

November 7, 1963

Thursday

m/s EVANGER

Gross Tonnage: 7143

Net Tonnage: 4010

Nationality: NORWEGIAN

Agent: GEN. Steamship Co.
for: The Westfal-Larzen Line,
Bergen, Norway

Horsepower: 7 thousand

Cylinders: 8 diesel

Route: San Francisco, down the
Western Coast of South Am.
Through the straits of
Magellan, up the East Coast,
Through the Panama Canal,
To San Francisco. The ship
travels at roughly 16 knots

I boarded in Stockton, Calif.
this morning at 10:00 AM
and began work immediately.
I am a Maskingutt, or
engine boy - the lowest paid
employee on board ship at
50+ dollars per month.

The men on the ship are for
the most part Norwegian and
I would say that one in three

has a working knowledge of English. I had hoped that Norwegian would be similar enough to German that I might understand a minimum, but I find that I can understand nothing at all. The language seems too smooth and combines syllables and words so fluently to allow one such as myself any understanding. I have, however, met an interesting Russie, a Brian Dunn (typical, it seems to me, is his name), who is in much the same boat as myself as far as language goes (no pun intended).

My cabin is situated as the first cabin on the first level below decks forward and starboard. It normally is occupied by two oilers or sujine boys, but by some system of protocol it was given to me alone. I could not be better off, it seems to me, as the cabin is far larger than I had expected and living here alone I enjoy combined benefits.

The cabin is amply supplied with closet space, a dresser, two bunks, bookcase, and a small couch which could easily sleep one person. Most of all, however, are the two portholes which I am sure will be welcome south of the Equator as it is sunning there during these months. Across the hall is a "water closet" and down the hall a set of showers. Up one deck is a sitting room and "game room" for the crew.

I went to work at 10:30 AM this morning, my first task being to scrub the engine room floor (that is, a portion of it far in a corner) with gasoline, the universal solvent of the engine room. I then cleaned the "separator room" where the oil is refined in a series of six separators to be reused; and by this time it was noon, time for dinner.

The crew eats in the crew's mess, separated from the passengers and officers. There seems, well enough, no distinction made between deck crew and engine crew as I have seen on such ships as M/S Barranduna and M/S Thor I. The food is eaten cafeteria style, and I must admit that I was disappointed in its quality. I had been led to expect more by a Miss Rasmussen of General Steamship Co. in San Francisco with whom I had discussed my forthcoming trip... She perhaps had been "at the front of the bus", eating with the Captain and Officers.

The afternoon work shift is broken at three o'clock for $\frac{1}{2}$ hour for "Tea" and supper ends the work day at 5:00. One normally begins work at 7:00 AM, working until breakfast at 8:00, etc., etc., thus leaving the evenings free.

Taking advantage of the early

evening hours I visited the local roadhouse three blocks from the Pier where I was entertained in a game of dice by a Norse R.B. and where I purchased a dozen cans of beer - a commodity I well plan to consume sparingly. It is my understanding that the possession of alcoholic bev. on board by crew is discouraged by the Captain and 1st Engineer, while it is encouraged by the crew members themselves.

We have been loading with general cargo bound for varied ports in South America. Stockton is really an ironical sort of port. Fresh water, flat land, cork fields and truck farms - it is deposited in the middle of a plain. In the morning at 05⁰⁰ we "set sail" for Alameda in San Francisco - Oakland Bay and tentatively will depart for Long Beach, California Saturday evening.

Date - City

Mailing Agent

11/17-18 '63

Acapulco

Sun. + Monday

Agencias Marítimas del Pacífico, S.A.
Av. Miguel Aleman No. 187
Junto a Bodegas Aduana, Mex.

11/23-24 '63

Buenaventura

Sat. + Sunday

Carrera 1a. # 1-07
Aparcado Correo # 549
Aparcado Nacional # 50
Colombia

11/28-30 '63

Callao

Thurs + Friday

Milne & Co., S.A.

Callao, Peru

12/6-7 '63

Valparaiso

Friday + Sat.

A. J. Broom y Cia., S.A.C.

P.O. Box 910

AVENIDA ERRAZURIZ 784 Chile

12/20-21 '63

Montevideo

Friday + Saturday

J.R. Williams, S.A.F. + Co.

P.O. Box Cassilla Correo 248, (Sofis 1533)

Uruguay

12/22-30 '63

Buenos Aires

Sunday → Monday

Agencia Marítima Basal, S.A.

Corrientes 222

Argentina

- 1/3-10 '64 Santos (Sao Paulo) Agencia Maritima Norlines, Ltd.
Rua Joao Adolfo 118, 4^o and
S/411/412, Caixa Postal, 5201
- 1/15-20 .64 Rio de Janeiro Agencia Maritima Norlines, Ltd.
Av. Rio Branco 4, 6^o and.
Caixa Postal 4935-20-21
- 2/2 '64 Trinidad C. Leotaud + Sons, Ltd.
Port-of-Spain
- 2/8 '64 Panama Canal Cristobal → C. B. Fenton + Co.
Transit P.O. Box 5025
- 2/17-19 '64 Longbeach General Steamship Corp.
724 W. Sixth St.
Los Angeles, Calif.

November 10, 1963
Morning
Sunday

While in Stockton I noticed that we were loading C4R2 packages bound for Peru. My immediate reaction was to remember those TV commercials where a supplicating voice in monologue is asking you to send your dollars while on the screen a cargo ship is being loaded and the usually sluggish longshoremen seem to be working frantically to get the packages aboard. I must admit that I never thought I would be a crew member at any time aboard such a "pain-relieving" and "mercy carrying" ship.

Last night the Norwegian Seamen's Church on Hyde St. in San Francisco sponsored an evening with movies, coffee and doughnuts. The group is sponsored by the Government and is quite nice. There is a small "Kirche" which seats roughly 100 - an excellent organ - and rooms for recreation and conversation. The church itself is natural Lutheran... Cheers for that intellectual free-thinker, Martin Luther.

I did have an interesting talk with

the minister's daughter; a girl of perhaps 14 or 15 who in 16 months in the U.S. has learned the language very well. She was typically of N. European stock and attitude — happy, willing to converse, and in general very outward; taking on the duties of the minister's daughter with much aplomb. Her younger sister, too, was typical it seems — hanging back behind her older sister, watching; and when addressed directly arising from to the conversation with much the same eagerness as her older sister.

Father came to the ship here in Alameda Friday night to see me off, bringing those necessaries which I had forgotten or overlooked. We had the quicked tour of the ship, in which he was much impressed, and I felt very strongly that he was identifying with me to a high degree, and would have made the trip himself but for obligations domestically.

I am most impatient to be on the

way. Things in the United States are far too expensive to make stay in port enjoyable as far as excitement and money-bought things. I am down to six dollars, and cannot begin drawing pay until I have been on board for a week.

We are at present loading on steel prefabricated bridges for Chuquicamata, Chile and have some more bulk to load. Sailing time as posted is 14⁰⁰ hours.

November 13, 1963
NOON
Wednesday

We left San Francisco Bay in early evening of the 10th November. The sun had set and the lights were twinkling in the last of the sun. The city of San Francisco is magnificent. Its beauty cannot be described but must be experienced. Three hills gleaming with star-like points of light - rising and falling as the land willed, and not having even left, making me homesick. We passed under the center of the Bay Bridge (so many times I have driven over it!) rounded the

bay and passed under the Golden Gate, dropping the pilot about a mile off shore. It was strange how leaving San Francisco gave seed to a more powerful emotion of melancholy which seemed to overpower my excitement at the coming voyage.

We arrived at Long Beach Nov. 11 in a dense fog. The pilot was unable to come out to the boat, and would have refused to take us in anyway in the gathering darkness. A watch stood at the bow ringing the bell at minute intervals and a watch stood at the poop with a jury-rigged gong. We were disappointed not to be able to go ashore that evening; I myself was looking forward to a visit with Ted, Mary, Birdie.

We docked the next morning at eight-thirty, and I was prompt to telephone Ted in the city. I arranged to take $\frac{1}{2}$ day off and at noon Ted picked me

up at the dock, bring with him
a kit which he had made up
thinking I may need some of the
contents. It consisted of a leather
satchel, literature of S. Am.,
a bag of prunes, raisins, Halczone
tablets (reminiscence of Boy Scouts)
and a Sp.-Eng dictionary. I
was very pleased! Also waiting
me was a package from Father
and a card containing my
Dali and Rousseau prints which
I have since put on my cabin
wall. Had delicious + plentiful
lunch with Ted, Mary, Birdie, all
of whom look very well, talked
in afternoon, at 5:30 returned
to ship for 6:00 sailing.

Last night I put together two
collages along the lines of one I
made 2 years ago consisting of
women in soft poses and
expressions cut from magazines
such as Life, Post, Time. The
effect is quite unusual and I
must say, beats hell out of the
pin ups on board.

We are at present off Baja California and expect to be in Mazatlan, Mexico on Friday.

The Pacific waters here contain a very high degree of phosphorus it would seem, for the wake of the ship glows a very beautiful sky-blue due to the turbulence; the water seems transparent and glowing from within. The same phenomenon can be observed at the ships prow as it cleaves the waters.

We are in no sight of land, yet gulls and birds still follow behind us. Perhaps we are their land, though I don't believe they would accompany us to, perhaps, Japan or Hong Kong.

Am slowly picking up common words in Norwegian and am slightly cheered at the task ahead - to speak it with some assurance.

November 16, 1963 Mazatlán - arrived Friday eve.
Saturday

In the distance was Mexico, a faint, thin stain against the clouds that merged with the sea at the horizon. We were approaching our first port of call south of the United States, Mazatlán, which is situated on the Mexican coast to the East of Baja California. Here the waters are a remarkable blue - not that very dark blue to which one is accustomed - but a striking bright blue the color of a laughing girl's eyes. And as the sun penetrated the water its rays seemed to vibrate and quicken with the flow of the water, all the rays dissolving, it would seem, at one point in the depths of the sea. Soon two craggy peaks in the water broke away from the land's common silhouette, standing in the sea each 1000 feet tall, and one sporting a wonderful white-washed lighthouse at its crest. And as we passed the islands on our way into the city

(which was by this time visable
in the struggling rays of the
sun, climbing into the clefts
of land and comforting the
bay) several sea caves opened
themselves to us, implanting
a secretive and mysterious
sensation in our minds.
As for the city itself, it
was painted richly-red in
the sunset... several hotels
making their mark, bright
blotches on black. We
entered her custody thru
a rock breakwater and as
we traveled down the deep-
cut channel the sounds of
the people rose from the
now darkness at the side of
the quay. At the ware were
2 or 3 dozen mexicans,
watching and waiting. These
were the longshoremen,
noted for theft, and all
wearing straw hats much
like badges. I wouldn't have
smiled, either, if I had seen
T.L.W.U. Local 10 stamped on
them.

We tied up and I enquired of the policeman of anyone who spoke English. He pointed to a short, roundish man in khaki who looked to be in his late 20's or early 30's. "I understand you speak English" I enquired, having walked over to him. Q25 - His name was Lou, from Chicago. He was a rolling stone - no money, down at the wharf to ask Captain of Evangel for work. I told him we had a full complement of crew, etc. and we took off for the city on foot, he acting my guide as he had lived in Maratán 3 weeks and spoke fluent Spanish. The thing that impressed me most as we walked to the center of town were the peoples houses, or rather, apartments. The streets were lined for blocks solid with homes that opened out into the front with no windows - iron grates, bars, and curtains seemed enough protection... no need for glass due to the weather, I gathered. The sidewalks were

raised above the either cobble
or concrete streets and many
families sat in small circles
in front of their homes in
the darkness. There were no
curtains pulled and the light
being so that all going on
inside was visible to those
who might look. Many -
looking dogs roamed the
streets and Lou mentioned
that sometimes they run
wild in packs. Once in a
while a tree would be visible.
Usually palm or one remin-
icence of the Maple - round
and tall, though it seemed
to droop or have, if you
will, a sluggish personality.
We visited two bars there
in town and wandered about
a good deal talking. The bars
do not have an enclosed or
womb-ish feeling as the bars
in the States do - they are
pretty much open-air affairs,
and as an afterthought I
noticed that even the worst
bars (there were some we did

not drink at, but looked) would boast from 1-4 pool tables in excellent condition around which the young and old would gather. Beer cost 2 pesos/bottle and was excellent; Mazatlán has two breweries. I was very much struck by the open-air atmosphere of the people - vendors in the streets with hot tamales, tacos, etc. and even cheap made-in-Japan trinkets which you said the Mexicans themselves buy and were not aimed at the tourist trade - for it seems Mazatlán is becoming much like Acapulco in attracting Northerners. It was my feeling too that there was always a sweating or crafty hand in my pocket trying to take what little money I had.

We then took a taxi to the Red Light district, running into trouble with the cab driver who said he'd accept 2 pkgs. Pall Mall Cigarettes and then, once we were there, called the cops a complained we had kidnapped him.. how got us out of the jam,

as he said it is most inadvisable to spend any time in a Mexican jail. There were, I would say, twelve bordellos ranging from excellent to dumpy + dirty; all of them aware of the presence of our ship and of the American tourists —

In one place there seemed to be more Americans than Mexicans :: And the ~~Americans~~ Americans were making, naturally, a sickening show of their wealth. I was happy to be with Lou and my chipmates who I met there.

Drinks here were 5 pesos. (beer) 12 pesos liquor.

— there are 12.5 pesos to the American dollar. I was amazed to see that in truth as expensive here as North. Women ranged in price from 100 pesos to 20 pesos and regardless could be talked lower — that is if you talked the goddamned native language. If I may say so, a whore is

a whose, and can certainly be separated from a class of street walkers in that she has an employer. I partied with her at the Capri Club, was entertained by two Canadian prostitutes, and left for the ship, hitching a ride free of charge (usually 10 Pesos) with three American capitalist-businessmen — large, overfed, loud — and as I say, sadly typical.

WE sailed at 5:00 AM for Mazatlan, Mex. and expect to be there tomorrow morning between 3 and 5. I had a hell of a time working today. I couldn't seem to get my "second wind" which I used in such situations to combat little sleep + too much alcohol — purely psychological. Slept all afternoon, half day's work on Saturday, and this evening we were entertained by a 3rd rate Western imported from Hollywood on 16 mm. black + white.

Mazatlán was the town in the distance,
Nestling there on the bay.
Protected was she by two tall peaks
Behind which lay safely the quay.

There we rested our swift-sailing ship
A weary traveller exhausted
And in her whiteness and new-shining ^{Rainy}
She seemed to be quite undaunted.

November 17, 1963
Sunday

MANZANILLO

We arrived in port while I was asleep (4:00 AM) this morning, so that when I awoke it was with a strange feeling of motionlessness. Again I asked the policeman for someone who spoke English who in turn directed me to one of the Mexican boys to take me into town to purchase fish hooks, line, and weights... I had ideas of catching fish there in the dirty and oily harbor.

Manzanillo again is the same sort of town as Mazatlán, a square - dusty, no grass,

a few sparse bushes and several palm trees. Benches of concrete surrounding the square for siesta (which is taken quite seriously as all the shops close down for an hour or so in the afternoon and everything retires from the heat. I can't express the freedom of the children, for the romp and play with no feelings evident of insecurity or responsibility. They are a happy lot.

There was an American tuna boat out from San Diego in port with engine trouble - I visited for a while and was struck by the need for paint and external care. The Americans, I understand rate second to the British for having the worst kept up ships.

The immigration people came on board and made a check of the crew's list, and we departed for Acapulco, planning to arrive tomorrow. Time: 12:45 P.M.

November 25, 1963
Monday

Looking back, Acapulco was as beautiful as the many tourists acclaim. The port water was extremely clean; and the air so warm that none could resist a swim - a dozen of the crew (inc. myself) hence found pleasure in diving from the deck of the ship the some 35 feet to the water. I became not without wanting it, very sunburned and most uncomfortable - it had been a long time since I had any colour to my skin. The city itself was far cleaner than Mazatlán or Manzanillo and well could be seen the American influence. The waterfront buildings were well kept and the hotels cultivated excellent beaches at their fronts. We set sail on Wed. the 20th to arrive Buenaventura, Colombia Saturday night.

Buenaventura is the largest

of the two sea ports in Colombia, Barranquilla on the Atlantic being the other. It is inland from the mouth of a river a few miles and is most protected from the seas by lowland covered with jungle vegetation. In fact, Buenaventura itself is an island, "wombed" in, so to speak, by the circling RIVER.

November 26, 1966

We arrived at roughly 10 in the morning and I went off to talk to the American Consular Official there about the area in general; and as I am not happy on the ship in my position, about signing off and employment. He wasn't in - an office with the Grace Lines, Johnson, Am. President, and other tourist lines - so I went around the corner to a very pleasant café where the tables were in a park protected by a thatch roof. The shoe shine boys came round, they seem to run in packs or organizations, and for two packages of gum I gave in to them bescaching eyes. I sat there

enjoying my beer and the hot sunshine. Beer 18⁰ Pesos (10 pesos / Am. dollar). I went back to the ship for lunch and returned to the consulate where the flag was at ½ mast due to the President's Tragedy. I waited for him, gleaned information from the Mexican (Jesus, whenever I think of Spanish-speaking people I think automatically of Mexicans) natives there to the effect that he was about 35, manized and with four children down there in Buenaventura. I expected a dynamic young man. Enjoyable.

I was fooled. Prematurely grey hair, moustache, too much authority in his looks. He says: "What do you want?..." sounding like Mr. Lincoln of Newton-Welles Bank in Weston. Like, wow, was it so hard, sir, to fit a little friendliness and talk into your so busy Sunday. I left in three minutes very disappointed and thinking greatly about the ugly American.

I then wandered through the town noting the 1) green grass (really a weed like crabgrass) 2) a jungle atmosphere - hot, humid 3) those trees in the distance seen in jungle movies - very tall against the densely packed underbrush and lower trees; 4) General language of the people 5) Not so much a feeling of the hand in the pocket, but they still took your money; 6) Not at all oriented to the tourist as in Mexico; and 7) the busses with frill, fringe, and fantastic St. Martins above the windscreens.

That night we (as a group from the crew pretty much) went out to La Pilota, the red light district up on the hill on the island. Rum and coke: 1⁵⁰ PESOS. Women: 20 Peso And the women (or girls, really) were between 13 and 25, nicely dressed, and not at all crude as in Mexico. No music for 3 days per order of Colombian govt. due to Kennedy. In fact the Colombian people were really upset, and when the found I was Panamanian would ask If I

had to go back, now, and fight in the Revolution or whether this untimely death would affect the Alliance for Peace, so important to Sud America. They had little concept of government without revolution and continual change. Several felt it was honorable Johnson was sworn in only 8 minutes after Kennedy's death. No respect. When on Monday at Noon they played the death march (Chopin) and actually buried J.F.K. a woman had a radio in the street and was surrounded by perhaps 2 dozen people, some of whom were in tears. Powerful!

Monday I took a break at noon and went back to that quiet cafe' at the park. There were three American-seeming people there. Two men and a woman. They looked like College Students. And when one started translating a Spanish newspaper into English for the others I asked "Louder" and sort of joined the group. Turns out that

there were three of five people
in Buenaventura under the
Peace Corps. I was excited, for
here was the peace corps in action.
Tom, Duane, Jo Anne. They had
been there 3 months and before
I could get a question in edge-
wise they were pumping me for
info. from U.S. Weather, People,
anything! They were so disengaged
there in Buenaventura ("The jumping
off place") that even then they
were looking forward to returning
to the states. We took a trip
by taxi out to see the couple who
lived out in the jungle developing
a housing system for the relief
of Buenaventura slums. The
whole point, it seems, is "helping
the people help themselves" through
ideas. These people had very little
money and were given only \$150/
month by Peace Corps.

November 28, 1963 Guayaquil, Ecuador.

The port was at the foot of a
tremendous bay — the
Americans had just built (1 yr.)
a pier which was 7 kilometers

from town on an estuary. Modern, well lit, and impressive compared to some seen. The city like the others - largest so far, but I did not have a chance to go into the business district. Bought the most delicious pineapple from a hawker for 2 packs cigarettes. The ship loaded up with fresh fruit and lobsters, which we had in small part for supper.

I am extremely disengaged with my work. Mordosity & Boredom plague me. It's hot, oily, and the officers of the Engine Room are very bad. They are listed by the crew among the 3 most disliked officers - Captain, Chief Engineer, 1st Engineer. None of these three like me, and life is monotonous. The Captain has rudely (in my opinion) reprimanded me for things which I was not aware were wrong. The Chief Engineer

and first Engineer give me the absolute drags of the engine room work. For the last three days I have been "smoking clothing" the steel handrails — a job that is very hard on the arms + hands (takes much energy) and which could be parcelled out among the three engine boys. Then the gallery boy got sick — paralyzed left arm — and today I asked the steward if I might take his place. The steward said he would like to have me and would see the captain. The Captain said no. I am so goddamn mad now I don't know what to do. I can't leave this ship — It seems to be a prison of some sort, etc.

December 2, 1963 Still mad, though time has elapsed.
Usually when I am mad over nothing my madness disappears in a short time... I am still unhappy in my situation, and have been putting my grey matter to work. Will speak E U.S. Consulate (Embassy) in Lima.

December 7, 1963
Saturday

I spoke with the Captain on Thursday in Callao about changing to galley-boy. I was brushed off again, but that evening the steward came to me and said I would start in the galley the next morning. I was elated. At noon, after a day of peeling potatoes and cleaning pans, the bosun came to me and said I was to start on the deck crew that very afternoon. Jesus, was I happy, for this is what I had wanted all along. The trip now will be excellent. I find even that the deck crew talks... in the Machinrom no one talked with one another and the spirit of the bad "2nd" hung over all. An example of the "2nd's" behavior would be that he logged me a day because I went to see the Captain 15 minutes before breakfast, and thus skipped so much work.

We arrived in Callao on Monday night at about 2200 hours and

the crew was so anxious to go ashore that the company boat came out and took a crowd of 15 or so in to port. We were at anchor in the harbor, no. 7 in line for one of the about 12 berths in the port.

So we went ashore, passing through customs and being searched for smuggling. The waterfront itself is completely enclosed on the shore by tall fences topped with barbed wire and the customs people are very strict. Several blocks beyond the fence is the bar district - all boasting English names and most advertisements in English: The Pilot, Happy Land, The International Club, Petz's, etc. The Norwegians I was with made a bee-line for Happy Land where we were until 6 in the morning. The Bosun then led us back to the docks, found a taxi boat, and paid 100 Soles to get us back. I paid my share to the Bosun and went to sleep for the 20 minute ride out to the ship.

We arrived at the ship at 6:55, and at 7:00 we pulled the piston and cylinder of Number 5 in the engine. It was a bad day. I can remember vividly, though, waiting for the taxi boat on the fish pier and seeing what must of been several thousand Pelicans semi-sleeping on the roofs of the several buildings and on derricks and cranes. They struck me as fantastically ugly birds; large jowls hanging, dirty white colored, and awlward as hell. When they landed on the rooftops they would come in level, wings spread, and then pivot on the axis of their wings, spreading their tail feathers and slowing until they landed, running on their two feet like penguins. Their motions and the fantastic number of the creatures was to me extremely ugly.

Tuesday night was much the same as the last, though I

fell in with a German sailor who had missed his ship and was working behind the bar at Happy Land during the day time. We went off to a little Japanese place for something to eat (of which I was quite wary due to my experience in Paita). There was also an American ship in and one of the fellows struck a conversation with me. He was big, drunk, and had played in the Roseboro last year for SC. He wanted to fight a tremendous German bosun who would have licked him to the ground; but the American cried to me that he was American and different because he had HEART (slapping his left breast)... no fight ever came, however.

On Wednesday I went into the city with the agent to see a doctor. I incurred in Buenaventura a slight infection, it seems, which after 4 days now Penicillin seems to have eradicated. One of those illnesses quite common among

seafarers. Everyone on the crew, I'm told, has had a "dose", and the 2nd Mate who acts as Medico said he'd probably given more hypos than many registered nurses...

The doctorz was in a large, dirty building which seemed to be a community health center. Bandaged people, people with canes, the lame, etc. walked in, claimed green filing cards and waited in line until their number was called. I had some sort of priority, though, and waited in the hall for the doctorz on a red-cushioned chair which was given me by a blue suited nurse-secretary. I wandered about, though, hating to be invisible, and because somewhat nauseated at the situation. Where were the sterile white walls and the brisk nurses and doctors. The tiles on the floor were in worse shape than those in the toilet of the old school.

gymnasium (Lang Gym). I went to the window-balcony and looked out onto the street where there was a trolley car and remarkably traffic lights. Glancing below onto the top of a roundish tree I saw the most repulsive thing during the trip so far. A dead bandage wrap had been flung from the balcony and was lying brown-stained in the top branches of the tree. I was very happy to get the inevitable prescription and leave, still in the company of the agent.

I then went to Lima, about 10 kilometers away to the east by a "Collectivo," a taxi for 5 much like a bus.

December 21, 1963
Saturday

It has been long since I have written in my "log book." In the past week I have not been inspired to enter it, nor have I forced myself. Since Callao has been a time of change, the major being that I am working on the deck now rather

than the engine room. "Fresher" is the description of my work, be it scraping and painting, sweeping in the holds, or merely sitting watch while in port over the longshoremen... who when they come on board look over the hold with the utmost care and in some instances find a ball point pen or small pieces of tin and empty cans. They are true scavengers of the worst sort. In Valparaiso, for example, they tore into a bale of cotton and rolled a ball of it (loose in the corner) and when I caught wind of it and said "no possible" they were most offended. They rolled burlap sacks and steel wire... The 2nd Mate will not let them take scrap wood ashore, donnage which we throw overboard when we get to sea.

Here in Valparaiso I made the greatest folly of the year. While I brushed my teeth before going ashore in the evening, I did

not close my cabin. In two minutes a longshoreman had gone in and out, stealing my watch and wallet. They come down into the crew's quarters with the same scavenger attitude trying to drum up cigarette business or shirts... I can see some nauseating bastard slipping into my cabin and pocketing the watch my Grandmother gave to me on graduation from High School. He smelled of onions, needed a shave, and his teeth were brown and uneven. The effect has worn off to a certain extent, though this act established in me a mistrust for other people - something I really didn't have before. I never locked my room at Oceanside.

In Antofagasta I met two fellows my age who were travelling by thumb to Santiago where they lived. I was buying a pack of matches, didn't know the Spanish word, and they came to my rescue speaking halting English. They seemed extremely pleased to come

on an american and pumped me with questions. We went to the grand Hotel for beer, to a pool hall for an hour, then sat in a quiet bar drinking and talking until I had to leave. One gave me his address and made me promise to write, so I reciprocated with my address. I was also invited to Santiago for a day and night with the family of Mony Rojas ~~WILLIAM~~ but was unable to get there from Valparaiso - no funds and no time.

We stopped at Chauaral, Valparaiso, San Antonio, Talcahuano, San Vicente after Antofagasta, then went south to Punta Arenas.

The Straights of Magellan was some of the most fantastic country I've seen, comparable to Arizona for its bareness and inhospitality. It was cold, bleak, and on the peaks which rose from the water was snow...

Sr. Sergio Rojas G.
Doblé Almeyda
1820 Nuñoa
Santiago, Chile

and at one point was a very blue glacier crawling down the join of two mountains which formed a circe (I believe that is the term Mrs. Mulroy taught in the 7th grade). We arrived in Punta Arenas during the night and when I awoke there was this city with several buildings of more than 5 stories spread back on a meadow-like rise. It was quite remarkable in the early sun... The sun set at 10:30 PM and rose at 4:30 AM... we were south of the 50th meridian which marks a transit of Cape Horn.

At present we are on our way North in the Atlantic to Montevideo, arriving there tomorrow night... and leaving I believe several days after Christmas. Christmas, or "Yule" has been so far nothing on board the ship. I am very homesick for the cold snows and buying a tree and smelling pine in the living room. No one whistles carols or is any different of character,

and all talk of getting drunk
Christmas, just as they get
drunk every time we hit a
port. Drinking and women,
I have been told, are Norwegian
customs, and much of both.

January 9, 1963

Been a long time since I have
written in this diary. A long
time and two great cities. In
Montevideo:

James P. Willis (+ Kathleen)
U.S. Economic Attaché

Conrad Stolzenbach (+ Mary)
U.S.I.S.

Ute Spogic
Marzia S. de Muñoz 2366

Luis Luzzi
El Hauni 142

and in Buenos Aires:

Herr German Weil (+ Hilde)
Crescenta 2256

Let me begin with Montevideo and

tell only anecdotes and a few facts. Christmas dinner with the Willis and Stolzenbach families. All wonderful people with much hospitality. I left them my three folk song books for Con and Kathy with their respective banjo and guitar.

Party at Punta Gorda with return AFS students. Wonderful people. Met Vito Spogni (Bonis Pt. N.Y. 1961-62). Afternoon with family + dinner. Low class dwelling, basic meal, and wonderful spirit.. Happy + cheerful to break bread at their automobile-lighted table. Garden in back with hens + vegetables, lemons and grapes. Vito - architecture + house in the bush.

Luis Lieni, through Jim, student also of architecture. Swimming, drinking, "Vineria" folk music, the bombo "drum" of N. Argentina, talking, talking, etc. Had just come back from Europe. Not AFS. In the "Artegas" group at University — no influence or control from outside for Uruguay boy.

Lost wallet carrying drunk older back to ship. Paul. \$10 + draft card,

California license. Pain in the rear. No more I.D.

On Christmas day there was a party on the boat deck for the crew, Captain presiding. At end of party Capt. + 1st Engineer had fight, captain knocking 1st out for roughly 3 hours. Out like a light. Crew sympathetic with 1st Engineer.

In Viking Bar drunk American sailors at table & girl. Girl's boyfriend comes up, sits down. Am. says he's buying drinks + boyfriend's not welcome. Boyfr. pulls out 10 peso note (rs) and says hell buy drinks. American gives him the 10 peso note saying no thanks. Uruguayan rips up 10 peso note. American, not to be outdone, pulls out 10 dollar bill + rips it up. Fan blows pieces over room so bar man can't find them all later + scotch tape them. (Bar man, Henri, complained bitterly)

At AFS party dance with beautiful black eyed girl. She gives me her card. Do I ask her out? No, it's against custom by word of Vito. No single dating until sugaged or well befriended. Damn.

TSIA. No good. Too expensive + much like New York. Best pastime sitting sidewalk cafe & beer watching the girls go by.

Met Herr Weil on Viamonte Cello & his cello. Spoke nur ein Bischen English so wir sprachen auf deutsch. Er lehrte musik (cello) an der Universität und um mir nach seine Haus kommen bitten. Ich fuhr da und die Cello spieltz. Etwas des Tchaikovsky das er zu mich angab. Seine Frau war auch ein Musiker (mit die Violin) und ist sehr berühmt. Sie hat mit Oistrach und Fomin, und so wieder, gespielt. Beide war sehr nett mit mir. Drei tagen später fuhrte ich da ein andre Zit, denn ein Quartet Gruppe zu hören sehr wunderschön. Ich hätte auch ja ein lesson bei Herr Weil der mich

der Erste positionen den fingeren
seigte.

Spent the weekend at a
rauch in country with a
dozen other caboses and
a group of Señoritas or
muchachas Swimming pool,
horses, bar (Gin 30 pesos),
soccer, + much sun. Really
a needed change.

Now on way to Paranaqua, Brazil
for coffee.