hotel. Here we picked up a boy to guide us on to another hotel. This also full. There we picked up another guide, and tried a third hotel. No luck. The guide found gasoline from out of somebody's house. We filled up. Russ gave our driver a Benzadrine pill to keep him awake. Off across island. Hilly country, some rather steep grades. We were very lucky not to have encountered bandits. Maybe too much rain? Very little other travel on the road. Vic curled up on engine compartment. Luggage, beer container and me next. Then Russ and Bob. I got a little sleep.

Nov. 16, Wed. We reached Jogjakarta safely about 4 am. No place opens to get coffee. Many people loaded with goods headed for the market place. After several tries, we went to the house of relatives of the owners of Espe Travel. Woke them up. They took it very well. Pretty soon they brought us coffee. Very friendly people. A retired man, very intelligent but could not speak much English. His daughter (#5) was required to take English in school- four years of it. She translated for us. About six we started to leave. We were asked if we would like to bathe and get ready for breakfast. The bathroom contained a large , open tank of water, footboards, and a hole to the sewer(?), All very clean. The lady of the house makes Batik. I bought two from her. We sat down to breakfast a big table... (after all of our group had used my battery razor) Breakfast was wrapped in banana leafs and tied. Rise, colored hardboiled egg and ground chicken liver paste. Coffee very sweet. After breakfast we were taken to the ruins of a "water castle". Of the Sultan of Jodjcartal757. Maze of gardens, rooms, tunnels, fountains.



Cornered by "crazy woman." She was moved aside, and we proceeded on our way. The Sultan had many wives. Weather getting very hot. From there we were taken to a very good shop. Lots of Batik etc. I bought some wooden boxes. Now looks like rain, so we bade Farwell to our friends. They were going to take us to more places to see. We bought

a map.



Morning Rush Hour

The weather cleared as we went along. Everybody sleepy. The sun was out when we reached the temple of Mendut. This was built the second half of the 8th century. It faces NW toward India. (other similar structures face east. Next we went on to Borobudur monument. This is a sacred place for

Buddhists. The temple is shaped as a flowing lotus, the symbol of the Buddhist faith, floating on a lake.



Borobudur

The temple has three parts. The base with four galleries leading around the temple. Rectangular in shape. Man is tied to worldly wealth. 2. Upper part, has 3 terraces with galleries in a circular form man has freed himself from passion, but still tied to worldly wealth. 3. On top of the temple, in middle is a big stupa. Man has

reached perfection and is no longer tied to worldly wealth. Here man is illustrated by circular terraces which themselves can be subdivided into four parts.

(a) Akancantya: an unlimited space. The end of (?) (b) Wynantya: Nothingness (c) Ahicannya or Nascnya? : An area where there is no difference between existence, and

non-existence, where nothing can be said of anything.



Along galleries are beautiful reliefs, carved in the stone, showing the life story of Buddha.

Stupas, sort of bell shaped have statues of Buddha inside of them 32 in the first terrace, 24 in the second, and 16 in the last. A giant Stupa in the center of the highest terrace.

The

driver got a little sleep here, but our temple guide helpfully woke him up to chat. We found sort of a toilet- a relief. On our way after a snack of bier bananas etc. Vic likes some sort of fruit like nut. Nobody else can stand them. Another, yellow nuts in a large pod on tree called Nangka. We stopped on a steep hill overlooking Magellan. Modernistic, greeted with a loud rock and roll record playing. We asked

to have it turned down, and ate outside with beautiful view. Plan is to stay in Tjirelon. At Semarang we stopped, because the guide has a bad headache. , and the driver was very tired. After a typical SIO conference it was agreed to stop in Semarang at the Dir Pavillion hotel. (It had been decided for us before we stopped.)



Registered in hotel, rested, with the rain pouring down. A relay of boys pumped by hand outside to provide the hotel with water. Tea, lizards all around to control flies etc. Very good service. Dinner a 7 was very good. I went for a walk in town. The market was very crowded. I was probably exposed to Asian flu here. A flutist kept time for the pump boys at the hotel. Vic had me lock he and Russ in their room. Asleep at 9pm.

Nov. 17, 1960. Thurs. Russ woke up at 12:30 after too much bier, and couldn't get out of their room. Vic found another door, and woke Bob and me at 1am. 2 am off for Tjirebon. The road was deserted until about 3:30 am. Then crowded with people headed for market, with goods piled high. We passed a river with strange looking boats, and fish traps. Reached Tjirebon about 6:30. It took awhile to sniff out some benzene for the van. 7 am we turned south into the mountains. Countryside much prettier, and more prosperous. Different people. On through Tjilimas, Kwingan, Tjiamis, Manondjaja, Tasihnelaja, and Malanglong. We stopped in one for fruit. Several Mongolian looking men shouting. (Bandits?) Really fierce looking! On though Nagger, Tjijalengha, and Udjungbung. Stopped along the way to wash our fruit in a stream. On to Bantering. Passed many troops. More auto traffic here. Bandering about 10am. Stopped a big hotel for coffee. Very swanky place. Onward up through several mountain passes.

We stopped for lunch at one. Pouring rain. Puntjah pass. Beautiful setting. Swiss like. I caught a very large wasp. Very good lunch. On to Bogor. Raining hard at the Botanical Gardens. Russ has to go. We let him out near gate behind the car. Back to ship about 5:20pm. Everybody amazed we had made it back alive etc. A rush to get ready for the embassy party. Only one Indonesian present. Back to ship about 9pm. I repacked after being advised by the Am. Embassy not to carry out wood carvings etc. I sealed mine in plastic, and stored them in the hold. To bed about 1 am.

Nov.18, 1960 Friday. Up at 7am. Very hectic and much red tape. Russ being difficult and tying up everybody with his problem of getting to Bangkok etc. More and more forms. Finally off ship and into VW bus. The customs guards did not shake us down, as they did last night. (\$2 each). The Argo actually left at 1020 am! The next few hours were spent on getting Russ's trip started. More forms at the BOAC office. They put Russ and me on a waiting list. Then more forms. I started to feel very tired. Russian Migs buzzed the airport with a swish and roar quite different than our planes. Back to the Duta Indonesia hotel. Was put in a large room with a living room, and a patio in the center. I felt worse, fever. To airport. The plane was late. By 6 pm I was too sick to go on the plane. The Espe travel people took me to the American Embassy to see their doctor. He said I should get myself to Singapore, and do not go to any local hospital. He gave me a bottle of Penicillin pills, and ran off to a golf date. Nov 18, Friday too sick to leave hotel room. My first experience with Asian Flu.

Nov 19 Sat. sick

Nov 20 Sunday a little better, but very weak. Van Hoy and Rick slept most of the day. Felt better in evening, and ate some fruit. Van Hoy and Rick sick with dysentery.

Nov. 21, 1960 Monday. Pan Am had stopped flying into Djakarta. However an old plane being retired and on its way back to the US, was stopping for fuel. I still felt weak, but no temp. Packed, and did not bother with breakfast. Espe people came about 8am. We checked out of hotel. Mrs. Silistor and helper got us through customs very easily, and stayed with us until we boarded the Pan Am plane. We would have been quite helpless without them, so did not begrudge the fixed rate of exchange. A long wait on plane while six mig17 planes landed etc. Off about 11:20. Very

interesting man from Pasadena- lives in Saigon. Said "Ugly American" was mostly about Saigon. A real boob of an ambassador for 4 years, completely uninformed, does not know a word of Vietnamese. Said US has made bad mistakes in the past 10 years. He has good hopes now with Pres. Kennedy. 1 pm, flying over many small islands. Sumatra off to the right. It feels very cold (70 degrees). 1:30 landed in Singapore for a 45 minute stop. 5 pm. Over S. Vietnam. Very flat countryside. Many canals, rivers, green. We left Saigon about 6:30. Flying first class, with a hostess for each of us. Arrived in Manila about 10:30. Customs was quite painless. Met by hotel rep. I was asked if with two girls. No, just Van Hoy and Rick. Stayed at Bay View Hotel. Very comfortable. A good night's sleep.



Nov 22 Tues.
After a large breakfast, we rented a car and driver. The driver was quite up on Pilipino history. People are unhappy because American capital is not being invested in Philippines, but is in Japan. They feel they are being left behind. Rizal is a national hero. Visited Old City, walled, 1590. Visited a cathedral built in 1599-1606. Visited Rizal Shrine Ruins. Then palace.



The guards act as guides. Very polite, and want to please. We were allowed to visit drawing room, dining room etc. Large chandeliers, beautiful paintings, high ceilings. A real palace. In the garden we were approached by a lady and a girl. They wanted our picture taken with them. . I felt weak and tired,

otherwise ok. Then drove through city, visit to university. Back to hotel to check out. We ate lunch on the outskirts of Manila. American style place. Manila water ok to drink. 110 volt AC in hotel. Many old WWII jeeps rebuilt, with bodies modified to make small buses.



Countryside very green, rice, water buffalos. Thatched houses. Seems like a higher standard of living than in Indonesia. We left Manila about 2pm Reached Clarke "Air Force base about 4:30. Checked into MATS and BO"Q. Dinner at plush officers club. Nov. 23, 1960 Wed. Up about 8 am, large breakfast at officers club. We got

permission to buy cameras and radios at PX. Rick and Van Hoy bought cameras. I bought a radio etc. Lunch of steak at officers club. Packed all stuff in suitcase- really full! To MATS. Took off 7pm.

Nov 24. Thurs. landed on Guam 4:30am. Tired, no sleep. We left Guam 6:30am, after two false take offs. Bad switch, or something. We landed on Wake Island at 2:05 pm.



Raining. I bought a Canon zoom 8 movie camera. We crossed the International Date Line after Wake Island. It is now Nov 23 rd again. Flying on and on.

Nov 24 Thurs
Landed in Honolulu at 6:10am. Took off from Honolulu about 8am for 9 hour flight to Travis Air Force base. Red tape, so missed Navy

bus. We took a Greyhound bus to SF airport. Bought tickets to SD. Called International Inn. They came and got us. To bed about 10:30pm, after dinner. Hoy up at 1 am. He left about 2am for a plane to SD.

Nov. 25, Friday Raining. After breakfast I caught a Greyhound bus about 11 am, and reached Concord about 1:30pm. Tired, took nap at Ben (my uncle) and Esters. Ester has a cold.

Sat Nov 26 Sat. Rain. Loafed, called Olga.

Sun. Nov 27, Clear, cold with frost. I caught the cold.

Monday Nov 28 up 5am. Ben took me into Concord. Rode to airport just before heavy traffic started. Reached SF airport about 6:45. Got on PSA plane 7:30. Arrived in San Diego about 10am. Finally home 11:30Am

Alan Jones