

This is a recording by G. D. Cartwright for Mr. Beverly Smith of the Saturday Evening Post.

The title might be: JOINING THE EXPEDITION IN CAPE TOWN

The holiday was over it seemed. There was no doubt ~~as~~ that the Cooperatsia would be in port late on Christmas afternoon. I had agreed to have ~~Christmas~~ Christmas dinner at the Crawford's so carried through this plan. It was a beautifully warm day in Cape Town as I took the afternoon train to the Crawford's, thinking about all the new prospects that were just a few days away and the things that might come about during the next year. The Japanese had given me such a warm welcome on board that I was feeling rather sorry that I hadn't been assigned as a liaison man with their expedition. Now that it is all over I am quite happy that it didn't turn out that way.

I called Ed Howatt of the Consulate to arrange to go down to the ship and we decided— we agreed that we would go down just after dinner that evening. I got out my letters of credentials as it were and took what was now a pretty well-worn road through the maze of docks and down to Victoria Dock. We left the car, <sup>a</sup> ~~an~~ rather smart looking Chevrolet station wagon at the head of the dock and walked on down to the ship. The music was blaring from the loud speakers on deck; quite a few of the men were standing in the waist of ~~the~~ the ship forward of the cabins. They were dressed in striped <sup>shirts</sup> and dark trousers, no ties most of them. As I glanced up at them as we passed I had a feeling that they looked rather forlorn and unwanted. Your ~~suspicious~~ suspicion seems naturally to arise and I wondered how many of them wanted to come ashore and were <sup>not able</sup> they all to do so because of restrictions.

There was one of the mates at the head of the gangway. I asked ~~for~~ to see the Captain, told him who I was. He took us quickly to the Captain's cabin which by then was thoroughly



jammed with people; press people and harbor officials, the ~~members of~~ his agents, King & Co., I believe. He was in the middle of a long discussion which he was trying to carry on himself in English. A table was attractively spread, with plenty of bottles standing about. The mate introduced us and <sup>the Captain</sup> he said in slow English, "Sit down, please," waving to one of the divans beside the table. Since there were many people standing we were rather reluctant to sit so moved to a rather inconspicuous part of the room. He glanced up several moments later and seeing us still standing said in a somewhat louder voice <sup>and</sup> in what seemed at the time ~~seemed~~ almost commanding, "Sit down, please." I later came to know him well and <sup>knew</sup> felt that he was only trying to be courteous and thought possibly we hadn't understood him.

So we sat down at the table. Very soon the mate came along with a Mr. Kunyn and Dr. Shumsky. Kunyn was dressed in a nondescript jacket, swarthy man of 55, keen eyes, rather sharp but intelligent face. In fact I at the time thought an almost sinister face. But Shumsky was a ~~rather~~ fine-looking chap although as I recall not clean shaven at the time. He was wearing a soiled white summer suit with a blue striped shirt and a tie, not looking very tidy. I was immediately taken by him. Possibly it was because he spoke English to me, slowly but very good English really. I gave him my letters, he read them quickly and put them in his pocket, saying, "Fine." I began to ask him a few questions about the expedition: when would the ship leave? how many men were on board? where was Dr. Treshnikov?

We chatted about these things for a while. I noticed, looking around the cabin, that the Captain's desk <sup>was</sup> ~~seemed~~ to be literally covered with piles of what seemed to be five pound South African notes. ~~As usual~~ there are lots of expenses in the harbor—fresh food to buy, fuel, harbor fees and the like.



I met a Mr. Forsom<sup>N</sup>(?) of the South African Broadcasting Co. We chatted briefly and he said he didn't envy me my assignment but he <sup>thought</sup> said the Captain seemed like a good chap; he was trying to be friendly. <sup>at any rate</sup> The Czech Consul was there representing the diplomatic side since the Soviet Union had no diplomatic relations with the Union of South Africa.

Finally, Shumsky said, "Let's go to your cabin where we can talk more easily." It turned out that I was to share the cabin with Mr. Kunyn. So we went down to the cabin and sat on the bunks, rather uncomfortably. The music was being transmitted to all of the loud speakers in all of the ~~other~~ cabins so after struggling to talk over it for a while Shumsky reached up and turned it off. We had a rather general conversation.

After a half hour or so I said, fine, I would bring my things on board tomorrow but thought I would like to spend the night in the hotel since I had already arranged to do this. There was no question. I tried to get as much fresh information about the plans of the expedition as possible in order to give up-to-date facts to the people back home.

As we were leaving there seemed to be some people coming on board. I noticed one family of three or four very charming daughters who seemed to be very keen about visiting the ship. I felt a slight distrust for them, it seemed. Why were they were so enthusiastic about the Russians? There weren't many people at the dock, however. They stood mostly just in ~~curious~~ curiosity, ~~watching~~ watching what people were doing on board and <sup>staring</sup> looking at the ship but not coming on board.

Ed drove me back to the hotel, we had a brief chat, and we agreed on our arrangements for the next day. He had been in contact with the drayage people to get my baggage ~~out~~ out of bond and on to the ship. I said I would like to write a letter <sup>to 167 headquarters</sup> back and could he have someone come in to type it in the morning. This was all agreed. The ship was due to sail



about 6 o'clock the following day. I had many things on my mind that evening and lots to do so Ed left me in the hotel where I did my packing, wrote a number of letters, the last which I would be able to write for I didn't know how long.

As it turned out I had an ~~xx~~ opportunity to send letters back with returning ships two different times. The first group in February and the last group in April, which was rather fortunate.

The weather was still warm but during the night it began to rain and the morning dawned grey and unpleasant and the rain continued virtually the whole of the day. Ed and I had agreed that I would check out of the hotel in the morning and go to the ship not later than three o'clock. I finished my report that night and the next day went to the Consulate and met a very charming young stenographer who took my dictation. Ed gave me some literature from the Consulate library. *propaganda, I thought* The secretary started on the typing and I suggested that she might join me at the hotel for lunch where we could go over the final text.

Enid and Joe Swing had said they would like to come down to say good bye but they had engagements in the evening so felt they couldn't come to the ship, but they did join us at lunch and we had a very pleasant few last words. Enid very thoughtfully brought a can of cold water soap, a couple of books and some candy--little things but things whose value is not measured by price but by the sentiment behind them.

At three o'clock Ed Howatt came back to the hotel and picked me up with my bags. I said good bye to everyone at the desk, people who had been very pleasant, wished me safe journey and we set off for the last time to the Victoria Docks. It was now raining very heavily. As we drove toward the dock I could see some of the Russian people coming and going from the ship, many of them without raincoats, walking unconcernedly it seemed in the rain, suits drenched, shoes wet, no hats, or hats soaking. Some were carrying small bags of fruit,



others little packages of things they seemed to have bought. They did look a bit strange to me and I wasn't very excited by my first impressions.

The baggage had all arrived and I was concerned over its getting wet so fussed over that until it was on board. The third mate who spoke a little English, was very helpful and anxious to see that I felt at home. Kunyn was there to act as interpreter. <sup>later</sup> I came to be ~~is~~ very fond of him although during the voyage I never was entirely at ease with him ~~because~~ simply because of my feelings of suspicion. The fact that he spoke English, I understood was a ~~is~~ clear sign that he was an active member of the Party, probably had been sent on the ship to spy on me. This was absolutely ~~is~~ ridiculous and never had any foundation. These silly but almost subconscious thoughts kept cropping up.

I was embarrassed by the amount of luggage I had—four very heavy foot lockers and four big military duffle bags with U.S. stamped on them and my name all over them. They all joked about them and got them stowed out of the rain and they finally wound up in the main stairway well where everybody that went by saw them every day. But they were handy and I had lots of reasons to have access to them from time to time on the voyage.

I went to my cabin and we spent an hour or so chatting, talking of the ship. Then there was a visit from a Japanese expeditionary members, pilots and some of the scientists, so things were pretty lively on board. There was a party in the salon and Kunyn urged me to come join them. The Russians were very warm in their hospitality. The Japanese seemed just a bit overwhelmed by it and almost frightened. They, <sup>A</sup> most of them didn't seem to be very heavy drinkers and they were being urged on by the Russians to have another glass of vodka.

Kunyn and I sat with a Britisher who had served with the American Army, correspondent of some kind and a Japanese correspondent. Kunyn was delighted by this would-be American



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because he seemed to know quite a lot of the Russian traditions and ~~he~~ also had a great

capacity for alcohol. <sup>The</sup> ~~A~~ little attractive Japanese correspondent was very reluctant to drink much and continued to protest that he really wasn't a drinking man. Some of the pilots were flying with one wing pretty low by the time they got ready to leave.

I met some of the members of the expedition, particularly the man who was to be my boss ~~was~~ during the winter, Oscar Krichak. I remember we were all in the musical salon and the Japanese were getting ready to leave, I said something in Russian to Oscar and he, thinking I was going <sup>said</sup> to say good bye, I objected, saying that I was just arriving. He thought this was very funny and we had a good laugh.

Then a young newspaperwoman came on board. She was one of the most determined young women I have ever seen and Mr. Kunyn seemed rather preoccupied or reluctant to go ~~any~~ to any trouble for a story for her. I ~~know~~ <sup>now</sup> understand this attitude much better now than I did then but I thought it was unwillingness to say about my relationship with the <sup>group</sup> crew. I am sure this was not so, <sup>at any rate,</sup> but she wouldn't be put off; she wanted some kind of a story, she wanted a picture with some special equipment, and she ~~just~~ <sup>very</sup> well got it.

We finally wound up in the musical salon. I opened my bags and got out some heavy Antarctic gear and Kunyn got one of the young Russian boys to pose with me with a balalaika. The boy had never ~~ex~~ played the balalaika but by suggestions from the press officer he struck a professional pose and everybody was happy.

We then went back to the cabin and continued talking. Ed Howatt finally said he thought he had better leave, shook hands and ~~was~~ wished me the best of luck. I forgot to mention that my good friend Alan Crawford, in line with his regular duties ~~was~~ of greeting all ships that put in at Cape Town to enlist their cooperation in making weather observations,



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also came aboard. He came aboard to see me as well as to perform his official duties. He brought with him a ~~little~~ thoughtful little presents, and something which he could give to the Russian meteorologists as well. But he had obligations for the evening, after all it was still the Christmas holiday in Cape Town. So, just as it was getting dusk he said good-bye, too.

I returned to the cabin and sat talking with Kunyn. Later on I learned that Ed Howatt had come back with some cigarettes but didn't have time to come aboard so simply sent them over to me. I felt disappointed that I hadn't seen him again, but understood.

They soon told me that supper was on and to go to the dining salon ~~for supper~~ for supper. My first meal. The food seemed very strange and unpalatable. A strong, fat sausage, cabbage soup and some kind of vegetable dish which I don't really remember but I know it seemed difficult to eat and I thought of the impending voyage and I didn't know how I might get along at sea, particularly in the face of the strange food. But Oscar and Semyon Gaigerov, who shared our table most of the time, were very friendly in trying to make me feel at ease at once. They urged me to eat more, probably not realizing why I was reluctant.

The meal passed, everything was still quiet, no obvious sign that we were leaving. Finally as eight o'clock came most of the people had adjourned to the decks, standing at the rail, watching the quiet, warm rain and the few who stood on the docks staring in curiosity. There were only one or two families, visitors on board, the same pretty girls and their mother and father; the Czech Consul; they were in the musical salon, playing the piano and laughing and talking. It seemed odd to me then, why, I can't say. But finally they left, with much picture taking and many friendly words and we were virtually alone.



As time drew near three young <sup>for sailors</sup> ~~Australians~~ <sup>South African</sup> came and stood on the dockside. Many of the members of the expedition had gathered ~~in~~ near the after hold, the low part of the ship. So, they fell into conversation, the South Africans speaking English and those among the crew who knew a little English trying to reply. "What are you going to do down there?" "How long will you be at sea?" "Is this your first visit to Africa?" "What do you think of the city?" All of the questions to help bridge ~~the~~ <sup>the sense of</sup> the gap that seemed to be there. They were honestly friendly and ~~they~~ then they said, "Why don't you sing us some of your songs? If you sing us some Russian songs we will sing some South African songs?"

This was all that Oscar Krichak needed because he loved music and he loved the idea of leading the group. So the next thing I knew, the strong, manly voices of about 50 ~~of~~ of the expeditionary people began. Kunyn and I were leaning over the rail above, watching. He told me what the songs were, interpreted the words, told me their origins. Very, very slowly the feeling of loneliness began to leave. The South Africans, only three of them, but they sang well, with a sincerity and enthusiasm that the Russians appreciated very much.

This went on for nearly a half hour, ~~in~~ the soft rain forgotten in the warm, human contact that had been made. It seemed to me that these three young people had done more good than a dozen official parties might have. I came to realize during the year that followed how much the Russians wanted to be wanted, to be understood and to be interested ~~in~~ <sup>in</sup>.

It was now after 8 o'clock, two hours beyond the set time for sailing. There was commotion, noises from some of the Russian sailors along the dock, the gangplank was



*almost imperceptibly*  
 swung aboard and gradually the gap between the dock and the ship began to grow. I watched the lights of the city as we moved very, very slowly out through the harbor. As we passed the Japanese ship, ~~lights~~ still brightly lighted, I had a feeling that I still would rather have been with them. The Russians were now singing the "Song of the Sea" and as we passed astern of the <sup>"SOYA"</sup> ~~Siowa~~, they gave a tremendous "Dosviedanya, dosviedanya," "good-bye, good-bye."

In a few minutes we felt the first swell of the open sea; we were definitely on the last leg <sup>the</sup> of a long trip. About 15 or 20 minutes ~~out the pilot boat~~ engines were stopped, the pilot

boat came alongside to take ~~me~~ off the pilot. There was a light breeze, we could still see the city glittering through the light rain, wisps of cloud <sup>streamed</sup> ~~streamed~~ over Table Mountain.

The pilot boat lashing was let go as the pilot stepped over the side and the boat peeled off like a fighter plane from the formation and was lost in the darkness. We were on our way.

The next day proved fair and bright and warm as we turned southeastward along the sloping contour of the continent. We were in sight of land for all of that day, virtually.

The sweet ~~smell~~ smell of the distant land, sea and land birds came <sup>to</sup> ~~by~~ the ship. The next day was still fine. We were now getting acquainted. I was trying out an occasional word that I had been too shy to use the day ~~before~~ before. People seemed highly interested in me, although many of them, too, were shy. They seemed to sense my embarrassment in trying to speak Russian and it was too early for them to practice their English.

(End of tape 3, side 1)

(No material on side 2)



This is G. D. Cartwright recording for Beverly Smith, Jr., of the Saturday

Evening Post.

journey  
The ~~flight~~ from London to Cape Town, as I said earlier, it was typically rainy as we boarded the bus to take the 30 second drive out to the aircraft. Still I couldn't resist trying out my new camera for what ~~seemed to me~~—what was for me anyway a rather important event. It was the <sup>Springbok</sup> (word inaudible) Service of South African Airways, a fine looking DC6B.

The aircraft was not crowded, 30 passengers possibly. We would fly with only one stop between London and Johannesburg, South Africa. It must be nearly 7,000 miles, 6 and of possibly. The steward and stewardess were pleasant but businesslike ~~looked~~ obviously Dutch ancestry. They got all the passengers sorted out and in their places, the engines were started and the long slow taxi out to the take-off end of the runway through the maze—fairlyland of lights that make a modern airport. It always seems to me the pilot is rather privileged to sit up front and see this wonderful display of ingenuity and guidance information that comes to him.

Inside the cabin you have that feeling of tingling anticipation, as I said, something like the few seconds before the house lights lower in a theater. Deep down a little feeling of tension, something almost <sup>skin to fear</sup> could interfere in these most dangerous few seconds ~~for the aircraft~~ of the whole flight, then that grand surge of power that pushes you back into the seat, a few last gentle bumps—airborne.

With the rain and ~~night time~~ and dusk, we were soon up into the clouds enjoying all the great joys of flying, the sight of a large city at night. So there was little else to



but look inside for entertainment; reading, cocktail and a fine dinner. I had never been in Africa and thought <sup>the</sup> ~~that~~ of flying over this fabled continent that I had read so much about and recalled so many thrilling movies, probably distorted, ~~and~~ it made it difficult to settle down and go to sleep. We were above cloud level quite a long distance, no views of some of the jewels of the Mediterranean, necklaced with sparkling lights. <sup>that I had seen on earlier flights.</sup> We apparently flew across a corner of the Sahara and the first stop was Khartoum.

Khartoum--the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan it used to be; I guess it's the Sudan now. Another of Britain's Empire across the seas turned over the people to try to make a go of things.

It looked like a very small town if one would judge from the lights that blinked up at us as we came in for a landing at 4 a.m. The airport seemed modern and one could feel the still, almost oppressive heat, after the cold bleak summer day of London. The porters roused themselves in the restaurant, getting up from odd corners of the room where they had been lying on the floor, six or eight of them in white robes with red sashes, white or bright-colored turbans, barefooted. The lounge was ~~almost~~ pleasant, clean, fresh-looking ~~and~~ soon tea service came out, still the British tradition, tea with milk. It seemed like a good place to mail a letter so I inquired about the post office and one of the dark waiters smilingly took me to a small room off the main lounge. The Postmaster was asleep on the floor with only a thin reed mat as a bed, but he awakened and took my money in exchange for stamps for a post card which I had bought. Most of the passengers had gone back to the aircraft but it still hadn't been called so I tried my new camera again by taking a picture of four of the native waiters. It turned out to be one of the best pictures on the whole flight. Surprisingly there were only the artificial lightings of the restaurant available.



Some of the passengers strolled over to the little gift shop in the corner, goods made of leopard skin, small toy lions, giraffes, some carved bone, some of the Indian work, (twisted wire, silver wire) and so on. ~~At~~ The beginning of a year and a half voyage is hardly the time to be picking up trinkets on the way, so back to the aircraft we went.

Airborne in a few minutes, how pleasant to be back up in the crisp, dry air at high altitudes! ~~Circled around~~, circled and turned south. It was maddening to be flying over a new continent, ~~or~~ a continent for the first time and be able to see <sup>anything</sup> nothing. But it wasn't long after we were aloft before the sun ~~had~~ began to tinge the east with red. That strange primeval instinct <sup>of man at first</sup> of the light began to make the passengers stir a bit and soon we were in the full brilliance of an almost cloudless day.

Breakfast was leisurely and very pleasant. One always seems to have a fierce appetite when flying at high altitudes. I began my favorite pastime of studying the landscape. To think here for the first time flying almost the entire length ~~of~~ of this huge continent with its amazing mixtures of peoples, places, climate--a continent just emerging from savagery it seemed. From 25,000 feet it was hard to decide what it must be like on the ground. We were flying <sup>a new service,</sup> the direct route, skipping ~~the~~ Rhodesia. So we were denied the glorious sight of Kilimanjaro and some of the other great volcanic peaks of this part of the continent but we did fly over ~~at~~ almost the entire length of Lake Tanganyika, placid, pale olive-green in the hour-high sun. One couldn't make out any signs of life on the ground from this altitude although there were evidences along the <sup>way of</sup> tiny docks of any vessels of any size.



So the whole of Africa, practically, unrolled beneath of us in the space of 10 hours. Flying is one of man's most unbelievable accomplishments, but sometimes you wish that it did not go so swiftly.

As we approached Johannesburg in a slow descent, <sup>could</sup> once again to see ~~more~~ clearly the features of the landscape, the fresh, rolling countryside with many fine tilled areas, patches of forest. As we approached for landing we passed through a few showers and a gorgeous rainbow as a welcome to my first visit to this continent. Johannesburg was not my ultimate destination but I stayed there until the Saturday, (this must have been Thursday when I landed.) Customs was easy and not unpleasant and we boarded the little <sup>son</sup> airport bus to take us to the downtown terminal. We passed by some of the deep gold mines with their vast yellow spoil piles high above our heads.

As we got into the city I felt a certain sense of uneasiness, probably psychological due to stories I had read. It reminds <sup>ed</sup> me very much of some of our own southern towns in Mississippi or Alabama, with a high ratio of Negroes, the ugly areas of slums in the Negro sections and the unattractive metal awnings over the sidewalks which cut off any view of the street as a vista. These also are common in many of the cities of Australia and I believe in some of New Zealand--most unpleasant.

The \_\_\_\_\_ hotel was clean and attractive, good service, <sup>a</sup> huge bathroom, <sup>his</sup> my room. I telephoned the Consul General in Cape Town and learned that he was out of the city but his Vice Consul, Joe Swing, assured me they would do anything they could to make my stay there pleasant. No word had been received of the Russian Antarctic vessel. It certainly would not be in by Saturday so he saw no reason for hurrying down if I had things to do in Johannesburg. I did want to see some friends there and <sup>to</sup> visit the South African Weather Bureau which is in Pretoria, only forty miles to the north. So I told him I would



arrange for a flight down Saturday morning, arriving in Cape Town about 12:30. This was the big holiday season when many of the people from the interior take their vacations in Cape, with its fine beaches and pleasant, refreshing atmosphere. Cape Town is, of course, in itself a magnificent sight, very charming, clean city. But this I was yet to find out.

So I spent the first afternoon and evening just trying to get acquainted with the city a little bit. The next day I phoned two of my aviation friends, Glenn Harvey, a <sup>radio</sup> ~~radio~~ <sup>electrical</sup> engineer, now with a big <sup>chemical</sup> ~~power~~ concern in South Africa, and <sup>Lewis</sup> ~~Louis~~ Lang, Director of the Aerial Surveys, the principal aerial prospecting firm in the Union. We had a very pleasant lunch together, and they were both surprised to see ~~me~~ me and thought I was going off on a wonderful adventure and began at once to test ~~me~~ <sup>me</sup> on my ability to drink. They told me ~~that from~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~numerous~~ <sup>war-time</sup> experiences they had had with the Russians and their drinking. I assured them that I wasn't going to attempt to compete with the Russians on this score but it wouldn't hurt to have a little practice anyway. So we had a fine luncheon preceded by several cocktails.

<sup>Lewis</sup> Louis was pretty heavily engaged in getting ~~his~~ his new enterprise underway, so Glenn offered to take me up to Pretoria where he was living, <sup>now</sup> ~~where~~ <sup>there</sup> I could visit the South African Bureau and then have dinner with him at his home. It sounded like a very good idea so we set off on a most pleasant trip. Glenn, a native of South Africa, ~~just~~ was full of information about the country and about its tremendous possibilities, its vast mineral wealth and the terrible shadow of racial division which hangs over it like a cloud. He said he thought the trend would certainly have to change or ~~there~~ great trouble was due for everyone who lived there. He was not only disturbed about the attitudes, the ~~the~~ racial prejudice against the blacks, but also the apparent effort of the Government to keep separate the strains of Anglo-Saxon and Dutch ancestry. They were continuing the emphasis



to segregate the schools, the English-speaking and the Dutch-speaking students, a step which <sup>Glenn</sup> he deplored having long association with peoples from many countries. He sought the opportunity for his children to learn more about the Dutch <sup>language</sup> ~~heritage~~; although he didn't regard Afrikaans as a major language he still thought it would be useful for the children to learn these things. Glenn has three fine daughters.

We passed the famous Voortrekker Monument, a rather spare, primitive monument, high on a hill, a tribute to the early pioneers who, somewhat like the Americans, got in their wagons at Cape Town and took the dangerous overland journey to the north.

Glenn had a great feel for the country, loved it, felt his destiny was tied up with it; in spite of its glowing possibilities he was worried about the future. He told me something about the untold mineral deposits that seemed to be cropping up in unbelievable reserves almost every day. Vast deposits of coal were now being tapped for power. They were adopting the plans of building the power sites right at the coal mines to avoid the long hauls on railroads, many of which still didn't exist. It seems a lot easier to pipe the power.

The countryside was high, rolling plateau, 4,000 feet possibly on the average, very dry at this season of the year (<sup>summer</sup> mid-winter), rolling plains dotted with exotic looking trees, fat cattle grazing in some of the fields, a good road, though not wide—we made the trip in quite good time driving, of course, on the left hand side of the road. As we came into Pretoria I was quite thrilled by its fresh, clean look. It is a small city and gardens and trees seemed everywhere. We didn't stop to tour the city but went straight to the Weather Bureau where I met some old and new friends and spent a pleasant two or <sup>hours</sup> ~~years~~ talking about their projects and my plans. It was a tidy, compact little



bureau in a new building, things businesslike, well run, it seemed. Unfortunately the Director, Dr. Schumann, was on holiday, but I met my friend Tailjard and Harry van Loon<sup>(2)</sup> as well as some of the forecast staff.

At the usual quitting hour Glenn came back to pick me ~~up~~ up and we drove out to his home up in the hills. Just a mile or so from the Weather Bureau <sup>on</sup> but a long, gently sloping hill, <sup>it</sup> where ~~he~~ commanded a marvelous view of the town and the broad valley beyond. It was a large, rambling, pleasant, masonry home, cool in the afternoon sun with a fine garden of fruit trees, flowering shrubs, and a new prize that had just been added--a tiny swimming pool for the girls. It was too cool yet to use the pool but everybody <sup>was</sup> was looking forward to giving it a try as soon as the season was a little farther advanced. We spent a rich evening talking about their life since we last met in Montreal and the unusual winter ahead of me. Glenn and Vi were ~~just~~ perfect hosts. Being a radio engineer he had a fine hi-fi radio-phonograph so we enjoyed a few of his records before the evening came to a close, and he took me on a high speed rush back to the station where I caught ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> night ~~train~~, the late train, back to Johannesburg.

I had a full day in the city the next day looking around and then on Saturday morning hustled out to the airport to catch the special flight to Cape Town, special because the regular flight was oversold with holiday passengers going to the Cape for the Christmas-New Year's Holidays. It was a well fitted out DC4 with its 55 passengers or so. It was a holiday crowd of all types. Then the same old feeling of getting airborne and the excitement of flying once again. I got several good shots of the sluice pits from the gold mines which seemed to ring the city almost. These gold mines apparently are nearly all found along a geological formation which runs across, I believe about east-west, across this part of the province. The city of Johannesburg is only about 70 or 80 years old but has grown with



amazing speed because of the gold industry. The mines themselves are fantastically deep and present almost impossible engineering problems but the rewards seem to be worth the effort.

Most of the time on the flight I spent studying the landscape, trying to get a few pictures. The first part was rather like sections of the south, say the Rio Grande Valley of Texas, with extensive, beautifully cultivated fields. But after an hour or so we ran out of this area, I presume largely irrigated, into the real dry regions of the southern part of the African Plateau. Here were dust storms and all the usual things of an arid zone. Then as the flight drew to a close we passed over the bare, rather beautiful, although not extremely high mountains of the Cape Province and the next thing we knew we were descending for the landing at Cape Town.

Down the south slopes of these mountains we passed over the <sup>fine</sup> beautiful vineyards of the ~~xxx~~ Paarl area then a long turn out over the absolutely lovely Table Bay and the final turn toward the airport. I tried to see everything at once and, as usual, ran out of film just at the wrong time, ~~But~~ the area is unbelievably interesting from the air with its great Table Mountain and all the smaller features of the Cape standing out with remarkable clarity in the hot Saturday afternoon sunshine. It was surprisingly hot, I thought, for this part of the continent but still rather fresh with the marine air coming across the point of the Cape, making you feel as though you were in a holiday resort.

I expected to see Joe Swing but having never met him wondered how I would identify him. He didn't seem to have any trouble recognizing me and we were soon shaking hands--a tall, very thin, slightly stooped young fellow of about 32, say. With him was his 7 or 8 year old son, a blonde, freckle-faced boy with a bad patch over ~~xxx~~ his mouth. Apparently he had



been thrown against the windshield of the car when his mother stopped suddenly because the cat had jumped out. When I came to spend quite a little time with Joe and his ~~very~~ ✓ gracious wife, Enid, ~~and~~ <sup>they</sup> made my stay in the Cape one of the memorable parts of ✓ the trip.

Also at the airport was Alan Crawford of the South African Weather Bureau, a charming Scotsman who <sup>had</sup> spent the last ten years in the Union. I later met his family, ~~very~~ lovely wife, Joyce, a person of some dramatic ability, still working in the theater and on radio in Cape Town.

Joe helped me with my baggage out to the black Chevrolet State Department car. Alan said he would try to see me tomorrow, possibly, or as soon as I was free just give him a ring and he would be glad to come in and pick me up. So we drove into the Grand Hotel, not grand but still very pleasant and clean, a thoroughly hospitable hotel. <sup>2</sup> You felt quite at home. Also it had an excellent <sup>view</sup> of the Table Mountain just out of the rear windows of my floor where I could watch the wonderful tablecloth ~~xxx~~ cloud which formed under ~~a~~ special wind conditions. I became ~~very~~ fascinated with this cloud which is known all over the world and thought it might be a good idea to try to photograph it with my time lapse camera. During the ten days I was there I had this project constantly in mind but it never seemed to materialize. Just when the clouds seemed best I had some engagement that couldn't really be put off and when I had time the ~~xxx~~ cloud didn't seem to want to work. So, about the last thing I said as I got on the ship to leave was: "Well, Alan, here's a roll of film. Let's see if you can photograph the table cloud." Of course he didn't have the special equipment but it still might have been interesting.

Joe left me to get straightened out in the hotel and said that they were having a party that evening for <sup>the officers 3</sup> two U.S. warships that had docked in Simonstown, the South African Naval



4-2-10

Base and would I like to come? So I said I certainly would and he gave me instructions how to get there. In fact he was picking up <sup>One of the Consul Staff</sup> <sup>Lena</sup> one of the Consul staff, a Miss ~~Salina~~ Moyers, <sup>she</sup> <sup>came</sup> ~~would come~~ to the hotel and Joe would pick both of us up <sup>or we would catch</sup> the train— ~~that's right, we caught the train to~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~xxx~~ Rondebosh and called from there where Joe came down and picked us up.

It was a very pleasant party, a supper party with four or five of the Naval officers looking ~~very smart and~~ handsome in their starched whites; a mixed group, South Africans, British and the one French couple. As befitting a representative of the State Department, Joe's home was quite pleasant, not sumptuous but still very comfortable and located in a suburb of the city where you had an absolutely fine view of ~~the~~ Table Mountain standing like a great ~~background~~ backdrop against the evening sky.

The party was very pleasant, quiet but lots of good conversation and wonderful to hear some of the "natives" talking about their country. It was rather late when Joe and I drove into town. He took me up along the sides of the mountain where we had a splendid view of the city, still brilliant with lights, the faint reflection of the city in the broad curve of the bay. As I said earlier, all these things seemed to make a greater impact on you because of the imminent confinement. It was always lurking in the background <sup>—the fact</sup> that in a few short days you would be whisked away from all this man-made, fascinating scene. We drove on down to the dock to see the Port Captain, in the shadowy, rather mysterious light of ships standing silent in the harbor. No, the Port Captain said, they had no news of <sup>Cooperatacia</sup> (ship name inaudible), they would ~~xxx~~ surely hear a few days before she was due to arrive but so far they hadn't a thing. I was rather pleased with this news because it seemed to offer the chance of a little more time in this charming city.



As it turned out it was 10 days before (inaudible) <sup>pho</sup> arrived. This was the 16th of December and I <sup>was to leave</sup> actually left on the 26th of December. So, the next ten days were spent in getting better acquainted with the Swings, meeting new friends, a grand evening listening to Ealyn Williams doing his monologue on ~~Edith~~ <sup>Dylan</sup> Thomas, a visit to the museums, wonderful rides around the Cape with various friends, always checking every day to see if any news ~~is~~ <sup>"Cooperation"</sup> from that famous Russian ship (inaudible). Had a grand evening at the Consul General, Mr. Gordon Minnegerode, then came Christmas Eve. The hotel was packed with people. Everyone on the Cape seems to go out to dinner on Christmas Eve. It was hard to find a place to ~~eat~~ eat. That day the Japanese expeditionary vessel Soya(?) arrived so I went down to visit her to meet Dr. Nagata(?) and some of the scientists, particularly the meteorologists. Alan Crawford drove me down and we took the meteorologists for a tour of the city and to see the weather office at the Cape Town airport. They, in turn, invited us to come back to the ship for a Christmas Eve party. Naturally, Alan couldn't go because of his family but I went down late in the afternoon and was greeted with great enthusiasm by Dr. Nagata, Captain Nishibori who was the logistic leader of the expedition and who would winter over at the Japanese base on the Prince Harold coast, west of the Russian base—Siowa was the name given the base. They had never been in the Antarctic before so they were looking with considerable anticipation ~~to~~ what they would find.

Siowa was an amazingly different little ship. She was kind of an icebreaker, I don't know whether you could call her a true icebreaker, small, probably not more than 1500 tons and very little freeboard, apparently she must have had the hull of an icebreaker because the boys said that even in fairly moderate swells she would roll in a terrifying way and apparently they had rather a rough voyage down. But the Japanese are a pretty tough group



as most people know; they didn't seem to be frightened by their prospects. It turned out later that after they had set up the station with some difficulty and while they were trying to get clear of the ice pack and back to Cape Town they got trapped in the ice.

*It was*  
~~some time~~ in late March, I believe, or mid-March, which is getting rather late to be hanging around the ice pack, and the Russian ice breaker, Ob, which had already left the pack on its way back to Cape Town for refueling ~~xxxxxx~~ turned around and did about a thousand mile divergence to free the Siowa. They both got back into Cape Town together and apparently there was a fine party ~~at board~~ in celebration.

I had dinner in the Captain's cabin with all ~~xx~~ sorts of amazing decorations which the Japanese put on, and also amazing food. I can't remember much about it but there were several varieties of fish, salads, they had sake wine but also some very hard American whiskey which they passed around freely. *There were* ~~They had~~ little favors and it was quite a gay party, ~~or supper really~~. After supper everyone turned out on deck to welcome the public which had been invited to come down and spend Christmas Eve <sup>on</sup> with the ship. The ship was lighted from stem to stern with Japanese lanterns and <sup>even had</sup> ~~there was~~ a Christmas tree. They had a public address system blaring away jazz and other kinds of music, some Japanese music but very little really. *People* ~~And the crowds~~ began to come in surprising numbers. Dr. Nagata was a demon of a host, trying to meet everybody and dance with all the girls and really show people that the Japanese were anxious to be friendly. They even had the Santa Claus all decked out in red and white trimmed suit with a big bag coming ~~up~~ out of the helicopter which was in a little ~~x~~ tiny hangar ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ aft of the passenger compartments. He called out and distributed his gifts to all on board, <sup>There</sup> ~~and~~ they were funny noses and mustaches and holiday makers' hats and little noisemakers, ~~and all sorts of things.~~

So it really ~~xxxxxx~~ was quite a gay evening and I think everyone who came down was a bit amazed but still tried to join in the fun. The Japanese had, as usual, it seemed



hundreds of cameras and everybody was getting his picture taken both unofficially and by their official cameraman who was about the busiest man on board.

30 A little after midnight I went back to the hotel with the Japanese Consul from Pretoria, a handsome and extremely friendly, charming man, and the representative of the Japanese shipping company--the name escapes me at the moment. We had a quiet nightcap at the hotel and promised to meet each other again on the way back.

While I was in Cape Town I met Joe and Pam McCormack of the South<sup>African</sup> Western Broadcasting Company and had a pleasant tea at their home over in Sea Point. He was quite interested in the arrangement--my arrangements to work with the Russians and asked me if I would mind doing a <sup>10</sup>15 minute broadcast over the South African networks. I agreed and went out to the modern, very attractive home of the SABC. He took me all about the studios which impressed me as being first class. We finally wound up in one of the free studios where we sat down in a preliminary way and agreed what we would talk about and then he shot the questions.

After it was over he said he was quite pleased with the results and it would go on the air some time the following week. I didn't hear it personally but he seemed to think it was all right.

Christmas Day was beautifully warm and clear, temperature about 80. Alan and Joyce Crawford had invited me to have Christmas dinner, a quiet dinner with just the family, so I took the train out to their home. <sup>in Rosebank</sup> It's not Rondebosch, I can't remember the name of the little suburb. We stopped in at some friends for a quiet appetizer and--oh yes, it was Rosebank where the Crawfords lived, a very lovely, quiet suburb with tiny lanes, beautiful cypress hedges, lots of gay flowers. Cape Town is still subtropical but quite dry in winter. You get the <sup>brilliant</sup> gorgeous coloring of flowers which seems to be in inverse proportion to the amount of rain, so I suppose in direct ~~in~~ proportion to the amount of sunshine which is



plentiful on the Cape during summer.

They had to attend a program in the afternoon and evening so I went back into the city where I entertained a couple of the Japanese scientists for dinner, Dr. Kuo Kusuoki an oceanographer studying the characteristics of sea ice and the quiet little meteorologist whose name I can't locate at the moment--oh yes, Morita.

I see I have some of the sequence of events a little bit mixed here but in any case instead of ~~having~~ having the Japanese out at that time I made a brief trip to see Ed Howard also of the Consul's office, where we had a quiet meal in the evening. I had learned the day before that the <sup>Cooperatsia</sup> (inaudible) was due the evening of Christmas day. No one knew how long she'd be in ~~port~~ (end of side 2)