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Pete's edit of Thor's C:\Lotus\WordPro\The Logh.doc, which is Thor's reading of his handwritten log into Dragon Naturally Speaking 9. This edit is only to correct Dragon's misinterpretation of Thor's reading, and not of his writing or grammar, which really doesn't need much editing in any case.

Pete Berardo 9/3/2009  
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## The Log

### Chapter I

10-5-59 (12:58) On the fifth day of October 1959, our preparation having been completed for the trip, we set out for a year of adventure on the continent. In my eagerness to be gone I was 10 minutes early to Dave's. The only affect of my early arrival was that I had to wait 10 minutes.

It was a tender scene to behold as Dave said good-bye to his family. Last-minute pictures were taken of us with our packs on and of the family. After picking up Mom and Ona, we sped on our way toward the desert. I got \$50 worth a traveler's checks in San Bernardino and then turned the car toward Barstow. Mom will send the extra gear to New York where I will be able to pick it up. I bought a light, a knife, a log book and stationery in Barstow. We ate the lunch we brought along in the lot of a service station, then headed for the road. Dave got out at the top of a hill and Dan and I stood at the bottom. Soon Dave came by. He had gotten his ride! The sun has come out. Boy, it is getting hot!

10-6-59 (6:54). Dan and I split up, hoping to get rides faster. I walked down the road a quarter-mile, leaving Dan in front. 2 ½ hours later a man and his family stopped on their way to Baghdad (a little Place 50 mi. From Barstow and 90 mi. From Needles). Although the wait had been a long one, luck was with me. I last saw Dan up the road, still waiting for a ride. We passed Dave but couldn't stop because the car was loaded with groceries, people, dog and children. But I yelled heartily as we passed and he smiled when he saw me. The car gulped the miles down and in no time at all we were in the Baghdad, which consisted of one cafe and one pseudo-garage, our destination.

No one could have told that these few buildings were known as Baghdad, except for the huge sign painted on the roof of the garage. The sign was located as though it was more important for birds to know the whereabouts of Baghdad than people. It just so happened that a truck was under repair at Baghdad. It's problem was that a bolt had come loose in the radiator fan assembly, allowing the fan to rip through about half of the veins in the radiator. The man who picked me up had just returned to Baghdad after a futile attempt to get a new one in Barstow. The driver of the truck, who was on his way to Mobile Alabamawith a load of fresh green tomatos, found out he would have to be tied up for three days while the new radiator was being shipped out.

I stood at the other side of the road to hitch-hike. No cars came by, so I wandered back over to watch the driver and the man who picked me up work on the van, replace the lost fan nut, and check the fan belts. I took a look at the radiator and an idea struck me. I asked the garage man if he had a blowtorch? Yes. Did he have solder? Yes. I told him that I could fix the radiator and he said go ahead and try since it wasn't any good anyway the way it was. I soldered for two hours and when we tested it there was one small leak and that was in the head tank gasket, not where I had done my work. Together we installed it in half an hour.

The driver asked me how much I wanted for my work. I told him I would not accept money, but I sure would like a ride going east. No luck. He said that company regulations prevented him from picking up passengers. Reluctantly I hauled my 40 lb. pack onto my shoulders and trudged across the street to resume hitchhiking. A few minutes later I saw the big Kenworth truck, whose radiator I had just fixed, lumber into the street heading east -- without me.

Suddenly, all ten brakes screeched at once and the huge truck swayed and shuddered to a stop. The driver swung down from his cab and motioned to me, "Iffn I git caught, they gonna fire me. Come on, y'all git in. You cn rahd as fer as ahm gon." He had offered me a ride as far as he was going: to Mobile Alabama. Now, that was south of where I had planned to go, but it sounded warm so I took them up on it. I had my ride!

He is hauling tomatoes with a huge Kenworth 18 wheel diesel rig. His gross weight is 95,000 lbs. At 6 p.m. we finally pulled out of Baghdad and rumbled east toward needles. The trip was uphill and the load made slow going. The bouncing made me drowsy and I slept. When I awoke the rig was still trundling along near the crest of a hill. It was going so slow I was sure we would never see Alabama.

Then came the top of the Hill. It was there I learned something I didn't know about diesels: they do not hold compression. There is only one way to stop a diesel, and that is by using the air brakes. Even then there is only one chance to stop because the brakes soon fade out. This leaves one alternative for downhill grades - coasting. The realization that 45 tons of tomatoes, iron and aluminum are pushing you down that Hill is enough to make anyone worried. The speedometer only read to 80 mph and it had pinned itself long ago. The truck just went faster and faster. Level ground saved us at last from certain disaster. I slept again. Midnight rolled around.

The sharp staccato of the open exhaust announced the approach of our rig to the countryside. A coyote jumped out in front of us and was gone. Little crawly things, which I eventually made out to be toads, appeared on the road. I'm sure we hit some of them. The miles rolled on. Nevada was as desolate as California desert. I thought of all the rest I had had and in spite of that, how sleepy I was. Even though the driver had been on the road for 10 hours, after working all day on the tractor, he still seemed wide awake. I got the answer to how this was possible a few miles ahead, when the driver took a little white pill - Benzedrine!

He explained that once he had cracked up a brand-new rig, his forehead, and his arm, by falling asleep at the wheel. He would rather take one million little pills than suffer through 37 stitches in the head again. I agreed.

The driver is only a small man. At 5'6" he weighs 135 lbs. So the contrast of that small man to such a large rig was interesting. My mommy told me to get a ride with a truck driver and I did. We sped south through arid land dotted with trucking outposts, until we came to a place the driver decided was sufficient to stop for breakfast. He was in the local store buying some clothes (his were ruined from grease). Then I saw his face turn angry and defiant. I directed my

gaze the way he was looking and realized what the trouble was. They were serving a Negro in the same-store!

Fueled up and breakfast eaten, we were soon on the road again. The typical house in New Mexico appears to be made of Adobe. Mexican children were playing in the cactus strewn yards. The sun lifted its fiery head above the mountains and exposed purple hues laced with Dusty Green and sand colors. Now the sun stood straight above in the sky, but the hour was only 10 a.m. Then I realized that my watch was still on Pacific standard Time. It was then that the refrigeration unit on the trailer refused to work. We stopped, tinkered for a while, got the compressor working, started off, and the compressor stopped.

10-6-59 (6:10 p.m.) We are awaiting the arrival of a mechanic to look at the ill functioning refrigerator. The driver (we haven't introduced ourselves yet) has retired to his sleeper to try to rest. He has been traveling 24 hours without sleep. We are in El Paso Texas. There are more Mexicans here than white. There is an Italian restaurant across the street. I think I will eat there. Our next stop, if all goes well will be Hamilton, Alabama. The insects are atrocious.

10-7-59 (6:15 a.m.) The actual time is 8:15, but I'm keeping PST until I get to New York. The mechanic and I worked on the intake manifold of the engine, replaced a broken stud, fixed the exhaust, adjusted the automatic choke, cleaned the spark plugs and set the timing. During the three hours it took us to do this, the driver, James Jones, slept in the sleeper. Assured that the engine of the refrigeration plant was running perfectly, we woke "Jimmy" up and started off.

We got no further than two blocks when the refrigeration engine stopped again. We decided to continue even though the refrigerator didn't work.

El Paso is the town of whores. This is such an universally accepted fact that it is a common word even in the vocabulary of women and children. While I was eating dinner and a small local cafe there a man proudly and quite loudly asked for the retarded Mexican waitress's boudoir services. She replied with no secrecy at all that her price was \$10 for an hour and, "If you come before your time is up you're through." I was served the meal by another Mexican Lady who had taken the place of the first. At the table next to me to man and a woman were talking about a 650 lb. whore they knew whose favorite trick was to roll over on top of any man who wouldn't pay her. Gee! Here we are, deep in the heart of Texas, Odessa, Texas to be exact.

We are laid over here trying to get the refrigeration engine fixed again. Odessa, Texas reminds me of Bakersfield, California. It looks the same, and has the same people. The difference is in the local folks southern drawl: y'all, etc. The mechanic here just referred to a part on the engine as, "that li'l ol' carburetor."

10-7-59 (11:30 a.m.) the refrigerator engine has again been "fixed." This time it got two new valves, new spark plugs, a new carburetor and another tune-up. As soon as the bill is settled we will be underway. My corduroys are getting dirty from working on the engine. I took a bath, however and feel clean. That's another thing I have learned. It's that truck stops usually have free showers as a service to truckers. They usually have hot water. Pretty soon I'll know this truck as well as Jimmy. At last we are on our way to Alabama. Time: 12 a.m.

10-7-59 (4:30 p.m. ). The refrigeration works right for the first time since I've been on the trip. But we lost a mudguard, had a flat tire, and got stopped by the cops. Right now I'm sitting in front of the local courthouse waiting to find out whether they will make us take off approximately 286 cases of tomatoes at 70 lbs. A case. If we had gone 36 mi. Further we would have been out of the state and not subject to the maximum weight laws. The Texas law states that no vehicle or groups of vehicles shall exceed a combined weight of 56,500 lbs. So, by court

order they can force as to unload the tomatoes before proceeding to the border. The decision will come up momentarily.

Our boy Jimmy has now been going 48 hours without sleep. He mentioned that the only thing that benzidine affected was his appetite. In two days he's eaten only two meals and he didn't even eat half of the food on his plate on both occasions.

10-10-59 (5:40 p.m.) The decision came up. We had to unload 6,200 lbs. Of the fruit. A courteous trucker offered the services of his truck to help us transport the surplus tomatoes. We unloaded them into his truck and he started off. Then we realized: What if he decided to keep on going and didn't wait for us? Did we have his license number? No. Did we know what kind of truck he was driving? No. We got our truck going after his "mighty gol' durn fast," according to Jimmy. We finally caught up with him about 10 mi. Down the road. In a likely spot we unloaded the surplus tomatoes back onto our truck and were on our way again.

I got sleepy so I climbed into the sleeper. When I woke up the dry prairie was gone. In its stead was marsh like jungle. Instead of Brown, there was green. Water, wherever you looked. The people are slow and calm, no matter what the emergency.

10-9-59 (1:10 p.m.) The scenery is breathtaking down here. Green trees and marshes everywhere. The roads are all elevated in case of flood. They constantly mow the sides of the road so that the dense forestation will not overtake it. A fragrant aroma of growing things passes through the window. The rest room signs read, "Ladies, Men, Colored."

The people here are very friendly and so are the insects. Governor elect Morrison is for "progress, education and segregation," so one of his election poster says. We stopped by the side of the road to check the tires and I grabbed some sugarcane that was growing nearby. First you cut off the leaves then cut it into 1 ft. Lengths. These you peel the bark from as you get ready to eat. It actually is worth all the trouble because it tastes good. We crossed the Mississippi and I was disappointed. I expected a river so wide you couldn't see from one side to the other. Actually it was only one half mile wide in Baton Rouge. Right now I'm writing from Hammond, a town 43 mi. West of New Orleans. The driver has gone to get some money from the Western Union office. I am sitting in a cool green park, getting swarmed by ants.

10-9-59 (1:15 a.m.) The money Jim expected by wire from his boss never did arrive. So, at six o'clock we set out for New Orleans. The idea was that in Mississippi State the weight of his vehicle was again 90000 lbs. Too much. However, if you get caught overweight in Mississippi, the fine is \$1000 and 10 days in jail, mandatory. In order to avoid this penalty, a rather lucrative racket has been established whereby a very light tractor (truck engine) is connected in place of the heavier diesel unit. This with light tractor-trailer combination then goes across Mississippi with legal weight, while the big diesel follows behind.

Here we were, ready to enlist the services of one of these tractors, but without money. Jim called his boss who convinced the service station attendant that Jim could write a check in his stead. This was done. After the trailer was reconnected and on its way, Jim relaxed for the first time since I had joined them. Even though it cost him \$30, the trailer would only have to be towed 13 more miles by Jim. We stopped at a truck stop. We took showers, shaved and put on clean clothes. By this time we were in pretty high spirits. I was glad that the long trouble-filled grind was ended and Jim was glad because he was almost home.

We decided to celebrate. As we pulled into a trucker's restaurant he said, "I'm hungry." For four days he had only "eaten" two meals. And at best he had only consumed perhaps one quarter of each of these two. Now for the first time he was hungry. He ate a whole dinner and then part of another. This meant only one thing: the benzedrine was wearing off.

To further this thought, although we started off in the highest spirits ever, he immediately became tired and had to pull over to rest. He told me to wake him in an hour. I waited two. When I tried to wake him, he wouldn't wake up. Finally, after much coaxing and heckling I managed to get him out of the sleeper and into the driver's seat. It was a big mistake.

He was asleep at the wheel. He over-reved the engine, which he had never done before. He continuously weaved back and forth on the road, then stopped unnecessarily. When we crossed a long bridge I was sure we were going through the guardrail twice, but somehow we made it. Fortunately we had to stop for fuel and this served to wake him up. The rest of the trip was fast and safe. Both of us gave loud cheers when we passed the Alabama border. To us it was the sign that we had reached our goal.

Happily we pulled into our rendezvous. That's where I am now, 13 mi. West of mobile. I am waiting for the truck that will take me to New York. Jim and I parted warmly. He invited me to come and visit him. It's raining here. Hard.

10-10-59 (6:40 a.m.) Here, it is 9:40. I am writing from a little pizzeria about 1 mi. From Mel Smith's house but in Kensington, Maryland. Kensington is 6 mi. North of Washington DC. I went to sleep on a little bed made of oil crates, straw and a blanket inside the service station where Jimmy had left me. It was 4:30 in the morning. I woke up without a ride and with Jim still sleeping in his sleeper in the truck, which was behind the station. About six o'clock a call came through to Jim. They were wondering why he had not shown up to deliver his goods.

It wasn't easy to wake Jim up, but the service station attendants managed to do it. In the meantime I connected his air hoses and light cables, rolled up his idler wheels, and threw my pack back in its familiar spot on top of the engine cover in the cockpit. Jim got in the driver's seat and I got in on the other side. A peculiar yet familiar feeling of companionship came over me as I realized that we had gotten the big machine ready to roll automatically as a team, the way we had done many times before. While I straightened up the sleeper, Jim maneuvered the big Kenworth tractor out to the roadside. I unconsciously checked to see if cars were coming from his "blind spot" as I had grown accustomed to doing. I felt as though I spent my entire life in this seat in the truck (the only time I had left it in the past week was to work on or service it). The feeling of being an important part of the operation of this ponderous beast gave me a sense of security. I hated to leave these now familiar surroundings.

Inevitably the time came and when Jim turned north in Mobile I sadly dismounted and again said goodbye to my friend and companion for the last 2100 mi.

I walked across the street and stood in front of a Negro church and behind a Negro laundry for almost half an hour trying to thumb a ride. Then finally, someone yelled from the other side of the street, "you going through the tunnel?" (There was a tunnel about three blocks ahead). I nodded affirmatively. He beckoned me to get in. Once in the car, he explained that he had tried to stop as he went by the first time but the press of the traffic was too great. That's why he hailed me from the opposite side of the street. He only went about 18 mi. before letting me out, but that was enough to get away from the rush that of city traffic.

As a matter of fact, it was far enough to get me away from just about everything except an old mansion, now devoid of paint, most of its glass and its perpendicularly (it sagged here and there) which was occupied by at least three generations of Negro family. All of whom adorned the front porch along with two goats and numerous chickens. The only traffic was an occasional fast-moving truck, and they couldn't stop.

It looked as though I might be standing here all day. By-and-by three would-be musicians descended from the aforementioned house. One man had a guitar, while another carried an ancient dilapidated bass drum. The third was the most versatile, since he played a

Jew's harp, a harmonica and a small flute or Piccolo. They approached me singing. And I must admit they had pitch, vocal quality good harmony and an infectious rhythm.

As they neared I hailed them and they treated me in a manner which was most disturbing. They acted as though they were compelled to greet me, rather than because they wanted to. I tried to break through the wall of obedient subjectitude by telling them they sounded good and would they be kind enough to sing for me. To that they responded cheerfully and with enthusiasm.

They made those ancient instruments seem like they too could sing as they went through their repertoire. They sang everything from Calypso, jazz, blues, Dixieland, rock-and-roll, rhythm-and-blues and love songs. The only thing that wasn't good was their diction. I could hardly understand them. I applauded after each number and said thank you, heartily.

It was quite amusing to think of me reclining against a grassy bank while the "Ebony Trio" hammered away at their music. They eventually said that they must be on their way since they had to play at a wedding in the next parish the next day and it was a long walk.

Thus entertained, I resumed hitchhiking and immediately acquired a ride with a man going to Auburn, Alabama. The trip was completely uneventful except that he treated me to lunch and a red beer. Also, while driving with him, he told me of a place in a Auburn where they sold all the catfish, beer and cornbread you could eat for a dollar. I'll have to go there sometime.

Outside of Auburn, I got a ride to the next town. There I was, standing on a corner of the truck route, hoping for a ride, when two men came by in a '55 Chevy. They knew of a better place to hitchhike from and took me there. They were right, because I immediately picked up a ride in a diesel Mack truck to Augusta Georgia. It started to rain when I got into the truck. When the driver turned on his air-powered windshield wipers his air-hose kept popping off. I resolved the nuisance by cutting one half-inch off the end of the hose. The new end was less worn and made a snugger fit on the nipple.

I was tired and I slept. Augustine was crowded with traffic and I didn't get a ride for one half hour. Then I walked up the street until a man stopped me. I had my pack on so he knew I was going somewhere. He asked where and I told him. He told me the best place to hitch was the other side of town. And why didn't I take the bus there. I told him I was broke and he insisted on giving me a quarter. Oh well. I walked a few blocks down and started hitching again. Another guy about 5 ft. tall, who looked like a fugitive from a horror movie, spotted me and decided to hitch with me.

I decided to spend my quarter on some food. The little creature from the back alley didn't follow me in the restaurant, fortunately. I had a lousy hamburger and went back to the same corner. The first trucker that came by picked me up. He was lost but I helped him get straightened out. He was driving an international 300 tractor pulling a flatbed full of lumber. A 300 I engine is a small supercharged super evacuated diesel with high top end revolutions and a dual four range gearbox. This truck was by far the easiest handling, neatest truck of the three I rode in. Those blowers would scream and the shifting lever would make an automated clicking sound.

It was raining. I was tired. I slept. The driver woke me up and asked me if I wanted to sleep in his sleeper. I said, "sure," and climbed in the back. The next thing I knew we were in Raleigh, near the border of North Carolina.

I soon got a ride with two elderly drunken brothers, whose car weaved unsteadily down the road. They let me off, much relieved to be on foot. Almost immediately another sober/drunken alcoholic type drunk picked me up. His car tried to imitate a rocking chair while he explained

why he was an alcoholic. He said his family was hanging on to him just because of his money. Finally he let me off.

A young couple stopped to let a hitchhiker off and I asked them if I could get on. They said, "yes," and I clambered in. The husband was heading overseas and the wife was joining him in February of the next year. After a while I started driving and husband slept. Finally I reached a point outside Washington DC off of US 301 on to US 50, which was as far as they were going in the direction of my destination. A man in a '56 Chevy picked me up and took me to US 1. I waited for about an hour to get a ride with another fellow in a '55 Chevy.

I walked a mile to the junction of EW Highway with state 410. After an hour's wait watching all the Saturday night daters go by, I got a ride with a guy in a T-bird who drove me to the Smith's door. They weren't home, so he drove me back to town. The only place open was Dan and Ann's soon to be called Freddy's, a pizza place. This is where I have been writing the last several pages.

All the way to DC I have been warned of cold-weather. So far I have suffocated in heat. I go now from the pizza place to see if the Smiths are home. It is 11:30 p.m. Eastern daylight savings time. I stayed around to chew the fat with the new owner and he gave me some free pizza.

10-16-59 (6:35 p.m.) New York time. It has been six days since I have written here. The fact that my memory fades quickly will make events that happened closer to the 10th more vague than those near the present. Anyhow here is the account as I remember it. I walked back to the Smiths in a driving rain. I stopped at a house with lights on because I got lost. They insisted I wait until the rain stopped, but I left anyway. When I got to the Smith's, they still weren't home. I searched around and determined to stay on their side porch for the night.

I pulled a mattress around behind the couch and put my sleeping bag on it. I roasted all-night even though it rained. In the morning (11:00 a.m.) The Smiths still hadn't arrived so I left.

The rides were slow because of Sunday traffic. Finally, I got a ride on the Baltimore-New Jersey Turnpike for about 50 mi. Then I got a ride on a truck for a while, then a '55 Ford, and an MGA. We had to tie the pack on the back of the MGA. The driver gave me a ride to the divide in the freeway between New Jersey and New York. Right in the middle of the freeway that is. Can you imagine anyone standing in the middle of the Los Angeles freeway trying to hitch a ride? Well, this was just as impossible.

The chance of getting a ride here was just as slim. Eventually I saw that buses were passing me marked for New York, my destination. I walked in the direction from whence the buses went, hoping to find a bus stop. All I found was a bridge 2 mi. Long which I had to cross. After short space of open road I came to an overpass. It was almost dark now. Below on the sidewalk I saw some young men, 20 or so, standing around. There were motorcycles which some were sitting on. The others postured, standing in a peculiar manner with the pelvis is tilted upward, weird though this sounds. They wore leather jackets with eagles painted on the back. Some had motorcycle caps which reminded me of Marlon Brando.

Fascinated by the thought of seeing a real New York motorcycle gang close-up, I stood on the top of the bridge at the end of furthest away from them and looked over the guard rail at them below. More came riding, two at a time, on their motorcycles, until there were nearly 20 standing around. All of a sudden five deployed themselves on foot to my side of the road. Five more went up the bank on the other side toward the overpass. Others went under the bridge.

up When they started coming toward me from the other side of the bridge I realized almost too late that it might be me they were after.

I turned around to run and saw that they were only a few feet away and coming from the opposite direction. Traffic was thick but I ran across the freeway as though it was empty. On the other side they were coming up at me. I veered and ran the way I came. Fast! I heard the click click click of someone's shoe taps behind me. I ran with the pack bouncing precariously on my back. I ran on that narrow. Wide sidewalk until I couldn't run anymore.

I turned and saw that my pursuers had stopped running and were just standing on the bridge behind me. I walked quickly down the bridge away from them. That was almost too close of a contact with a New York street gang if you ask me. It was very dark now. I was tired and frightened and cold and was getting tired of waiting for a ride, so I hailed a taxi and went for Staten Island. The ride cost me \$10, but I was delivered directly to the Staten Island ferry. I arrived at the Rev. Mr. Long's at 2:30 a.m. Monday morning, quite quietly. And very glad to be there in one piece.

I found out the next morning that Pete had arrived. He was scheduled to give a talk to the Young People's Fellowship Sunday about his escapades while hitchhiking across the country. Dave walked in during the meeting. I was disgusted that I didn't arrive in time to participate.

I will not spend much time telling you about the first week with the Rev. Long. Instead, I will tell you about Rev. Long. He's about 45 years old, 5'-10", 150 lbs. Good reflexes. He is a very good-looking, well contained man. He is accustomed to living by himself as a bachelor. But recently he has had to adjust to us six young travelers living in the same house. This has been quite awkward for him. Every night he has talked to someone about theology, philosophy and associated subjects. His voice is deep, he gets up at about 10 o'clock every morning. He seems very interested in us and has a realistic outlook on life. He enjoys sherry wine. Enough on Long.

We spent the week looking for jobs and found out two things: that there once were opportunities for work and that there are not any jobs for us now. Left with no other choice, we booked passage on a Norwegian freighter heading to Goteborg, Sweden, empty, for \$150 each. While we waited for our ship to depart, we saw all the typical tourist attractions: Empire State Building, Statue of Liberty, Manhattan Ferry and the subways. Probably more subways than we would have liked, since we frequently got lost on them.

We have lived the life of luxury for this week. The Rev. Long's hospitality is tremendous. We went to Greenwich Village on four different nights.

10-22-59 (Friday) we spent a total of two weeks at the generous Mr. Long's place. Most of the second week we spent getting ready to leave. When we picked up our tickets at the shipping office the secretary told us that there wasn't any room onboard the Jhordis for Pete. As it happened the agent told us there were only two tickets available so Pete said, "let's flip for it, odd man out." Dave Howard was against it. I suggested that Pete and I should go because we instigated the trip etc. We flipped anyway. Everyone in the office was tense, including the agent, as David H. uncovered his flip. Heads. Pete next. Heads. Then me. I knew mine wouldn't be heads, but when I peaked, there it was. Heads.

We had to flip again. Everybody was on the edge of their seats. Dave uncovered first. Heads. Pete. Tails. Me. Heads. Pete had drawn out at the game he suggested. He was not a good sport about it and was irritable and jumpy for a while.

Anyway, four of us got tickets, two on the Christina, two on the Jhordis, with Pete left holding the coin.

It was unfortunate that the number of people that got rides on the boats were two and four. Because Pete took this as a manifestation of his bugaboo concerning odd and even numbers. He was positive that the reason he got left out was because there is always room for

things in even numbers but not odd ones. I kept calling the agency on the chance that the Kristina might have an opening. Finally, one day, when I got in touch with the agent, she said she had a space on board the Kristina and that she had already taken the liberty to sign Pete on. Pete had gone to Manhattan earlier, not knowing what had happened, but Dave, Mr. Long and myself were overjoyed to hear that Pete hadn't been left behind.

We discovered that the old church had a complete basement basketball court with hardwood floors, a professional type bowling alley and a handball court. Wanting exercise, we played 'till we were so sore we couldn't move. The next day we raked leaves off the grounds, mowed lawns, and did laundry. Thursday morning, Dave L. and Dan Geary left for Massachusetts. Their boat didn't leave for more than a week hence and there were friends to see there.

Friday Mr. Long escorted us onto the island and insisted that he pay for a going away feast. We boys (including Pete) and meaning Dave H. and myself all had different kinds of shrimp, while Mr. Long had steak. He then brought us to the entrance of the nearest BMT line (Subway) and we departed dramatically.

Mr. Long couldn't have been nicer to us. During the last week he bought a preponderance of our food including the fantastic amount of milk we consumed. We shall forever be indebted to him.

11-3-59 (8:12 a.m.) For the time at home subtract eight hours. Pete went on board ship with us and we met Hosler, our servant. We found out that the boat wasn't leaving until the next day, Saturday, the 23rd. Hostler showed us to our rooms and Pete came too. When I started to investigate all of the drawers I found a piece of candy in my bedside cabinet. Pete said it looked like a laxative to him. I opened the wrapper and it looked like chocolate to me. Six squares of it, all marked with the name Purex. Funny name for chocolate, I thought, as I ate them.

Another newsworthy event had taken place. Hosler informed us that there was a 20-year-old Miss J. Collingsworth on board. Pete wanted to see her before he left ship but she wasn't anywhere to be seen.

At 5:00 p.m. Hosler called as for dinner and Pete had to leave, without ever seeing Miss Collingsworth. Pity.

It turned out that the chocolate was a laxative. Things ran long and juicy for me and the next two days. In the meantime we saw Miss Collingsworth for the first time. She couldn't be described as beautiful, nor could she be described as the perfect personality. As a matter of fact, she could only be described as ugly and shy. However, she was the only girl on the ship and trying to get acquainted with her would become the great American pastime aboard.

However, all attempts to overcome her shyness were fruitless. Dave H. Was undaunted, but I decided to hang the whole thing up. Most of the week was spent reading and being seasick. I don't know if it was the sea sickness or not, but we got so that we couldn't stand the food. As a result we would go to sleep at 2 to 5 o'clock in the morning and wake up at 2 to 5 o'clock the following evening, just in time for dinner, which must've been good but I couldn't stand it.

About this time I developed an internal infection just in about the right armpit. It looked as though it were a swelling in the lymph gland. I was quite worried about it and saw the second mate, who served as Doctor aboard. He gave me some penicillin tablets to stop the swelling but they did nothing. We spent most of our traveling time sleeping, reading and when we could tolerate it, eating, except for the chess game nightly after dinner (I won six out of seven).

Some nights it was awfully choppy. The ship would pitch so badly that it would become necessary to wedge myself in bed to keep from falling out. In the middle of the trip the engine broke down and the piston had to be replaced. After that the sea calmed and we made steady

progress until finally we reached Port. The Customs officer came on board and sealed our packs without us having to undo them, fortunately. But when we started to get off the ship Hosler intercepted us at the door and asked us for his tip. We had to pay five dollars apiece to get off the ship. We were mad.

We immediately found a place to stand and hitch hike. We stood there for three hours. Finally it got dark, so we went to look for a place to stay the night. We found a bus stop with a little enclosed train stop behind it. We soon found that the train platform wasn't used at that time of night except as a place for people who were waiting for the bus to come. We went into the town, trying to kill time until finally it was 10 p.m. and the bus station closed. Then I hoisted Dave on my shoulder and he unscrewed the light in the platform. At last in darkness we got in our sleeping bags. It was about 37° F. Out. We really didn't sleep. We just laid there and shivered. Our enclosure only had three sides. The fourth opened out onto the railroad tracks. At about 4:30 a.m., In came all local paper carriers. It was really funny to see the looks on their faces when they discovered us. When it got light enough we started hitchhiking again.

This time we got rides. Dave went first and I got a ride three hours later, after someone gave me an American pennant for my pack. The ride was short, only 20 km, and I was left standing in the middle of a highway. After a two-hour wait I managed to get a ride on a truck which I've never seen before (the type). He took me to the next little burg. There I found I could get a train for Goteborg (the next big town). The train was due to arrive at 3:30 p.m. and it was now 1:30 p.m.. I decided to hitchhike until 3:00 p.m. and if a car had not come, I would catch the train. Fortunately a man stopped before I had to get a ticket. He took me all the way to Mailimo. From there I got on a boat, the Orange Moon, and sailed across the channel to Copenhagen.

On the boat I met a German fellow who had a motorcycle for sale. That night he helped me find my way to the youth hostel. The next afternoon at two o'clock I met my German friend and we went to a cafeteria by the name of ABC. It is on a side street quite near an open plaza in the center of Copenhagen called "the Centrum." There, I bought his motorcycle for \$40 US (280 kroner), and somehow lost my watch. The motorcycle has a displacement of 322 cc and is rated 12 DIN horsepower. It has four gears forward and seats two. It is in excellent condition and runs well.

That day I also found out what Rene Albeck's address was by a very clever method. I went to the American Express office and asked them for a phone book to look up the Allbeck's number. No luck there. Then I went to a large department store and asked at the counter if they carried Max factor products. I that knew that Mr. Albeck worked for that company. Yes, they did. I asked them if they would give me the address of the Max factor firm. Yes, they would. I went back to the American Express office. There, I had a girl call and ask for Mr. Albeck. His secretary gave me his address. I went back to the hostel, saw Pete standing there, and he and I called Rene. The next afternoon we went to see him.

He invited us to stay at his place and we accepted not to graciously I'm afraid. They have shown us all the courtesy we could hope for. They believed that Rene had been treated well as a foreign exchange student to the United States and wished to return the compliment. What a life of Riley we are living.

We all went to Rene's grandmother's house, in the country of course. We met the family there. We are now waiting for Pete & Co. To arrive. They did!

## Chapter II

Gary!

Please read and remove objectionable material (whole pages) then give to my parents please.

Thank you Thor Ourston [signed]  
Thor Ourston [printed]

The Log  
II Edition

(Copenhagen) Because I don't believe that what we did in this city would interest anyone. I will not write of it. The next time I write here in these pages I will be in Hamburg.

11-25-59 (9:16 a.m.) West Berlin. Our stay in Copenhagen ended happily and we departed for Germany. I and the rest went to the American Express to check for mail and finish business. Dan was riding with me on the motorcycle, together with packs and other junk. We sure were bulky.

Eventually, after Pete got organized, he wanted to take pictures, so we all lined up in front of the City Hall in Centrum and he shot his pictures. Then Dan and I left to find our way out of town. Pete and Dave L. went for the train, and Dave H. Started for a place to hitchhike. Dave H. Was going the long Route with Dan and I.

It was a clear cold morning. For the second time since I came to Copenhagen I saw the sun. Most of the time clouds covered the sky and a cold mist was in the air. It looked like a perfect day to travel. There was a wind but we didn't care. Dan and I gassed up the machine and left for the highways south. Of course we didn't know which side of the city was south, or where the road south was, but that was only a detail. We managed to blunder toward route 10 and then got up speed for Hamburg.

I knew that traveling on a motorcycle was chilly business so I was duly prepared. First, I must mention that any well bred Southern Californian knows that clothes to keep one warmed up are "out of it" to say the least. So I had to fight a natural instinct and button my jacket. As a matter of fact I had to button both my jackets. And I wore two pair of pants, long underwear, two pairs of socks, mittens and scarf. And I was still cold.

The air temperature was 34° F. A side wind was blowing at about 70 km per hour from the right. Also we were going 70 km forward. The wind penetrated all those clothes as though I were naked. Dan and I managed to go 40 km distance down the road before we were forced to stop by an acute case of cold feet, literally. We went into a nearby grocery store and waited there after making signs to the proprietor that we would like to get warm. We suffered the agonies of thawing out and then proposed to do something about our coldness.

We put on our Ponchos, which are not only waterproof but windproof. Still the wind froze our hands and feet. In the next town (which also happened to be the place where we got the ferry to Denmark mainland) we got gloves for our frozen hands. By the time the ferry took us to Nybrook it was dark.

We spent a cold 40 minutes going to Odessa, wear the Little Mermaid statue sits forever forlornful near the water's edge. This is the place where Hans Christian Andersen lived. The hostel there was big and beautiful. We went to town for dinner and got lost. Fortunately we found a place to eat. Riding on a motorcycle is tiring business and we both slept well. The next morning we got back on the cold motorcycle, and started out in the cold gloomy dark.

We averaged 20 km. before stopping to thaw our hands and feet. Each time there was much pain when the hands came back to life. About 5:00 we got to Flensburg. Flensburg has a little rundown hostel with nine beds. But we had macaroni. It was hot. It was delicious.

We decided not to go into town because we were tired from eight hours of riding a motorcycle. After another day of cold, hard traveling we finally got to Hamburg. I was happy to see that those who were hitchhiking got there more than a day before us. This convinced us that motorcycle travel was definitely "for the birds."

Pete said that he and Dave L. Had bought a motorcycle for which they each paid \$55. When I went to see it, it turned out to be a 1955 BMW, two cycle, 200 cc. And in very good condition. Three speeds. After Dan and I got to telling Pete and Dave L. About the rigors of motorcycle riding, Dave was ready to hitchhike.

Hamburg, "what a gas." Not much happened in Hamburg but it's worth mentioning Herberstrasse: The brewerie, etc. One day we went to see a tunnel that went under the Elbe River. But we walked over the entrance to it and passed it unknowingly. However we happened to notice a brewery to our left. We all decided to tour the brewery. There were no guides available, so one of the brew meisters came to escort us. After the tour, we went to the workers Common room and were invited to have wieners and beer. The wieners were great and that beer was strong. Everybody had plenty of each. We asked if we could have some beer mugs and after the waiter was tipped he happily complied. We drank to the waiter and we drank to the trip and we drank to everybody. Dave H. drank to himself. Everyone got pretty happy.

That's when they all decided to go to Herberstrasse. Herberstrasse was a nearby street for prostitutes. It is completely unbelievable. The street is closed off from traffic and the girls sit on chairs in showcase windows (the type you would find on the face of a department store) and show their wares in petticoats and bras. Most of them were fat and ugly. If interested, a woman is picked out in much the same manner as you would go shopping for clothes.

Anyway, everyone except me had been there before. I thought it was a panic. In our state of inebriation it was even funnier. They herded me into the street and stood in front of a window. Then they started bargaining for me. But I said, "nah, not that one." And we moved on to another window. They were sure that this girl was the one, and trading was heavier than ever. And so it went. Anyway, I finally got out of there without making the acquaintance of one girl.

We managed to stagger home without losing our way. Pete was there and we all happily displayed our mugs and told of our great fun.

We had our dinner in the hostel and afterward decided to go to the carnival. This was a concession somewhat like the new Pike at Long Beach only three times larger. Anyway, Dave was talking to a girl who worked at the hostel and he invited her to come along. I asked one of the girls staying at the hostel if she would like to go. She would and she did. Also some boys from different parts of the world came along. In all, there were nine of us. The carnival was fun and everyone rode the bumper cars. Dave L. And his girl rode just about everything. One of the things we noticed was that they were playing rock and roll music at a lot of the rides. Moreover, groups of boys were dancing together in front of them. This looked very strange to me.

Dave L. Decided to pitch a game of ski ball. The other nine of us stood behind him and when he stepped up to the line we gave a tremendous cheer. This brought a large crowd around us and a red color to Daves cheeks. Even the "Barker," who was advertising stopped to use his microphone to broadcast the scores Dave made. The crowd joined in with the cheering and got larger. Dave first bowled a 20. A small cheer. Then he made a zero. Everyone booed. Then 30. Large yay! Than a 50. Mad wild ecstatic cheering. And so on. Dave L. Stepped away

from the game very much embarrassed. We weren't worried about getting home late that night because Dave's girl had a key.

The next day we left for Berlin. Dan and Dave took my motorcycle. I hitchhiked. No more cold riding for me. Hitchhiking was easy and the trip was fast. German autobahns are as good as our freeways except the traffic is much thinner. At the border of East Germany I met up with Dave and Pete who were on their newly purchased motorcycle. The day was warm and they were enjoying the trip.

At the border I got a ride with a man who helped me to the visa station and who took me to the border of West Berlin. From there a very friendly MP (US) escorted me to a patrol car. Inside were three MP's and a German policeman. I learned from them as I drove to the Jugendherberge (youth hostel) that without the German policeman they would be completely lost in the city. Also the German is the only one of the four of us who can speak his native language. It is interesting to note that this man often made calls by phone, in German, which none of the American MPs knew the nature of.

At the youth hostel I found that Dave and Pete had arrived. After an exchange of stories we went to sleep.

The next morning we went to East Berlin for the first time. There is no such thing as a visa to the east, but as a propagandist gesture the borders are left open to traffic from West Berlin. There is one Street in the "Ost" which is rebuilt. Its name is Stalinallee. It is well built and impressive. These are all classic buildings by style, but they have shops which represent all the best that the USSR has to offer. And what they have to offer isn't very good.

The currency exchange rate is four West German marks per US dollar. Between the two Berlin's there are four east German marks for each West German mark. The effect of this is that things in the East appear four times cheaper than things in the West.

We went out one-day and bought the best meal that the East had to offer. Cost per meal: \$.35 American.

Stalinallee is practically the only street in East Berlin that has been rehabilitated. The people are promised that someday all will be restored in this manner. But for now they live in buildings which are half gone. The doorways to the rooms which were apparently bombed off during the second world war are bricked shut. The rubble lies everywhere. There are many buildings which have bullet holes and pock marks in them. When I walked down the streets I kept thinking that I should stay undercover, so real was the warlike scene that the bullet holes made of the walls. The people in the East seemed shifty eyed, but perhaps so did I.

That night Dan and Dave H. came in with my motorcycle. He informed me that he was not going to drive it a step further. So there I was. By this time I was tired so I went to bed.

The next day a girl named Barbara showed us around the East Berlin area. Barbara is a somewhat heavyset but still attractive girl of 19. She comes from Lipsig, East Germany, but is not a Communist. As a matter of fact she was risking what freedom she had to be in West Berlin. She bought me a helmet and a watch. Together they cost about two dollars US. We noticed that people kept laughing at our beards. As a matter of fact we were a little embarrassed. Later that day after we all went shopping, we had dinner in an East Berlin restaurant. The best in the house (which was good) cost \$.50 US. Everyone had something different and good.

That night we all went to a jazz spot called the "Eierschale" or "Egg Shell." Allow me to describe the place in detail. As you approach there is a clean well-kept, neon lighted front, with frosted glass doors. It looks just like any California bar door. But once inside the appearance is definitely what we would call "beat:" there are three rooms of about 15 ft. by 20 ft. Each connected by large openings. The walls are mostly covered by burlap which has been painted as

it struck the owners fancy. Mostly black or dark brown. There is an upstairs but this is only used on Mondays and Thursdays. They have a five piece Dixieland band which plays solid Dixie and slow Progressive. The drinks are Coca-Cola, orange juice, and beer. Almost everyone orders the first two.

When we came in the place was jam-packed full, crowded, like sardines. One of the spaces I mentioned before it used for dancing. And everyone danced. The floor could comfortably hold 15 couples. But there were probably 100 people on the floor. They danced to the Dixieland and jazz that the band played. The floor was so crowded that they didn't move around much. Instead they mostly moved their hands in circles. First the right, then the left, than both. If a guy could get in a twirl he was really doing a good job. It was really something to see them all dancing in this manner.

Here is the interesting part. All the kids are young, about 18 average. And this was a Monday night, yet the place was packed full. However at 10 p.m. All the people under 18 were asked to leave, so this got rid of the high school group. At midnight the place closes, so this might have something to do with it.

Dan and Pete dominated Barbara and everyone had a good time. Anyway, that night we almost didn't get in under the 11 o'clock curfew.

The next day was DDD day. That meant domestic duties day. Clothes were washed, people were washed, and letters were written, logs and daybooks put up-to-date. Everyone was looking forward to another night at the Eier Schalle. Pete and Dan went to the Ost (East Berlin) and got two bottles of wine for \$.30 a piece. That night Dave L. and a Canadian friend named Bob, sneaked the wine into the "Shell" and then ordered a round of a beers. The wine looked just like beer so it was put in an empty beer glass. Then anyone who wanted some would drink out of that glass. "Anyone" turned out to be Dave L. And Pete, for the most part. Between the beer and wine Dave L. Got completely smashed. And Pete got happy. At 10:55 p.m. Everyone except Dave L. And myself left for the hostel, because the doors were locked at 11 o'clock. Dave L. had found some "Honey" which he was trying to "hustle." I had found a German guy which I wanted to talk to. He had been to the states and spoke perfect slang (but two years old). His name was Peter. He was handsome, and he was 23 years old.

In the meantime La Faille was having no success so he came back to where we were sitting and proceeded to tell us about how he was going to kill the guy she was with. He also went into great lengths about his prowess in karate. He called herself the "great killer" etc. With Dave in his State of drunkenness all Pete (the German) could do was humor him. At midnight when the place closed, Pete and I helped Dave walk home. He had no success with the girl and he was mad.

I snuck in over the fence while Dave and Pete G. waited to see if the coast was clear. I found the door open and when I went inside Pete greeted me and told me this: The girls were locked out of the main building where they usually slept, because they were late in getting back. So Pete B. and Dan had offered them their beds in the men's dormitory. The two boys found empty bunks elsewhere.

There were 40 or so boys in that room, and two girls. I went back and told Dave L. The situation. He came over the fence and went straight to bed. We are all sound asleep soon.

Then it happened! There was a tremendous slam which woke me up. There was a fight going on I could tell by the noise. But who it was I couldn't see because of the darkness. Then the noises stopped and I heard a voice, "that oughta teach ya a lesson," the voice said. At that moment a light went on. I could see who it was: Dave L. and Pete B. Pete was on the floor on his back and Dave L. Was on top of him with his right fist poised. "You mess around with me

any more and I'll kill you Dave said as he let Pete up. You are so god damned stupid. What the hell do you think I was doing down there? Learning German?"

"Yes, Dave," Pete said.

"You shut your fucking mouth, you understand? I don't want to hear another god damned word out of you so it just shut your god damned mouth."

"Yes, Dave."

"Why the hell are you so god damned naïve? Barbara is a big girl. She knows what's coming off. You think I would be down there if she didn't?" All this time Dave L. Was putting on his clothes. "You are so damn naïve, Pete. You can't even tell when a girl wants it."

"Yes, Dave."

"Shut your god damned mouth or I'll kill you," Davis said with of fervor that left no doubt he could and would do it. "You're a god damn Bill, you fucking bastard.you and Bill are the same damn kind. You are so damn naïve."

"Bill?"

"Shut your god damn fucking mouth. You don't know what's happening, Pete. You've got Barbara [Cady] at home to love you and you don't give a fuck if anyone gets a piece of ass or not. Someday someone should tell you what your penis is for you stupid fucker."

"Yes, Dave."

"Shut your god damned mouth and let me by, I'm going home." With that, he left.

Pete stood there. Blood running from his nose. He then stooped, said something to Barbara, then turned off the light.

So far it has been my custom to tell incidents that only directly involved me. So in keeping with this custom, I can't tell you anymore than what I just described. However this little incident is worth explaining. First I must say that the dialog just written is not exact, but a condensed representation of what actually took place. Some of the dialogue is in my own words since the event happened a week ago and memories dull in a week's time.

The following is my impression of what happened as learned from Pete and Dave, later. Dave noticed that Pete was making out with Barbara just before he went to sleep. It was common knowledge that Pete had walked Barbara home that night. The next thing Dave new he was being jabbed in the side by Barbara. Barbara had the bunk directly below Dave's.

Dave looked over the edge and saw a hand beckoning him down. In a minute Dave was on the bed with Barbara. Then passion possessed them.

Pete, in the meantime, woke up because a bed was squeaking. As a matter of fact it continued to squeak, and it was Barbara's. At first he was confused, then he understood what the squeak was.

Pete got up curiously and went over to find Dave and Barbara together. Dave told him to get the hell out of there. Pete went to the bathroom and thought it over. By all rights he should be the one to be in bed with her, he thought. In any case he didn't like the idea of Dave in bed with Barbara the girl that he had been hustling. So he went back and spoke with Barbara in German, asking her if she wanted Dave there. She answered no. In the meantime Dave saw that Barbara's mood was broken so he got back in his bed. Then he got mad. Pete had broken up a beautiful thing that was going for him. At this point Dave commenced to exhibit all his prowess in karate. The fight was on. Pete was surprised, but he had something to fight for so it was really a hot battle. But Dave soon won.

Dave is still mad because his intentions were thwarted. But Pete looks upon the whole thing as a good story.

Two days later we left Berlin. Pete and I took the motorcycles for Hanover. The pace was 90 kph and even with three jackets, three shirts, two pairs of pants, long underwear, boots, two pairs of socks, blue liners, helmet, scarf, wind protector and motorcycle gloves, it was cold. We made slow time because we had to keep stopping to put on more clothes. Eventually we got to the border and there we ate a large meal. Then we went 4 km toward Hanover to Helmstead. There the hostel is very rustic. A man we met there carries wounds from two wars. He is probably 60. He had built a warm fire in the potbellied stove. We spent the night in the relative quiet and an empty hostel.

We left for Hanover the next day. About 50 km from Hanover my motorcycle started acting up. I had to reduce speed almost to a crawl. Pete passed me and disappeared out of sight. Finally at low speed I came chugging toward the turnoff for Hanover. Pete the passed me going the other direction. Eventually he came back and we went on to find a hostel. At one place I stopped, took out a map, and was instantly mobbed by advice givers. Unfortunately there seemed to be some conflict among them as to where I should go. Eventually one of their number who was propelled by a Vespa indicated that he would lead us. We pushed through the crowd and were quickly shown to the hostel. There we met to Australians, fixed our cycles, saw a movie about the sea for \$.12, met a Hollander, couldn't find buyers for our motorcycles, stored our cycles in the youth hostel basement.

The next day (Sunday) we left for Koln (Cologne), escorted by the Hollander, and the two Australians. They went with us by Tram and bus to the Autobahn with us, then they stood by and watched us hitchhiking. Pete got a ride immediately in a Renault while I had to wait 30 seconds for my ride. It turned out to be a Volkswagen truck. What a slow monster! Not only that, the driver was broke and we stopped to help a car in distress. The guy I was riding with figured that if he could get the car fixed he could get money for it. I watched them work on the car for an hour. They did nothing useful. Finally I announced to the man from the car we were working on that it was Kaput. I said, "Das car ist kaput." Which freely translated means, "the starter doesn't work right."

With this information I knew what was wrong. The starter didn't work. This naturally means the car's battery has a loose connection. But this car didn't seem to have a battery. They had it hidden under the seat.

While my rider was still telling the other how Kaput das car ist. I tightened the loose battery connection with my own tools. Then with a quick flick of the index finger I tried the starter. Much to everyone's surprise, including me, the car lurched forward (heh, heh) I forgot to take it out of gear. However it started promptly when I did it right. Everyone was astonished and I was glad it worked. My rider collected 20 marks for my work and we departed happily. Finally he deposited me at a gas station. I stood there for a second with the look of anguish on my face because the damn guy just ran over my toe, when a mining engineer mistook my expression as one of a hitchhiker who has stood on the road a longtime. He picked me up.

Still, just wasn't going to be my day. After the driver found out that I, too, was going to be an engineer, he insisted on showing me a mine. "Mein friend" I said in perfect German, since he didn't understand English. He thought I said, "fine, when." So I saw "eine coal miner," which is not a person, it's a huge hole in the ground into which one descends in two ways: take the elevator, or jump.

He explained to me in stilted sign language that not too many people jump because they get awfully tired from the long fall. Most prefer to ride in the comfortable elevator. So did I. The coal mine trip. It was interesting but I was losing time. Finally I got out at Düsseldorf and waited for two hours. A college student came along who said he was waiting for a regular ride to

Frankfurt. At the appropriate time his ride came and there was room for me. I soon arrived at the hostel in Koln. Pete wondered what kept me. We went to get a beer.

Monday 11-30-59. Today Pete and Dan left for Brussels. Dave H. And I will leave tomorrow for Amsterdam. Then to Paris.

Wednesday 12-2-59. Tuesday morning was cold and foggy. But by 9:30 a.m. We were ready to hitch-hike. Dave got a ride immediately and I was close to follow. The day was very foggy and the fields were covered with frost. This meant that travel was going to be slow. My ride took me a little out-of-the-way so I had to walk back to the highway. I got another ride in a Volkswagen with a guy who couldn't speak a word of English. I had managed to learn a few words of German, so I could make some conversation. He left me in the smallest town I have ever stopped in. The next ride was with a college student named Fritz. He took me to his college and showed me around. Then he took me to the border but couldn't get through because of the lack of a car pass.

I waited for three hours there. It got dark and I got cold. Finally a fellow who was driving a large truck stopped. I said Amsterdam, and he said get in, so I had a ride to Amsterdam. It was warm inside the cab, consequently I soon fell asleep. When I woke up the driver informed me that I would soon be in Brussels. "That's nice," I said jostling. Only the trouble was it wasn't nice. It was wrong. I was going to Amsterdam. I was as far away from Amsterdam now as I was when I started. It was late and I barely got to the local hostel in Brussels before it closed.

Thursday 12-3-59. (Amsterdam) there was a fellow at the hostel in Brussels who was also going to Amsterdam. We decided to go together. There was only one problem, he didn't speak English, only French. And of course, I don't speak French. However we got along quite well together. He is from Paris and looks Parisian to me, from head to foot.

Well, we got a ride first on a truck after walking 2 mi. Through town. From the point where the truck let us off I got a ride for one person while "Mon Ami" had to wait. The next ride was with a queer. He bought me lunch and wasted three hours going 60 km. I was in Rotterdam and it took me 1 1/2 hours to work through it.

When I got my next ride it was nearly dark. The man was very nice but only took me 20 km. Right into the middle of nowhere. I stood there for two hours and no one saw me. Then I walked across the street and down a little way to the service station that was there. When a car came, I stood in front and made signs that I wished to ride. However the only thing I got was three angry service station attendants who informed me that hitching was illegal at this place.

Well that left me with a bit of a problem. I was too far from anywhere to walk and I couldn't hitch. So I got out my log and asked the head attendant if I could use his spacious waiting room to write in. He told me definitely, "no!"

Well, I had never felt so deflated in my life. I didn't know what to do. No hitch, no walk, no sit.

I sat down on the little curb in front of the building and started to write in my log. It was cold and it got colder. As I sat there it got colder. It got so cold I could hardly write. The man came out and stood over me, watching.

Then he asked me if I was American. "Yes." Was I cold? I thought how funny that was as I tried to write with my frozen hands. "Yes." I said.

He stood there for quite awhile watching me write. Then he turned and went slowly inside. I wrote with increasing difficulty and every once in awhile I shivered in spasms. Again the attendant came to watch me write. Again he asked me if it was cold. Again he turned and went slowly inside.

When the next car came into the station, all three attendant swarmed around the driver. All three attendants gestured in my direction. All three attendants took him and shoved him in my direction. He came over to me and asked me if I would like to ride, followed closely by all three attendants.

I accepted and the three attendance and the driver got the car ready for me. Then they stood like ushers as I got into the car. I felt like bowing. It might be fun to try and figure out which part of this log was written while I was cold.

The driver took me right to the door of Vandalyehem, Jugendherberge. Hoberge du la Juenece, youth Herberge, etc. There I found my French friend waiting for me with dinner. The next morning we started for Amsterdam, which is 60 km from Rotterdam. We made it there by 1 p.m. Cada (the French boy I was traveling with) and I happened to be left off near a museum. We went to it and saw some Rembrandts and some other famous painters. Then we went to the hostel which wasn't open yet. So we went to the junk (flea) market. I almost bought a mandolin. On the way back to the hostel I met Dave H. We bought some food and went back to the hostel to prepare it. That night we just sat around talking.

The next morning we walked around Amsterdam. With 40 lbs. of pack on my back, I eventually got tired. In the early afternoon we walked 2 km to a place to hitch. After five rides and three hours we had just gotten past Rotterdam. It got to be night and we got to be cold and pretty discouraged. It looked like we wouldn't get to Paris ever. We got a small ride to within what the driver told us was 3 km of the border. So we decided to walk to the Frontier.

We walked for three hours and finally got to the border. There we found out that the town from which we came was actually 20 km from the border. There I found out that someone had taken my wallet which contained 20 guilders. That left me neatly broke. While I was in the border check office getting my passport stamped so I could leave Holland and enter Belgium, my friend got a ride for both of us on a passing truck.

I was glad to get my pack off my back and get into the warm cab of the truck. My clothes were wet from walking in the rain. (It had been raining for 2 ½ of the three hours we walked). The truck took us to Ghent which is south off Brussels. There we found the hostel just when it closed. The hostel is in a castle. A locker room and shower are in the dungeon. The doors are of heavyweight and clang shut with a rustic sound. The bedrooms are reached via a winding staircase. The dining room was once a reception hall. It has old statues, marble floors, and tremendous size.

Today we left Ghent for Paris.

Saturday 12-5-1959. The first few rides were short but I finally got a ride on a beer truck for the border of Belgium. From there I got my first stroke of luck. I got a ride with a Volkswagen truck. Soon we came upon another traveler. I asked the driver to stop and pick him up. He did. When the truck driver had let us off, I walked down the road while the other hitchhiker stayed where he was.

I had not walked too far when a car stopped. It was Cada, my fellow hitchhiker. He had stopped to talk to some of his friends which had happened by. We drove for quite a way before I was left off. I stood for only 20 minutes on Rue Lillie Paris (the great road to Paris) when a man stopped and picked me up. As it just so happened, down the road there was another hitchhiker and I asked the driver to pick him up. We drove for quite a while when the car I was writing in started to honk at the car ahead. Soon both were stopped.

It came to pass that the car ahead contained the man known to the other hitchhiker as a friend. It turned out that both driver and friend were going to Paris. In a short while I was too.

The driver took me 250 kilometers to Paris and delivered me to the door of the hostel. What a mad scene inside. People were scrambling everywhere, making love and eating.

That night we went to see jazz clubs and stayed around for an all-night jazz session. But finally we decided that the admission prices were too high for our nonexistent budget. We managed to get into the hostel late and caused a great deal of disturbance getting into bed.

As a matter of fact most of the confusion was because I hadn't registered and didn't have a bed assigned. Finally someone fixed me with a place. The next morning was Sunday, so an English fellow, with whom I had been eating, and I went to see the flea market. One does not buy fleas there, but just about everything else. There are things from antiques to shoes and everything in between. After three hours of looking around the market we went to a little sidewalk cafe and ordered Espresso. I sat there and wrote in my log for quite a while. After a long walk back to the hostel we found that Pete and Dan were there.

They had started to go to Paris one day before me and had actually got there one day after. I found out what kept them, then went to bed. The next morning I went from the hostel. I had been there for two days without money. And I had eaten well with free lodging during this time.

We three looked for the American Express, found it, looked for mail, didn't find any, and were disappointed. Then we looked up a boy named Philip Genty. That's when my whole outlook on Paris changed, and when the fun began. First he asked us to stay at his place, since he has been a guide and a friend. Let me tell you a little about Felipe. He is a native Parisian. His profession is art and he lives in an apartment previously occupied by his grandmother at Rue 49, Champs d' Ellise (49 numbers south of the Arc d' Triumphe.) Now it is normally occupied by his mistress and himself.

Now let me tell you a little about his mistress, Ingeborg. She is everything you would want in a mistress, I suppose: good looks, good housekeeping, and a good bed making of a sort.

Anyway, the first night there we decided to go to Le Sexy. (See accompanying folder). There was a man who worked marionettes in one of the acts, and Felipe wanted pictures, so the following scheme was devised. Pate, with his press card, acted as a reporter. Philip with his camera and command of French acted as Pete's guide and interpreter. Dan and I followed close behind, acting as though we didn't know Pete or Felipe. The "reporter" was received by the head waitress and the proprietor. They escorted the boys to a table front row center.

There, with free drinks in hand, they played the role, while Dan and I observed from the background with drinks we had to pay for. They got some good pictures of marionettes and nudes. But after the performance which lasted until 3 a.m., one of the girls came up to Pete and told him she didn't like the picture he took of her. "The position of the breast is all wrong," she explained. So Pete felt obliged to make a date with the girl to come back and interview her more thoroughly. And also to take some more pictures of her in action, so to speak. The marionette man invited the boys to see how he worked his puppets.

The next morning dawned bright and early. Unfortunately, I wasn't awake to enjoy it, nor was I awake to see the clock strike noon. As a matter of fact I hadn't slept so well since I don't know when.

At 3:00 p.m. Pete and Philip left for their appointment. I read a series of comic books called "Spirou" and "Topolino" (Little Mouse.)

The next day passed uneventfully, and the next and the next. My sole occupation for those days was to get on the Metro (and to go to the American express to check for mail. There was none for me but Pete got a letter from Jack Lovell saying that he was in London. Good news!

Pete got a disgusted letter from his mother informing him that she was not going to interfere with his decisions anymore. More good news! And he got a letter from Barbara Cady. Best good news.

12-10-59 (Thursday) 11:53 p.m. Nothing happened today except they're still were no letters from home for me. I will go to bed now.

12-16-59 (Wednesday) 2:30 p.m. Friday was passed exactly the same as Thursday except that I ran out of money. However Felipe and his mistress kept inviting me to share their meals with them. So who was I to decline.

12-23-59 (Wednesday) 9:12 a.m. I am writing from a bus station in Sonderborg Denmark. It is snowing outside.

The rest of the week was spent in the quietness of being broke. At midnight Saturday night, Pete, Dan and I went to the great market to find a ride on a commercial truck to the north. We waited for a little while, and I spoke with some Spaniards in their language. When we spotted a truck with a Belgian license we asked the driver for a ride. "Sure," he said in German to Pete, "for 2500 francs."

Pete only had 2000 francs and I had none at all, but I bartered with the dollar watch I bought in Berlin. We all got a ride on the meat truck.

After a while it got uncomfortable sitting on the floor of the meet truck. So I asked if I could get in the back (the truck was empty). Once back there, I took my hammock and strung it between two meat hooks. I took Dan's extra warm sleeping bag, got in and slept comfortably for six hours. Only once did I wake up and notice that the diesel truck was swinging wildly about me. Then I realized that the truck was calm, it was I who was swinging wildly.

We went to Antwerp, Belgium. Pete knew a friend there and called him. This man brought his not-to-bad looking daughter with him and greeted Pete warmly. But when he found out that there were two more boys with Pete, his plans for Pete to stay at his house were suddenly forgotten. He took us to the YWCA (the hostel was closed on Sunday) and we spent the night as the only occupants of the house. As soon as we arrived the cordial house mother introduced us to everyone.

A couple living a few doors down invited us to eat our meal at their place. I had no money so I had no food to eat. But Pete and Dan bought plenty of spaghetti for themselves. My situation was extremely embarrassing for them. They set the table with a heaping bowl spaghetti in front of them and steaming plates full to eat from while there I sat with an empty plate in front of me. "What is the matter," our hostess asked, "why do you not eat."

"I can't," I said, simply.

"Why not," she wondered.

"Because he's already eaten," Pete interjected.

"That's not true at all," I explained with some heat. There was an embarrassed silence for a moment, broken only by the sound of Pete and Dan eating spaghetti.

Finally when the color of Dan's face matched the spaghetti sauce, he spoke, "I'd like to explain...."

But the hostess interrupted him, saying, "There is no explanation necessary. I can see that you don't want to share your food with your friend and that is all I need to know."

But Dan insisted on explaining. "You see, we have this agreement..., " he started.

"That's not true either," I objected.

Angrily Dan corrected himself, "you see, Pete and I feel that it is impossible for us to support anyone but ourselves with the money we have. If we were to start paying for the food of another, then eventually we would run out of money. So if one of our "friends" runs out of

money, we can't afford to support him, not even for one meal. We have just enough food for ourselves and not enough to feed another," Dan repeated.

It is interesting to note that Pete and Dan tried hard to finish their spaghetti, but when they were through (and so full they both got sick) there was some spaghetti they had to throw away.

Fortunately the hostess shared her bread and jam with me.

That night, after we had returned to the hostel, both Pete and Dan let me know that they were not going to let this kind of embarrassment happen again. I was glad to hear this and glad for them.

The next day they left for Bruges where they had more friends. I proposed to stay in the YWCA and relax (it was free). That afternoon a girl who knew my predicament gave me 20 francs. And the fellow I had met invited me to his house for dinner. After dinner I enjoyed volleyball and watched the Belgian national ping-pong championship tournament live. They were fantastic players. I played more volleyball.

That night I folded letters for the YWCA and made 50 francs. The next morning I thanked the house woman for her kindness and left for Amsterdam. Rides were average and by nightfall I was in Rotterdam.

The hostel there was closed and I certainly didn't have enough money for a hotel. So I went to police headquarters and asked if I could stay there. Someone along the way told me that the friendly police in Europe would extend this courtesy if asked. There was quite a language barrier, but after a while they understood what I was asking for and agreed to let me stay. I spent the night in a jail cell.

In the morning I was given breakfast consisting of thick slabs of white bread and strawberry jam along with coffee. They had a wonderful hot shower, communal, with a lot of criminals washing off, but it felt good to be clean.

Then came the big surprise. The police had readily agreed to let me in, but they were not so sure about letting me out. Eventually to my surprise and chagrin an aide to the American consular corps in Rotterdam was summoned by the police, apparently to sort things out. He acted quite angry at first until I had a chance to tell him that I had been told staying in jail was acceptable thing to do under the circumstances. Then he became even angrier. Apparently he was most angry that as a representative of my country, I had acted as though I was broke, which of course, I was. They had gone through my things and frisked me when they put me in jail, so they had found the few francs I had earned over the last few days. Finally they let me go about 10 o'clock in the morning after the consular aid admonished me to seek help from American consuls first, in time of need.

The day was quite cool, but nice, so I walked through town for about 5 mi. Until I found a good place to hitch hike. The first ride I got was in a Mercedes 190 SL. The driver was an Air Force man from Riverside California. He saw that I was happy about getting to ride in his car and proceeded to demonstrate it. But to tell the truth, I was unimpressed with his demonstration. I looked at the speedometer. It read 80. 80 Kilometers I thought. What a slow speed. Then he explained that the cars speedometer read in miles per hour. Suddenly, in miles per hour this was more like it. Boy it was smooth.

He showed me something of the Den Haag, including an Indonesian restaurant where he treated me to a 31 course meal (yes mother, 31!). After that I got a ride to Amsterdam directly. Then my luck changed completely. First the warden (head man in the hostel) was doing some redecorating. He needed an electrician, plumber, and painter. I told him that I was competent in all those tasks and just like that I was employed. I spent two 16 hour days at work, making 3.50

guilders an hour. He was impressed with my work and threw in free room and board. With 112 guilders in my pocket I was ready to rule the world.

Then came the second stroke of luck. I met a boy who had been on the yacht Felicidad (Happiness) a yacht which Pete had been trying to contact. This boy told me much information concerning the boat and its whereabouts. This is just what I wanted. The third thing was the good time I had in Amsterdam.

Finally I left Amsterdam, headed to Aurich, Germany. The next morning the second ride was with "San Diego" in a car he had gotten a ride in. The car took us to Sondeberg.

That is where I am now. It is snowing outside and I am taking the bus to Copenhagen. "San Diego" is hitchhiking. I get on the bus at 11:30 a.m.

12-24-59 (2:20 p.m.) Thursday. Today is the day of the yule: Christmas Eve. I will take this opportunity to close this edition of the log. I am at Rene's home in Copenhagen.

THIS IS A LETTER  
NOT TO BE  
CONFUSED  
WITH THE LOG

12-24-59

Dear Gary,

Find enclosed 50 pages of my latest volume of the log. I think you will find it to be all you desired. Also find enclosed some pages dealing with Model A. Construction. Give these to Dirk or otherwise use or dispose of them.

Enough introduction. This first few pages will be concerned with answering your letter. First I want to thank you with all my heart for your thoughtfulness in writing. Amid 40 or 50 emotional and letters from parents and relatives you're stood out as a shining example of my ideal in a letter. The clever introductory wit; the interesting content; and the good comment on my literature; all these made your effort outstanding. Therefore I have chosen to write you first. Your letter contains a number of questions. I will try to answer them in order.

1. How is everybody over there? Fine. Pete and Dan have just returned from south Belgium where they spend time with a man named Pierre. This man is perfection in life. Viz: he has a beautiful wife who cooks a perfect meal, a job that requires his attention five minutes a week and a passion for beer. During their stay with him, Pete and Dan could never claim sobriety. They had only five "last" Beers before leaving him. He knows every town's beer specialty and set about introducing the boys to them.

Dave L. Went directly from Berlin to Frankfurt. There he met Clause Scheivelbush. And saw Art Blakey and his Jazz Messengers. Next he went to Paris and met a fellow he knew there named Steve. All I know for sure of his stay in Paris was that he got dysentery. Then he went north to Copenhagen and spent three very sickly days at the Albecks before becoming well again.

Dave H. has not and will not divulge any of his story to me or anyone else. So I can tell you nothing of his experiences. I might add that Pete and Dan also got milder cases of dysentery.

As to the general question of how is everybody, I might mention living conditions. Keeping ourselves and our clothes clean is the main problem. Most of the hostels have only cold water and it is hard to convince ourselves that we are dirty enough to bathe in it. Food is cheap, especially in cafeterias, the hostel, and uncooked (to prepare ourselves). Prices compare at about

one half US prices. Except for fruit, candy, meet, and canned goods, which are slightly higher than US prices. An average meal bought in a moderate restaurant is about 65-85 cents US, but cafeterias offer huge meals for about \$.35

Hostels. Hostels for the most part are clean and well-kept the average bed is the Army bunk type, often with straw filled mattresses. Outstanding hostels (warm water, modern) are: Copenhagen, Amsterdam, Hamburg. The least adequate was in Paris.

Toilets: most hostels and public places offer modern toilet facilities. But some are a type with no seat. The worst one I found was, once again, in Paris. It is like a big funnel with two pedestals for feet, surrounded by a small moat. Let me tell you about it.

This was a new experience for me. First, the whole thing is that getting on is like stepping into mud. Then when I was well situated I took down my pants, forgetting that my wallet always falls out. Well, after I had retrieved my wallet from the hole I squatted, slipped, fell. After I retrieved myself from the hole I decided to become constipated rather than to become a victim of that foul pit again.

On the streets of France, Belgium, Holland, there are open air type pissours offering a minimum of convenience and visual protection. One finds one of these devices with the nose, since the stench is unmistakable.

People: The peoples of the European countries we have visited are pretty much the same. From my experience they can be classified as follows. Dirtiest: French, Belgians. Friendliest: Danish, Germans. Meanest: Dutch. Best fed: Danish. Most poverty: Belgium. Most US cars: Belgium.

Generally speaking, all Europeans are smaller, skinnier, and generally less physically developed than Americans.

I digress (PARDON).

2. In your letter you wrote: in your next epic gives with the details as to what you guys have been doing. I'm sorry, but I don't know what more to include in the log. But I shall try to include more detail in the future editions. If you can come up the specific questions that would be a great help to me.

When I read that my log had been read uncensored I was shocked. But then I thought: what the hell, I haven't done anything so bad as all that. So don't censor volume II. It was written with all in mind so please keep it together.

Next item. I'm sorry to hear that only one loss cost you the championship [high school football]. I understand that you were a key figure in determining your school's outstanding football record. Good going.

As for information you could send me, these are examples: The current topic of conversation. What's been happening in student government. Who's been dating who, or who has not etc. What activities like Friday nights, Saturday entertainment, green valley, Dirk's car, my folk's new car. Barbara and Denny. (By the way elaborate on this Barbara and Denny scene. All my mom writes is Barbara and Denny were here etc. Etc.). Even your current studies are interesting to hear about. New expressions like "RB are essential if we expect to understand you much longer. How about "that's the cry. Use it this way - I understand that going to jazz clubs is the cry these days (meaning it's the scene) the thing to do etc.. Send pictures of Dirk and yourself or our car, the living room etc. If you get any.

Now that you've managed to struggle through that literary hodgepodge, I will try to make this letter a little more interesting.

First I must clean up the rest of the questions in your letter. You ask about Dave L.'s love-life. Please refer to pages 69-79 of the log for information. For motorcycle experiences see pages 56-59 in the log.

You ask again about how the others are doing. I must admit, better than myself. I will make it a point to write up their experiences too, if they are willing to let me know about them, in future issues of the log.

Now about this Sweden business. I don't remember what I wrote about them so I'll start from the beginning. There we were, isolated in the lonely train station. It was cold and dark. Then I heard voices coming from the darkness. "Hark," I said to Dave H. as he stood there shivering beside me. "Here you those bell-like tones coming from yon window?"

"True," he said, in his way.

"Let us hasten thereto," I suggested with anxious, worm-baited breath.

"True," he said, as was his manner. We hastened. There they were. To beautiful, blue-eyed, blue skinned (it was cold) blondes, with nothing on but their one-piece bikinis, beckoning us to their quarters.

"They speaketh in the universal language - love!" I commented.

"True," Dave spake casually.

We responded to their beck. Their quarters, though meager, were a paradise of warmth and affection. We reveled in in their lewdness.

"You pay two dollars," the girls asked, as was their custom.

"Fuck you," Dave said gracefully.

"I think we did already," I explained. We hied ourselves thence and returned to our cold night walk with much warm memories of better times.

The above is the complete story of what happened in Sweden.

Now then. We boys all have one question we really want answered. Which is mainly - what happened between Dirk (RB) and Ann Gowland? If you can, give particulars including history, personal glimpses, etc.

Well, that's about the extent of my literary ability for now. I will make it a point to at least write weekly.

Listen! I want you to take this stuff to the El Monte Herald and ask if they can use it. But first gathered together all newspaper articles that have been written about us and take them and both logs to the LA Times. (Use the articles from papers to show that we are newsworthy). Try to get a serial started in that paper. PLEASE DO THIS!

SIGNED

Thor Ourston [signature]

Thor Ourston

P.S. The big deal here now is concerning whether we boys should have come to Copenhagen for Christmas with the Albecks.

Four of us, not including Pete, feel that Pete's mother sort of screwed things up for us here by telling I-don't-know-what to the Albecks. Anyway it would be best that as little information as possible reaches the Berardos. Please inform all interested parties of this. Any "bad" information about me or any of us that reaches Mrs. Berardo is amplified by her and sent to Pete. It is straining my relations with Pete. Please inform my mother to be sure to relate this information to my mom. Warn her to be careful of what she says to anyone about anything. It may be taken the wrong way. Warn Barbara and Denny too.

ISOLATE MRS. B. FROM ALL EXTERNAL NEWS SOURCES. PETE TELLS HER ENOUGH.

Thanks again for a bitchin' letter,  
Thor Ourston [printed]  
Thor Ourston [signed]

### THE QUEST OF THE FELICIDAD VOLUME III

Because I am too far behind I will not write of all the events that occurred in Copenhagen. However there were some worth noting.

Because the Albecks made its very plain that the date of departure from their home would definitely be January 1, we left the 4th. But Pete stayed until the fifth, then he headed south toward Amsterdam with Dan Geary to meet Jack Lovell, an old school friend. It is assumed that he (Jack) has a car. Dave L. Left the eighth for Paris, I presume. He stayed longest of us all because of a girl that he met in Copenhagen.

Finally, David H. and I left the 4th, headed for Keith the wonderful, cold Europe that awaited our arrival. I was going south to Marseilles to see about "our" boat, but Dave H. was going south to find warm weather. The first day, after paying 0.40 Kroner for a train ride, we hitchhiked in the direction of Odensa. After crossing on the ferry to Fairn, we found that the only traffic leading to Odesa came from the ferry. And we knew then that none of those cars would pick us up.

Since it was a mere 33 km to Odensa, we decided to walk (what other decision was there?) The walking was easy, but carrying my 47 lb. Pack was a bit of a bore. Fortunately we had walked only 20 km before a friendly bus came along and gave us a ride for 1.40 kroner.

At Odessa we met two American girls who from all appearances looked as if they were vying with each other for the title of Miss Loser of 1959. Both had lost, because it was 1960. That night we went to bed with feet blistered and hearts gladdened because we had seen again why we were in Europe

The next day dawned gray and drizzly as usual. After using up three quarters of the daylight hours standing together waiting for a ride, we split up. I don't know what happened to Dave H. But I got a ride in a 190 S. L. Which took me to a little town south of Bremen. This was great except that I was going to Hanover and this was just about the opposite direction. Oh well! Also there wasn't any place to stay in town.

I took the train to Innsbruck. The price was 3.76 DM, but nobody gave me a ticket, and nobody collected one. If they didn't want to charge me for a ticket, who was I to offer? In Innsbruck according to my fantastic luck, the hostel was closed.

Just as I was about to stretch my hammock between two of the polls on the front porch of the hostel, along came (John) a transient, who knew just the hovel I could sleep in. It was a five-story building, four stories of which had been obliterated by a conveniently placed bomb. There were no less than 50 bums sprawled on the newspaper strewn floor of the remaining level.

I put out my hammock over a few of the dingy bodies and promptly went into a trance interrupted only by my nostrils' rejection of the awful stench, and the snoring and coughing of 100 tubercular lungs.

I was brought into a state of consciousness early in the morning as one of the bodies beneath me stirred into life and bumped my hammock, promptly overturned it and allowed me to visit intimately with the four others on the floor underneath. I managed to pack up while the others carried on large battle over who it was that woke them up.

At six in the morning the sun was still a long way from Los Angeles. I stumbled about in the dark street trying to use my ESP to figure out which way it was to Koln. ESP turned out to be a night watchman who told me (in German) that the way out of town was around the corner. So I went around the corner and down the road 5 mi.. When the sun managed to wrestle some of the darkness out of the sky and I had managed to wash some of the dirt out of my face, a friendly Volkswagen owner managed to wash any hopes of getting another ride out of my mind by depositing me in a spot where it was impossible to hitchhike. Nevertheless, I hitched a ride with the tractor pulling a trailer full of steaming cow manure. Consequently I managed to acquire a certain fragrance of not-two-desirable nature.

Fortunately my next ride was a long one (10 mi.). The man took me to the autobahn. Standing there trying to hitchhike is like standing on a runway and trying to fly down approaching airplanes.

But by a fantastic stroke of luck there was a five car collision just ahead of me and I managed to get a ride in a Volkswagen truck which had to slow down to miss the wreckage. I took the truck into the little town of Wuppetal which is connected to Koln, Düsseldorf, Bonn, Dortmund and 42 other outlying communities.

The hostel there is on top of the highest mountain in all the cities (512 ft.). On a clear night one can see the lights in the cities below. The last clear night was in 1923, when the British used it for a successful nighttime air raid. So actually, no one has seen this city from the hill for a long time. But the hostel is prepared for the next clear night with a large picture window and good, sturdy bomb shelters.

The hostel is ultramodern with mosaics everywhere. On the first impression one would think someone had goofed, read the blueprints wrong, and built the bathroom too large, there is so much tile. There are no staircases, instead there are floating stairwells. (You jump off one floor and float down to the next). They have been having trouble controlling sudden stops and getting it to work in the up direction with these innovations.

The next morning I got on the O-bahn (overhead tramway - monorail) and went to the U-Bahn (underground tramway) which I took to the S-Bahn (streetcar) which transferred to the H-Bahnhof (bus) which took me to the einfahrt (on-ramp) of the Auto-bahn (freeway). You think they got bahns in Boston? Ha!

After only a two-hour walk followed by a four hour wait, I got a truly worthwhile ride all the way to Neurenberg. The hostel in this city is located on top of the highest hill of the city. On a clear night you can see the lights of the city below. The last clear night was in 1945 and no one saw the city that night except 1500 American bombers and after they attacked, there wasn't any city to see. So the hostel is built in the bomb shelter on top of the highest hill in the city.

Also of historic interest is Jack Barton who lives near an Neurenberg. When I reach the hostel I immediately called him. Jack greeted me most warmly. The next morning he came out to the hostel personally with his 10-year-old son with him. (I ran out of ink, fortunately I carry a "scripto" super refill. This is the refill that carries the ink farther, makes it smoother. So remember to carry "scripto." When you care to write, write with the very stickiest. That's "Scripto.") Now, back to our story.

My stay with the Barton's was tops. We ate American food, listened to American records, including the American Kingston Trio album number four. They had over friends for a visit. I shot John's (the boy's name) BB gun and ate schnitzel. It was a wonderful visit.

I told the Barton's a brief history of our trip to date. We made an appointment to return at a time when all the boys could be together at their house in the United States simultaneously.

January 14, 1960, 7:40 p.m. Monday. Today I left the Bartons and headed south toward Verona, Italy. It was snowing badly and the temperature was 10° below zero centigrade. I hitchhiked to Munich and now I am waiting in the train station for my train to Verona. I am not going to attempt to hitchhike over the Alps. Without fair cost me exactly seven dollars US.

At Verona I was persuaded by the fact that roads were closed to take the train to Milan. Their I got out of the train after 36 hours without sleeping and stumbled toward the exit. The sun was shining but the air was chilly. It kept reminding me of an early morning in Southern California. Finally after I walked about 10 km, a car picked me up. He went for 30 km and left me in a very good position for hitchhiking.

Let me review for you the characteristics that make up a good spot to hitchhike. This hypothetical spot is one in which the driver has a long opportunity to see you closely, will have to pass you with no speed, is able to turnout of the traffic lane conveniently and safely, and where he has an opportunity to know he will not be blocking traffic.

So the place I mentioned was good. It had one of the qualities I mentioned. The one about being able to see me. The trouble was that after they saw me they didn't want to pick me up.

Anyway, a German finally came along and gave me a ride to the nearby autostrada, which is the same thing as our turnpike. After a refreshing 1 ½ hour stand I resumed traveling in a car laden with four rural Italians. If one judged by their smell, the probable decision would be that they shared company with the occupants of the pig's sty.

Besides unpleasant odor, they could be singled out in a crowd by their dark complexions, which were obviously not caused by heredity or the sun. If one wanted to coin a phrase to describe them, I think "grubby" might fit.

But they did give me a ride to Genoa, whereupon I became extremely happy at the scene which lay before me. The sun setting in the sea and the gold snow camping nearby mountains in the background was inspiring. The green Mediterranean and acquainted Hacienda's nestled against the peaceful fine cover Hills, added pleasantly to the impression of happiness I felt.

This scene reminded me that I was in Italia, Gary's ancestor's home. All these romantic thoughts carried my heart on wings, until I found out that no one spoke English. Now, I'm clever beyond compare at pantomime, but as a "panel," the Italians aren't up to American standards. Many's the time when the Italia boys would have taken more than the three minutes limit to decipher my vital message.

Fortunately, I know Spanish. Without Spanish, the Italians would only think they don't know what I'm talking about. With Spanish, they are sure they can't make any sense out of what I'm saying.

After only three hours of a friendly game of cipher, I won and they got across to me the location of the nearby hostile. It was out of town, that's where it was. I didn't walk, I took the tram, loaded with short well-built, wine-breathed, cheese-crumbled, Italians. The conductor showed me where the hostel was and I stumbled up there.

The hostel is located on a cliff over the Mediterranean, with verandas, tile roofs, high-vaulted rooms, and no neighbors for at least a quarter of a mile in any direction. It was serene and beautiful, the moon was full and the beach and phone from the ways showed clearly against

the clear dark green water. Inside I enjoyed a meal of pasta and oranges and salad and milk and I stuffed myself. After being awake for 48 hours, I slept well.

The next morning I left at 10 a.m. And went by Tram to Sevona. Now the tram doesn't actually go to Sevona, so I walked. I walked all day on top of autostradas, underneath autostradas, and always overlooking the beautiful, docile, Mediterranean Sea. I walked around curving seaside roads, over railroad tracks and through picturesque shore-side villages.

When a car came along, which was seldom, I would make signs for left, but to no avail.

I went to within 3 km of Savona then got on a bus. When the bus got to Sevona I got a train ticket for Marseilles. I was tired of walking. I had walked 65 km and that was enough.

The train to Marseilles was uneventful except the moon was out and the scenery by moonlight was most enticing. The silver streaks of moonbeam danced on the tranquil water. The grapevines were visible, neatly laid out on the grassy slopes. The eerie radium-white glow of the snow on the mountain tops seemed to light up the scene. This is the romance of the Mediterranean.

I misunderstood a conductor in Vinte Miglia and had to wait until 5:15 a.m. for the customs office to open again. It was a long hard cold wait. Finally I got the train and went roaring into Marseille. The red dawn-streaked sky was just giving way to a very persistent snow cloud as our train reduce speed for Marseille Station. By the time we reached our destination it was snowing quite heavily.

I went directly to the American Express Station to see if there was mail. There was! A letter from Lorraine and two from Mom. I set my pack down on the snow-slushed streets and read them all twice. It was great to hear from home. I spent the better part of \$.50 trying to find an open youth hostel, to no avail. None were open.

Then I went to the dispatcher's office to see if my friends of the Felicidad where there. They weren't! I walked up and down every pier in Marseilles, looking for the Felicidad. They just weren't in Marseilles. So I bought a train ticket for Barcelona, Spain. The train leaves at 12:30 a.m., just past midnight. I've got a lot of time to kill, almost seven hours. It is snowing heavily and impossible to hitchhike.

JAN 16, 1960, 9:45 p.m. BARCELONA

The first thing I did was screw up completely. It was mostly due to the fact that I hadn't had much sleep. So I got some, but I got too much as I slept until 15 minutes past the time to leave. So the train left without me. I spent one of the most miserable night's I have ever spent in a train station. I had to sleep on a dirty floor along with 50 bums. The one thing bums have in common is a cough with a smell like hell and a sound that makes you feel that they couldn't possibly still have lungs, just streptococci. Eecch! They cough and cough and cough.

Anyway, I finally got on a train for Bordeaux at 7:30 in the morning. It just so happens that Bordeaux is not on the way to Barcelona, but I got off just in time to catch the right train leaving Narboune for Barcelona. As we rounded the curve of the Mediterranean the snowing stopped and architecture changed to that which we associate with the Spanish.

The castles become Roman in style, the ground became drier and redder; the sun shone for the first time in a long time. And the whole thing looked just great. A cool wind blew the quiet sea into beautiful patterns of dark deep blue and gorgeous contrasting tufts of white.

The grapevines adorned the nearby hillsides. Little huts clung to the cliffs while inhabitants trimmed the vines. The train roared on to the border. There, the officials didn't bother to check my pack, but they did check everyone else's very carefully. We had to wait for about half an hour before the shuttle would take us across the Frontier. Once on the other side, I

met a Spaniard named Ortega who invited me to spend some time on his pension (boarding house). Once on board the rickety Spanish train, I met an American farmer who is going to Madrid. We talked about this and that, and enjoyed the scenery until dark.

I went to sleep while the other kept watch for our station (Barcelona). I had been awake for 20 minutes when he spotted "Barcelona" on the station sign. We disembarked, a feat which is quite difficult for him because of his bad legs, and found that we were in a station in the suburbs. That meant a wait of an hour until a local stop to pick us up.

At the main station I succumbed to the request of a man who wanted to take me to a pension. While my friend found a taxi to a "Hotel de la primera classe." We had previously made a date for lunch together the next day. When I got to the hotel, the 35 pesetas that was the price I had been promised for room somehow turned into 45 pesetas. After some attempts and bargaining I got room and board for 40 pesetas. This bargaining meantime with the aid of an English girl who lived at the same place, spoke Spanish and studied Spanish dance. Not bad looking too, I might add.

The next morning I managed to drag myself out of bed just in time to make my appointment with my former friend. It would have proved to be a costly mistake, for he explained that it was very likely that the first class train ticket from Barcelona to Norm Berg that he had, could not be used by him because it would take too long. He thought it most likely that he would take the plane instead.

If it happened that he could not use the ticket, he would send it to me. I gave him my address.

That afternoon the Spanish dancer-girl and I walked down the docks to see if the "Felicidad" was there. We looked at quite a few yachts but none bore the name for Felicidad.

So we went to a show, even though she (Joyce was her name) and I were quite discouraged we saw an Alan Ladd swashbuckler, and Moby Dick, both neatly translated into Spanish.

After the movie we went back to the pension to eat and then to my room to find some American cigarettes I had there. Somehow Joyce and I never did find the cigarettes. After a restless, sleepless night I felt in the mood to create, so I spent all day Sunday writing letters.

Monday dawned bright and clear, thereby setting a precedent for the whole trip. Joyce and I went down to the American consular offices to see if we could find out anything about the Felicidad. That day luck was with us and the consulate was able to find out that there was a forwarding address to Naples Italy as of December 14. I was only one month behind them!

Then we went to the American Express to see if they had any news. They didn't have any news, but they did have an American from Chicago who was just leaving for Marseilles, France. I asked him if I could accompany him and he said he would be glad to have me along.

I went back to the pension, hastily packed my pack, hastily said goodbye to Joyce, decided not to be so hasty saying goodbye to Joyce, and almost lost my ride. However my ride was kind enough to wait an extra half-hour for me.

This man, whose name I cannot remember, has a brand-new Peugeot station wagon. We traveled an average of 50 kmh through the twisty backroads in Spain. As a matter of fact, it seems that all Spain has are back roads -- twisty backroads. By nightfall we managed to reach a little town of Rosas.

JAN 23, 1960 (11:30 a.m.) I am writing from the station for trains in Rome. In roses I noticed that I had a "crick" in my back when I tried to mount the stairs of the pension which my friend had chosen to stay the night in. He kindly paid my way into hostel too.

The next day my back was better. We had fish for breakfast and loaded the car for the trip east. The country in this area is beautiful. Steep hills climb away from the translucent emerald sea. Little bays can be seen here and there, each with a sandy beach and a murmuring stream. Unlike the rest of Europe, the Mediterranean area is warm and green. Palm trees growing picturesque profusion on the slopes. Stunted pine trees, large wild mustard plants, elm trees, and periods of bushes abound in this sunny region.

Out in the sea the water changes color where monstrous schools of tiny fish are swimming. Every once in awhile a little fishing village can be seen nested in an isolated cove. Here, nets are laying out on peers, and fishing lamps refueled for the next night's fishing.

Adobe Hacienda's with tile roofs and large wells cling to the slopes, while the road winds by. Donkeys pull carts unchanged in design for hundreds of years. Here and there the slopes are terraced and in these spots grapes are grown.

As we neared the border the class became very abrupt and the road sometimes became narrower because of a recent washout. We had no trouble at the border getting our passports stamped. In less time than it takes to tell, we were on our way on French roads, a great improvement over Spanish highways.

In Narbonne I stopped to mail letters and sent a telegram to Naples asking the American Express in there to send information by telegram to the American Express in Marseilles. We continued on I drove for about 200 km before we stopped to have some bread and cheese for lunch.

By seven o'clock that night we reached Marseilles. The hostel in Marseilles is closed, so I slept in the back of Harold's station wagon. Harold slept in the train station hotel. The next morning I went to the American Express with Harold and I got a letter from Mom while Harold got three from his home.

Later that day we went to see the church that is located on the highest hill in town. From there we took the aerial car down to the base of the hill and back. It is quite an impressive sight to see the city 500 ft. directly beneath you.

We had pizza for lunch, and afterwards went back to the hotel and read the paper. That evening I had nothing to do so I went to a French movie. Just to see what they are like. What I saw was so impressive that I am going to describe it. First, this is a French film about America. The part of America is the South. The plot is that a half breed tries to break away from his Negro relations. And here comes the fantastic part. Also in the South according to the story are motorcycle gangs, but the ones it depicted had a few unique characteristics. Each that guy had a French two-cycle motorcycle completely accessorized with a long-blond haired French model (girl).

Each girl could be seen wearing high heels, formal dress, etc. Along with their black leather motorcycle jackets. The boys all had black pants, black leather jackets, black cowboy boots, dress shirts, ties, vests and pullover sweaters.

This motorcycle group came complete with a typical French subplot. The idea was that the girls were part of a photography deal where they took pictures of the boys and girls in different attitudes simulating making love. All of which appeared obscene and therefore presumably illegal. Included in this group was one nympho, a minor who looked like Brigitte Bardot, and a couple just plain ordinarily good-looking people.

To complete this hometown scene, we have kids playing the typically American game of soccer, a cop lets the motorcycle gang race through towns with no apparent concern, and a top drawer Southern family with a Rolls-Royce and many servants. Now the whole plot seems to be

tied up with the fact that every desirable girl in town wants to go to bed with the hero and he has these “things,” mental seizures? Or are they recriminations about his sexual proclivities. Thrown into this plot we have every French concept of American youth, stylized ala France.

There is a wild beach party beside a river into which the Bridget Bardot-like girl deposits herself in a small bikini (bottom only). Along comes “Joe,” who just happens to have a bathing suit too. Sex soon follows. Then we have the rock-and-roll crazed scene at the local mansion. Their the half breed hero, Joe, manages to score three for the bed team, and wakes up exhausted in the morning. However things get tough and he has to leave town. But a girl who accompanies him has doubts and shoots him.

The only affect getting shot seemed to have was that Joe decided to go to bed with her. Along the line somewhere he killed an old man and ran over the leader of a motorcycle group (as a public-service I presume).

So the picture ends happily when he gets machine gunned by the police while in bed with the girl who shot him. The movie and the couple both die happily together. After seeing the movie twice (I liked the beach scene) I went back to the car has slept peacefully.

Early in the morning we left for Nice. The scenery was much the same as the day before except we that we passed through such places as “Eden rock,” Domingo, and other port towns. There are many resort areas along the Riviera. We stopped in Cannes and looked at boats then went on to Nice. The hostel in Nice is located on top of the highest hill in town. On a clear night you can see the lights in the city below it was a clear night the night I stayed they are, so I slept in the bomb shelter. The view from the the hill is tremendous, one can see lights stretching out for miles along the coast.

Herold went to a local pension after delivering me to the hostel. That night I went to the telegraph office to see if I could reach the boys on the Felicidad by phone. There were two other boys and a girl and a German shepherd dog accompanying me. Between the four of us we could speak Italian, Spanish, German, French and Danish fluently. But we still couldn’t reach them.

The next morning at 6:30 a.m. I woke with a start and remembered that my jacket was downstairs. I jumped into my pants and rushed downstairs but too late, someone had stolen my travelers checks and \$10 from my passport wallet. Fortunately they didn’t take my passport. I woke up the headman of the hostel but he seemed doubtful as to what to do. I finally found the address of the police in the telephone book and rushed down there at a full run.

But when I got there I found that no one could speak English, so I had to call the hostel and have the girl who spoke French comedown. She did, and together made out a warrant for the arrest of the robber. But of course no one did anything about it, it was simply filed away.

The next thing I did was go down to the American Express and get my checks redeemed. Which they did for free and which cost \$2.50 to get my affidavit notarized. Fortunately I had the money. After leaving the hostel I said goodbye to Mr. Harold Becker and departed. All this was done on foot with that damned 50 lb. Pack on my back. I walked 16 km up-and-down hills. By the time I started hitchhiking toward Genoa, it was 3 p.m..

Two short rides brought me within 4.5 km of the border so I decided to walk the remaining distance, because it was dark. It was a disastrous decision. My right foot was sprained but I could take that. The shoulder straps were cutting into my shoulders but that was a sign of weakness. When really finished me was my back. All of a sudden a pain developed in the small of my back that was awful. I found I couldn’t bend my back and all. I struggled under the severe pain as I trudged up the hill to the border. Somehow I finally made it. I let my pack drop from my back and found that I couldn’t pick it up again. So I had no alternative but to

stand and hitch hike. Which I did for two hours. I got discouraged and got on the bus for Genoa. The conductor carried my pack but I still barely made it. I was in bad shape. In Genoa I had a man carrying my pack from the bus to a tram.

The hostel in Genoa is on the highest hill in the area on a clear night you can see the lights of the city below. The sky had over cast and wasn't clear so I couldn't enjoy the view. The climb up the trail was an ordeal of excruciating pain. I managed to get my pack on and wake up the proprietor (I was late getting there.) Then came the hard part, I had to walk up a fifth mile of steep trail. I have seen movies of people stumbling into a settlement after a long hike and always laughed. But that night I stumbled into the doorway of the hostel and I wasn't laughing.

Once I was in bed I went out fast. I woke up at ten in the morning quite refreshed and my back felt great. After a leisurely packing and an amiable breakfast, I walked down to the road, which was just beneath a hostel.

I stood there for 15 minutes before a fellow came along. I figured this was just another 15 minute ride, but as it turned out, he was going all the way to Rome, 600 km away. It was a good ride.

He spoke enough English to be able to offer me some lunch. Including the Italian version of a sandwich and two bananas. Later we stoped for Espresso coffee and charmo (candy.)

At this point I had better give a general description of Italian drivers. The average driver is under 30, average height, intelligent looking and wears racing gloves. He is also alert, cautious of pedestrians and cycles and is very polite. He holds the steering wheel in an appropriate manner and knows how to clutch shift and break correctly. But this take-it-easy type of driver is only the doctor Jekyll personality. Mr. Hyde shows himself when another car passes on the highway. A car passing is like a checkered flag dropping. The driver is duty-bound to race. It is an insult to his courage and driving skill if he doesn't compete. The race must continue until 1) the other driver quits or 2) one of the driver's reach is his destination or 3) the two drivers go in different directions or 4) the driver of one of the cars is forced to stop (traffic, Cliff, etc.)

A Fiat 600 passed us at great speed (for a fiat 600). The ensuing battle lasted for 200 km. The Fiat was unloaded and well handled while our Lancia, though well handled was laden with much luggage. Downshifts were executed with precision and grace. Passing other cars was done with conviction but each time a car was passed it too had to join the race. At one time six Fiats, two Alpha Romeros, and our Lancia were all in the contest. The autostrada roared with the sound of tuned exhausts. We finally won, even after I took over as relief driver during the last hundred kilometers.

We got into Rome about 10:30 p.m. Too late to get into the hostel. So I went to the train station and bought a ticket for Naples. I waited at the train station until 12:45 p.m. And finally got on the train for Naples. I went to Barrona than waited from 5:30 a.m. in the morning until 9:30 a.m. to get a train to Villia.

The coastal area in this region is not nearly as picturesque as the Riviera. The people are obviously poorer and many straw huts can be seen along the shore. The children run about naked as the men and sons work on the fishing nets. The roads are practically deserted but that could have been because it was Sunday, January 23. We rolled South while I tried to sleep as much as I could. Which wasn't much. At Villia I took the ferry across to Sicily and from there I got a train to Palermo.

Palermo is the dirtiest city I have seen so far. It has dirty streets, dirty people, and dirty buildings. I got to the hostel about 15 minutes after it closed but the man opened the door when I rang it insistently.

The hostel in Palermo is located on the highest hill of the city. On a clear night you can see the lights in the city below. No one ever bombed Palermo because it wasn't anything there worth money. It was a clear night when I arrived and I enjoyed the view.

The hostel Warden asked for my pass and passport which I gave him, then I went upstairs and went to bed. I was tired and slept soundly.

The next morning I woke to find the sun shining brightly. The city below hung suspended in a haze which was clearing as the sun warmed the air. Sounds from the shipping yards floated up on the still air.

I got dressed leisurely and ambled complacently toward the noise, again resuming the quest for the Felicidad.

I reviewed the events of the last few weeks that had led me to search for the Felicidad about. I remembered Barry, the boy I met in Amsterdam, who had worked aboard the Felicidad. How he had told me about the boat and his adventures. He also told me that the boat was to be in Barcelona and Marseilles. I remembered Christmas at the Albeck's and how Pete had gotten an answer to his many letters written to Lee Erhardt, a boy on the Felicidad.

During Christmas I had vowed to Pete I would track the Felicidad down. After, I remembered the discouragement I felt when no word of them was left at Marseilles, and the "blind alley" I ran into in Barcelona. Afterwards the long track back, discouraged by the theft of my money.

Impressed with the futility of the journey, I trudged onward.

And now, with a failing back and a grim outlook, I headed for the docks of Palermo, a bleak place on the toe of the continent. The only direction I could go from here was back, back to failure and the cold of the North.

At the docks I asked of a man if he knew where the yacht harbor was. He explained to me in perfect English that there was no yacht Harbor. I knew then that it was useless, but I hadn't played my last card. I went to the American Consulate, which was located in the center of town and asked if they knew the forwarding address of Lee Erhardt or Neil Tucker Burkhead. They check carefully before saying that they didn't have any knowledge of a Mr. Hart or Mr. Burkhead.

I had but one more trick up my sleeve, I went to the American Express travel correspondent in Palermo. I had gotten the address from the Consulate. The man there at first didn't understand what I meant when I asked him. Consequently he looked for mail for Erhardt or Burkhead. There was none. When I finally explained what I wanted, the man searched diligently, but there was no forward.

Well, the inevitable had occurred, I had run out of land, luck and leads. There was no place to turn now. I walked in desolate silence. There was nothing to do now, no more rushing around, no more chance to sail.

I walked along the docks a while, wondering why just one of all those boats in the harbor couldn't be the Felicidad. I looked at all kinds of boats. There were fishing boats, Navy boats, and tankers.

Every boat I saw made me sadder. As a matter of fact I was so wrapped up in my mood that I walked right by Felicidad without even knowing it. I walked out on a pier and looked back at the boats. Then I noticed it. Both masts aimed majestically skyward. White hull dancing on the green water. It was beautiful. I raced back, sure that I had found the Felicidad at last, but as I neared I saw that this boat was named the "Los Angeles." I called out on board, hoping upon hope that the occupants might know of the Felicidad.

Finally a fellow with glasses on his forehead had emerged from the companionway. "Do you know of a boat named the Felicidad," I asked him.

"This is the Felicidad," Lee Erhardt replied.

"But the name on the back of your boat says 'Los Angeles'," I responded uncertainly.

"That's because our aft rail and the name on it was blown off during a storm," Lee explained jocularly. *That's the location of our home port. If you look carefully, you can see that the lower half of the name Felicidad is still on the boat (I had seen the strange symbols and thought they were in a foreign language, perhaps Greek).*

I jumped up and down for joy and at the same time felt a great weight lift from me. The pressure of four week's search was suddenly gone.

Lee invited me down *below* and I accepted eagerly. Lee is a well-built boy, 6 ft. 3 in. tall, who wears glasses. He has sandy hair, fair complexion and is soft-spoken and usually quiet. The first thing he wanted to know was how I found him. The reason he asked was because he had scheduled to go to Barcelona, but a storm forced him from Algiers to Palermo, Sicily.

We talked about this and that and I explained why Pete wasn't with me, after he told me that he had received several of Pete's letters.

His future plans were to go to Naples and dry dock there because the rear gunnell was broken off during a storm and the engine was swamped. Generally the boat needed repairs. His friend Neil was in Germany buying a car (a Volkswagen beetle). Therefore, Lee was waiting for him to return.

After Naples, Lee planned to go south toward Malta, then on toward Greece. The chances that he would return home this year were very slim. Before the storm, they were very good.

While we were talking, a very pretty young girl named Nattie came down to visit. As a matter of fact she comes down to visit nearly every day. He explained that while he was here he had the luck to run into some very well-to-do Italian boys who introduced him to their party set. Since that time he has not been lacking for social life.

After lunch we talked some more. Mainly about each others' travels. Lee explained that until Neil came back it would not be convenient for me to stay onboard, so I slept that night in the youth hostel.

The next five days can be covered in a paragraph. Everyday I came down to the boat about 1 p.m. And worked sanding, painting or polishing. I ate my meals at the boat and slept at the hostel. Neil is due back today, Sunday, January 31, 1960. When he arrives I will make my home in the boat.

The life here is so very easy. The air temperature is always mild. I still am surprised that one shirt and one pair of thin pants will keep me warm. I am the only one staying at the youth hostel. The "warden" is very nice to me and I have the run of the place. There is no hot water here however and taking a shower requires a lot of nerve. In this week my back has become much better and I can again walk without pain.

THE LOG  
VOLUME 4  
“THE FELICIDAD”

Each volume of the log usually covers about one month of my travel this volume will also cover one month but will consequently be shorter than any of the preceding volumes because two or three weeks will be passed over in about one paragraph.

Because the things I did in Palermo were, for the most part, uninteresting, I will not write them. In general, however, the first weeks were spent sanding, varnishing and generally repairing the Felicidad.

February 10, 1960. Lee came back with Vedy his Italian girlfriend and announced that she was having a party next Sunday and that we were all invited . Then he left with the laundry and her to find a place to get it cleaned. Meanwhile Roberto came over (Roberto is a navigation student in the Capitaneria) and invited me to see the movie “journey to the center of the Earth,” with him.

Later that day Lee came back and I hoisted him up the main mast so that he can varnish it. While I was standing there holding the rope to the bosons chair Rick came along. When he called to us, I turned around to see who it was, forgetting that I was holding the rope that held Lee up, in my hand.

The rope slipped in Lee made a very fast 15 ft. Journey with paint can in one hand, brush in the other, and a horrified look on his face. Finally I grabbed hold of the rope and at the last moment brought him to a stop just inches above the cabin top. He had many impolite words to say to me when he regained his composure. Rick thought it humorous to see Lee heading downward and was laughing heartily. We had some choice remarks for him too.

Later that night he went to see an archaeologist friend is named Vittorio while Roberto and I went to the show. I was late returning from the show and so had to borrow the Lambretta motor scooter in order to make it to the hostel before closing. I was 15 minutes late, but the doors were still open for me. There was another fellow at the hostel that night who was Italian. I thought nothing of it and went right to sleep. I was tired. But tired or not I awoke in the middle of the night to the sounds of somebody eating. Also, the sounds of oranges being peeled. At three o'clock in the morning! He wanted to eat or inches at three o'clock in the morning!!

But the sounds of juicy lips chomping oranges irritated me enough to wake me up. It infuriated me. Munch! Munch! Munch! I was going nuts. I couldn't sleep. I couldn't stand it. It would go on all night.

Finally, when I was sure that the next moment I would surely kill someone, I leaped from the bed, dashed to the light, turned it on, rushed halfway over to the Italians bed, remembered that I was naked, dashed back to the light, flipped it off, put on my pants, turned on the light again and leaped over to the Italians bunk. All these antics had quite astonished and amused the bewildered boy. I snatched the oranges from his bunk including the one he was eating and shouted in my loudest English so as to be sure I was clearly understood, "this is not the time to eat oranges," which of course, he didn't understand.

He thought I was stealing the oranges. I put the oranges on the empty bunk next to mine and waited. Hesitantly he got out of his bunk and came for those damn oranges. I waited. As soon as he put a hand on the oranges I grabbed him on the shoulder and swung him around. With as hard and grip as I could manage I led him back to his bunk, repeating over and over in a loud voice that this was not the time to eat oranges. I guess he understood, because he didn't bother me again.

The next morning I gave him back his oranges and with sunglasses on I walked the 1.6 km to the Felicidad. After breakfast we were working on the dinghy when a very fat acquaintance of ours came down with meat, potatoes and trimmings. He was going to make us a meal. He not only made a meal but a large mess as well. The reason that he made lunch for us was that he hoped to go to Naples on the boat. Among the people of Palermo he was known as a "gangster." Also he was loud and boisterous and generally quite disagreeable. We accepted the food but we still didn't want him on board during the trip. He also give us American cigarettes which were used for barter and trade with the natives on the island.

When he finally made a noisy departure we all gave a sigh of relief and started to clean up the mess. The constitution entered the harbor at this time and was loaded with American tourists.

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The American tourist of the type that can afford a first-class passage on board the United States Constitution is, for the most part, a very revolting person. He usually wears 15 or six cameras draped around him as though he were photographing for Olsa Johnson. Then he has the nerve to stand in front of "quaint" looking people and snap them as though he was at a zoo and these were the curious specimens.

Furthermore, Americans never speak softly to one another, they always shout. And they talk as if they know that they are the best people in the world. They wear flashy clothes, make no effort to speak the native language and any money under a dollar in value is trivial, whereas the natives often work 10 or 12 hours a day for little more than a dollar. These people in general are treated the way they deserve -- they (the natives) treat them as rich, stupid, noisy people and sell them everything at fantastic prices. Believe it or not, many souvenirs are bought on a 1000% profit or more!

Anyway the ship Constitution moored in with its bow overhanging our deck. Most impressive. The day dragged on while myriads of most unimpressive Americans shouted that is plied as ridiculous questions. That night Ricardo and some of his friends showed up. They stayed late and as a result I had to take the scooter back to the hostel. On the way a huge German shepard dog stepped out in the street front of me. I swerved to one side and so to the dog which was as tall as the scooter. Unfortunately we both swerved to the same side.

I veered again but the dog did also. Collision was inevitable. I made a last desperate dodge to the other side almost tipping the scooter over, but somehow the scooter got past the dog, however I didn't as I passed him his massive head smashed into my leg with a crunching noise that was most sickening. Then a pain in my leg that was quite painful. I hung onto the scooter for dear life while it weaved down the road.

Finally I got everything under control while looking back to see the dog flopping on the street. He was dying of a crushed skull. I felt sick to my stomach.

At the hostel not arrange muncher had left and I felt asleep exhausted.

The rest of the week dragged on with little more to do than routine work on the boat. Nedy came to the ship every morning before school, then Lee and she went somewhere together. One day Jemina a girl (who is a sister of Rick's) came down to the ship and spent some time making the scenery more beautiful but little else. Every night Lee went into some party or get-together with some friend or another.

Finally Sunday rolled around. We spent the morning doing nothing. Just waiting for 5:30 p.m. to roll around. This party was an afternoon party. There are two kinds of parties in Palermo one is an afternoon party usually starting about 4:30 p.m. The other is an evening party usually starting about 10:30 p.m. Thusly arranged, it is possible to go to an evening party, then leave and go to a late party.

Finally the hour came for departure, and we piled into Niels Volkswagen and off we went. We plan to arrive a little bit late, but Niel's clock was fast so we ended up 10 minutes early. Anyway it gave us a splendid opportunity to meet the guests as they arrived.

I felt a little lost for a moment because it seemed that no one spoke English, and I spoke *Spanish with a Italian accent*, not good enough to carry on a conversation. Fortunately some boys who could speak English quite well called me over to practice their English and pumped me with questions about the boat. How was my cruise across the Atlantic? And what do I use for money *while at sea*?

~~Alt 10 second paragraph~~

Nedy's house is on the top floor of a newly developed apartment house. It features an elevator, a balcony with a view of the city, green marble floors, and is luxuriously furnished in a period style. The main room is long and has a high vaulted ceiling. A maid stands at one end, which serves as an entryway, greets the guests and takes their overcoats.

I wasn't too interested in the conversations because just as I was about to answer another question a new girl would walk in more beautiful than the last. This required my full attention. The boys soon realized how my interests lay and helped me with a running commentary on each girl as she came over to introduce herself.

I found out that Sicilians are very interested in Americans, and we are treated in Sicily the same or better than an exchange student would be treated in El Monte. Anyhow, after a while the boys asked me "why don't you dance." And they kept repeating it. When I explained that I didn't know how to ask a girl to dance in Italian they told me my problems were solved and pushed me over to a group of girls. Then the boys explained to the girls that I was a great dancer and would like to dance with all of them. They leaped at me in a mock menacing fashion as if to encourage me. I dodged backwards and barely escaped with my life.

Finally a victor merged from the melee and we danced.

At this party music was supplied by a small record player and usually American records. Favorite recording artists are: The Platters, Paul Anka with Diana, and Jimmy Rodgers. There are many others but these are of greatest renown. I was surprised to find that many were fans of the Kingston Trio and some even had collected their albums. Tom Dooley is a universal word.

I danced with about five or six girls when I noticed this most beautiful girl standing nearby. She was about 5 ft. Six (tall for an Italian girl). She was slim except for a certain area above the waist and below the neck which was quite impressive. She had long blond hair and was very cute. I just stood and stared at her until she looked at me, then I continued to stare unbelievably.

Then she winked at me. That was all I needed! I bounded to her side like an antelope scared by a lion. We hit it off great right from the first except for one thing: she didn't speak English and I spoke one or two words of Italian--

*Voy Bailare?*

This arrangement worked out fine for the first few dances. After all, I never did like talkative women. But finally she wanted to know something -- "*quanti ani?*" She asked me. So what does that mean? I had to call in an interpreter; one of the boys I met. When he explained she was asking my age I told her, "*venti ani.*" And she told me in Italian that she was 22, I think. After some awkward moments trying to speak to each other she had apparently received sufficient intelligence about me and we resumed and dancing. It was much easier than speaking in two different languages. We danced for quite some time, each dance becoming a little more intimate than the last. By Italian customs that can be quite intimate.

Then she spoke again, her bell-like tones audible above the music. Again we had to call a translator. But this time it was a little embarrassing because she had asked me if I would like to go out on the balcony for a "look at the city." I sprang into the opportunity like I was "puffed wheat" (you know, shot from a cannon).

The balcony was most interesting, however I can't tell you much about the city.

This type of party is usually a three-part affair. The first part included meeting, conversation, and dancing. The second part comes when the maid draws back a large curtain revealing a long table heavily laden with cakes and pastries and pizzas of all kinds.

It is customary to eat voraciously rather than politely. At this time everyone stuffs themselves as rapidly as possible so that they don't miss anything. The third part of the party consists of more dancing and more "*paroli d' amore*".

Anyway at about 9 PM Jemma, Rick's sister, called out and wanted Lee and his friends to come over for a little party. Since this one was soon to end we accepted and accompanied by Mia, the girl I was with, Mariteriza, the girl Lee was with, and Neil, the Volkswagen made it to Jemma' in record time.

The "little party" Jemma was having turned out to be us. Mariteriza and Gemma immediately began "chopping" each other for Lee's favor. Mia (what a ridiculous name) and I made quiet tracks to darkened extremities of the room where we found that keeping our mouths shut wasn't the answer but not talking was.

All good things must come to an end and that's about where mine was, when the arrival of Jemma's folks terminated our party. We went back to the ship after delivering the girls home. I said goodbye to Mia (what a ridiculous name) silently and departed. We sat up late that night talking about this or that and I finally ended up sleeping in the boat. The next morning I woke up to the sounds of tooting in the harbor. As I lay their leisurely on the settee I stretched luxuriously, then asked what the date was, "15th of February someone answered." I leaped from my bed and peered out the porthole. Sure enough, the U.S. Navy ships were being towed into the harbor by tugs.

Rick had told me he had read about their arrival in the local newspaper the 15th. We all ran up on the Quarterdeck in our underpants to watch them come in.

The first to ship to come in was the USS York County, which is an LST. Then came the USS Pocono, the flagship of the American fleet in the Mediterranean, Admiral Brown, commanding, aboard. We all rushed below, put on our clothes and hurried over to watch the Pocono tie up.

The first person on the pier from the ship was an ensign with instructions to secure water connections. As he passed by us Lee exclaimed that he knew that person. He said that the ensign on the quay looked exactly like a Roger Davison, whom he knew when he was in sixth grade. Lee went over to see who the fellow was.

In the meantime, Rick came by, announced that he was playing hooky from school and said he had decided to spend the day with us. Lee came back with Ensign Davison in tow. It was his old school chum after all.

The rest of the day we worked, stopping every once in awhile to watch another ship come in the harbor. Later that afternoon Roger Davison was supposed to come over to see the ship and reunite his acquaintance with Lee. When he showed up all work stopped and we sent out one of the harbor brats who proved trustworthy for wine.

The afternoon was spent in pleasant reminiscences of the good old days when Roger and Lee used to do things together. Rick and I got disgusted with the Smalltalk and together with Roberto, our good friend of the port, we took a walk....

#### Author's note:

Somehow when I was writing this (it was written one month after it took place) and managed in it to neglect an entire week in my diary. The ships arrived on a Monday, February 15, 1960. That is the only date of which I am sure. The party just described occurred to Sundays before, not the day before the Navy made its visit.

There was a party the day before that fateful Monday but it is not the one described here. The only way I can think of to rectify this is to write a separate section describing the intervening

week and beseech you the reader to use your imagination in figuring out this mess. In any event the missing section will be entered here and will be numbered a.,b., c., etc. Please excuse my blunder but if possible this will serve to rectify the situation.

Thor  
Thor

A That night I decided to have some fun. So I dressed up and walked over to the little bar in the port which was alive with 500 sailors and Marines who were on leave. All were interested in pursuing the secondary universal purpose: getting drunk. The primary universal purpose was being taken care of in the little back streets of the city. I pulled up an empty chair and waited. Sure enough some curious sailor wandered (actually staggered) over and asked me who I was. I told my story which was that I was on a yacht here in the port.

He called over a few buddies and I had to tell the story again. They told me they had more beer than they could drink so why didn't I help them. Well, I didn't want to hurt their feelings so I drank with them.

In the meantime word was spreading who I was.

It just so happened that everyone on the navy ships had been admiring our yacht. At least that's what they thought. Because when I pointed to our yacht, all you could see were two masts sticking above the pier. But the sailors didn't notice these, instead they saw the ship which goes from Ischia to Palermo. It was moored just in back of ours.

I had been introducing myself as the second mate aboard the yacht, so when they looked the way I pointed and saw that big power boat they were really impressed. I didn't realize what was impressing them until the next day.

Anyhow, more and more people were gathering at my table. Finally we put most of the tables together and just about 100 people were sitting at one huge table. They insisted that I drink their beer because I was their guest of honor. ~~Mostly, it turned out I was their guest of honor.~~

I decided that the time was right for requests so I told them of the frozen engine and our broken gunnell. From the crowd two dozen men in various positions aboard their ships agreed to cooperate. They swore that the U.S. Navy couldn't do it nobody could. After all my brainwork they decided it was time to drink, so someone refilled by glass and we drank.

By this time just about everyone had come over to see what was happening *in my corner*. They looked rather bored because nothing was. So I decided to sing, yep, sing. I saying "three jolly coachman" as loud as I could. I was in rare form that night unfortunately. Because my singing was *typically* terrible but some others knew the song and they joined in.

When we finished the sailors started in with a very pornographic song to the tune of old gray mare. Everyone saying this one loudly. Was it was started you couldn't stop them. 500 people singing to the top of their lungs. We sang navy songs, marine songs, any song that came to mind. And more. I stood at the end of the table and directed the music. We sang drinking songs while waving glasses in the air in time to the music. It was gay *old* time.

A Negro boy got up on the table and started Dancing in time to the music. Everyone started clapping with the music. Some other Negroes that I had met earlier in the evening, and which I noticed were missing now suddenly materialized carrying drums, congas and bongos. And they really knew how to play them.

The bongos beat out of rhythm at a feverish pitch while the congas roared and the drums echoed. There was generally wild clapping in time with the music in several Negroes were singing songs that fell just short of jungle war chants.

The sailors have what they call Cinderella liberties. That means that at 12 o'clock midnight they must be back at the ship. So as the hour of 12 approached more and more sailors who had been in town were returning to the ships. When they saw and heard the fantastic scene at the bar they all stopped and joined in the fun. It was a wild time.

The Mps finally ushered everyone back on board their ships. But this left the sailors with the problem, what were they going to do with the beer they had just bought and hadn't had the time to drink? I generously volunteered to take it off their hands. So when they left they gave me whatever extra booze they had on hand. I ended up with three dozen full bottles of beer (quart size) another 6 qt. Bottles not quite full, two bottles of expensive wine, and a fifth of Canadian club. I got a huge box from the bar, stuffed the treasure into it and navigated the short distance to the good yacht Felicidad. Once aboard I relaxed as I felt a little safer. Too relaxed I'm afraid because I missed a step to the gang ladder. I slid the rest of the way down the ladder but didn't spill a drop of the prize. Neil, Lee, and Roger were inside. When he Neil saw me fall his eyes began to widen and his lips moistened.

Neil is a confirmed alcoholic. He denies it though and proves his point by saying that all alcoholics are whiskey drinkers, and all he drinks is wine. I guess he never heard of winos. Anyway, Neil was ecstatic over my prize until I told him we were going to save it for the sailors who were coming to work on his ship tomorrow. When he heard that he was not so happy that I had rounded up help as he would otherwise have been.

Roger also promised a few men to help on the repairs. After a while Roger departed and we went to sleep. It was far too late to return to the hostel so I slept on board.

The next morning while Lee and I prepared breakfast for ourselves, the captain dressed in his uniform and got ready to see the captains of the first five Navy ships in the harbor. After breakfast, Lee straightened up below while the captain went to make his appointment with the other ships' captains.

Some carpenters arrived with their tools so I set the them to work on the stern. Then came five mechanics with their tools and they decided that the engine had to come out. In the meantime a fellow I had met the night before named Jerry Henson arrived. I invited him on board to see the ship. There wasn't much to see since sailors were swarming everywhere and the galley was torn down for access to the engine.

Another fellow who worked in the parts division aboard a ship came by and then on board. The party was getting large. Meantime Jerry and I went to get water on the motor scooter. He had a 48 piece set of Crystal which he had bought in town for \$3.50 so we decided to get water on board his ship. While I was there I took a tour of the ship. Including restricted areas as well as others. Jerry's ship, the Donner, was once an LSD transport but the floating dock section had been converted to a hangar for eight new Marine helicopters which it now carried. However there was still room for 10 twelve-ton trucks, 1-100 ft. Landing craft, and a few jeeps.

After we saw the ship and I met another 100 people, we went to the mess for coffee. We discussed what could be done for us and I decided that the little generating power plant which is also stuck could be fixed if it was brought on board the Donner.

So after seeing the ship the Donner was moored against, the U. S. S. Cambria, we went after the little generator, taking our water with us. But when we got back to the ship Neil had returned and said that he had recruited three Captains and other executive officers to come over and look at the ship. Just as the sun began to said sure enough they came and each one brought a chief engineer or a chief carpenter with him. And look like a three power conference. There were sailors swarming all over now. The Captains and three mates unfortunately decided to

tackle the little generator. Never has a much brass worked on so little of piece of aluminum and steel. Finally after a while they decided to give up on it. Obscurely Jerry and I have absconded with the little apparatus. We took at a board the Donner and left it with the mechanic there.

Then we returned to the ship. Meanwhile, Roger had arrived with two more mechanics. They had the engine out by now and it was laying on deck with oil smeared in every direction on the teak. Jerry and I stayed around until it got dark, then he took me for dinner aboard the Donner. We had chili and tacos. I must admit they never tasted better.

When we came back to Felicidad, everyone was crowded into the salon and they had broken out the liquor I had gotten the night before. Rick was there and he was having a gay time speaking English with the sailors. Lee had gone to Vittorio's during the day and learned the location of a great series of natural caves which were known by only a few people. He and Roger were going to go that night and visit them. They asked me if I would like to go. I wasn't too sure because it promised to be a gay time on the boat.

But Lee insisted. Knowing that I loved caves. So I went. The cave is accessible only by following a little edge around the face of a cliff. Rather tricky business at night. Once near the entrance, the going became easier and we were able to get there without incident. The entrance to the "grotto" is small and it is necessary to crawl on your stomach and push the lantern ahead of you. But once inside it is possible to walk up right. We had a ball of string with us and we tied one end to a rock and unwound it as we walked along. In that way there was no chance of becoming lost. The cave was made many hundreds of thousands of years ago by a shift in Mount Pellegrino's structure, causing a fault. The fault had since grown stalagmites and stalactites due to seepage of mineral laden water. In some places where there had been no water it was possible to see the way the cleft had been formed with large boulders weighing many tons wedged in the ceiling above us. None of them looked secure as we walked beneath them.

In other parts seepage had formed structures that gave the appearance of frozen rivers and waterfalls. So realistic did these fossils of rivers look, that I actually expected to feel ice when I touched them.

At one point we had to walk on two ledges over a chasm so deep that large rocks could not be heard hitting the bottom. We discovered rooms with the rust colored 'tights and 'mites so dense that it was like walking through the teeth of some monstrous shark when we tried to pass through.

Roger found that the projections, since they were made of crystal, would vibrate with a very beautiful musical note when struck lightly. Soon he was "playing" them the way he would a xylophone. We terminated his attempt at music abruptly when a huge icicle fell from the ceiling and crashed ominously to the floor just inches from the spot where Lee and I were standing.

At times when we were crawling through narrow passages. Huge crystal boulders would begin to home from the rubbing of our close against them. Some of the floors would ring like a Chinese gong when we walked on them.

Then we came on the most fantastic part of the whole grotto. As we walked along we suddenly noticed thousands of white shiny eyes staring at us from the gloom ahead. For a moment we were terrified until we realized what it was. In front of us were formations of the purest "ice white" Crystal. This in itself was spectacular. But even more fascinating was the fact that unlike the other formations we have seen, these were made of isotropic Crystal! The eyes we have seen lurking in the darkness where the Diamond-like facets of these structures. Whole rooms looking like the inside of the finest crystal chandelier lay before us. Every time we moved the lanterns different areas of facets gleamed back at us. It was a fantastic awe-inspiring

site. We sat down and drank in the beauty of these rooms. On the walls the most delicate and complex crystalline "hairs" grew, adding to the incredulous beauty. When Roger lit a cigarette we turned out the lantern and it was still possible to see clearly everything in the room from the glow of his cigarette.

We went further into the caves passing huge stalagmites 20 ft. high. Here and there water dripped from the ceiling. Finally we came to a room wherein we found a piece of what seemed to be very ancient cloth hung on a wall. When we remove the cloth we were shocked. Because in the niche that it covered was a skeleton, a human skeleton.

We decided to turn back. On our way out we collected some small structures to keep as souvenirs. We were careful to take them from places that wouldn't be noticed by other visitors.

The cave was hot, stuffy and dusty in places, consequently when we got outside we were glad to embrace the cool fresh night air. We entered the cave at 8:30 p.m. And left it at 2:35 a.m. We had been inside over six hours.

The first thing we did was find ourselves a place to get a drink of water. Then as we were returning to the ship in the Volkswagen we encountered Rick who was walking away from the ship in the direction of home. We gave him a lift home. On the way he explained that there had been a great party on board the Felicidad. He said everyone had gotten drunk including the captain and himself.

Not only that but everyone left at 1:30 a.m. (an hour after Liberty was up). This worried me.

When Roger, Lee and I finally returned we found the captain in bed with his clothes on. Roberto was very mad using the only American swear word he knew: shit! To describe the mess that had been left by the drunken sailors, the mess consisted of a few wine bottles, some beer bottles, and orange peels mixed ornately with cigarette butts.

Roger and Lee tried to find some bottles that still had juice in them while Roberto and I try to clean up the mess. When everything finally got squared away we sat down and had something to eat. Later when Rog' and "Bob" left we felt asleep while the captain complained drunkenly from his bunk that no one had nerve enough to take his pants off and that meant he would have to do it himself.

The next morning of fellow I had meant aboard the USS Cambria came over and offered his services on the model B Ford engine which had been the source of auxiliary power for Felicidad. We told him however, that the exec aboard the Oglethorpe had promised to take it on board and would repair in the ship's well-equipped shop. In that case the sailor whose name was "Mack" said he would just hang around all day because he had nothing better to do.

I didn't mind a bit because he was a nice guy and was interested in sports cars etc. The day was uneventful except for the crews working on the engine and gunnell and what seemed to be 1000 sailors whose questions about the boat Mack and I tried to answer. Later that afternoon I asked Mack if it would be possible to get a shower aboard the Cambria. He was sure he could, so off we went. They supplied me with a towel and soap. But when I took off my clothes, he asked me if I had any underwear (I wasn't wearing any). I jokingly explained that the last pair rotted off somewhere around Marseille. They all laughed. But the funny part is, it was true.

While I was taking my shower (the first and one half months) I met a couple of dozen more sailors were getting ready for the evening's Liberty. One of them, "Russ," I took a liking to. He supplied me with a new pair of Navy regulation underwear. After we ate goulash aboard the Cambria, Mack and Russ accompanied me to the Felicidad. Where I changed clothes. Then we went looking for bars. Everywhere we went where there were sailors I knew someone. Or

someone would recognize me and shout, "look -- there is the guy from yacht." Then all eyes would be on me as I tried to consume a beer inconspicuously.

We made the rounds for about 2 ½ hours, then decided to go back to the port and see what was happening there. Upon arriving I was immediately surrounded by a group of sailors who said they hadn't had so much fun anywhere as they did when I was there the other night. And would I please do it again? I didn't know what to do so I just sat down. Immediately some of the boys rounded up tables and put them together and everyone sat. Beer was ordered. Someone filled me a glass.

I guess the word was going out that there was going to be a wild time at the port bar, because people kept coming in from everywhere. The trouble was that all just sat or stood and looked at me expectantly as though I was going to entertain them. I didn't know what to do. Finally Mack suggested I tell them about Berlin. As a matter of fact he didn't suggest anything, he just told them that I had a great story about Berlin I was going to tell.

I didn't want to tell it but I was trapped. So I offered up my story about Berlin. I guess I did all right because everyone roared with laughter and afterwards they applauded for a long time. Then they wanted more stories. I finally ended up telling stories of my travel until Liberty ended. So did my stories and my voice.

All this time all the sailors did was drink beer, listen and laugh. I was surprised no one got bored. Maybe they did but they listened anyway. At the end they applauded like I was some great entertainer and a lot of people came up and shook my hand and said it was the best evening they'd spent in as long as they could remember. When I return to the ship that evening I was very proud of myself.

The next days were uneventful. The captain announced that we were to prepare for the trip to Naples. We were leaving Monday. The date was set ahead because we were following the Navy which would deliver us our two engines in running condition there.

These days were spent mainly in preparation for the trip. Salvino (one of Rick's friends) announced that he could go with us to Naples. Every night I would show up at the port bar but I refused to do any more "entertaining". Lee's friends arranged a little going away party for us on board the ship.

But for some reason that I can't figure out to this day, he didn't want me around for the first part of the party. Nor did he want Neil! So as things usually turn out Neil and I were just preparing to leave when the guests started to arrive. Then one of the guests, couldn't understand why I had to leave. I couldn't help explain any. After my hour of exile I returned and was greeted warmly by everyone. As a matter of fact it was so crowded inside the ship that many came outside just to see me.

Roberto was on hand but unfortunately no one had warned him about a party so he was there in his everyday school uniform. No one cared. Everyone made a little comment in the guest book. Mariteriza, Gemma, Nedy, Mia, Pat, and other girls were on hand. Roberto, Rick, Salvino, Ben, Vittorio and the other boys were there too. After about an hour's get-together all departed except Rick and Salvino, who stated my request. Then it Neil, Lee, and I were invited to Salvino's for a late dinner.

Neil and I met Salvino's folks for the first time, Lee had met them before. Then we listened to records of Salvino's and I copied down some of the words to the American records he had. Including Bobby Darin's "Jack the knife."

We were scheduled to leave about noon the next day, February 22, Monday 1960. Early in the morning I went up to the hostel to settle my account there. The hostel owner wanted to know where I had been for four days and why I hadn't notified them that I was going. Anyway I

got my stuff and settled my account after paying five dollars in back rent. When I returned to the boat, Salvino was there. Neil had taken the Volkswagen for groceries and Lee was lashing the dinghy fast to the coach roof. I helped Lee shakeout the jib, lower the scooter into the cabin top and lash it down. In general everything had to be stowed away. Roberto was on hand to help where he could.

Eventually Neil came back with food and while they were being stowed away he took the Volkswagen, followed by Salvino's dad, who is waiting for us to depart so he could say goodbye to his son. I'm sure he thought it might be for the last time. When Neil returned we were ready to leave except for one thing. We were going north and the wind was going south. So there we sat, waiting for the wind to change and go exactly the opposite direction. Things didn't look too good. At one o'clock the wind finally did an about-face and we were able to sail. We didn't have our motor so sailing out of the port was tricky.

The captain ordered the jib up and our faithful Roberto cast off the mooring lines. As we were sailing past all the ships and out of the port somebody noticed that there were 2 liter bottles of gas that I had left on shore. Everyone waived wildly but we were under way now and there was no stopping us. After a narrow escape with the port side of the quay we entered the great blue Sea. Actually it was green. The wind picked up when we got away from the protecting hills. We put up all sail -- the mizzen, the main, the Genoa (large jib) and made about three knots.

This guy was cloudless. The day, warm, the wind, mild and our hearts were gay. The barometer was falling with the wind to the north it would be easy sailing to Naples.

I took the first watch as I was eager to sail the boat. In the meantime Neil made dinner while Lee and Salvino attended to 1,000,001 last-minute cleanup jobs. The swell was gentle and so was the wind. Since it was directly after the going was fast and easy. The barometer continued to fall.

When the sun dipped its fiery head into the ocean, the night lights of Palermo became visible to the stern. They twinkled like so many jewels on the horizon. We were away from the lee of land now and a definite swell had begun. The breeze slacked off and we lay almost becalmed. The small boat danced wildly about in the swell. The big boom kept crashing from side to side as the boat rolled.

Salvino, who had eaten a heavy dinner threw up and had to retire. He was sick. The barometer kept falling.

Then the wind came up again this time from the East. We kept the boat as close hauled as possible on the port tack. We were running now under a good wind northward. Lee and I took the first night watch. Clouds had come up from the East, so the sky was starless. As the sky grew darker and the lights of Palermo slowly grew smaller, I noticed something very interesting. We didn't need stars above because our weight and bow splash burned phosphorescent green and light blue. The water is seemed transformed into a miniature Milky Way with millions of Little Star lights flashing at our sides. It was plankton. One could never get bored on a night watch because these little animals provide a never-ending array of flashing green light patterns.

The wind and the swell picked up steadily while we ran under full sail. We were making about eight knots and that is fast! The barometer kept falling.

Our shifts were five hours long divided into two watches, Lee and I on the first and Neil Salvino on the second. He and I sat out there in the cool starless night singing songs and enjoying the tranquility of being alone at sea. When my watch was over Lee said he was going to stay on deck because the wind was up and Neil might need help.

As I started down the hatch to get Neil and Salvino, I looked off the stern and saw two phosphorescent green streaks racing for the boat. At first I thought the night was playing tricks on my eyes but as they came closer I knew they were real. I motioned to Lee and he looked too. Onward they rushed going to at least five times the speed of the boat. The two torpedo like shapes came straight for the boat side-by-side leaving a fiery phosphorescent trail behind.

Collision seemed inevitable as a streaked closer to the boat. Finally they dove just before reaching us. Then they appeared again on the other side of the boat making a large phosphorescent circle back toward us.

Lee identified the streaks as porpoises (porpii?) while we watch them make a green pattern in the water about us. I called for Neil and Salvino to come up and watch, but my voice must have frightened the animals because they disappeared from sight and did not return.

When Neil and Salvino came on deck there was only the phosphorescent sea to greet them. Salvino was terribly seasick and had to return to bed after throwing up again. I went below, noticed that the barometer had fallen and started to obey Neil's order to pump the bilge. So far the first few hours of the trip I had felt no uneasiness in my stomach. But Lee and Neil both had warned me that if I opened my eyes below for very long I would surely get sick. When I tumbled inside the salon I noticed everything was upheaved. Someone had used in the table for a brace and it was knocked down. The rug lay wet and crumpled in one corner. Blankets, food and books lay strewn all over the place. But by far the most annoying thing was what happened when the ship rolled. As it tipped to one side a considerable amount of water appeared above the deck planking. In fact it wasn't only annoying, it was frightening.

All that water inside the ship left the disturbing impression that we were sinking. I attacked my job of pumping the bilge with devotion. The way I look at it was: pump or drown. It was more work to pump but for some curious reason I preferred working that lever to drowning.

While pumping the bilge one assumes a stance which necessarily places one's head directly above the toilet bowl. This is not too good because someone had forgotten to flush it. As I looked into the bowl strange things begin happening to my stomach. So I pumped with my eyes closed.

Then I noticed it for the first time. A strange gurgling noise coming from the box where the motor used to be. I'm noise like a small brook tumbling about on its stormy bed. All this is poetic but not necessarily desirable, since water serves a much better purpose located outside the boat than in.

I decided to investigate. When I had managed to get the lid off the motor box shine a light inside the site, what I saw was most awe-inspiring. From the exhaust pipe and three other water tubes spouted a fountain that rivaled the best in Rome. I was truly torn between plugging the holes or inviting everybody down to watch them as we sank. I finally decided the plugging would be more practical sense Lee and Neil were busy and Salvino was sick.

After the leaks were repaired and my pumping finished, I collapsed exhausted into bed. I just managed to fall into a doze when I heard Neil and Lee calling me. I also noticed that the gentle lapping of the water against the outside of the boat that I remembered when I went to sleep had turned into a roar. I also could hear the howl of the wind on the rigging.

I bounded out of bed in my Navy underwear and rushed up on deck without bothering to dress. The boat was leaping and bounding over waves that first towered above us and then lifted the boat skyward so that it could race down their backs. The wind had its airy hand around the sails and was applying all of its force in an effort to rip them off.

Lee announced that he and I had been elected to go forward and take down the Genoa which looked like a balloon that had been inflated too much. I looked forward toward the bow where we had to go. Only I couldn't see it. All I saw was the mountains of seawater that continued to pour over it. This made me very happy as I inched forward along the tilted deck toward the invisible bow.

Completely wet and standing knee deep in water with only my underwear on, I managed to help Lee pull in the massive Genoa sail. Then we crawled the back along the scalpers over the lashing lines sometimes being caught in loose halyards.

My services finished, I went back to bed completely soaked with little phosphorescent specks flashing over my body, indicating the death of plankton I was covered with. I noticed the barometer had dropped, pumped the bilge for good measure, stumbled through the ruined saloon and climbed went into bed. I slept.

The dusk of the predawn gave the sea an eerie look as I came up for my watch. I had left my shoes off because they were useless. They were wetter than my feet were. I had on my light brown sweater, my logger shirt, and my corduroy pants over my light summer slacks. I wore Lee's old brown leather jacket.

The morning was cool and I noticed the wind has subsided from a steady gale to strong gusts which set the rating to whistling intermittently. Neil went to bed while Lee pulled some blankets over him and slept in "standby" on a cleared off settee in the saloon.

I determined I wouldn't bother him since he hadn't slept for 20 hours. An occasional swell managed to clear the bow, sending sparkling water back to flow between my toes. The steering was easy since we had to lie as close to the wind is possible. I was alone on a speck of wood and steel surrounded by the sea. The gray sea rose ominously about me everywhere showing its white crests as I soared through them.

Just a small combination of paint, wood and steel fighting a world of salty water alone, alone without a sign of another living thing as the sails pointed toward a point on the horizon where a great light was at work dissolving the gray mists of night.

About an hour after sunrise the sun finally gnawed it's way through the clouds and revealed its incandescent face to the sea and our boat. I relaxed, allowing the wonderful rays to dry my water soaked clothes and penetrate my cold body. By the time 10:30 a.m. rolled around the sky was clear except for a line of fleecy white clouds that clung to the western horizon.

The sea had turned dark blue in color while here and there the wind whipped white caps on the top of the sea. The wind continued to fall away while the sea remained high. It was still a little frightening to turn my head almost straight up to see the tops of the approaching waves towering above, threatening to crash down upon my head.

I really enjoyed steering the boat as it labored up the back of a wave then crashed down the opposite side. The boat resembled a slow-motion roller coaster in its antics. About 11 A. M. Neil came out and took over the wheel. I slept on the cabin top for about an hour then went below, got Salvino out of bed and retired. The next few hours I was oblivious to everything.

At 6:00 p.m. I awoke to find Neil in the bunk next to mine instead of Lee. I got dressed leisurely trying to shake off my sleepiness.

On deck Lee was at the wheel with a smile on his lips despite the tiredness that showed in his eyes. He truly love sailing and is really happy when at the wheel. I relieved him and he went below to make cakes, toast and sausage. We hadn't eaten for a day. He was a little apprehensive that I might get sick but I assured him that I can hold food down. After dinner he retired while I steered the boat. We were holding a course a little west of North to counteract the easterly wind.

During my four hour watch the sea made up considerably and the wind which had all but died away freshened into a new gale. Pressing my luck, I decided not to call anyone up to take down sail until it really got bad. During the day Neil and Lee had put up the Genoa again and it kept bowing under the wind.

My watch passed uneventfully except that the spray had thoroughly soaked me again and again had renewed its frenzy. When Lee came out on deck for his watch he was a little amazed that I was holding such a good course against the wind. I went below and got Neil out on standby in the saloon then turned in.

Again I had barely gotten to sleep when Lee called me up on deck. This time I had my pants off but I had a plastic cover over my shirts. The wind had shifted and was now going to East and great speed. Lee and I inched out across the rigging and hauled in the great Genoa. But the wind caught it at the last moment and it blew overboard taking Lee with it. Those were the most desperate moments of my life as I struggled with the sail while Lee hung on helplessly on the other end. If I couldn't pull it in it would only be a matter of time before Lee would lose consciousness and disappear into the sea. If you let go the boat would pass him and there would be no possible way we could stop the boat to go back for him.

I pulled on the sail with every ounce of energy I had. Slowly, too slowly Lee came closer to the boat. Finally after what seemed to be an endless amount of pulling he was close by. I lunged for him. His fingers met mine and for an instant then painfully we tightened our grip on each other. Soon he was back on deck again. We both didn't say a word, instead silently offered our thanks to the great unknown.

After a great deal of effort we managed to secure the Genoa. I went back to bed soaked as usual. No sooner had I gotten comfortable when I was called back on deck. This time Neil had ordered the mainsail down. The wind was the worst I had seen it. Lee and I worked our way to the mainmast, untied the halyards and gave them slack. But the gaff wouldn't budge. The wind pressure was holding it fast to the masthead. Neil brought the boat into the wind and for an instant the sail dropped. Then the boat when completely over on the starboard tack with much fluttering of sails. Then the gaff stuck again on the new tack and stayed stuck. No matter how Neil steered the boat it would not go back on port tack. The only solution was to jibe -- bring the wind around the stern of the boat. The jibe was violent. There was an earsplitting crack as the shroud chock disintegrated under the load. All Lee and I could do was pull the main back up again. Our course was now due east. Straight for the volcano island Stromboli and other islands in that group

I went back to bed. For the fourth time I was called upon deck. When I stuck my hand out above the cabin top I could see immediately what had happened. As it was feared the lashings on the main head boom had given way and the mainsail now lay flapping in the breeze on the port side. It looked utterly ridiculous under the glare of Neil's flashlight.

Hanging on to whatever we could, Lee and I groped for the loose end of the sail. Finally we manage to pass a rope to the eye of the sail. Then we hauled with all our might to bring the sail back to the boom. Finally the sail was almost in its original position except that the lashings were all gone and the I was taking the full force of the wind.

Again the captain implored us to take the mainsail down, but the answer that it was impossible. I went to bed, waited, and got up again at their call.

The wind had slacked off a little, Lee said, and it might be possible to take down the main now. While a captain headed into the wind as much as possible Lee and I tried to get the main down. Finally the wind loosened its grip and the gaff came plummeting toward the deck. With

the sail down and lashed in place it was an easy matter to swing the boat on course. The jib was put up and they wheel lashed over. Then we all went below for some shuteye.

In an hour I was up again for my regular watch. When I went on deck I noticed that the wind was really showing us that it meant business. The rigging sang under the wind and the spray was constantly lashing at my face. I had been out on deck for two hours and was having a hard time keeping from falling asleep when Lee came up to see how I was doing. The wind was howling so hard that Lee was afraid that the mizzen sail might blow away.

So we called Lee up to steer and Lee and I had only a little difficulty taking it down. But when the sail fell it covered the captain who was underneath the mizzin boom, steering. When we uncovered him he was sputtering profanity and words to the effect that we ought to have more respect for the captain.

I hung onto the wheel for two more hours while Lee and Neil slept. Only the small jib was up but it gave us two knots of steerage. Finally Lee came out and took over the helm while I routed Salvino, who was still sick and then climbed into my bunk. I blacked out. Nothing could have bothered me.

When I finally awoke it was broad daylight. The wind had almost stopped and we were the next thing to being becalmed. Lee and I reefed the main and put it up. We took down the jib and put up the Genoa. Finally we put up the mizzen. Then Neil went below. When I finally got a chance to look around I saw land. Off on the rise and it appeared as two places where the haze was darker than usual.

All day we drifted in that direction and relaxed. I slept with the wheel lashed over. That night the wind freshened a little but was still mild. All that night we sailed toward the island known as the Isle of Capri. During the night with Neil and Lee on watch we tacked away in the lee of the island. When I came on watch in the morning the two searchlights of Capri and the mainland were close at hand. We passed through with only a few feet to spare as the waves broke on the rocks nearby. Once inside the channel the wind became moderate and blew us directly north to the open gate. In the early evening we came abreast of the USS York County. Respectfully, we lowered our US flag to half mast. The York County suddenly blossomed sailors who stood in salute while their ship lowered its flag in tribute to us. We sailed through the gates of the port of Naples.

Inside half a dozen US ships were also in dress for us. With pipes whistling and bands playing our ship was saluted consecutively every US ship in the harbor. We proudly found ourselves a place to moor in the port and celebrated with a great dinner of spaghetti. Salvino could eat for the first time since we started and he enjoyed his food most.

That night we all slept soundly. The next morning we awoke late. The entire day was spent loafing around. But that evening I got dressed up and went over to the Oglethorpe and the Cambria to see if I could spot my friends there. Salvino accompanied me. On the way he treated me to a cup of Espresso coffee. That's right, the coffee beatniks drink.

I didn't find anyone, but two or three sailors aboard the Cambria spotted me and I came aboard. They took me to their rec room. Les was there and he found Mack who had just gotten the latest issue of hot rod magazine. We looked at it together then went to the engine repair room where we just us sat around and shot the bull. Finally we left after making a date for tomorrow afternoon on the Felicidad. They gave us to cartons of cigarettes which were used for barter in trade with the natives. We had to smuggle them off the ship. Just as we were walking down the gangway, the carton Salvino was carrying slipped from under his sweater. It was a tense moment while he recovered the carton but no one appeared to notice.

Back at the ship I was in for a surprise. When I stepped on board loaded with bottles of beer for tomorrow's visit, who should be there but Jerry Henson and Roger Davison. The captain has sent a message to both and requested that they come to the ship. The beer I had brought was more than welcome and we decided that it wasn't important to save it for tomorrow.

It was good to see Jerry again and Roger two. We discussed what they had done with the little generator and how it could be brought back to the boat. Then Jerry and I went with Salvino to see him off as he was leaving that night for Palermo on the boat. Then we went to find something more to drink.

When we returned to the ship Reggio, a friend of Lee and Neil also working for the U.S. Navy but stationed in Naples, was there. He had brought his wife and little child with him together we made quite a party. It was gay times until midnight that everyone left for their respective parts and we aboard the Felicidad went to sleep quite exhausted.

The next day passed uneventfully except for one thing. Neil told me that they were planning on sending the boat home as freight and that this was as far as it would go in the Mediterranean. That meant that the month I had spent in preparation at all gone for one three day trip to Naples. Ah well, you can't have everything. Early in the afternoon Russ came down and said that the rest of the group was awaiting my arrival in the Seamen's Club. I ate a hurried lunch and followed Russ. When we were about a block from the Seamen's Club we saw about five horse-drawn carriages heading our direction. There in the lead was Mack. We held them so the five carriages caused a traffic jam while trying to turn around. Eventually they all came back and explained that they were just going to the Felicidad. They paid off their drivers and the 25 of us returned to the Seamen's Club. There they explained that this afternoon was to be free for me and that they were picking up the tab. We had a few beers and then sat around commenting on the fact that the girl behind the counter was very good-looking, which she was. Then someone over to the jukebox and put in some slugs. When the music began to play I got up on an impulse, went over to their check stand and asked if the girl behind it would like to dance. By luck she was amused at the idea so she accepted. We danced well together so we had a great time.

But this really put me in solid with the sailors. After that I could do no wrong. Then we decided to go over to the EM Club (for Enlisted Men). When we got outside of the Seamen's Club, they decided to take a "hay burner," but I did something they hadn't thought of, I bargained with the driver for the price of the ride. All in Italian. Finally when I got the price down to about \$.35 American each we accepted. When we got to the EM Club we had the exact change ready. Thus there was no chance for shortchanging.

A ride like that usually cost the sailors two dollars. They were amazed at my "command" of the language and my shrewd bargaining power. At the EM club they couldn't do enough for me as soon as I drank one beer, another was put in its place. When I expressed the fact that I liked the lighters they were using, they gave me some with emblems on them representing more than a dozen US warships.

Later they decided to go down to my ship but first they wanted to get some beer. Well, beer in large bottles is hard to find in this city so I contracted with a taxi driver to take us in and find beer and take us to my boat, all for a dollar and the price of the beer we wanted to pay. By the time we found the beer we had seen most of Naples. We bought 30 bottles of beer and a fifth of Canadian club whiskey in liter bottles. Then they decided that some girls would be appropriate so we went shopping for whores. However none of the girls we saw on the streets appealed to me at all so we ended up without any. I was actually glad that we didn't.

We paid the driver his dollar and we departed. After we had gotten all the bottles aboard and ourselves we sat around talking about this or that. Mostly we talked about the Navy but they were interested in listening to my travels too.

Then somebody found out I liked steak and that I hadn't had one for five months. That settled it. They are going to treat me to the most delicious steak I had ever eaten. So leaving 20 unopened bottles of beer on the table we went off to the EM Club. Again I made a good bargain with the taxi driver.

True to their words they were satisfied until they were sure I had gotten the best steak in the place. Also I had a tossed green salad with thousand Island dressing, French fried potatoes tomato juice, shrimp cocktail, more beer and ice cream. What a feast. It was great.

Then we went back to the ship (Felicidad). There we drank slowly and told stories of our past. At this time Neil and Lee who had been up to Reg's house, came back. When the Captain entered we all rose in reverence until he instructed us to be seated. Then the sailors spent the next 20 minutes telling Lee and the captain what a great guy I was. Finally, since the hour was late, they all departed even the unopened bottles of beer, and their cigarette lighters behind them. I slept happily that night.

The next day Roger Davison and Jerry Henson came down to the ship. He had promised Roger that he would lead them up Vesuvius, the volcano that demolished Pompeii. But Lee had to go to Reggio's to work on the ship's engine which, by the way, the Navy hadn't actually fixed. So I volunteered to go with them instead. When we found a bus that went the right way we got on. But found that the bus service up Vesuvius was stopped for that day. So from a little town at the base of the volcano we got a taxi and rode the winding highway to the top of the volcano.

That is, almost to the top. About 300 ft. down from the top, the car entered a parking lot where we had to pay 100 lire apiece. Then we had to hike for about 700 ft. almost straight up before coming to a little sign that informed as we had to pay another 200 lire before we saw the top. We paid reluctantly. Then about 50 ft. From the top there was another sign saying that we needed to pay another 200 lire to see the top. That was the last straw. Determined that if this greedy little man tried to collect a toll from me he would surely die at my hands I forced my way past. He must have understood my desperation because he didn't try anything. Roger and Jerry followed apprehensively. There was one more place to pay but fortunately there was no one there to collect money.

After getting our fill of the smoky depths of the crater we returned to the little Mountainside Village from whence we came. There we bought pizza at a little mountainside restaurant which set up its only table with fine linen for us at which had its whole family serving us. The bill amounted to one dollar for the three of us.

After we returned to the ship and had something to drink. Roger and Jerry left. Jerry left me his cigarette lighter as a personal souvenir.

The next afternoon after packing in getting ready to leave, I say goodbye to all, and went out onto the highway for Rome. I was free again. Feb 29, 1960 Thor

thor

NEXT ISSUE COMING SOON  
LOOK FOR IT

VOLUME V THE LOG  
"BACK TO BRINDISI"

TUES, MAR 22, 1960. (3:35 p.m.)when I finally got out on the road in early afternoon, the day was half gone. But that didn't bother me. For some reason I knew the rides were going to be easy, and thus they were. I took the number one Tram to the edge of town, then just when I was bending over to straighten my pack a fellow stopped for me. So far I had gotten a ride and I hadn't even started to hitch-hike yet.

When I heard the news about the Felicidad's being sent home I was rather deflated. The unfortunate news caught me off guard and I had to make a quick revision of my travel schedule. When I started hitchhiking again I was going north toward Rome, because I knew Pete would be there. I knew not because of information supplied me but because I could "feel" that he was there. Anyway there was no doubt in my mind that I would encounter him in Rome.

My ride took me for 20 km only but that was what I needed to get a better hitchhiking position in front of an autostrada or freeway. The next ride took me for 100 kilometers then deposited me in a little fishing village somewhere along the coast.

This was the day of Carnival in Italy, therefore all the little children were dressed in gay costumes of the 17th century. Miniature *Signori e Donne* could be seen promenading here and there. While quaint Buccaneers five years old fought for the ladies' favor.

My next ride was with an English fellow who was stationed with the American Navy as a secretary. He was only going two Miles but he took me 20 more to a restaurant in the middle of the country. There he treated me to spaghetti and a beer before I went on my way. When I got back on the road I was immediately picked up by an Alfa Romeo 1600 sport coupe. It was a beautiful car and the ride was fast. We roared into a town 50 km further and again I stood on the road waiting for a lift.

Because of my late start and the time I spent eating pasta it was now almost dark. I had about 10 minutes to get a ride or I wouldn't get one since nobody styles for hitchhiker's after dark. Just as I was about to give up hope, a truck stopped for me. The driver was going to within 5 km of Rome. After long slow ride we reached his destination. I waited for the bus then rode it on into town.

At this point another problem concerning time developed. If I didn't get to the hostel before 10 p.m. I wouldn't be able to stay there. When I got off the bus I asked some people where the *ostelo* was. But they didn't even know what one was much less where it was. Finally, one young man of great learning in these matters came forward from the masses that always seemed to gather around me I stop somewhere, and said in learned Italian that yon bus would surely deliver me up unto the hostel. I admired his Toga, thanked him and made my way through the crowd to the waiting bus.

However the young Roman's directions proved inaccurate. I didn't have much time so I implored the group that had gathered about me to help me find a hostel. Finally I got accurate data and proceeded to the hostel forth with. Actually it was about 12 km with.

I should have said a hostel instead of the hostel. Because the one I managed to get to had only opened the night before. The main hostel was on the other side of the city. Naturally, Pete wasn't here. The first thing the next morning I went over to the other hostel to find Pete. Surprisingly enough Pete had been there and had left only this morning. I had missed him by eight hours more surprised that my intuitive feelings had turned out right than anything else, I determined to track Pete down on the morrow. Where had Pete gone? According to some people I talked to, he had planned to go to the Naples hostel, the place that I had just come from. So that meant back to Naples.

The next morning I got on the tram out of town, this time the number three. A fellow (young) from Holland decided that he would like to travel south with me. Pleased at the thought of company we were hitchhiking gaily when a couple of young college students picked us up. They took us about 20 km and let us off.

We waited at that location for two hours before getting a ride 20 km to a worse place to stand. We stood there for a little more than three hours and decided it was useless to waste our time further. We walked two kilometers to a bus stop. While we were waiting there I hitchhiked. Suddenly a large sedan stopped and we clambered over to it.

The kindly man put my pack in the trunk, but the one my friend had wouldn't fit in there with mine. So he put it in the backseat then crawled in after it. I sat in the front. In really screwed up English the driver asked me where I was going. I told him Naples and he replied very curiously, "we get there 8:30 OK." I thought it strange that he thought it necessary to get his ride's opinion of whether the arrival time was all right, but I passed it off figuring that it was just his screwed up English that had confused the issue.

We rode for quite awhile. I was quite annoyed that the man kept putting the car out of gear and turning off the engine whenever we went downhill. Something was strange. However I couldn't figure out what it was. In the meantime I enjoyed the scenery.

This section of the Italian coast is more beautiful, I think, than the French Riviera. The sea was an emerald green color. The surf was up and long swells broke white then rolled up on the glistening white beaches. As the day came to hand the sun burned the clouds and the surf on the horizon crimson red, then slipped out of sight.

The green hillsides were thickly shrubbed and studded with palm trees. A little stone hut could be seen here and there with white smoke curling out of their chimneys. Along the side of the road donkeys, mules, and horses pulled ancient carts with steel rimmed wheels more than 12 ft. High which carried hay, firewood were some green vegetables.

It was at this time that I noticed another annoying thing. The type of car and the paint job reminded me of a kind of car I had seen in Rome and Naples -- taxicabs! This wasn't a cab. It couldn't be a taxi. I couldn't possibly pay the fare from Rome to Naples by taxi. Wait a minute, I thought, taxis have racks on the top of their cars and I don't remember this when having a rack. I opened the window and fell with my hand along the roof until I reached a rack. This was a taxi for sure! Then I noticed that the man was wearing a taxi driver's hat. I was sunk.

But that it was strange that the men didn't discuss the fare with us. Also I was hitchhiking obviously, and hitchhikers don't pay for rides. I hope!

Once the man stopped in a little coastal village to greet a friend he saw on the street. When he left the car I took the opportunity to discuss the matter with my hosteling friend from Holland. When I asked him if he knew that we were riding in a taxi he countered, "no!" Immediately, then as he thought about it an incredulous look came over his face as he put everything he had seen together. "It can't be," he said, reflecting my thoughts.

He suggested that we take this opportunity to make a run for it. This was fine except that my pack was locked tight in the trunk of the car. There was only one thing to do, go to Naples in a taxi and start praying. We rode in horrified silence trying to conceive the vast sum of money this trip would cost us.

The thought was terrible so I started looking at the scenery again. The only trouble was that it was dark. Finally we reached Naples. The driver asked me where in Naples I wanted to go confirming my suspicions that he was a taxi driver. But then at that moment I finally thought of something. A way out of paying.

I told him to drive us to the port. On the way I gave my port pass to my friend and told him in rapid English to head straight for the gates of the port the moment we got there and not to stop until he was safe inside the port.

When we stopped my friend followed his instructions exactly, using my pass to enter, since this was a closed port and only those with passes could enter. As I expected the driver put up a protest when my friend took off so fast but I distracted him by demanding my pack. But he demanded money, informing me for the first time that his car was a taxi. I expected this and explain that I wouldn't pay until he gave me my pack.

We shouted for some time and it looked pretty dubious that I would ever see my pack again. Finally what turned the argument in my favor was my size, I think. I stood a full head taller than a tall Italian and although I am timid my size is most formidable. Anyway he grudgingly gave me my pack demanding fantastic sums all the while.

I slowly donned my pack, then took out my wallet while slowly walking toward the port entrance. I stalled for distance as I bargained in the price. At this point of time I was taking quite a chance. If the port control officer didn't recognize me personally I couldn't get through the gates since my friend had bypass.

I used to one of the oldest tricks in the book. I pointed behind the driver suddenly and yelled. When he turned around to see what was happening I quickly slipped through the gates. Fortunately the guards recognized me and let me through. As I walked away from the gates I noticed that there was a disturbance with the guards. It seems that some taxi driver or other was trying to get through and he was very mad about something. The matter didn't interest me though. Consequently my friend and I walked away.

I went down to see Lee and Neil's boat and from them obtained information on how to get to the *Ostilo Posilipi*. We got on Tram 1 and took it for a ways, then got on bus 240. However the bus was loaded to capacity when I got on it and get people were still piling in. Fortunately I was tall but some of them smaller ones were practically suffocated.

When our stop came we were in no position to get out. I leaned with all my might against the crowd holding onto my pack with one hand. At the door people erupted out into the street all very unhappy because this was not their stop. Finally I'm managed to get me outside of the bus but my hand and my pack still lay buried inside. Finally with another eruption of swearing people I jerked myself and pack free. But my friend was still buried underneath all the people. Suddenly he came tumbling over the tops of people's heads, his suitcase tumbling after him.

We walked down the steep street toward the sea. At the hostel entrance we turned into the courtyard. From a fellow I met at the Roman hostel I learned that Pete was riding his motorcycle. I looked for it in the courtyard but I did not see it anywhere. Inside the hostel I asked the man at the desk if Peter Berardo was sleeping here. The man checked the records and finally found Pete's name. He was here! I asked the man if he knew where Pete had been, was or is. The man answered casually, "sure he's in the bedroom."

I walked into the bedroom to find it jampacked full of Americans. Including two from El Monte, California. Immediately when I entered the room I saw Jack Lovell, Pete's friend, and heard Pete talking. Jack was the first to see me standing there trying my best to be casual. Jack said, "well, if it isn't our old buddy Thor?" Pete, still unseen, suddenly stop talking and just as suddenly erupted from behind a bunk.

He slapped me hardly on the shoulder saying, "God it's great to see ya'," over and over again, each time accompanied by another slap. When I thought my shoulder was sore enough I finally greeted him. We went for a walk.

The hostel would close before we got back but he said there was an American living across the street who would let us sleep there. We walked for three hours, telling each other our stories. Finally when we returned we met Pete's friend Mike on the road. We went back to his house and I slept on the front room settee. The next morning, the order of business was to go to the American Express, check for mail, go to the Felicidad and have Pete meet the Captain and Lee. After finishing off the American Express, including sending a forward to Rome and Palermo, we walked down to the port.

Lee and Neil were actually quite anxious to see Pete and they invited us to stay for a spaghetti dinner. We had vast quantities of pasta while having a great time. Thus we killed off the day. The next day we did nothing, the third day we worked on Pete's motorcycle trying to get it running. The fourth day we went to Pompeii on the motorcycle, rather interesting. The sixth day we checked on all the possibilities for selling the motorcycle, also all the possibilities for shipping at home. *Niente*. This seventh day we went to see a boat in Ischia.

This boat was a 35 ft. tall sloop which was left in Ischia by an American when he ran out of money. Rumors had it that the selling price was \$500. The boat was in terrible shape despite its copper hull. Furthermore the price was actually \$3100 which made us thoroughly disinterested.

We went to the local castle on the island where we saw the catacombs. These catacombs have a special little feature. Inside there are many stone stools resembling toilet seats. When a nun decided her turn had come to die, she sat on one of these stools and literally kicked the bucket. When when she disintegrated over time her remains simply fell through the hole.

Lee, Pete and I walked over piles of human bones and picked up leathery arms. Finally Pete found the human jaw that he liked so we took it with him. It was raining when we got out of the castle. On that boat back to Naples we sat in the first-class lounge although we had only pay for second class. No one seemed to mind. The next day Pete and I went back to Pompeii, but this time on our way to Cosenza, home of Pete's Italian ancestors. The plan of the day was that I was supposed to hitchhike carrying both our packs. And Pete was supposed to follow riding the much lightened cycle. Pete had on his ivy green pegs which were fit into his motorcycle boots. Over his sweater and shirt he wore my blue rubber windbreaker. Over that his brown jacket. On his hands my motorcycle gloves. But most impressive of all was his helmet. The safety strap allowed only portions of his beard to stick out, making him look like he was just off the "Wild One" set. Then he pulled down his yellow goggles and the sight was complete.

Now it just so happens that everyone knows Marlon Brando and especially for his role in the movie Wild One. They really like that kind of thing. Then here comes Pete down the road mounted on his cycle looking more wild than the wild one himself. Every time he stopped he drew crowds. People and children flocked around just to stare.

That was great because while the people were going wild over Pete Berardo, I Hitchhiked in peace. However people passing in cars were too impressed with Pete and his multitude so much that they failed to notice me trying hitchhike. Eventually it became late and I finally ended up riding with Pete on his motorcycle. We rode up and on into the mountains inland. Each kilometer it got colder as we approached the snow line. Pete stopped when I saw a beret lying by the side of the road. With that on my head I was somewhat warmer.

We really completed the scene with me in that outfit I had on my dress coat, my brown sweater, my brown quarter were pants, my sunglasses and beret. With Pete as mentioned before we made a fantastic impression. Also we had a large packs draped all over the motorcycle. Most impressive.

We rode until darkness overcame us then we stopped in a little grain store and bought some bread. The people there came as a chair and we sat and eight hour cheese and bread while being admired by everyone who could fit inside the room. Afterward we found that there was a hotel in the next village.

The next village was 20 cold dark kilometers away. The hotel was nice and the price was moderate at 500 lira per person per night. We went into the living room and tried to develop our vocabulary in Italian. After stumbling through an hour of conversation we went to bed quite tired.

The next morning we woke early at 10:30 a.m., loaded the motorcycle and started off in a misty drizzle. The roads were wet and the going was tricky. After an hour of travel the sun came out and the streets dried up. Then we really went. We roared around their pins and zoomed up straights.

We got raced by three Fiats and got to Cosenza in record time. Only to find that our address was in Corigliano, which was 70 km back along the road whence we came. Thus we had to go back to Corigliano. We were there in no time at all. Corigliano can first be seen 3 km down the road. It is perched on top of the hill in the usual medieval style and stands shiny white in the sun above the fertile plain below. We approached along the windy road up the cliff toward the city in the sky.

When we got to Corigliano we stopped to ask directions to Doctore Policastri's home. Immediately he were surrounded by a huge crowd. When we mentioned the name of Policastri everyone knew where we wanted to go.

The roads were tricky so one guide went with Pete while another with a motorcycle gave me a ride. We twisted up some narrow back streets.

Finally came to a little courtyard where cars were parked. It was then that I asked Pete how he was going to introduce himself, "heh, heh, I'm a relative of yours," he would say, "now give us room and board."

But he explained that he was equipped with a do it yourself family tree which clearly explained that he was at least a fourth cousin with no blood relation. Thus prepared we boldly burst into the good doctor's office, the crowd following. Everyone was anxious to know who we were, so Pete and I, looking like to bearded fugitives from a motorcycle gang, explained producing the important document as proof and further explanation of Pete's ancestors.

Dr. Policastri is a man of few sad moments. He is a popular man in his early fifties who is the honorary head of the Policastri clan. Realizing the humor in the whole situation he led us across the courtyard to his home, which turned out to be a castle, complete with moat and drawbridge. Once inside we spent a very uncomfortable hour trying to get acquainted in an unfamiliar language. Dr. Policastri and his family had great sport identifying themselves on the family tree which Mrs. Berardo had sent Pete. That little slip of paper proved to be a lifesaver because it relieved the tension as well as providing entertainment.

More and more relatives kept pouring in while Pete and I applied our diminutive Italiano to answer the questions we were asked. It was after their entire family had come and gone that Dr. Policastri and his brother took us to a restaurant four kilometers away for dinner. Dr. Policastri's younger brother is the lawyer of the family.

At the restaurant we doubled our vocabulary in Italian and the size of our waistbands too. Fortunately everyone was in a humorous mood and we laughed at everything, thus relieving the tension when Pete and I didn't understand something.

Enter on that evening we were put up in a room above the restaurant in the hotel and the Policastri family departed. The strain on having to carry on lengthy conversations in a

completely foreign tongue exhausted us. We felt asleep soon after we found out that these beds were at least 6'2" long and not 6 ft. As the others were.

The next morning, or rather, the next early afternoon we awoke when the butler came to inform us that Dr. Policastri was calling and wished to know what time we would make our appearance at the house. The hour was noon so we made the appointment for one o'clock. At the Policastri resident we had another huge meal consisting of pasta, meat, more meat, oranges, and Italian Espresso. Then Mario, a nephew of the Policastri brothers, came by and took us up to see his archaeological finds, some of them very interesting.

We had dinner, watched television and retired.

The next day passed uneventfully but the night proved to be interesting. After meeting Mario's friends (about half a dozen of them) we promenaded. However the going was tough because of the throngs that gathered round to see the wondrous thing that had come to pass -- us. As we walked, the crowd thickened until our advance was announced by the noise of the multitude.

We cruised out onto the city square, a dirty place in which the local carnival was established more or less permanently. It consisted of one punching bag, one small circular ride, and a device which resembles a minute roller coaster. "Coaster" is a small skate which is propelled by hand over a twisty course. The object is for the "thrower" to push the little coaster fast enough for it to pass over an especially large hump twice. Every one urged us monsters to try our luck. The people of Italy are small. In all of Corigliano there is only one boy as tall as Pete, and none that I saw as tall as I. And the tall ones are the exceptions. Doors, Ed's, cars, and chairs, are made too small for us.

So it was that Pete stepped up to the curious contraption, moved the shuttle back into its pushing position and shoved with all his might. The state shot down the track over the first time around and then came back for the second try. Would it make it over the hump again? The shuttle roared to the back, came to the top, hovered, then slowly sank back the way it had come. The crowd roared. Never had anyone been so close the second time around. He tried again and again, each time the crowd cheered as the shuttle came close to the top. Finally Pete gave up. Then the crowd urged me to try it. Pete was big; he almost made it. I am bigger. I certainly can shove that little thing over the hump twice. The crowd clamored for me. I stepped dubiously to the stand, handled the little contraption, and pulled with all my might.

With a tremendous crash I fell to the floor as my feet slipped out from under me. The crowd couldn't contain itself. It went hysterical with laughter, and the shuttle stayed put. I quit.

Next we moved to the punching bag. This bag was connected to a cable which registered the strength of a blow. Some men were trying their skill. They would lean way back and slam into it with all their might, ringing up average scores.

Now, it just so happens that Pete is an expert punching bag puncher of long-standing. So he got on the stand. When he hit the bag he didn't lean back like the others, he just gave it a short, off the shoulder punch.

The needle on the calendar rotated madly, then came to rest on a figure, only one third what the others were doing. This looked pretty bad for Pete until we realized that the needle had also made a complete revolution before registering one third as much as the other men scored.

That really won the audience's applause. Pete was a hero. Then came my chance for glory. Arm wrestling. I wrestled everyone, putting their arms down. Then after I was thoroughly worn out, up steps the local champion. The show was great. For five minutes our arms wavered back and forth. Then I had an idea. I looked at him, staring, until he returned my

look, and I suddenly quit pushing. Confused he relaxed too. In that instant I gave him all I was worth and won the victory. The crowd showed their usual exuberance.

We were standing around trying to think of something to do next, when out of the crowd that perpetually surrounded us came a stout woman. I looked at her and couldn't believe what I saw. This sincere faced peasant actually had tears in her eyes. She pointed at Pete and asked, "Berardo?"

Pete nodded yes, whereupon the woman fell into Pete's arms, a look of happiness on her face. It turned out that this woman was a member of the family named Sabetino, relations of Pete but poorer than the Policastris.

Pete and I led the whole group down to the Sabetino residence. By this time the whole thing looked like heroes returning to our city. Everyone got in line to see what was happening. We walked through the streets, and as we did so people kept pouring out of the establishments by the side of the road.

When we reached the home of the good woman Sabatino, the crowd was so large that it backed from the door down the alley and out into the street and then all over the place people flocked to see us. Pete and I majestically entered the door and were greeted by a chorus of other Sabetinos. They had to bar the door to keep people out. Mario wanted to go and so did I, but Pete stayed, saying he was going to spend the night with these folks.

So I went with Mario back to Dr. Policastris's and we had fried octopus for dinner. That night I slept in my own bed at Dr. Policastris's

In order to explain what happened next it is necessary to tell about the Policastris maid. She is dark, well shaped, young and pretty good looking. But there's one really important about her -- she is stacked.

Anyway, when I saw her I couldn't keep my eyes off her. Every time I looked at her she would blush and run from the room, hand over her face. I thought this very strange, but that was all. That night at dinner, when this happened again, Dr. Policastris asked me if I liked her. I wasn't too sure just how to answer that, but I said, "yes," which was then closest thing to my sentiments that I knew how to say in Italian.

Then he asked me if I would like to go to bed with her. I thought that my inefficiency in Italian had given me the wrong translation. I asked Mario to tell me what he said, again. But this time there was no misunderstanding. The graphic explanation was all too clear. They want to know if I would like to go to bed with Maria, who was standing there into blushing and mumbling, "No! No! No!"

I didn't know what to answer. Perhaps they were just kidding, even though they sounded sincere. This was no dinner table topic. What if I hurt their feelings by turning down their offer? Was this all a joke? Did I want to go to bed with her? If I knew the answer to these questions my choice would have been simple. I finally made a choice and answered -- No.

To my surprise everyone including Maria seemed a little surprised and disappointed. It was too much of a mystery for me to understand.

Later that night when I walked into the bedroom I had been given, who should be there but Maria. She seemed to be a straightening my bed. I fiddled around nervously waiting for her to leave. But she didn't leave. Instead she sat down on the bed and motioned me to sit down beside her. I did.

With much simple Italiano spoken in quiet tones she explained that what happened at the dinner table was her fault. But she hadn't expected anyone to mention it at the table.

I didn't sleep well for the first part of the night because I kept turning and tossing and rolling in my bed but I still say that maid was stacked, I can assure you of that.

The next day I spent writing. We went to get our stuff from the hotel and brought it to Mario's. And then Pete announced that he had to go to the Sabetino's again. I ate slept and wrote at the Dr. Policastri's.

That night we shared the same room. The next day, when I came we went promenading with the friends of Mario. We got involved in a discussion of girls, religion, politics and Chessman. Our language had progressed that far. The next day we discussed selling his motorcycle. We decided to go to a grotto that Mario knew about, where a natural spring came out out of a cave. This spring was of the warm mineral water type, so we planned to swim while we were there.

By the time we got underway it was early afternoon and beginning to get overcast. When we finally arrived at the grotto site, which was 40 km north of Corigliano, we used our slingshots for a while, sending rocks whining into space. Everyone was duly impressed. We climbed down the crooked and path into the grotto . The whole place smelled of sulfur gas. The grotto had been arranged so that a pool of water lay inside. He put on our suits and went for a bath. The water was warm and it was wonderful.

Later we went back to the car after using the water for a bath by cleaning off with soap. In the car we went to a little town whose claim to fame was that it was all Greek inhabitants. It seemed that there were all pretty girls on the streets, however.

The next morning we loaded up the motorcycle and said goodbye to the Policastri and Sabetino families, then went down the street to have our rear wheel fixed, which had become flat during all going away ceremonies. After repairing all the damage we made a leisurely trip to Crotone. The reason for going to Crotone was that Pete had heard that a boat headed for Greece was there. The captain of this boat was known to give free rides to people on occasion. Since it was still afternoon when we made our entry, Pete went right on board the ship to find out what he could.

He found out that the captain was agreeable but the company office had to be notified and permission obtained. But there was another ship in the harbor, an Italian ship. This ship was a tanker and also going to Greece. They took our packs on board for safekeeping. The captain of this ship was agreeable too, but he needed the port authority's permission. In the meantime we had food on board ship and got acquainted with the crew. They give us cigarettes which we use for barter and trade with the natives. By seven o'clock that night we found that the port authorities definitely wouldn't allow us on the tanker, since it was carrying ammonia. At one time we had captains of two ships and the port dispatcher working for us.

Discouraged, we parked Pete's cycle in a garage and saw an Italian film -- "Blood on the Street." (*Sangre Du La Asphalt*). It features a French actress and an Italian sports car, a Ferrari 3.6. The actress was beautiful and so was the car, being red fastback, long, low and powerful. The plot evolved around an accident caused by the girl in the car, but looked more like an ad for Ferraris. A very enjoyable ad at that. Also included at no extra cost was a jazz background and a motorcycle gang. The Ferrari racing around was enough for me.

We have spotted a small pension in town and inquiry revealed that the price per night would-be about \$.66 US. So we accepted making it plain that we had no more money. We explained we were trying to get to Greece where friends and money awaited us. Also Pete had sent a night letter to Athens for permission to ride the Greek ship. We informed these people that the information would tell us if we had money coming or not and that it would be important to them that we got it.

We went to bed that night thinking how great it would be to ride in a Ferrari 3.6. The next morning the owners of the pension were so impressed with our lack of money story that

they gave us a free lunch. The telegram had not come so we got our motorcycle out of the garage. The man wanted money so we told him that a hotel we saw on the way to the garage was paying the bill. Later we went down to the docks and transferred our stuff from the Italian ship to the Greek one. Then we ate again on the Italian ship.

That night we saw another movie at another theater. It was a typical Greek history type movie with all kinds of immortal gods getting shot down. Trashy and boring.

When we went back to the pension we had done our work there so well that we got to stay free that night.

Early that morning, shortly after a free breakfast, Pete was summoned to the port dispatcher's office. When he came back he was mad and unhappy. He had gotten the addresses switched on the telegram and sent out \$1.66 night letter to the port dispatcher instead of Athens, Greece.

That meant more weight and another telegram. I wasn't too happy myself.

That night to cool off our hot tempers we went to see a movie, one about Roman times. It was a comedy with Abbey Lane, an Italian actress. Pete and I laughed and laughed. We thought it was pretty funny. When the movie finished we went back to the pension for another free night.

After a free breakfast the next morning a guy came around and gave us 1000 lire and a huge piece of salami. Then our telegram came. The answer we have been waiting for!

We rushed it down to the port to the dispatcher's office. The official calmly told us that we had wasted our time, the telegram was negative. We were discouraged. We roared up to the Greek ship and as we approached the exhaust pipe came off the motorcycle. Fortunately a mechanic on the Greek ship fixed it. While Pete got the packs, I let loose our pet snake which we had captured a few days earlier. It turned out to be a boon because he kept the crowd at bay while Pete and I loaded the motorcycle.

Again when we tried to roar off we were stopped by mechanical failure. Our battery was dead. We pushed the laden cycle through the city, killed time while the battery was charged, then set off amid a flash storm. We were going back to Corigliano.

Late that afternoon we arrived in Corigliano. We had one purpose in mind -- sell the machine and leave. It turned out that it took us three days to finally sell the motorcycle for \$25 cash. Pete and Dave L. Lost \$75 on their investment.

During these three days I occupied most of my time writing. Every afternoon Mario's friends would come by and we would go promenading. One afternoon Pete and I decided to "reinvestigate" some of the pretty female heads that kept showing over the balcony ledges. We chose a balcony that seemed really loaded with "Honeys" and decided to attack. The balcony was only accessible through the owner's residence which was accessible only through closed stairs. As we climbed in the stairs it was necessary to look out the casement window to see if we were even with the right balcony.

A crowd had gathered below and as we climbed the staircase the shouting got louder. Once when we stuck our heads out of a window to cheer was quite loud indeed, surprisingly so. The girls were waiting for us as we knocked on the door, but they proved young. Finally Mario came up. He explained who we were and then we made our departure.

The next place we visited proved to be a winner. The conversation was lovely, the girl beautiful and older. Pete even condescended to sing to the group. Another girl was introduced as "Signorina," meaning that she was single. She was quite attractive. The whole thing was fun and exciting, what with my attempts at jokes and Pete's singing.

The next morning we had planned to leave but it was raining. I wrote all day while Pete concluded the transactions on the cycle.

The next morning we left for either Bari or Brindesi whichever port seemed to have the cheapest to ship to Greece. We were hitchhiking now. For the first hour we got no rides until Mario's dad came by and give us a lift to the next little town. Then we got a ride in a truck which took us to an orange orchard where we stuffed every available pocket with oranges. The next couple of rides took us out from under the clouds and in to the sunshine. We stood there for little while when I saw a car start-up way down the street. Even from where I stood I could see that was accelerating rapidly. I told Pete to hope for a ride in that car but it seemed impossible. When the car came by and a fantastic speed Pete flagged it with his jacket as though it were crossing the finish line of some race.

Then unbelievably, the car stopped.

Trembling, Pete and I realized our dreams, when we scrambled inside of the blue 3.6 Ferrari fastback. A few days before we had seen one in a movie and now we were riding in one. The drivers switched on the powerful 12 cylinder Ferrari engine. It rumbled ominously. Then with back crushing force the car catapulted forward. 5000 rpm, shift, roar, 5000 rpm, shift and we were going 150 kph.

The driver calmly worked in the car into fifth gear, the fantastic sounds only a Ferrari could make, ringing like music to our ears. Then came straightaway. Rip! went the engine and in third gear we shot forward as the speedometer indicated 200 kph. 4000 rpm said the tachometer. Rip! We down-shifted for a curve. We passed two small towns, and a Fiat 500.

We stopped for a moment to see his girlfriend (one of many, it turned out) the engine rumbling ominously. We worked our way back to the road, the long blue hood pointing our course. Then it happened. We were passed by a fiat 600 which was really going. For a moment there wasn't a sound from the Ferrari engine. A turn of the key and the great engine's voice awoke and with a growl gave chase: "rip! Rip! Two gears red lined. Rip! Rip! Fourth-gear! Red-lined at 6000 rpm! 240 kph! The engine snarled ominously at the Fiat as we passed it and then roared on. All 12 cylinders in violent protests and having been passed by a small Fiat.

The countryside shot by in a dizzying blur. We shifted to fifth gear and the car settled down. 4000 RPM said the tach. 250 kph said the speedometer.

Not once did the car slowdown till we reached Taronto. Then growling the car maneuvered through the streets and came to a stop as the big disk brakes were put to use. After saying goodbye we checked our map and found the Brindesi was closest, but Bari was our first stop, so we waited on the road for another ride. Then an American named Andy stopped in his '47 De Soto and picked us up. He took us to Bari, then offered as his place to stay for the night. He took us to his place and we left our packs and picked up his four Kingston Trio albums. Then we went over to some friends house for drinks and dinner. All of these fellows were engineers and chemists working on the missile base as civilian aid. They had an apartment by the sea and lived as bachelors. The dinner was hot and delicious but I had had three beers on an empty stomach and got sick. Pete only got blasted out of his mind. Pete read the article on Carl Chessman in Time magazine and everyone listens or commented. In the meantime I threw up in the toilet. Meantime Pete and the four missile men were hot on the pros and cons of Chessman. That got broken up when in came two friends of the group who only spoke Italiano. Pete and I astounded everyone by our command of the language after only two weeks of use and no formal study. Later they gave us cigarettes which we use for barter in trade with the natives and coffee and bacon in a U.S. Army tin. I also got another zippo cigarette lighter.

We slept that night on the floor of Andy's front room. The next morning and he took us into town. There we found that the cheapest boats leave from Brindesi. That meant we had to go back the way we came to Brindesi. On the way back to Brindesi we had breakfast. In Brindesi we were taken directly to the shipping agency.

Inside we found that instead of the \$10 we had expected to pay the fair was \$15. Quite a formidable sum. We bought deck passage tickets and decided to kill time by writing. But that proved uninteresting so we looked for the show.

The one we found was called "Rosemarie." It was a German film translated into Italian. It was about a whore who had only the best clients. Some very pornographic scenes were involved. Quite interesting.

10:30 p.m. The time of departure of the ship came but the ship didn't. It didn't arrive until midnight. We got aboard and kill time by talking to some English tourists while all kinds of things were loaded aboard. At 3:30 a.m. The boat finally pulled out. Pete tied my hammock to some hooks on the enclosed lower deck and determined to sleep there. I drew on my kindergarten experience by building a little hut out of some suitcases on top of the closed hatch way that I crawled inside and slept comfortably with all the people, light and most of the sound blocked out.

The next morning we reached a Greek island. There we got about 100 more deck passengers, making deck passage quite uncomfortable. So, I moved our hammocks up on the top deck late in the afternoon. That night we both slept on top of the deck in our hammocks. It was quiet and nice all night. The next afternoon we reached Greece and took a bus to Athens. Once in Athens all about us there were ruins of this or that. We waited for the American Express to open. They were on lunch for two hours. Then Pete got Mail, sent mail, and I got nothing. We went to the hostel, which was within easy walking distance. The place was dominated by Germans and Americans, also English. We got a room which cost us 10 drachmas apiece.

Then we went across the street to have some Greek food. We had beans. The prices on food were exceptionally cheap. Our beans cost us \$0.02 US.

The next day we walked two blocks to see the great parade which was a show of their English and American weapons. After that Pete went to the Acropolis, but it was closed. Then he went to see if he could find a girl nicknamed C. C. When he came back he told me that he had found the place but she wasn't in.

The next day we went down to the American Express and found a message left by C. C. Saying to meet her at the Green Cafe at three o'clock in the afternoon. In the meantime we went to the Acropolis.

We got to the Green Cafe at 2:45 p.m. We sat around for a while talking when suddenly a hand was placed on Pete's shoulder. A girl's hand. C.C.'s hand. There she was. Accompanied by some wimp. She sat down, so did the creep. Pete and C.C. talked about old times together while I entertained Mr. Nothing of 1960.

C. C. Is a dark girl, very good-looking, 5'5" tall. A good build, slightly heavy. She has a charming personality and a catching smile. She wore a gray tweed suit in the modern Parisian cut, her dark hair was piled on top of her head in a most becoming fashion.

C. C.ordered an anisette for everyone. My clodish acquaintance had already found too many. But he drank this and mine too. Finally C. C.got rid of this guy on some excuse or another. When he was gone she explained that he had been tagging along for two days. All he was good for was money, she said.

We sat there and discussed nothing, reminiscing over old times. And drinking round after round of anisette. Only I had beer. Finally, when it got dark and everyone was quite drunk

we decided on a plan of action. We were going to a party where some Greeks would be there. But it would last later than the hostel was open. So Pete went in search of a hotel and I stayed to accompany CC who was completely drunk.

Pete came back and said he had a room for \$2US and drank another anisette.

The plan was to his court CC to the hotel where she could sleep it off while Pete and I went to get our packs from the hostel. We staggered down to the hotel, saw C.C. off, then staggered up to the hostel and. Once in our room I laid down on the bed to rest my blurry eyes. The next thing I knew I was wide awake, but I couldn't associate. I listened for Pete but couldn't hear him. I called out, "Pete?" No one answered. Somehow I managed to struggle out of the bunk and fall on the floor. I saw something on the floor in front of me, it said, "Thor -- went back to hotel -- your bill is paid -- will call soon if you don't arrive soon -- Pete." It was in my opened notebook. The bastard had gone and left me. Drunkenly I pictured Petet back in the hotel with CC in bed together. And here I was missing out on the fun. Somehow I managed to pack my pack and stagger out onto the precarious outside narrow winding staircase. I staggered down the stairs, then through throngs of hostlers who were saying goodbye to me. All I wanted to do was get back to the hotel.

Except for one thing, which way was the hotel? I made an arbitrary decision. With great staggering balance I roared off in the direction I thought the hotel to be. Some how I managed to find my way back to the hotel.

I crept up to the door on tiptoe. Heh-- heh! I was going to catch someone in bed with someone. I broke in without knocking. The room was dark, but from a corner I could hear someone giggling. In the dim outside light I could make out Pete and CC together in bed. I took off my pack and joined them in bed. We lay there for quite a while, Pete and CC were drinking anisette. Nothing was happening, what a disappointment. After a while we decided to go out and get something to eat. When the lights came on I could see clearly for the first time that CC did not have her dress on.

Everyone got straightened up and we went out to find a little restaurant CC knew. Finally we found it and we sat there having shish kebabs, wine, and beer for me. A group of guitar players plunked in the background.

When CC said she was going to stay the night with us in the hotel room, I can only think of Berlin. Anyway we drunkenly staggered back to the hotel and drew lots for beds as there were only two. I had a clever suggestion about how we can solve the bad problem but they didn't go for it. Pete and C. C. Got into the beds and I crawled into my sleeping bag. According to the script I was supposed to make my play now. I made up my mind to get out of my bag, walk over to CC and this time Pete wasn't going to interfere. I woke up at precisely 10:30 a.m. the following morning, cursing myself for having fallen asleep at the wrong time. Oh well, you can't have everything. Then came the fun. After C. C., Pete and I got dressed we had to go to the place where she was staying with her godparents to explain where she had been all night. Pete and I spent \$7US the night before but she said she would repay us and get it from her "fish," as she called the clodish guy.

Once out that the house, we spent three agonizing hours listening to her God-parents tell us what bad guys we were. Finally they kicked us out and told us to never return. Fortunately CC slipped some money into Pete's hand just as we left. It turned out to be twice as much as we have spent. Thus we had made 100% profit on our money.

The day was young and the sky clear, so with packs in hand we set out for Istanbul. The day was Sunday March 27, 1960.

Thor  
Thor

(OVER)

BE SURE NOT  
TO MISS  
THE NEXT EXITING  
ISSUE  
OF  
THE LOG  
SOON  
VOL VI ENTITLED  
“THE STORY OF A CONTINENT”  
Be sure not to miss it!

## VOL VI

### A TALE OF TWO CONTINENTS

Our first rides were short but soon we found ourselves in the country. Pete insisted that we were going the wrong way because the stamp-sized map clearly showed a large red line going the other way. But every driver insisted that the way we were going was the only way from Athens to Istanbul. The problem was solved when we found that the large red line indicated a railroad. Pete walked away toward a nearby town while I guarded the packs. Pete had not returned with the bread he went after when a car, which I hadn't flagged, stopped. The three passengers all spoke reasonable English which was fortunate for us. They were kind enough to wait for Pete but they chose an unfortunate spot -- the center of the road, thereby causing a cop of some self-assumed importance to arrest them for blocking traffic.

While the policeman was checking papers, Pete returned with a loaf of bread, some apples and cheese. Soon we were under way after satisfying the policeman's curiosity as to the ownership of the car.

The college students who picked us up took us long into the night and deposited us some 300 km from the spot where we were picked up.

We walked out of the small town into the country in order to put up our hammocks. But there was two things wrong with this particular countryside. First it was dotted with houses and second it wasn't dotted with trees. At 10:30 p.m. things are pretty dark, so it was hard to see where we were going. Finally we found some young trees and strong up our hammocks. One tree which Pete tied two was old and creaked precariously whenever he attempted to get in.

We were tired so we slept well until 5 AM the next morning. We got on the road and had almost immediate luck with a truck. Finally in a light rain after several truck rides we arrived at a rather large city. On the basis of incorrect directions we walked to one end of the city only to

find that we should be at the other end where we came from. Much hassle ensued while we found a bus out of town. But the bus never came so we walked some more.

Finally we got a short ride on a truck followed by a long one which delivered us to a small country village. We walked for a while in the dark then got a ride in a '53 Chevy. So far on our travel it hadn't been possible to hitch-hike during the night, but this made the second ride during the night for Greece.

Most of the passenger cars in Greece are American, but for long distances one rarely sees any car at all. They are mostly in the cities and the great majority are taxis. But our car left us in another small town. We saw that there was a local outdoor movie going on. Many people were watching.

I commented to Pete that I shouldn't want the crowd to break up while we were standing around. Just as Pete was going to ask why, the crowd answered the unspoken question by converging upon us. They were 150 strong and curious. They asked questions in Greek and of course we couldn't answer.

Finally another truck came to our aid and picked us up. We went 5 km then got out because the truck was turning off the main road. We found a nice dry field and slept inside of our unstrung hammocks. The next day things looked futile because a vehicle would pass only once every half hour and usually they were full. It turned out that there was no problem since the first vehicle empty of passengers stopped for us. We rode into the next city approximately 150 km distant and were just preparing to walk out of town when a micro-bus from Germany happened to pass. Thinking that we were Germans they stopped and we took the opportunity to ask for a ride. The leader-driver wasn't too willing but one of the five passengers was a girl we had met in Athens. She managed to convince them that we should go. The Volkswagon bus had five passengers and could carry nine comfortably so we were no problem. The original occupants were students from Germany who had rented the bus for a tour to Ankara, the capital of Turkey. We found in that they were willing to take us to Istanbul. The bus traveled steadily except for occasional breaks when we saw a turtle on the side of the road, or wanted to see the scenery or were hungry. That night we hadn't reached Istanbul so we camped out. They have tents but we had hammocks. The next day when we were driving through a city a man ran out and stopped the car. He was selling black-market money for Turkey. After a quick check of official rates we found we were making 45% on our investment. People bought \$20 American so we had Turkish lira. My only comment was, "that's an awful lot of money to be changing, Pete." Pete didn't think so.

That day we got to Istanbul in time for the parade. It was then that we were sure we were in the East. Oriental music played by an Oriental type band was marched by soldiers in costume with huge scimitars hanging from their belts. On both sides of us were mosques, their golden domes and slender spires glistening in the blue lit sky. Coaches and floats followed, lending unrealness to the scene. Pete used his press Pass to get us a good place to stand and take pictures.

Afterward we look for the YMCA of Istanbul which was said to be located between two mosques. Observation shows that we were only standing a few feet away. We took our packs thanked our German friends and departed. The YMCA was just like a hostel and we made ourselves at home. At noon a man came out onto a platform on one side of the nearby mosque's spires and issued some completely unearthly sounds similar to singing.

That afternoon we went to the American Express, which was located in the Istanbul Hilton, a fabulous multimillion dollar hotel. There was no mail however. Then we found the

home of and Ender & \_\_\_\_\_, the pen pal of Ona. But Ender was gone and wouldn't return until the next day. So an appointment was made to have tea at her place at five o'clock.

The next day we completed our Iran visas, complete with some hideous pictures that we had made at a street side photographer. Then we unsuccessfully tried to find the UN health organization. With the day shot, we went to Ender's home but instead of seeing Ender we saw that maid -- not bad -- who gave us a note from and are expressing her regrets for not being able to see us, and a note tablet to make a reply, some pamphlets of Turkey and Istanbul and a box of chocolates.

In the note we thank her for her hospitality and and expressed our regrets that we couldn't stay a week until she came back. Then we took the chocolates and went to see a movie -- "the Vikings" -- which we hadn't seen.

We decided to leave the next day. While Pete was on his way to the AMEXCO for one last look for mail and to leave our forwards, I took a good hot shower and prepared to leave without paying. The price per night was high so we decided we would try to make it gratis.

I left by merely walking out the front door just as though I had paid. The allusion was perfect and I got away without a hitch. Pete showed up at our meeting place and we celebrated by eating at a restaurant instead of our usual meal of bread and butter.

Somehow we got our ride across the channel on a ferry boat for free. We had just made the trip across two continents. A bus took us to an out lying village. It was near dark.

It took us the rest of that day and the next day to reach Ankara. The first thing we did in Ankara was go to the American Embassy. But it was a holiday and we found only a receptionist. Like all personnel at American embassies she was very uninformative and he knew nothing of the city although he had been there for three years. We got very discouraged and decided to do our business in Tehran.

On our own we found a train out of town. By the time we reached an outlying town it was nearly dark. We carried on a conversation with the crowd until dark when we got tired of trying to understand their "foreign" tongue. We walked off toward a stand of trees and set up our camp. This was by far the nicest location we had found. The trees were just the right distance apart and offered seclusion from curious eyes.

In the morning we awoke leisurely at 5 a.m. And packed. Our first ride was from a taxi who finally took us for free to a small town. Then we got a ride in a truck which took us out of our way. By this time I knew that I had dysentery. My organs were playing a terrible tune. I had to sacrifice my modesty many times as I stood off the road with my pants down sacrificing to nature. Fortunately this was one thing that did not gather a crowd. Although many natives got a good look at an American posterior -- mine.

Anyway I had finally relieve myself sufficiently the to allow the cramps to subside and I could again hitch-hike. We got our ride in a truck for a way, then it started to rain. We put on Poncho's and entertained the crowd of kids that had gathered. Then a horse-drawn wagon came by and the driver motioned us in. We got in. He took us two his place where we sat and waited for the rain to stop.

But it didn't stop. Instead it hailed in big marble sized balls. They made a terrific racket on the roof. When the deluge abated somewhat Pete and I took turns standing on the muddy dirt highway and waiting for the occasional truck to pass.

Finally Pete stopped one going to the place we had made our target for the day. I scrambled down the muddy slope with our packs. And we were on our way. However it turned out that our driver was tired so he pulled into sleep. We were left at a fork in the road. Oh well,

you can't have everything. We confiscated a local gas station and made the owner turn on the heater for us.

We had our usual dinner of bread, margarine, and honey. Then in the night, out in the rain, I could see three cars had stopped. I ran out to ask for a ride but they spoke only German. Pete came out, spoke with them and concluded they weren't going our direction. So we changed our direction since the Germans were going all the way to Tehran, Iran.

We were in the cars only 20 minutes when the lead car hit a stone causing it to become airborne. The rock flew into the aluminum oil pan of the trailing Mercedes, in which Pete was riding, and knocked a large hole in it.

I saw the headlights of the Mercedes 180 diesel rise into the air and then fade as we rode away from their stalled car. No matter what I did the 1953 Chevy I was in continued away from the crippled car. After 20 km, the remaining two cars pulled in for fuel at a remote station. They waited for some time and then went back to investigate. Sure enough there was Pete's German-speaking Iranian acquaintance standing there in the rain soaked night, looking at a pool of oil gathering beneath the engine.

They had tow chains and one of the cars hooked up. We towed the crippled Mercedes 50 km to the next big town. There they spent the night in the best hotel while we slept in our bags in the car. The next day was spent learning "poker according to Maverick", and writing in our logs. Chy (spelled in English) is the national drink and it's our favorite too. Chy is actually tea, but it's healthy because they boil the water its made with. You either drink Chy or water from a soft drink bottle which has been sterilized. The Mercedes wasn't ready so we slept again in the cars a second night. The next day they were ready to proceed. Only the Mercedes was losing oil as it was going slowly and the mud on the roads was deep.

The scenery, meanwhile was beautiful. On every side glistening white snow capped mountains thrust their peaks into the blue sky while the rocky cliffs that supported them seemed to belie treachery. We snaked along hairpin curves starred out of the volcanic trust of the hills. Here and there a cave, made by the erosion of softer soil could be seen. These caves are occupied by modern-day cavemen, little changed from their ancestors.

Sheep tended by stout country lads roamed the wild wasteland in search of forage, protected by their shaggy winter coats. We progressed upward to dizzying heights while the snow which we had been admiring from a far seem to envelop us. On the highest point, the road suddenly dipped downward. But we stopped to photograph the splendor of the snow fields. Pete rode on a passing native's, showing his native Western ability at horsemanship to the astonishment of everybody, including the horse.

We pushed on. Pete and I were regularly called upon to change flat tires or otherwise act as mechanics. We managed to keep the cars together.

These men had only one failing, they couldn't pass a hotel. We always stopped at the best hotel in town. That night we slept in a very nice place that cost us \$.50 for two because the cars were locked in a garage. We urged the cars on over high plateaus, rugged snow-covered mountain passes and the continual mud and rain. The people began to look more oriental every mile, with turbans, and veils, baggy pants and wide waist sashes prevalent. We heard the words "affendi," "salaam," and other typically oriental phrases spoken over and over.

The next morning we spent waiting for a pass to be cleared. Pete and I used our knowledge of dynamite to help the Turks clear away the rubble from the landslide. When we finally got through it was midday but somehow we managed to make it to the border after being required to have our passports registered at the local police of an intervening city. We slept at the border that night in the cars while our chauffeurs slept in the expensive border hotel. Pete

had loaned the trio about half our Turkish money, or \$10 US. Now we were broke, having spent the other half and the people who had borrowed our money now were obliged to support us.

The costumes of the people in Iran are really oriental. Some of them look as though they forgot to take off their pajamas when they got up. I idly commented to Pete that all we would need to make the turbined scene look picturesque would be to add a few camels. And behold, that day we passed a large herd of camels grazing on the desert. Camels were being led to towns whose resemblance to the western impression of Bethlehem is striking. Clay or adobe buildings baked by the summer sun lay nestled in the valleys. The scene was complete when the tents of the nomads began to appear on the prairie, the camels grazing alongside. That night we reached Tabriz, a large city near the halfway point from the border to Tehran. It was also the home of Mohammed, the driver of Pete's car, the Mercedes.

We spent the night in a cheap hotel and in the morning the one remaining car set out for Tehran. The other had been left at the border when it got a flat tire. The first day we traveled easily and reached a hotel large enough to suit our chauffeur. We then stopped for the night.

The next day we reached Terhan in time for the parade and after a quarrel about the proper exchange rates on currencies. We managed to get our \$10 back at the official rate and thus not lose anything. Every hotel in town was expensive. They were from \$1.25 up. There wasn't any hostel. We finally ended up at the American Embassy at about 8:30 p.m. They could think of no place to stay, so we finally ended up with "The Plan." We would check in at one of the more expensive hotels. Then in the morning we would leave what we wished to pay. It sounded good and we were tired so we tried it. We both took on showers and cleaned our dirty clothes. The next morning rolled around and we tried our little trick. But it back-fired. They confiscated our packs and wouldn't give them to us until we paid up. So we were stuck with a \$3.50 bill. We decided not to pay and left our packs. We left our passports at the Pakistan embassy and went to the University. On the way we stopped at the American Consulate which turned out useful for a change, giving us the information we required.

We went to the University of Tehran and there we found a Dr. Dowlati of the school of pharmacy. He is 25 and single. We ended up sleeping at his place that night and he agreed to put us up while we were in Tehran. Pete and I also visited a Dr. Barry. We went to the Pan-American oil company to see about jobs. There were not available, but the kind personnel director gave us a list of things to check including whether it was possible to get work permits.

With Dr. Dowlati we went to see about teaching English at the Iran-American Society. Unfortunately we were a week to late and the teacher list had been filled. But there might be part-time work. We also checked with the Tahran, a newspaper whose editors sometimes spots Americans in jobs. No luck.

The next day we spent writing our logs up-to-date. We took our passports from the Pakistan embassy to the Indian embassy. Then we went to the Pasteur Institute to check on shots, but there is no real fever vaccine in all Iran. Oh well, you can't have everything.

The next day was spent writing letters since it was a holiday. Today Pete went to get our photographs and our Visas to India. I have spent the entire day writing and now I am up-to-date on my log. The first time I have written up-to-date for two months. The date: 4-15-60 (11:05 p.m.).

4-21-60 (11:05 a.m.)

Having run out of resources for work opportunities and completed our obligation with the Pakistan and India and embassies we decided to leave Tehran for ZAHADAN. The next morning after sitting up late at night before writing an impressive stack of letters, we packed up our packs and left our home in Tehran. We found that we had no money so we were forced to

store the letters away until we could get some. We took a taxi east out of the city then after a healthy half-hour walk we were picked up in an Iranian military vehicle. We rode to the first main fork in the road then got off because we were not going their direction.

We made a nice arrangement out of our packs and flags then sat down to wait for a car. Although the price of gas is cheap in Iran, cars and other vehicles are not. The scarcity of them turns every long-distance driver into a bus. When cars come by, which was infrequently, they were usually loaded with from eight to 10 passengers and their luggage. The trucks were the same with perhaps five people crammed into the cabs.

#### LISTEN TO THIS IMPORTANT MESSAGE:

Somehow I forgot to mention the party which we went to the night before we left. It was given in honor of the first anniversary of the child of Dr.Dowlati's best friend. We were the second group of guests to arrive, the first being a tall European looking attractive girl with light brown hair who was busy with her friend an even more attractive dark eyed girl with a good figure, putting up the last of the decorations. Soon the other guests started arriving but not before Pete and I had discovered and made use of the nut bowl. Each new arrival was either a handsome young man or an attractive young girl. And most of them spoke English quite well. While Pete and I helped ourselves to the goodies stacked about as the guests made fun and complements to the one-year-old girl, who could already walk. Then a hired photographer took pictures and a record player made music.

They played some fast and American and Cha Cha records and wanted Pete or I to dance for them. We declined the offer for a while then Pete gave into urging and did what must have been a Cha Cha since that was the music being played. However it looked more like a bearded witch doctor performing his medicine dance. Everyone roared.

Pepsi-Cola and birthday cake were served to all while the accordion player accompanied with Oriental refrains. When we had arrived at the party we had removed our shoes before entering the house as was the custom. Tradition maintains that a shoed foot should never touch the thick, colorful Persian rugs that cover the floor of most Iranian homes. But our hosts politely let us know that the odor thus caused was more than the safety of the rug was worth. So we put them back on.

Then came a myriad of photographs with Pete and I the main subjects. Everyone wanted to get photographs with us. We sang songs in Farsi, then made our goodbyes since the hour was late.

Pete had pointed out his preference among the girls as to the one he thought most interesting. Who should be in the same taxi we took home but the same girl. Very interesting. Pete and I sang some of our Kingston Trio songs and generally made noise. We had a great time that night.

#### AND NOW, BACK TO OUR STORY

Finally a cheap station wagon came by and stopped. Pete went up to the door and surprisingly enough, found a man who spoke fluent English. It just so happened that he was in charge of the health sanitation school in a little town some 10 km distant.

He offered that he would take us to the school so we could look around, then we would have lunch there. Afterward we would be taken to the main road another two km away. We accepted the offer immediately.

At the school we were surrounded by all 50 of the students, who are recommended to the school by the city's from which they came. They plied us with questions and we in turn did the same. They showed us around the diminutive school grounds and even showed us their bald headed cook whom they affectionately called "Yul" after Yul Bryner.

One of the students was interested in the electronics and we entered into a long discussion on that subject. The language of electronics is universal and it is not necessary to know another when speaking on that subject. We filled our empty stomachs on the typically upper class meal of Iran. It consists of one or two shish-kebabs of meat covered with buttered white rice. There are many sauces and garnishes to choose from, but the meal is still rather plain. A bread similar to but thicker than tortillas is eaten along with raw onions as a supplement.

The whole thing is washed down with Chy or Pepsi if you can afford it. Radishes, greens and yogurt are all eaten from a common bowl. It is said that yogurt has bacteria which combat dysentery, so hoping that this was true I ate heartily. The conversation during a meal centered chiefly around health and sanitary precautions.

We left after we had shaken 60 hands and say goodbye to all. The driver took us to the main road where there was a police station. He then instructed the police to stop passing vehicles and secure a free ride for us. In Iran hitchhiking is unknown. Thus it is an unusual arrangement if one travels without paying.

While we were waiting I took out my "105" cm. slingshot and Pete his "88" cm. We threw rocks at a distance signed, confident we wouldn't hit it. It so happens that this is the land where all the shepherds know how to use a slingshot.

After we had thrown a few rocks, a huge menacing gang of police descended upon us. "Perhaps they don't like people to use them," I thought, while also considering which direction to run and how far I would get before they caught me. They demanded the slingshot and I gave it to them. But their intention was only to test their own skill at throwing rocks. Each one in turn tried.

Their method was to wind up by twirling the slingshot, then to let go. But the way Pete and I did it was different. We took only one swing up and over our shoulders which considerably improved our range and accuracy. It impressed them quite favorably. The fire-power and range of my "105" really made a hit with the soldiers.

Finally a truck empty of passengers passed, and Pete and I scrambled in. The driver was small pleasant and unassuming. He was going to Meshad 900 km distant. The first thing that became apparent was the fact that the Chevy truck had a marked tendency to overheat. This necessitated a stop every 20 km for water. The problem was that all the water bubbled over the top of the radiator through the radiator cap. When the water loss became great enough it boiled over. Pete and I found that the problem lay in a filler pipe which acted like a siphon tube. We removed the pipe and the problem ceased.

The days had become hot and the yellow sun blistered the sky with an oven-like heat. The country was desert covered by scrub brush and an occasional small rice paddy. Flocks of sheep grazed everywhere attended by shepherds in tatters. Occasionally a long train of pack laden camels could be seen making their slow even progress along some desert track. The truck meanwhile bounced along the graded dirt main road causing storms of light brown dust. The dust filtered into our packs, hair, eyes, clothes and made it impossible to keep clean.

That night we found that the locating pin on the right front spring had sheared in five places from the constant jouncing it received. I finally found a bolt to take its place but Pete broke a shackle when he was putting the spring back on. That finished operations for the night so we undid our hammocks and made camp. We got up at 530 the next morning and bought a new shackle for the truck.

We were under way again. The countryside got hotter and dryer as the road wound its way deeper into the desert. Abandoned villages, their parched mud walls crumbling in the spring

rains, stood as tribute to forgotten people. Donkey-pulled carts carrying huge loads of firewood made the going difficult.

We were glad when the cool evening breezes caressed our faces and blew the angry sun below the horizon behind us. We made our usual “chy” stop then set out on the road again. We hadn’t gone 20 km before it happened. At night, when another truck approaches, it turns off its lights for a while so the approaching truck can see. Then they turn their lights back on and we turn ours off, reversing the procedure. This is done perhaps 10 times before we finally pass and thus it is a very harrowing experience.

Another truck had stopped and was waiting for us to pass him, but at the last moment, when we had finally turned on our lights again we saw it. There was nothing to do but go ahead and that’s what we did, write off into a mudhole 3 ft. deep. The truck lurched, tipped to the right side and came to a sudden stop. And that’s where we stayed for the night. The other truck wouldn’t try to pull us out. We went back to the little village we just past and spent in the night there. We had told the truck driver that we hadn’t any money and he seemed agreeable to paying for our room and board.

The next morning we unloaded the great bundles of coiled reinforcing wire from the truck and made a deal with the driver of a huge Leyden diesel to pull us out. It was noon before we had the heavy load back on the truck. Pete had lost the case pocketknife that I had been carrying since it had been given to me in Barstow California. He had used it to cut some rubber that was needed to support a floating drive line bearing. I had lost my 105 cm slingshot when the truck tipped over. My flashlight had rolled down into the mud hole when the truck tipped. But we recovered that at least. The truck finally made it to Sabsevar and there we stopped while the driver telegraphed for more money. Some English speaking high school students met us and we walked around the city. We saw an English class and were told that there were Americans in town.

Somehow the fact that there were Americans in Sabsevar didn’t interest us too much. We were treated to lunch by a onetime student who worked at the local cinema. Then we went to the show and saw the picture. It was ancient and Italian. We also saw the projector and saw how they worked. We were laden with soft drinks and peanuts from generous benefactors.

We returned to our hangout which was a nearby Inn and he utilized our English speaking friends to tell the truck driver that we only had two dollars. This seemed to satisfy the man and he agreed to give us food and board if we would give him the two dollars in Meshad. Finally three big meals of rice and shish kebabs later, we left at noon the next day for Meshad.

The driver drove his hardest and we reached a small inn at 11:30 p.m. that night, only 15 km from Meshad. The next morning we put the hood back on the truck and discovered that we had very little gas. We went 10 km to a little check station , then waited most of the morning receiving gifts of money and food from gracious Persians. We also picked up a small boy who spoke a little English and who wanted to go to Zahadan with us.

Finally we got underway and reached the truck’s destination in Meshad. After unloading, our driver took us to an English speaking friend who informed us that our driver wanted over \$10 US. Much hassle ensued, but we ended up spending only two dollars US as originally agreed.

We went to the consulate first thing with a little boy in tow. Mr. Snow, the vice consul give us some money and made an appointment for us to see him early the next morning. We got a room at a hotel for three, including our little friend. At dinner we told our friend that we would pay for his room this night but thereafter we would not give you money and he would always have to pay for his own food.

The next morning we got up and went directly to the consul, arriving precisely at 7:30 a.m., our appointment time. The consul received us then proceeded to explain that the console could not lend money. It did have the ability to write families or telegram in case of emergency. However, if no help could be received from home, then charity agencies would be contacted for funds. If after every sort had been taken with negative results, as a last resort the consul could appeal to the Consul general for emergency money, or the consul could apply to the country's government for deportation procedure.

Finally the council agreed to make us a personal loan of \$20 US including the money we used the night before. This was agreeable to us so we excepted the loan. The consul was in a hurry since he was going on a hunting trip to Zahadan. And of course, he didn't have any room for us.

The consulate in Meshed is peculiar for quite a few reasons. First, it is located on a backstreet. This is unprecedented and is the only consulate so located. Secondly, both the consul general and the vice consul speak the language of the country they serve adequately enough to communicate in it. This show of a desire to understand the people is another first. Third, the consul doesn't wrestle with servants and undersecretary's trying to think of something to do. Instead there are only a few other Americans and no translators around. The simple things make this consulate unique and distinctive

We went back to our hotel and found that our bill was 310 reals or about 362 cents. This shocked us at first, then we realized that the two showers we had taken made up part of the charge. Also our friend's meal which we were not going to pay for had been added in.

We put exact change for the part we were going to pay on the counter. But our little friend wasn't going to pay for his food. Now he claimed that he had no more money. We told him that we were not only going to leave him with his debt but we're going to leave.

A great argument ensued but we finally left heading for Zahadan. A person we met on the road directed us to the edge of town. After a long walk we got a short ride back to the border we had spent some time at the day before. Everyone of the past check officials knew that we were without money so they bought us chy and food. Later in the afternoon we got a small ride into the middle of the desert followed by a long ride to Torbot Hydaderia [phonetic].

We were picked up by a man who sold pharmaceutical drugs to pharmacists in the eastern part of Iran. At this moment he was going to Torbot. The next day he would continue to Birjon, about halfway from Meshad to Zahadan. We arrived in Torbot just before dark. We followed Mr. Tahai, the drug seller, around as he went from place to place.

He invited us to meet a Dr. Riatzi who spoke fluent English and who had also been to a French school. We met the doctor and his wife, and attractive petite French woman. Immediately the doctor started telling us that there were Americans in Torbot. This interested Pete and I very little. What could a few American soldiers do for us or we for them, we wondered. But when the doctor explained that they were having a movie out at their base we became interested. In our behalf he called the Colonel in command who extended the invitation for us to come out for the movie which was, "The Naked and The Dead."

The pharmacist friend volunteered to take us out to the base which was some 2 mi. Out of town. We arrived

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I THINK I WROTE THE  
ENTIRE VOL. 6 WHILE ASLEEP.  
I CAN THINK OF NO  
BETTER EXCUSE FOR MISSING A  
PAGE

At the base which looked like a large tract of American design stucco homes, we were to learn later that only two of nearly 30 units were inhabited by Americans. There were only eight men attached to "Team 6" the "Military Assistance Advisory Group" (MAAG) attached to the sixth Corps in Torbot. And all eight of them were watching the movie in the Colonel's House.

We were welcomed by everyone, then offered a choice of drinks. I asked for Pepsi but my choice wasn't accepted so he ended up with beer. Somehow we felt unwelcome. A strange feeling of coolness emanated from the men, although they seemed outwardly hospitable. They made arrangements for us to stay in the guest house at the base after we had asked them whether such arrangements were possible. They did not volunteer, they acquiesced. Then Capt. Ansari, a Persian soldier who acted as guide and official relations officer volunteered, then insisted on taking this to the "Gardens" (a restaurant) for shish kabob, or spit-fried mutton on a bed of rice.

We became acquainted with Captain Ansari while we ate. Then we returned to see the movie. When we returned the movie had already started since the general Afgami had arrived with his family. We took seats in the darkened room that enjoyed a rather slowed down version of The Naked and the Dead since power sources on the base could not carry the load imposed upon them.

After the movie had ended and the general and the other guests had departed, the men of the sixth team and two would-be round the world travelers gathered around the bar and discussed what have you. After seeing the rather invincible GIs slaughter the enemy on island 149 in the Naked and the Dead, I ventured the rather supercilious comment, "don't the Americans ever lose?" This sent their leader, Col. Hallmark, into a frenzy of recapitulation of their success in Torbot. He had taken my insinuation personally as though I had asked him, "are you losing your purpose here?"

He poured another glass of gin, added a speck of ice and a little water, made sure that the rest of his team was similarly equipped and continued in an Arkansas drawl that became more pronounced as he drank. He asked me what I found the attitude of the Persians to be toward Americans. I was forced to admit that I had noticed extreme friendliness and helpfulness on the part of all "Farcis" I had encountered. This he suggested was directly due to the "team" efforts in Iran. And even more directly due to his team's effort, in particular.

He went on to explain over a second gin and water that the primary purpose of MAAGs were to aid in the distribution of military equipment from the US. And to supervise the training of friendly soldiers in the use of this equipment. Further, their objective was to show good military practice to the Persian troops.

Although Col. Hallmark knew this to be his team's stated purpose, he felt there was an unwritten objective, even more important than his official one. This purpose was to "sell" America! By this he meant to show the Persians American customs, devices, ways and standards

of living. Everything American, he was prepared to promote. And this as far as he, Col. Hallmark was concerned, was his most important dedication.

At least the Col. Was a truthful man. For he surely acted as he believed. To show that he had achieved at least the second and (to him) most important objective, he related how, when he first came to Torbot, the women wouldn't come to their many parties because it was not their custom. But after a few successful parties the US Army men managed to convince the husbands to bring their wives to the parties. Reluctantly the Iranians did so, unwilling to injure the feelings of the eight American font of military equipment and information.

That, the "Team Six" men considered their first major "win." Next came the even more difficult job of getting the man and women to socialize together at these parties. Then came the task of getting them to dance, man and woman, together. It is interesting to note that MAAG men consider themselves to be on "hardship" tours of duty. That is, they are stationed alone without their wives and families.

So when the women first came to the parties the Americans asked them to dance. Other peoples wives, nubile daughters of the Persian soldiers, women who are not permitted to reveal their faces in public. Col. Hallmark and his hardship men apparently didn't know or didn't care that these concessions would be seen as acts of infidelity to these Muslims. But, fearful of losing valuable US aid, the Persian customs were quickly kicked into the gutter. This Colonel Hallmark orated, while seven hazy gin-and-scotch-laden heads nodded agreement and the background.

All of the men's one-year tours were up in two months or less, so the good Col. Went on to say that he felt that their tour had been a great success. "Remember," he said in a moment of what he called complete soberness, "remember how those damn Farsis treat you when you meet them." He grasped the edge of the crudely made bar for support. "You know God damn well that every one of those bastards loves us Americans. That's evidence enough of what we-all been doing here. Take Afgami, for example, there's a man when done everything he can for us Americans, and it's because he really loves us Americans. Look at those parties we had, see how those bastards have to get out there and dance. That's proof that they like our customs. Say, would you like to stay over tomorrow for a party Capt. Ansari is having at the officers club?

We allowed his digression and answered affirmatively after they coaxed us a little. I sipped pensively on my Pepsi and kept these things in my heart and pondered them.

Having refilled their depleted glasses they went off into some discussion in the meaningless coded vernacular of military men who speak the way they write your correspondence. Pete wasn't feeling too well due to an attack of dysentery, so he excused himself for bed. I was sure to follow. The time: 1:30 a.m..

Then Pete and I got into a heated discussion and our beds at the same time. Pete contended basically that the team had done good work as far as he knew and they deserve the credit Col. Hallmark bestowed upon themselves. An "ugly American" supporter to the last, I argued to the contrary.

We both felt a strange coldness immediately upon entering the American soldier's home. I contended that the Persians who also entered should feel this even more accurately since they don't have the basic understanding of Americans which Pete and I possess. We tried to analyze just what caused the cold reception and came up with this: the basic reasons are actually minor ones. The reason that we noticed them was that for 1 ½ months we had been traveling in countries where the manners and politeness of accepting guests into Persian homes was perfect.

The basic belief of a Persian, when a guest enters his house or more correctly the basic attitude is that the house and its people have become the possession of the guest during his stay.

You have heard the expression “your humble servant.” Its not just an expression in the Persian home. They mean it. For the Persian, it is an honor to have a guest in the house, or to be able to do a person of little fortune of favor.

Contrarily, Americans seem to think that they are doing the favors to be the host.

The basic rule in all social and business offices is to assure the guest of his comfort and pleasure before visiting or doing business, as far as Iranians are concerned. The custom in homes or offices is to ask the guest if he would care to sit and would like chi and (sometimes) some cookies. This is always done first thing, before anything else is accomplished. To the host or the businessman his first duty is to secure the comfort of the guest in any need before proceeding with the visit or business, according to Persian custom.

Here, Pete and I found differences. He maintained that the Americans did offer us refreshment in the form of alcoholic drink the first thing we entered. I countered that although this was true, the drinks visible all contained hard liquor. It is against Moslem religion and my practice, to “drink.” The greater number of Persians are Muslims. This is the same as offering them poison, for it is indeed tabu.

It is common practice to offer other conveniences like cigarettes to a guest. But the Americans who can buy their cigarettes for 1/8 the Persian price appear so tight that one Farsi Lt. finally had to ask for one. Also it is a custom for the guest always to enter a doorway first, followed by the host. With General Afgami, no one even checked to see if he made it or not, much less wait for him.

Pete maintained that being in a foreign country and engaging with a foreign people was no reason to give up or change customs which had been practiced in the homeland. Whereas I countered that customs should be changed when necessary in dealing with other peoples and in order not to offend the locals. But Pete still felt that dealing with a different nation’s people shouldn’t lead the dealers to sacrifice their customs.

I didn’t answer that because it was irrelevant. Then Pete said that we should add to our customs instead of changing them. I felt this to be a play on words but it’s pretty unarguable. For example, I say you were changing the custom if you start offering chy to your guests when you receive them in the United States. But Pete maintained that you couldn’t consider “not doing something” a custom. In other words you couldn’t say that it was our custom not to offer tea, according to Pete’s way of thinking. The way he saw it, it was not one of our customs to offer tea.

Here we had a stalemate. When I held that we changed our custom by offering tea to a guest (hypothetically) Pete said that we just added a custom, namely-offering tea.

So we went back over the whole discussion and made these common observations. 1. In some tangible and more abstract instances of courtesy and manners, the Americans appeared to be falling down on the job. 2. Any offenses which might have had occurred, the effect of which on the Iranian’s opinion of Americans could not be detected. 3. It remained to be seen whether the Persians were adopting American customs because they believed them better or because they wished to humor the generous Americans and not offend them. 4. That in our relationship with the Persians the American influence seemed to be positive in a big way, but that it remained to be seen whether groups such as these were responsible for the favorable attitude of the people or was it the newspapers radio or some other more far-reaching device like pro-American statements from the Shah and Shah that made the biggest effect.

We also allowed that this group’s principal purpose on paper was to guide American equipment to Persian forces and instruct on their usage. The next three days told an interesting story which had a lot of light on some of our opinions.

Having settled our differences we fell asleep. Time: 3:55 a.m. We awoke next morning at the usual waking hour for Muslims: Dawn. Which happened to be 5:45 a.m. on these days. We sprang gingerly from our cots, crashed heavily on the floor, crawled weakly back to our beds and and slept some more. As we should have. About seven o'clock we got up and dressed, washed and walked across the street from the guest room to the Colonel's house where all the eating was done. We had eggs, bacon, pancakes and it was all delicious.

Pete went off with a Jeep to the airfield to meet the inventory group which was coming in. I meandered in due course to the radio shack where Sergeant Prather was on duty. He explained how the teletype worked, demonstrated the ease with which the 500 W transmitter could change frequencies and then proceeded to raise "Able Dog" (Team five) in Meshad.

"I have the message, routine, routine,.... Jack said into the microphone once he had established contact. The message was that when the group 5 men came down for team 6's party, they should bring six, "I repeat six", beds and mattresses so that no one should have to sleep on the floor. The next message informed them that "yes" one of the men should receive one months advance pay in order to meet homecoming expenses.

We switched to the aircraft frequency in time to hear the pilot, Captain Colbert say in his Southern drawl that he had touched down. We shut down the generator and retired for coffee. When we came in, the men from the aircraft were there. They had made themselves comfortable with the beers, so Jack and I extracted Pepsi's from the refrigerator and found the group. The inventory was done in a casual manner with every possible thing evaluated generously in order to receive as much compensation as possible for it.

Then we all sat down to lunch and discussed or rather made statements along a threefold line. A.) What a fine job our teams have been doing. B.) that the work seems to keep piling up and someday they will have to spend more than three hours a day working at it. C.) How it would be possible for the inventory committee to extend their travel time so that they could stay for tonight's wonderful party. Every one, it seems, shared exactly the same opinions as their commanding officer Col. Hallmark. This was especially true when Col. Hallmark was within hearing distance.

After lunch everyone settled down to a beer or experimented with hard stuff while Col. Hallmark described in glowing terms the exceptional party which would come to pass this very night. Reluctantly, it appeared, the inventory group left for Meshad with a promise to return if possible to enjoy the party.

The country around Torbot is typical of Iran. Mostly sandy, wasted crumbling earth was little water, it on is a series of high plateaus, each ringed by jagged mountains. From almost any spot in Iran one may see mountains no matter which direction one looks. Torbot is located at the Western rim of its protecting range. Many high craggy spires stood in Majesty looking ominously down on the valley below.

Pete and some of the others went out to the airstrip to see the inventory men off and to clear an area for a baseball field. In order to catch up on laundry and my correspondence I stayed at the base and slept.

The main efforts of the evening centered around getting cleaned and dressed for the party at the officer's club.

Finally the moment came and we piled into the Jeeps, picked up General Afgami, his wife, and his two charming single daughters. Onward we went in a grand procession of dust.

The officer's club is a large three-story concrete, mud, brick and stucco affair adjoined by a large patio and garden containing a huge swimming pool, and outdoor bar and crude quarters and poor quality marble walks and squares. It was decorated with long strings of lights offering

an interesting effect. A table which must've been 60 ft. long was set with dinnerware. A large semi-circle of chairs had been formed in front of the main entrance to the club between it and the swimming pool. These were occupied solely by the lady guests. The men were deployed elsewhere.

The Americans were found to be quite predictable, as they were all hovering around the bar. Small groups of men could be seen discussing this or that diverse places about the patio. Pete and I went to the bar and ordered Pepsi's. It took us three different glasses to get them to give us a Pepsi without whiskey. They just couldn't accept the fact that these two Americans didn't drink. Pete engaged himself and conversation with someone independently and I was introduced to a major \_\_\_\_\_ . [I forgot his name] who said he would give us a letter of introduction to two of his kinsmen in Birjan and Zahadan. Then for some reason the conversation became uninteresting and I withdrew to a table where food was being served. I overheard Pete talking to some doctor about how Americans could make their international relationships better over here. Then Sergeant Roberts and I got into a discussion over automobiles and we sat back to watch Colonel Hallmark make a fool of himself while his men followed his example.

First, the American soldiers attempted to get the women to dance, that is, the Americans tried to get the married Persian women to dance with them American-style, you know: ballroom dancing, only close and personal, pelvises and all. All of their efforts were to no avail. Then the doctor and his attractive French wife, who are both progressive, tried to leave things off. But that two failed. Captain Ansari then sang some native songs with the accompaniment of a band hired for the occasion. Others sang, including the young daughter of general Afgami. Some of the men started to do a sort of Persian "Cha cha," reminiscent of an older era dating back to the Times of Mores, Genghis Khan, and other invaders.

But under no amount of coaxing could any of the women save the doctor's attractive French wife and General Afgami's daughters, who only reluctantly danced after the general insisted. But Col. Hallmark letter hard he round of applause after each performance. He even danced himself and then went back to persuading the women to dance. At that point Sergeant Roberts left along with some of the other guests.

Captain Ansari then came over to the drunken Hallmark and informed him that it was time to leave – 10:30 – but Hallmark insisted that he would stay until all the guests had left. But the guests in courtesy to Colonel Hallmark didn't leave. The party dragged on to 12:30. Finally the good colonel bid everyone adieu and took his leave, escorting the French wife in a most provocative manner.

Captain Ansari then came over to the drunken Colonel Hallmark did everyone adieu and took his leave, escorting the French wife in a most provocative manner.

The Colonel roared back to the base causing a huge cloud of dust and scaring everyone out of their wits. We went over to General Afgami's house. Afgami was in very poor humor, indeed. For it seemed that Col. Hallmark had not come with the general when asked at 10:30 p.m. We danced for a few dances with the general's beautiful daughters. Then we retired for it was late. The next night was scheduled for the American party. Everyone assured us that we would enjoy ourselves more at that party. People were driving and flying down from Meshad to attend. The party was like all other parties, a drunken affair where the men are ignored and the women coveted and pawed.

After the party the men of MAAG Team 6, Iran, stood around the bar, as usual, drinking. They drank until he couldn't stand up and then they sat and drank. It finally ended up that the Col. Spent the night showing his drunken ability to master the human spirit by dominating some poor drunken sot who managed to get in his way. I watched the sunrise as the two men battled away with drunken verbosity. Then the girls subtly pointed to a nearby mountain and asked me if I would like to climb it. Affirmative!

The young corporal named Paul and I piled into a Jeep while the Col. Drove. We twisted and curved up the rugged trail. I was extremely conscious of the amount of liquor that Col. Hallmark had consumed that night, but the truth was the more he drove the better he drove, as though he could will his own drunken stupor to subside when required. Up we went until the Jeep could go no further. We got out and hiked. We skirted a jagged tallis slope, struggled over the loose rock and ascended into the land of Eagles.

The birds of prey, whose nests we had disturbed, glided ominously in tight circles through the crags and out into the gray-turning-blue sky of early dawn. Finally we surmounted a miniature plateau at the top of the mountain. Below us in miniature in the sand valleys of Iran spread, their flatness broken by ridges of mountains that looked like wrinkles in an alligator's back. The brown haze swallowed that narrow ribbon of dirt leading to Zahedan.

The wind moaned around us and the Eagles cawed and flapped in the morning calm. Once a wild mountain goat stood majestically on a clear nearby cliff then disappeared into the crags.

*Far off several brown smudges of dust were illuminated by the first rays of the morning sun. Camel trains from the far corners of Iran, each directed toward the same goal: Tehran, there to trade goods and wares as the camel drover's and their ancestors had done for thousands of years.*

*To the north of us a few hundred miles, Iran's common border with Russia meandered through these same mountains. It was this that required the presence of Col. Hallmark in Iran. I felt the pressure my government must feel, to establish a buttress against that menace. I realized that history will weigh the arguments Pete and I had, and perhaps one day render a verdict: Did Col. Hallmark and the other men of the MAAG teams in Iran help to maintain the safety and security of the world, or was their cultural insensitivity toward Iranians and Muslims the match that lit the flames of hostility and create an future for the people of the near East?*

Dear Gary and others,

This log is by no means finished but needs be that I stop here because there is no more paper. Log paper was intended to reach me from Athens but got fouled up in Istanbul. So temporarily I am with no writing paper.

I tried to secure this paper but no one I've found handles it.

This log is written on behalf of the readers and not for my benefit. If they enjoy this service and wish it to be continued, they should indicate this fact to me by sending more paper immediately to Calcutta. Absence of paper there will indicate your intentions. In any case, nothing more will be written until I get more of the correct paper. From the point of view of excitement our trip from Athens to New Delhi had nothing to offer. Actually our only struggle was against that internal foe -- money.

I will write often Sincerely  
Thor Ourston

THOR OURSTON