

# NORTH TO LATITUDE 83°-01' N

1970 Arctic East Deployment aboard CGC Southwind (WAGB 280)

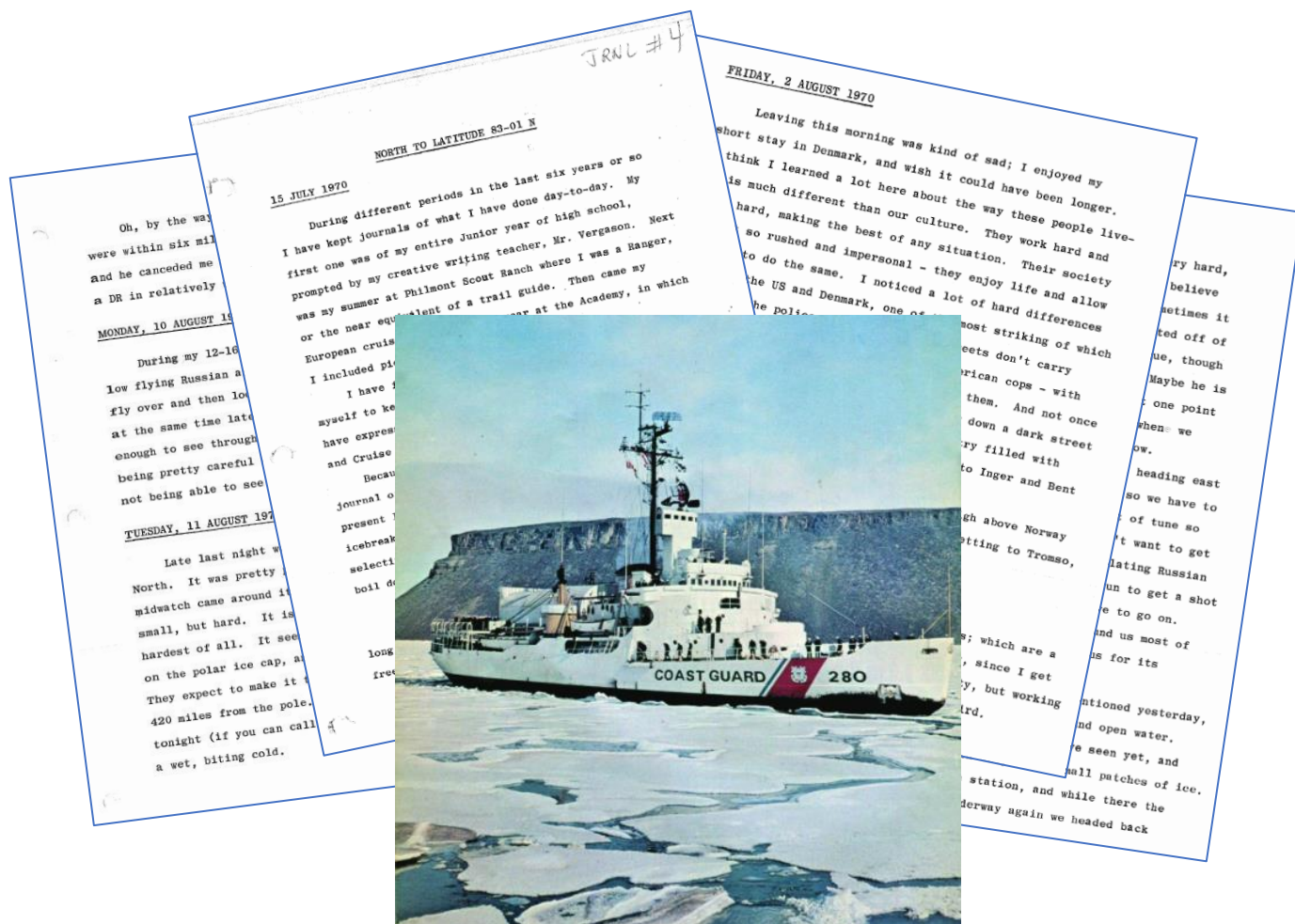
July – November 1970

by

Ens. Fred Squires CGA '70 (1947-2004)

*Edited with Photos added by CGA '70 Classmate Dave Maloney*

*50 years later, December 2020*



## Table of Contents (clickable links)

<a href="#">PROLOGUE</a> .....	5
<a href="#">DELAYED DEPARTURE: WEDNESDAY, 15 JULY 1970</a> .....	6
<a href="#">SONDRESTROM, GREENLAND: WEDNESDAY, 15 JULY 1970</a> .....	7
<a href="#">THULE, GREENLAND (Visit #1): THURSDAY, 15 JULY 1970</a> .....	7
<a href="#">SAR MISSION</a> .....	8
<a href="#">COPENHAGEN, DENMARK: THURSDAY, 30 JULY 1970</a> .....	8
<a href="#">VISIT JANE'S FAMILY &amp; FRIENDS: SATURDAY, 1 AUGUST 1970</a> .....	9

EN ROUTE BARENTS SEA: FRIDAY, 2 AUGUST 1970.....	10
FLIGHT OPS: SATURDAY, 3 AUGUST 1970.....	11
OFF NORWEIGIAN COAST: TUESDAY, 4 AUGUST 1970.....	12
CROSSED ARCTIC CIRCLE: WEDNESDAY, 5 AUGUST 1970.....	13
OCEANOGRAPHERS: THURSDAY, 6 AUGUST 1970.....	13
HELO EMERGENCY: FRIDAY, 7 AUGUST 1970.....	14
OCEAN SURVEY: SATURDAY, 8 AUGUST 1970.....	14
NOVAYA ZEMLYA: SUNDAY, 9 AUGUST 1970.....	15
SOVIET AIRCRAFT: MONDAY, 10 AUGUST 1970.....	15
BREAKING ICE AT 79N: TUESDAY, 11 AUGUST 1970.....	15
POLAR BEAR #1: WEDNESDAY, 12 AUGUST 1970.....	16
STUCK IN ICE?: THURSDAY, 13 AUGUST 1970.....	16
PRESSURE RIDGES: FRIDAY, 14 AUGUST 1970.....	17
A RECORD 83-01 N! SATURDAY, 15 AUGUST 1970.....	17
STUCK WITH NO FRESH WATER: SUNDAY, 16 AUGUST 1970.....	18
THE DAY WE DIDN'T SINK.....	19
TYPICAL DAY IN THE ICE: MONDAY, 17 AUGUST 1970.....	19
POLAR BEAR #2, RODNEY: TUESDAY, 18 AUGUST 1970.....	20
IVAN SHOWS UP: WEDNESDAY, 19 AUGUST 1970.....	20
WATER RESTORED; PESKY IVAN: THURSDAY, 20 AUGUST 1970.....	21
AT ANCHOR: FRIDAY, 21 AUGUST 1970.....	22
S.O.B. IVAN RAMMED US! SATURDAY, 22 AUGUST 1970.....	22
HUMP DAY.....	23
CONGRATULATIONS RECEIVED: SUNDAY, 23 AUGUST 1970.....	23
WALRUS: MONDAY, 24 AUGUST 1970.....	24
FIRE! WEDNESDAY, 26 AUGUST 1970.....	24
MORALE AND EDUCATION: THURSDAY, 27 AUGUST 1970.....	25
FRIDAY, 28 AUGUST 1970.....	25
EDGE ISLAND: SATURDAY, 29 AUGUST 1970.....	26
IVAN DEPARTS: MONDAY, 31 JULY 1970.....	26
TROMSO, NORWAY: TUESDAY, 1 SEPTEMBER 1970.....	27
SEAMEN IN JAIL: WEDNESDAY, 2 SEPTEMBER 1970.....	28
CABLE CAR: THURSDAY, 3 SEPTEMBER 1970.....	28
MURMANSK: FRIDAY, 4 SEPTEMBER 1970.....	29
ABOUT OUR VISIT: SATURDAY, 5 SEPTEMBER 1970.....	29
SHIP TOURS: SUNDAY, 6 SEPTEMBER 1970.....	35
WREATH LAYING.....	36
TOUR OF COLLECTIVE FARM: MONDAY, 7 SEPTEMBER 1970.....	37
AT SEA; ROUGH SEAS; INJURED: TUESDAY, 8 SEPTEMBER 1970.....	38
WEDNESDAY, 9 SEPTEMBER 1970.....	39
ADMINISTERS EXAMS: THURSDAY, 10 SEPTEMBER 1970.....	39
FRIDAY, 11 SEPTEMBER 1970.....	39
ICEMANSHIP: SATURDAY, 12 SEPTEMBER 1970.....	39
SUNDAY, 13 SEPTEMBER 1970.....	40
IVAN BACK: MONDAY, 14 SEPTEMBER 1970.....	40
HEADS SECURED: TUESDAY, 15 SEPTEMBER 1970.....	40
EN-ROUTE PORTSMOUTH: WEDNESDAY, 16 SEPTEMBER 1970.....	41

STANDING MY OWN WATCHES: THURSDAY, 17 SEPTEMBER 1970 .....	41
WE SCARE IVAN: FRIDAY, 18 SEPTEMBER 1970.....	41
IVAN GONE FOR GOOD: SATURDAY, 19 SEPTEMBER 1970 .....	41
SUNDAY, 20 SEPTEMBER 1970.....	42
REALLY ROUGH SEAS: MONDAY, 21 SEPTEMBER 1970 .....	42
SPACE CAPSULE REVISITED .....	42
SHIP TRAFFIC: TUESDAY, 22 SEPTEMBER 1970.....	43
ENGLISH CHANNEL TRAFFIC: WEDNESDAY, 23 SEPTEMBER 1970.....	43
PORTSMOUTH, ENGLAND: THURSDAY, 24 SEPTEMBER 1970 .....	44
LONDON: FRIDAY, 25 SEPTEMBER 1970 .....	44
DAVE VISITS LONDON FRIENDS: SATURDAY, 26 SEPTEMBER 1970.....	45
TOURISTS ON <i>SOUTHWIND</i> : SUNDAY, 27 SEPTEMBER 1970.....	45
TOURING ENGLAND: MONDAY, 28 SEPTEMBER 1970.....	46
ARUNDEL CASTLE AND STONEHENGE .....	46
PICNIC; ROMAN VILLA; CHEDDAR GORGE: TUESDAY, 29 SEPTEMBER 1970 .....	46
STRATFORD-ON-AVON; SHAKESPEARE.....	47
WARWICK CASTLE; WOBURN ABBEY: WEDNESDAY, 30 SEPTEMBER 1970.....	47
THURSDAY, 1 OCTOBER 1970 .....	47
ROUGH SEAS AGAIN: FRIDAY, 2 OCTOBER 1970.....	48
HOLD ON FOR DEAR LIFE: WEDNESDAY, 7 OCTOBER 1970 .....	48
SEVERE ROLLS: THURSDAY, 8 OCTOBER 1970 .....	49
ICE FORECASTING SURVEY: FRIDAY, 9 OCTOBER 1970.....	49
GREENLAND: SATURDAY, 10 OCT 1970 .....	50
GOOSE BAY FOR MAIL RUN: SUNDAY, 11 OCTOBER 1970 .....	50
MOVIE SWAP: MONDAY, 12 OCTOBER 1970.....	50
HAMILTON INLET: TUESDAY, 13 OCTOBER 1970 .....	50
WEDNESDAY, 14 OCTOBER 1970 .....	51
THURSDAY, FRIDAY, 15th & 16TH OCTOBER 1970 .....	51
PEACEFUL IN SNOW: SATURDAY, 17 OCTOBER 1970 .....	51
ARCTIC CIRCLE "BLUE NOSE" INITIATION!!!! .....	51
PROFILES: SUNDAY, 18 OCTOBER 1970 .....	52
STEERING FAILS: MONDAY, 19 OCTOBER 1970 .....	56
BELL-RINGER ROLLS! TUESDAY, 20 OCTOBER 1970.....	56
ERRIE USING CARBON ARC LIGHT: WEDNESDAY, 21 OCTOBER 1970.....	56
PANCAKE ICE; SHIP ICING UP: THURSDAY, 22 OCTOBER 1970.....	57
LATER THAT NIGHT .....	58
BIG RED EYE: FRIDAY, 23 OCTOBER 1970 .....	58
SATURDAY, 24 OCTOBER 1970.....	58
SUNDAY, 25 OCTOBER 1970 .....	58
THULE, GREENLAND (Visit #2); MY BIRTHDAY: MONDAY, 26 OCTOBER 1970 .....	59
HUNGOVER: TUESDAY, 27 OCTOBER 1970.....	59
LEAVING THULE; WHAT NEXT?: WEDNESDAY, 28 OCTOBER 1970.....	59
NOW UNDER COMMAND OF NAVY: THURSDAY, 29 OCTOBER 1970.....	60
FRIDAY, 30 OCTOBER 1970 .....	60
HALLOWEEN: SATURDAY, 31 OCTOBER 1970.....	60
DAYDREAM ABOUT JANE: SUNDAY, 1 NOVEMBER 1970 .....	61
STILL WITH NAVY OPS: MONDAY, 2 NOVEMBER 1970.....	61

NUCLEAR SUBMARINES; NEAR COLLISION: TUESDAY, 3 NOVEMBER 1970..... 61  
BACK TO COAST GUARD CONTROL: THURSDAY, 5 NOVEMBER 1970 ..... 62  
HEADED HOME: FRIDAY, 6 NOVEMBER 1970 ..... 62  
SATURDAY, 7 NOVEMBER 1970 ..... 63  
MORE BAD WEATHER: SUNDAY, 8 NOVEMBER 1970..... 63  
CHANGE COURSE TO EAT: MONDAY, 9 NOVEMBER 1970..... 63  
BELLE ISLE STRAIGHTS: TUESDAY, 10 NOVEMBER 1970 ..... 63  
EXCITED ABOUT GOING HOME: WEDNESDAY, 11 NOVEMBER 1970 ..... 63  
AIRDALES READY TO TAKE OFF: THURSDAY, 12 NOVEMBER 1970..... 64  
CAPE COD CANAL: FRIDAY, 13 NOVEMBER 1970 ..... 64  
COAST GUARD ACADEMY: SATURDAY, 14 NOVEMBER 1970..... 65  
RETURN TO BALTIMORE: WEDNESDAY, 17 NOVEMBER 1970..... 66  
EPILOGUE ..... 66

## PROLOGUE [#TOC](#)

*[The USCGC SOUTHWIND initially began her five-month-long 1970 Arctic East deployment on 15 June 1970 when she departed Baltimore.*

*She was scheduled to conduct oceanographic and logistics operations in Baffin bay and the Barents and Kara Seas north of Europe as well as escort cargo ships on their annual Thule, Greenland resupply missions.*

*While on this cruise, on 15 August 1970, SOUTHWIND reached 83° 01' North, the northernmost penetration into the Arctic Basin by a U.S. icebreaker to date. She also visited the port cities of Tromso, Norway, Portsmouth, England, Copenhagen, Denmark and in another historic first, she became the first U.S. naval vessel to call at a Soviet port (Murmansk, USSR) since World War II.*

*Due to a 3 June 1970 CG Academy graduation followed by a 30-day post-grad leave period, Fred Squires, John Hodukavich and Dave Maloney were unable to make its departure date. Instead, they were required to meet the ship in Thule, Greenland which they did on 15 July 1970. – added by Dave Maloney]*

During different periods in the last six years or so I have kept journals of what I have done day-to-day. My first one was of my entire Junior year of high school, prompted by my creative writing teacher, Mr. Vergason. Next was my summer at Philmont Scout Ranch where I was a Ranger, or the near equivalent of a trail guide. Then came my European cruise my first-class year at the Academy, in which I included pictures and mementos of the trip.

I have found the journals to be interesting reading for myself to keep in mind all that I have done, and other people have expressed interest as well, especially in my Philmont and Cruise journals.

Because of this interest, I have decided to write another journal of my first deployment as a Coast Guard officer. At present I am stationed on the USCGC *SOUTHWIND* (WAGB 280), an icebreaker homeported in Baltimore, Maryland. My reasons for selecting this as my first billet are complex, but basically boil down to a few points:

1. I am close to Jane while in port.



*Fred and Jane (Sorensen) Squires 1974, NPGS Monterey, CA*

2. Though I have long periods at sea, I also have long inport periods during which I will be able to have more free time than on most ships.

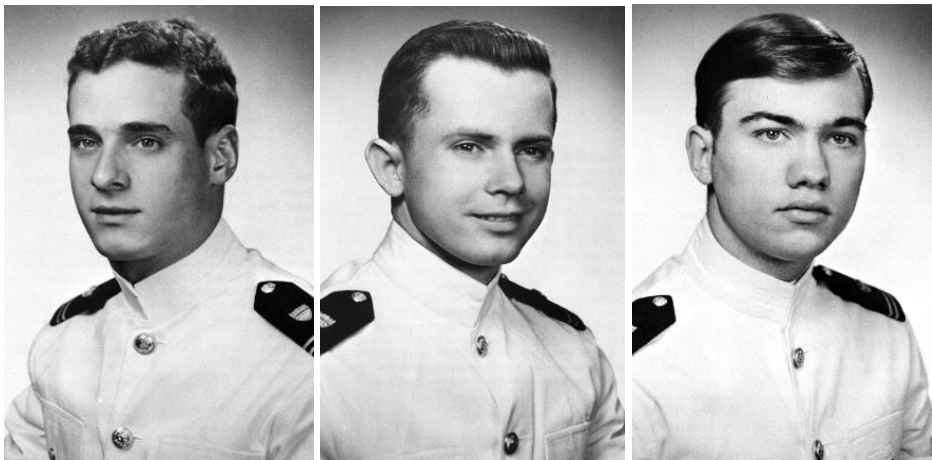


3. Maybe the strongest inducement, though to some people it is hard to admit to, is that an icebreaker is a real adventure; something that I yearn for but do not want to have after I get married. Breaker duty is not just floating around in the middle of the ocean doing nothing - it is a serious, interesting job in a hostile and adventurous area of the world. The poles and nearby regions are still mysterious and offer a variety of problems. It is my prediction that I will enjoy it greatly and will be glad of my decision, but that remains to be seen. I have four months ahead of me until I see Jane and home - it is impossible to know now how I will feel about it by then.



The whole deal had quite a start. *SOUTHWIND* (left) departed Baltimore a few weeks before our leave was up, so Dave Maloney, John "Duke" Hodukavich, and I were directed to go to 5th District Coast Guard Headquarters for transportation to Thule, Greenland to meet the ship. We all met and reported to Headquarters together, and since transportation was not readily available, we were assigned to ships in the area to bide our time. Dave went to the *MADRONA*, a 180-foot buoy tender, and John and I to the *CHEROKEE*, a 205-foot ocean going tug. We spent a week on those ships; a week that was not the most

pleasant I've ever had. We were treated quite well, but there was no escaping the fact that we were on a unit on which we did not really belong and were more in everyone's way than not. We tried to help where we could, but there is just only so far that you can go under such circumstances. (CGA graduation photos L to R below: Fred Squires, John Hodukavich, Dave Maloney)



[DELAYED DEPARTURE: WEDNESDAY, 15 JULY 1970](#) [#TOC](#)

After over a full week of frustration, we got the news that we had been booked on a MAC charter flight to Thule, Greenland, so we hightailed it up to McGuire AFB in New Jersey to catch the flight. It was about a ten-hour flight, with stops at Goose Bay, Labrador, Sodrestrom,

Greenland and finally, Thule, Greenland—with stops just perfectly timed to make it impossible to sleep.

[SONDRESTROM, GREENLAND: WEDNESDAY, 15 JULY 1970](#) [#TOC](#)

It was about midnight when we came to where the summer is one continuous day. By the time we reached Sondrestrom, Greenland it was full daylight (0200) and cold. We were forced to get off the plane, and with only our short-sleeved uniforms on it was quite chilly - about 37°F.

[THULE, GREENLAND \(Visit #1\): THURSDAY, 15 JULY 1970](#) [#TOC](#)



Thule (left) was a weird place to fly into; it is the bleakest place I have ever seen. All we could see from the plane was rock and ice, with no ground covering except lichens. Until we got within a few miles of Thule there were not even any jeep tracks to be seen.



Our ship is tied up to a pier alongside a Navy supply ship; the first supply ship up here in eight months. The fjord we are in has chunks of ice and snow floating past all the time and looks forbidding.



We three arrived at about 0530 and everything appeared pretty dead on the ship. When everyone started to get up and about, we began checking in which is a long-drawn-out procedure, which includes being issued foul weather gear, gloves, and thermal underwear. Dave and I were assigned to the same stateroom and had quite a time moving in. We have so much junk and nowhere really to put it all. A lot of our gear was still on the

*WESTWIND* (above), which pulled in alongside of us in the early afternoon and delivered our heavy trunks. Dave and I went over to get them, and in the process talked the Dane who was operating the crane on the supply ship into loading it on a pallet to swing it over the supply ship to the pier, and then drive it with a forklift to the *SOUTHWIND* (right). We had quite a time getting it on board from there.



Unlike Dave who would undergo engineering training down below decks, John and I were deckies destined to work topside, so we were issued our JOTP, Junior Officers Training Program, which is the program to train for underway OOD, like what I did last summer on the *CHINCOTEAGUE*. It is a pretty imposing looking training course; I am not sure how long it will take to finish.



We got here just in time to leave. We are scheduled to leave for Copenhagen, Denmark, at 0700 tomorrow. It is scheduled to be a ten-day passage, with some icebreaking (left) in the first two or three days while going down the Western shore of Greenland.

[SAR MISSION](#) [#TOC](#)

*[As we headed for Copenhagen, we were notified of a missing and presumed downed Soviet aircraft somewhere between Greenland and Iceland. The aircraft had been attempting to deliver earthquake relief supplies to Chile. We were joined by other search units. Sadly, other than finding a lone, empty life raft, our search unsuccessful. (below) – added by Dave Maloney]*



[COPENHAGEN, DENMARK: THURSDAY, 30 JULY 1970](#) [#TOC](#)



Pulling into Copenhagen was interesting; I have never seen such a clean port in my life. We were passed by about four of those hydrofoil ferryboats (above left) that go to Sweden and back. Our berth is at Langelinie (above center), about five minutes' walk from the famous mermaid statue (above right).



As soon as liberty was granted, Dave Maloney and I took off walking to see the town. We walked past the mermaid statue and up into town to what we call the "Walking Street," where no cars are allowed, and the streets are lined with shops. Then we rented bikes so we could cover more ground.

It was a little hard to get used to biking in a city, but since the town is set up for it, we made out o.k. There are special lanes between the roads and sidewalks for bikes, and they even have separate traffic lights for them. At the start I almost got wiped out by a fast cyclist who wanted to pass me, and Dave had a run-in with a scooter. We soon got the point that even on bicycles you keep to the right except to pass.

We worked our way down to the Tuborg Breweries, where we took in the tour and liquid refreshments afterward. From there we found the ship again by dead reckoning.



After eating dinner on the ship, I called BENT HEDEGAARD, a friend of the Jane Sorensen's family. As soon as he heard my name, he said he would be over at the ship by 7:00 p.m. to pick me up. We went out to DRAGOR, where they live and where Jane's family's house is. We picked up her grandmother and went to Bent's house to meet the family. Just about everyone speaks at least a little bit of English, which makes me feel even more guilty about not speaking any Danish,

which is a language I intend to learn in the next few years. We took a walking tour of the old village of Dragor, which is very beautiful (above left). It used to be a fishing village, but now is more a suburb of Copenhagen. The waterfront is really pretty, with all kinds of boats everywhere. We had a late "snack," as Inger called it. To me it looked like a full meal and was very delicious. They took me back to the ship at about midnight. I tried to sleep, but felt restless, so I grabbed my bike and pedaled around Copenhagen for about two and a half hours. In the process I was stopped by the police twice: once for riding on a sidewalk and once for riding without a light. It was about 2:00 a.m., and they did not seem to feel it worth doing anything about but scolding and chased me off. Copenhagen is so different from any city I have ever seen. The closest in resemblance is Lisbon because of how picturesque and clean it is. I really enjoyed the ride, and now I know that I want to come back someday., This is the kind of city that I'd like to live in or near; not like the hellholes they call cities in the United States.

FRIDAY, 31 JULY 1970 [#TOC](#)

I have the duty today. Ugh!

VISIT JANE'S FAMILY & FRIENDS: SATURDAY, 1 AUGUST 1970 [#TOC](#)

Today was fantastic. I left the ship by bike at 1000 and headed straight for the "Walking Street." I spent about an hour and a half pedaling around the side streets just looking at the shops. There seems to be a shop for anything you could possibly want, and they all have a character of their own. At 1130, Dave Maloney met me at ILLUM, a large department store, and after a half

hour or so of looking around the store, we went in search of a place to eat and decided on a small cafe on a side street where we had an outstanding meal.

We had to return the bikes by 2:00 p.m., so we headed across town to the bike shop and had to walk back to the ship.



Bend and Inger came to the ship at 3:00 p.m., and after giving them a tour of the ship, we headed North out of town. They had a wonderful tour all planned for me, starting with driving the coast road to Helsingor (left), the castle where Shakespeare's "Hamlet" took place. It is a huge castle, built when the Danes owned both sides of the sound and were able to use a fort on each side to control all traffic in and out of the Baltic and place a heavy tax on each

merchantman passing through.

Then we hopped the ferry boat to Sweden, which was only a 20-minute ride. I didn't realize until we got to Sweden that I didn't have my passport, but luckily, they don't check Danes, and they thought that I was part of the family.

We drove down the coast of Sweden, which is very pretty but not as charming as Denmark because of heavier industrialization. There were a lot of housing developments in which every house was identical just like a lot of places back home.

At Malmo, we caught the ferry that goes to Dragor, which is about an hour's sail. They had planned to eat dinner onboard, since they have a beautiful restaurant, but all the tables were already taken. Instead, we ate at a restaurant on the waterfront of Dragor, down in the old part of town.

After dinner we went to a party at one of Bent's friend's house in the old town. He is an artist with tiles and has a lovely home. He showed me his work, which was fascinating. He apparently is very well known and rightly so because the tile she makes are like none I've ever seen. He makes a lot of tiled tabletops and artistic type things. The party was a lot of fun, and I got to meet some of the Sorensen's friends who live in Dragor. Like all Danes that I have met, they are wonderful people, and tried very hard to make me feel at home, which I did.

### [EN ROUTE BARENTS SEA: FRIDAY, 2 AUGUST 1970](#) [#TOC](#)

Leaving this morning was kind of sad; I enjoyed my short stay in Denmark and wish it could have been longer. I think I learned a lot here about the way these people live-it is much different than our culture. They work hard and play hard, making the best of any situation. Their society is not so rushed and impersonal - they enjoy life and allow others to do the same. I noticed a lot of hard differences between the US and Denmark, one of the most striking of which was that the police on patrol on the streets don't carry weapons and wear Gestapo outfits like American cops - with bullets and black leather straps all over them. And not once did I feel nervous about walking or riding down a dark street like I do at home. It is a beautiful

country filled with beautiful people. I also owe a great debt to Inger and Bent Hedegaard for their open hospitality to me.

Now we are en route to the Barents Sea (right) high above Norway to do oceanographic work for 30 days before getting to Tromso, Norway to switch scientists.

### FLIGHT OPS: SATURDAY, 3 AUGUST 1970

Now I am standing the 00-04 and 12-16 watches, which are a major change to my schedule. It is good in a way, since I get to sleep late in the morning without feeling guilty but working from midnight to four in the morning is sort of weird.



This afternoon Mike Macie gave me the conn and I ran the show again, which I like much better than being JOOD. I was in charge while we launched and recovered the helicopters, which was interesting, though not too involved for the OOD. The OOD makes sure the conditions such as wind and course are o.k. and the fire crews are ready, and if so grants "Green deck," meaning the helo has permission to take off. After take-off, the "deck is red," meaning it is not cleared for flight operations. When the helos come back, he must again grant "green deck" before the helo can land, and "red deck" when it is down. It then must be cleared for the other helo.



It is a pretty complicated operation launching and recovering the helos, since the flight deck has room for one fully assembled helo at a time. The other is pushed to one side with the rotors folded (left) until the first is off, then rolled out and put together. Coming back is similar - the first one must have the rotors folded and be rolled out of the way before the other makes its approach.



For the pilot's take-off and landing is complicated for other reasons. The effect of air turbulence from the ship's superstructure is critical, and smoke (right) from the stack can be a problem. When taking off, they can't roll forward as they do on the ground, they must rise a little, fall back, then go sideways



(below left) so that they can pick up forward speed. The critical time is when they are near the ship with little forward motion, since a helo hovering is very unsafe. Safety comes with forwarded speed since, if there is trouble, they can glide down to the water. Without enough speed they will just stop. This is autorotation; the rotors keep turning to provide lift even if power fails, but without forward motion the helo will not have enough lift to keep it in the air, and it will fall like a Class I rock. Also, the slower the helo is moving (as with all aircraft, boats, and ships) the less maneuverable it is - it can be buffeted into the ship very easily.

Landing is the same problem - they must approach slowly and carefully then, when they are above the right spot, drop as fast as they can to keep from being bounced or missed by a pitching or rolling deck. The ship can actually jerk right out from under them; the pilots must be aware of the moving deck.

### OFF NORWEIGIAN COAST: TUESDAY, 4 AUGUST 1970 [#TOC](#)

We are still hugging the Norwegian coast, but not close enough to see it. The weather has been mild, but I expect it to get cold pretty soon, since we are approaching the land of the Midnight Sun. Sometime in the afternoon we passed from the North Sea to the Norwegian Sea, which is no startling change or specific divide, just an area. Our principle means of navigation has been with Consol and the RDF, neither of which are very accurate. Mostly we have relied on our DR (dead reckoning) track, which is simply a line drawn on the chart going in the direction we are steering and is marked ahead each hour by the distance we would go at our speed in an hour. They have come very close so far, mainly because we haven't had any strong currents or winds.

This morning we were told that we would have a surprise man overboard drill sometime in the morning. I predicted the exact time - I had to audit the Morale Fund Account, so as soon as Bob Glynn and I started and I opened the safe and got all the cash out, the drill would happen. I was right; no sooner had I opened the safe and had everything spread all over the place than they had the drill. I had to throw everything back, lock it up, and start over again later.



### CROSSED ARCTIC CIRCLE: WEDNESDAY, 5 AUGUST 1970 [#TOC](#)

The fog was pretty bad this afternoon; we couldn't see much more than 200 feet. Naturally, this is the time that we pull a full power run, which means a test of the engines at full speed. Here we were hauling through the fog as fast as we could go; not time even to turn away from anything that comes up. Radar has been known to miss things big enough to sink a ship, not to mention the rocks that the chart might not show. In 1969, this ship spent 36 hours perched on a rock about 200 miles North of Thule, Greenland that wasn't shown on the chart (right). The chart we have does show some pinnacles that are pretty shallow, and there undoubtedly are more around.



We crossed the Arctic Circle again this morning. That means that the sun will not go down again until after we finish the second survey late in September or early October where we will be on our way to the British Isles.

When I think of our short stay in Denmark, I can't help but think of all the places and things that I wasn't able to see, like Tivoli Gardens and more of the city and country. Also, I wasn't able to take the pictures that I wanted because I never had the chance to sit and concentrate on them like I should. I hope the pictures that I did get come out well. It all points out one thing - that I will have to go back which is a very pleasant thought. Next time I will have Jane with me, which will improve it greatly.

### OCEANOGRAPHERS: THURSDAY, 6 AUGUST 1970 [#TOC](#)

Its 0400 now; I just got off the midwatch. We are coming to the top edge of Norway now, 70° North, with company. For a little over a day a ship has been shadowing us, speeding up when we do, slowing down when we do. At about 2300 last night the fog lifted suddenly and the guys on watch got a look at it about 3 miles away. It had a black hull and white superstructure and had the general appearance of the Soviet ice breaker we passed on our way into Copenhagen. It immediately dropped back out of sight and remained out of our vision throughout our watch. It is a creepy feeling being followed like this, but it must be awful boring for them as well. I wonder how long they will stay with us.



The weather is holding out amazingly well; here we are a full day above the Arctic Circle, and we are in short sleeve shirts out on deck. I would never expect the weather to be this good up here.

We reach our first "station" tonight at 1900. We will approach, slow down gradually, and stop to take a Nansen cast (left), which is a bunch of tubes on a line that take samples of the water at various depths, and

a bottom core. Then we take off due North for our next station. For the next 24 days that is what we will be doing: running from one station to another.

### HELO EMERGENCY: FRIDAY, 7 AUGUST 1970 [#TOC](#)

Last night we took our first station right off the northern most point of Norway. From there we headed due north into the Barents Sea. By my 1200-1600 watch this afternoon we were about 74°N on our fourth station. Mike Made gave me the conn, and between helicopter launchings and recovery and getting us on station, I was pretty busy. We launched one helo to stand by for the other while it was on a test flight testing the latest repairs. After the second one took off, I secured flight quarters, and everyone left the hanger deck and I went to look at the chart since I was getting ready to assume station. All of a sudden, the second helo radioed that it had hydraulic problems and was coming in, so I set flight quarters "on the double." He was coming in so fast that I knew he was eager to get on deck, so I granted him clearance to land before he even asked, and the flight deck wasn't fully manned. By the time he touched down (less than a minute after the first radio call) everyone was there ready for him. With the second helo down, the first wanted to come in, so I granted him clearance as soon as the crew had the other one pushed aside. We were almost on station, but I couldn't slow down until after the helo landed. As soon as it touched down, I stopped the engine and started a left turn to get the wind on our starboard beam. The reason for that is so that the ship would drift way from, instead of down onto, the Nansen cast, which was off of our starboard side.

### OCEAN SURVEY: SATURDAY, 8 AUGUST 1970 [#TOC](#)

It's starting to get cold again as we head east across the Barents Sea toward USSR. It isn't a bitter cold, but we can see our breaths up on the bridge. All our navigation gear is either out or not in range of their stations, and the sun is still hidden, so we are navigating like they did in the old days, dead reckoning. I made a bet with Bob Gravino in the evening that we would turn out to be within five miles of our DR track when we finally were able to fix our position; I just have a feeling that we will be.

The survey is already getting to be a dull routine. We go for a few hours, stop for an hour, go for a few hours, stop for an hour, and on and on. These next two months will really drag. What they are doing when we stop is pretty simple, really. The hard part comes after we move again, and they decide what they have. The first observation is the Nansen cast. This is a series of bottles in metal cases which are on a cable that they lower into the water. The bottles, at different depths to get a cross section of the water under us, are turned over by releasing gear activated by a weight falling down the wire to act as a trip. When the bottles turn over, they fill up with water, which is trapped as a sample. which they later examine for salinity and oxygen content and save some for examination of nutrients. Also on the Nansen bottles are thermometers that are activated when the bottle flips so that they register the temperature at the level the water is taken. About twice a day a larger bottle is lowered to take large samples which are incubated in the sunlight and with the aid of radioactive isotopes, examined for plant and animal life. If the water is deeper than 150 fathoms a bottom corer is lowered to get a sample of the bottom. The only other observation is one taken continuously of the surface water that records oxygen and CO<sub>2</sub> content of the surface water on a roll chart.

### NOVAYA ZEMLYA: SUNDAY, 9 AUGUST 1970 [#TOC](#)

This morning at 0130 the sun finally broke through the clouds; so suddenly that we were blinded by it. The sun is just as bright up here at night as it is at home at midday, partly because of the fantastically clear air. It is so clear that this afternoon we were taking visual fixes off NOVAYA ZEMLYA (Russian for the "New Land") (right), our first landfall in the Soviet Union, even though we were 38 miles



offshore. It looked to me about 8 - 10 miles away when I first saw it; I couldn't believe it when I found out how far it was. The Russian spelling for that island is "НОВАЯ ЗЕМЛЯ." There are quite a few Soviet ships around, probably because this is supposed to be their prime nuclear testing grounds, roughly equivalent to the desolate areas we pick for that sort of thing. Ours are hot, theirs are cold.

We found out today why our OMEGA set isn't working. The station in Norway has been out of order and we were not informed about it. Without that information we thought it was the set that was bad.

Oh, by the way, I won that bet with Bob Gravino. We were within six miles of our DR position when we got a fix, and he conceded me that one extra mile. That's not bad for a DR in relatively unknown currents for over three days.

### SOVIET AIRCRAFT: MONDAY, 10 AUGUST 1970 [#TOC](#)

During my 12-16 watch this afternoon we were bugged by low flying Soviet aircraft a couple of times. We had one fly over and then loop back for another pass, then two came at the same time later. Each pass was close, but not close enough to see through the fog. I imagine the pilots were being pretty careful to steer clear of our mast in the fog; not being able to see could be a bit hairy at close quarters.

### BREAKING ICE AT 79N: TUESDAY, 11 AUGUST 1970 [#TOC](#)

Late last night we came into ice again at about 79° North. It was pretty patchy at first, but by the time my midwatch came around it was pretty well solid. The stuff was small, but hard. It is the deep blue kind, which is the hardest of all. It seems weird that now we are impinging on the polar ice cap and heading north as far as we can go. They expect to make it to at least 83° North, which is only 420 miles from the pole. It is getting colder all the time; tonight (if you can call it night) it was about 30°F, but a wet, biting cold.

Navigating in this stuff is really hard, since it is all based on estimation. We don't try to steer a straight course, but wind back and forth dodging the biggest and bluest pieces. This means constant rudder commands, and a sinuous course. To lay out a DR track, you have to try to estimate how much more you steered on one side the base course than the other. Also, every

time you break through a big chunk the ship is slowed way down, so that has to be estimated, too.



All in all, it is a pretty bumpy ride. I'm lying in bed now writing this, and it's like lying in the back seat of a car on a bumpy road. The ship bounces up and down, jerks back and forth, and crunches and grinds as it chews its way through the ice.

This afternoon we were in some serious ice, some of it four feet thick. We had to back and ram a few times (left). Mike Made gave me the conn, and I had a ball dodging and twisting my way through. This was my first try at conning through ice, and I enjoyed it.

### [POLAR BEAR #1: WEDNESDAY, 12 AUGUST 1970](#) [#TOC](#)

It's no kidding today; we are in mean ice now. We had a space of open water for a while where the edges of the polar ice cap had broken off and been blown South by the wind, but now we are in the hard-core stuff. We had to back and ram one ridge five times before we broke through. Another ridge had a soft spot where we broke through, and on either side were huge, jumbled masses of ice at least fifteen feet above the water line where the ice had piled up when two large floes had come together. These floes will have enough momentum to smash and pile tons of ice in one line. That ice is hard, too, because the water each piece brings with it freezes the whole thing into almost a solid block. That is the kind of ice that brings the ship to a shuddering standstill and puts our armor plating to the test.



Dave Maloney spotted a polar bear (left) and stuck his head into the wardroom to tell everyone. He was almost run over by the stampede of people trying to get a look at the bear.

### [STUCK IN ICE?: THURSDAY, 13 AUGUST 1970](#) [#TOC](#)

Well, we were stuck today, sort of. We only had four of six engines on the line and were making very slow progress, so the Captain decided to stop long enough to get the one fixed that has been down so that we could use all six. Because of that we were hove to in the ice for three or four hours. When we finally got underway one motor stopped suddenly while we were backing down, which is a bad situation because if the prop can quite easily shear right off, which has happened many times. Losing a prop in this ice pack could be very embarrassing, since we would need help to get out, and the closest help are the Soviets. Anyway, we heard a loud grinding crunch in the aft part of the ship, and when Mike tried to get the thing going again, he got a positive response from the engines but not from the prop, which looked pretty grim. We were relieved when we found out that it was only an electrical problem and had nothing to do with the propeller.



Right now, we are going east at a latitude of  $81^{\circ} 38'N$ , east of Franz Josef's Land (about the same latitude as the northern part of it) and north of the USSR. To give you a better reference if you look on a map, we are halfway between OSTROV GRAHAM BELL and OSTROV USHAKOVA. The Captain went up in one of the helos today for an ice recon mission and found a relatively open stretch north of us, so it looks as though we may head north for a higher penetration. As it is, we are awfully close to the pole for a ship - 502 miles. Last night we had snow, which must sound strange in the middle of August.

#### PRESSURE RIDGES: FRIDAY, 14 AUGUST 1970 [#TOC](#)



We are now headed north again though the progress is slow and tedious. This morning we were grinding through some stuff six feet thick, and while Bob Glynn had the conn, he met with some that was too big to even think of breaking. We are at about  $82^{\circ} 28'N$  now, and still willing for more. The reason that we can still keep forcing our way up is that the ice isn't just a large continuous shelf like most people think; it is a conglomerate of floes of all sizes that are constantly moving due to the wind, current, and expansion of the ice from temperature change. This movement causes tremendous pressures that break the floes constantly into small chunks that refreeze at odd angles, jumbled up with other floes like a jigsaw puzzle. The result is an irregular quilt work of ice spotted with various sized areas of open water and leads, which are cracks or separations that a ship can follow to make an easier path. That is not much of the travel, though; most is breaking across the smallest stuff you can find. The hardest to go through are the pressure ridges (left) that I mentioned a few days ago, where two large floes come together with great force and pile up and freeze in a line. The second hardest is a large floe without cracks or leads, since to get through the ship has to not only break and crush the ice but also push a lot of it aside, which is hard to do with a vast floe. There is a lot of weight to shove around.

#### A RECORD 83-01 N! SATURDAY, 15 AUGUST 1970 [#TOC](#)

Still heading north, now about  $82^{\circ} 50'N$  on this morning's midwatch we hit the worst ice yet. All of it wasn't the thickest, but it was treacherous because of the way it was jumbled up. It was old, hard blue ice piled up in many places, often as thick as 25 - 30 feet—that stuff we had to keep clear of and zig zag through the smaller stuff, though we still had to bash through stuff 15 feet thick. Sometimes we couldn't even tell how thick it was because the surrounding ice pushed it down so we were fooled into thinking it was relatively thin. One hunk was only sticking up about one foot, which made it look like it was about four or five feet, but when we hit it, we jerked way up and stopped. The force of the hit split it, and when the two chunks came up on each side with a roar of moving water, we could see that it had been at least 15 feet thick. It is big rolling chunks like that which are dangerous; they can take a prop or a rudder right off without even slowing down.



This afternoon we made our goal – 83° north Latitude (was 83° 01' North, really) or 419 miles from the pole. The Captain thinks that we have set a new latitude record for surface vessels, which I don't doubt.



*[This was such an accomplishment that we marked up a nun a buoy which had been found earlier (above left) to commemorate this awe-inspiring accomplishment. It said "8/15/70 CGC Southwind 83° North." Attached to it was a watertight container with our sailing list and a Coast Guard pennant. After a brief ceremony, over the side it went into a patch of open water to mark the spot (above right). Of course, chances are it probably lasted less than 30 minutes before being crushed by the encroaching ice and sunk! – added by Dave Maloney]*

It was quite an effort to get up here, and now we are faced with the trip back. We are out of radio communication with the outside world, so as soon as we get to where we can use the radios I guess we'll find out if we made a record or not. I hope so.

### STUCK WITH NO FRESH WATER: SUNDAY, 16 AUGUST 1970 [#TOC](#)

I woke up this morning to some interesting news. First, we were stuck. Our bow was perched on an ice flow and they were trying all the tricks they knew to get it off. They tried backing on both shafts to pull us off, backing on one and forward on the other to twist us off, using the heeling tanks to rock us off, and using fire hoses to cut the ice away from us. It happened at about 0700 this morning, and after many hours of all these tactics the bow finally slipped reluctantly off at about 1300 this afternoon to everyone's relief. We are now in an open pool about 100 yards from where we were stuck waiting for the oceanographers to do their thing before we take another try at the ice. I doubt that we will have any trouble; the only reason we got stuck in the first place was that whoever had the conn didn't decide to back down soon enough after coming to rest with the bow upon the ice. Usually we slide right off, but if the bow settles up on ice like that it can sometimes stick. It's just like skis. or a bobsled; they slide with little friction, but if they sit still on the snow it takes a hard jerk to get them going again.

The second piece of news was that the boiler that supplies our evaporators broke down last night. If the evaps don't work we don't make fresh water, and without fresh water we not only don't shower and wash and drink and eat, but also the engines don't run since they are water-cooled. We have 30,000 gallons left, which is a ten-day supply for the bare necessities, so if they can't fix it before ten days, wherever we are then is where we stay. Hopefully they will be able to fix it o.k. but they haven't found the real trouble yet. One of the annoying side products of this is that with water scarce they can't afford to use it in the heaters, so the heat is off. It's only been off for 12 hours and I can already see my breath in my stateroom. Such fun. If I were home now, I would be complaining of the heat, so you can't win.

## THE DAY WE DIDN'T SINK [#TOC](#)

Ever since the day I came on the ship the rumor has been going around that Jean Dixon, the star gazer who makes predictions, predicted that a Coast Guard Icebreaker would sink in the North on August 16<sup>th</sup>. With little else to talk about, that has been a prime topic of conversation among the crew. Even though it sounds like a bunch of crap, it is hard to keep from wondering "what if she's right?" Since we are the farthest north, we are the prime object of her prediction. Some men are a bit nervous, but most joke rather self-conscious about it, such as when they came off watch some say, "At least it didn't happen on my watch." Someone else in the wardroom suggested that we all sit on one side of the table since it was the "Last Supper." (Obviously, we had all seen the 1970 episode of "MASH." (right)) But I felt pretty safe since I have a lifejacket in my stateroom. Besides, if you can't move there isn't much chance of anything happening to sink us, but we will probably get under way pretty soon. We now have six hours left. I'd better get the most out of it before I go on watch.



## TYPICAL DAY IN THE ICE: MONDAY, 17 AUGUST 1970 [#TOC](#)

Good grief - it was so cold in my stateroom last night that I decided that I had better keep my long underwear in bed with me so it would be warm enough to put on this morning. All the time Dave has been kidding me about having an electric blanket, but now I have the last laugh - he is shivering pretty badly and complaining of the cold.

My watch times have been switched again, and now I'm standing the 08-12 and 20-24. This morning's watch was productive; the oceanographers got their winch all tangled up so we sat in an open spot in the ice for four hours while they tried to get untangled. I spent most of the time in the office catching up with the paperwork that has piled up.

It's so awfully lonely and quiet out there; I walked out on the forecastle while we were stopped, and it was as if we were in the middle of a desert. That is the only way I can describe it: a bleak, lifeless void, all white and unmoving. In a way it has a beauty all its own; a stark beauty composed of odd shapes of jagged, jutting ice, some covered with snow, some not. Then after watching it for a while it isn't only white, but different shades of blue and grey added in where the ice meets the water, and it is really in motion - constant motion or ice moving back and forth, one floe bouncing and jarring another. The impact is marked by crunching and grinding and fragments of broken ice crumbling away. Despite the overall quiet and peace, in one way it is like New York City: "It is a nice place to visit but I sure wouldn't want to live there."

Tonight, we were on station again during my watch so I went down to my stateroom to read. While I was down there, they moved the ship a little to avoid some ice drifting down on us. There was a tremendous bang and the whole ship shook, so I walked out of my room to call the

bridge to see what was up. The Quartermaster, Jones, told me that two seconds after the bang his phone rang and it was the Captain. Without identifying himself he asked, "What the hell did we hit now?" It was only an edge of the ice shelf, but the noise made it sound like a whopper.

### POLAR BEAR #2, RODNEY: TUESDAY, 18 AUGUST 1970 [#TOC](#)

We are still heading south, but the ice isn't much easier yet, though there are a few more open spots. This afternoon when the ice stopped us and we were about to back down a polar bear (we named him Rodney) came sauntering out of the fog to look at us. He walked right over and stood on the edge of the ice shelf and looked at us just as curiously as we looked at him. Somebody threw him a loaf of bread, a Cornish game hen, and some pizza that was left over from chow. He had a feast. He didn't show any fear, but when we started backing down the ship started to rattle and bang and he walked about 100 yards away to watch us go. He was a beautiful animal, about 500 pounds, all yellow-white with huge feet that are built about like snowshoes, for obvious reasons. This seems like an awfully lonely place to live, but he looked healthy and content.



### IVAN SHOWS UP: WEDNESDAY, 19 AUGUST 1970 [#TOC](#)

This morning we sent the helos out to search for land since it's been a week since we last fixed our position, and we wanted to update our DR track. It was perfectly clear when we launched, but before they found land the fog closed in on us and the helos had to come back, so it was a wasted effort. Later on, about 1230, we broke out of the ice pads into clear water again, finally. It was a welcome sight after so much ice.



Not very long after that a Soviet ship spotted us, though. It came over the horizon and bore right down on us, and all afternoon and evening he has been following us at close quarters. It appears to be an oceanographic survey ship, since it obviously isn't a merchantman, warship, or fishing vessel. It has a small helicopter pad on the fantail, and some large cranes that look big enough to hoist seaplanes. We gave it a lot of trouble when it tried to follow us close astern. He couldn't see the chunks of ice floating in front of us, so we kept going right through them and he had to do some pretty wild maneuvers to avoid the ice. Ice like that would tear a hole in the skin of anything but a ship specially designed for ice.



I had fun with the Soviet ship tonight on watch. We stopped first to take a Nansen cast, which is done on the starboard side. His orders apparently are to observe what we do, so he pulls up alongside to watch. He went to the wrong side first and had to maneuver back over to our starboard. The second stop was for a BT, which is on our port side, but he went to starboard to the Hansen winch, so he had to go all the way over to port that time.



The third time was a Hansen again, and when I saw him heading out to the wrong side I ran to the wing of the bridge and waved my arms to get his attention. When I saw the OOD's glasses on me I pointed to the BT winch than crossed my arms and shook my head as a "no" signal. Then I pointed to the starboard side and nodded as a "yes" signal. He turned sharply back to starboard and waved to me. I saved him some tricky maneuvering, since this was all happening at a range of 300-400 yards, which is pretty close.

### WATER RESTORED; PESKY IVAN: THURSDAY, 20 AUGUST 1970 #TOC

Well, we have our water back, but not at full capacity. We made about 100 gallons an hour more than we use, but that's even without showers allowed, which use up a lot. They don't dare open the showers yet because everyone would take one at the same time and the small reserve we have would disappear immediately.



Our Soviet shadow is still with us; today he came within 50 yards of us at one point, but most of the time he stays 1000 yards astern of us. Every time I'm on watch they have the same OOD - a young man with the same sleeve markings as a LTJG in our services. He looks more Spanish than Russian, though all the rest look very Russian. Most of the people are in civilian clothes and spend a lot of time staring at us and snapping pictures just the way we stare at them and take pictures of

them. This morning their OOD was looking at me with binoculars from his bridge wing while I was looking at him from our bridge wing. I waved, then saw a big grin on his face and he waved back. It really is pretty silly, but I guess he was assigned the task of following us and is carrying out orders. He doesn't seem to want to embarrass us or bother us too much, just hover nearby and watch.

At one time while I had the conn, we hit some ice that looked from the distance to be pretty small stuff, but when we got up to it, we saw it was about three feet and fairly hard. Not having full power available since we hadn't expected it, I had to back down and ram, which was tricky with the Soviets right on our tail. He didn't seem to understand what I wanted him to do, so I waved my arms indicating for him to back out of our way. He responded instantly and got clear. After going forward again, he started creeping up again, and I had to back down again. He did so too, and this time just sat to wait for us to get through, but we decided that it would be quicker to go around it than go through it with reduced power.

I must admit that these guys seem to be very good ship handlers, because they follow us very closely through the ice even when we twist and turn. Their ship does not look as maneuverable as ours, and we have the advantage of being able to reverse either shaft almost instantaneously, which makes for very quick turns. Even so, he does very well. He has had to slow down and sometimes back, but I haven't seen him leave our wake yet in ice. Even if he can reverse shafts like we do, it is not simple matter to follow such a twisting path like that.

#### AT ANCHOR: FRIDAY, 21 AUGUST 1970 [#TOC](#)

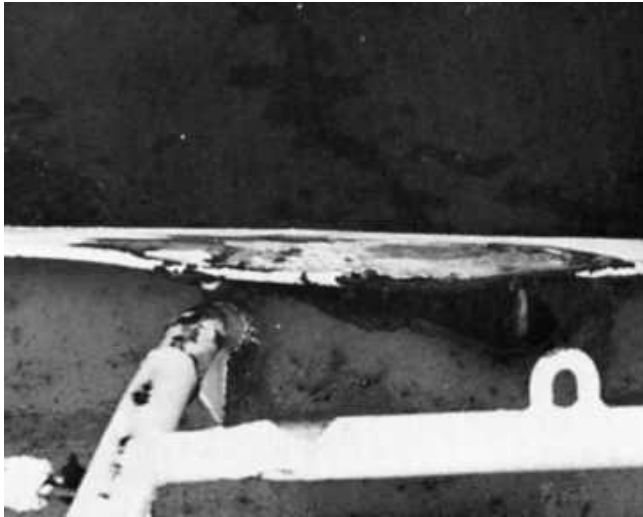
During the last two days we have been going on a rectangular pattern from Franz Joseph's Land, east for a day, south for a few hours, then west for a day. We are now below Franz Joseph's Land at 80° North at anchor monitoring the strength of the current. The purpose of our erratic course has been to sample the water to examine the flow of water south from the Arctic.

We are anchored in much deeper water than is normally thought possible; about 95 fathoms, or 570 feet. It can't be done with anchor chain because chain would be too heavy, so we are using cable. Our shadow, VLADIMIR KAVRINSKY, must have been awfully surprised to see us drop our anchor out here; he has to just keep circling.

Tomorrow night we are celebrating HUMP day, meaning the cruise is over the hump, or halfway point. It is actually a week early because if we had it at the real time it would be too close to our arrival in Tromso. Since I am morale officer, I have planned it out. We are having Casino Night, for which I printed up "Southwind Money" that will be bought for 50 cents for \$2500 SW. We have six gambling tables set up, for Blackjack, Roulette, Wheel of Fortune, Acey Deucey, and Odd & Even. After that we will have beer and pizza along with an auction of items from the ship's store with the money they win at the tables. I even have a booby prize - a dozen bars of soap bought in Chile two years ago which causes skin rash. It should be quite an affair, complete with a band and "go-go girls."

#### S.O.B. IVAN RAMMED US! SATURDAY, 22 AUGUST 1970 [#TOC](#)

At 0200 the blaring horns for General Quarters sounded! It's now 0500 and we just stood down from GQ. Why GQ? Because the VLADIMIR KAVRINSKY hit us on the starboard side forward while we were at anchor. There wasn't much damage (see below pics), just a bent rail and a large dent. No internal damage. From the description of how it happened it was obvious that it was intentional; she came close, shut off her engines and then slowly drifted down on us without any attempt to avoid it. The Soviets on their bridge were just watching and taking pictures of the whole thing. And smiling. As soon as she struck us, she reversed engines and backed away. It was definitely intentional! *[I never heard of any news coverage or formal complaints between countries about that event. As payback, the next day our choppers flew over their ship dropped some bags of garbage on their bridge! – added by Dave Maloney]*



Later on in the day; it's snowing fairly hard right now; I hope it keeps up would like to see a blizzard, myself, but those sentiments aren't shared by a lot of people

### HUMP DAY [#TOC](#)

The Hump Day celebration was an unqualified success. Everybody had a great time - the gambling was lively, the auction was spirited, and the beer hit the spot. The band was a great help by putting out a fantastic sound. They are good enough to make quite a bit of money on the outside. Everybody said that it was the best party they'd ever had on board, and it upped morale quite a few notches.



### CONGRATULATIONS RECEIVED: SUNDAY, 23 AUGUST 1970 [#TOC](#)

Well, Ivan the Terrible is still with us, taking a brutal beating. We hit a storm today and it got rough, so we started pitching and rolling, but Ivan got it worse. It looked like they were very uncomfortable for a while there. (We have dubbed him Ivan the Terrible now because it's easier to say than *VLADIMIR KAVRAYSKY*.)

Yesterday we were going west to get around the southern side of Zemlya Georga, and today are headed northerly in the Barents Sea. We were scheduled to be doing oceanographic stations all the way, but today we couldn't because of heavy seas. The plan is to zig zag around west of Zemlya Aleksandry (Alexandra Land) for the survey and make another penetration to the polar cap, but not as far as before. From the looks of this storm, we got out just in time, because an Arctic storm like this in late August often marks the turn into winter which is a bad time to be

very far into the ice. It has been snowing for two days now and has frozen some on our superstructure. It isn't quite cold enough to cause it to build up yet, though.

We have had radio communication back for the last few days, and today I saw a message from the commandant congratulating us for making the highest penetration by any U.S. icebreaker, and his message was based on a situation report he received two days after we were at 83°-01'N. At that time, we were at 82°40'N, so we have been higher than he thought. I still think we'll have a world's record excepting the submarines and the ships they have stuck in the ice to drift with it for a few years. What I mean is the highest penetration by a surface vessel under its own power. I can't think of anyone who would have been crazy enough: to go any higher.

#### WALRUS: MONDAY, 24 AUGUST 1970 [#TOC](#)

Today we penetrated to 81°31N through some very hard, brittle ice, with Ivan right behind us. I can't believe the way he can maneuver in our track, because sometimes it is very irregular, especially when we are deflected off of the ice. He is still avoiding ice like the plague, though he obviously has some ice breaking capability. Maybe he is keeping his sonar dome down for some reason. At one point we forced him to back right into the ice shelf when we backed to ram and came within 25 yards of his bow.

Today we are north of Franz Joseph's Land, heading east at about 81°N. The navigation is still by DR, so we have to be careful where we go. The radar has been out of tune so has a range of only 10 miles or so, and we don't want to get within 12 miles of the islands for fear of violating Soviet waters. Now and then the sun pops out and we run to get a shot at it since it is the only thing we really have to go on to help us fix our position. The fog is a constant bother, since it is around us most of the time and is so thick. The Arctic is famous for its fog, and I see why now.

We have hit some pretty hard ice as I mentioned yesterday, but tonight in the most unlikely place we found open water. We are farther north than any open water we've seen yet, and for three hours we cruised with only a few small patches of ice. At about 2300 we stopped for a station, and while there the fog came back. When we got underway again, we headed back the way we came but couldn't find the open water. For the whole return trip, we were in ice. That just shows that we had pure good luck the first time. We passed a walrus earlier today - the ugliest, clumsiest animal I've ever seen. He had tusks about two feet long. The Russians saw us on the wing of our bridge looking at the walrus. and they nerved over to get a closer look at him.

#### FIRE! WEDNESDAY, 26 AUGUST 1970 [#TOC](#)

This morning we rounded the northwest corner of Zemlya Alexandra and headed southerly to 80°N, where we turned and headed west. We are out of the ice again, probably not to return until we head out of Murmansk to the Kara Sea survey.

Last night we passed a real happy looking polar bear shuffling alongside the ship as though he had no cares in the world. They don't seem to have any fear of anything, so not looking like



possible food (too big!) he had no interest in us at all. He had a strange run- kicking his right rear leg out sideways like a sashay. We named it the Arctic Two-Step.

We had one bit of excitement today; a fire in DC. We sounded GQ (general quarters, which is emergency stations) and everyone dragged out fire hoses, etc. All it turned out to be was a ventilating motor in the radar transmitter room that overheated after someone had closed the vent. Ivan must be wondering what's going on here - it was the second GQ today since we had a fire drill this afternoon. Yes, he is still with us, close as usual. Since the ramming he has been better about keeping his distance. He has been with us a full week now.

#### MORALE AND EDUCATION: THURSDAY, 27 AUGUST 1970 [#TOC](#)

We anchored again late last night, here in the middle of nowhere. The oceanographers are taking measurements of the currents again. I didn't have to stand watch, so I slept until noon and worked until almost midnight on miscellaneous paperwork. I decided to reorganize the Morale Fund and Education files since they were such a bureaucracy. Now they are a lot simpler and easier to use. I have been signing up a lot of crew members for courses, both military and educationally oriented. What I mean by military oriented are courses having to do with advancing in the Coast Guard; courses that are in the field of the jobs they do on the ship. The others are a combination of high school, college, and self-improvement courses which I push heavily. A lot of guys are in only to do their time to satisfy their obligation, like the third-class quartermaster with a master's degree, and it seems stupid for them to stagnate here while they are in. The kids who haven't finished high school are really wasting their time if they don't finish here, because they can do it for only \$5.00. College courses are a good deal, too, ranging from \$9.00 to \$35.00. You can't beat that.

#### FRIDAY, 28 AUGUST 1970 [#TOC](#)

We lifted anchor at about 0800 this morning at the beginning of my watch and are underway heading south for the last remaining stations of this survey. We will jog west once, then south, then east again to the north coast of Norway.

The XO told us today that the captain has asked permission to arrive a day early in Tromso since we have serious problems with logistics. Besides the oceanographers and their equipment (those getting off and those getting on), we have a month's worth of mail, which in Copenhagen was 36 bags, large batches of vital engineering and electronic parts, a technical representative from Honeywell to fix our satellite navigation set, a registered mail courier from London, and food stores - all of which has to be gotten from another airport since Tromso airport is closed.

It is a major problem to supply this ship, because any spare parts must be routed to meet us at the oddest places. Most Coast Guard ships return to a home port each month, and the Navy ships overseas usually are near a base, but we are alone.

We are alone, except for Ivan, who is still with us. He looks like a curious little animal always sniffing us to see what's up. He has big black painted areas around the anchors on his bow, so his bow looks like a dog's nose with big black eyes; and he is continuously drifting up real close

to us as though he were sniffing. That night he rammed us the puppy in him just decided to bite us - he now has two bruises on his nose.

We had a good talk on the morning watch today about the theater. Olmsted (the quartermaster), who has the Masters in Theatrics was telling us about some of the great theaters in the Washington--Baltimore area. I've been to a lot of productions with my family in the past, but in the last few years I've missed a lot.

### EDGE ISLAND: SATURDAY, 29 AUGUST 1970 [#TOC](#)

Lazy day. We got a message today saying that we have been granted permission to go into Tromso on September first instead of the second. It is a definite morale booster for the crew since it means they will get another day of liberty and won't be so rushed.



Tonight we hit EDGE OYA (Edge Island), which is part of the VEST SPITZBERGEN group. I guess that's poor terminology; we came up to EDGE OYA (left). We then turned south on a course to pass us just west of Hopen Island. Edge Oya is a rugged place, rock with a huge icecap and glacier leading to the water's edge.

What a beautiful day. It is clear and sunny this morning, air temperature 33°F which feels like Spring to us. I was on watch when the sun finally came out; and I immediately shot as many sun lines as I could as much to have an excuse to stand out in the sun as anything else.

Everybody is eager to get to Tromso on Tuesday; the trip is really dragging now. It is just about the middle now, two and a half months down; two and a half to go.

### IVAN DEPARTS: MONDAY, 31 JULY 1970 [#TOC](#)

It's another beautiful day, but I spent most of my watch time getting out the last-minute mail from my education junk. Right now I'm so tired I can hardly keep my eyes open so I'll try to get some sleep before the next watch.

We are alone - VLADIMIR KAURAYSKY left us tonight! We were zigzagging around off the coast of Norway in order to use up time, and when we were heading east, we turned west expecting Ivan to follow. But he didn't; he went on east on a course that would take him right over Norway to the USSR. We will probably meet him in Murmansk, though.



About two hours after Ivan disappeared, we turned south to head into the fjord that leads to Tromsø. (left)

TROMSØ, NORWAY: TUESDAY, 1 SEPTEMBER 1970

This morning's arrival started out wrong for me; no one woke me up for watch until a half hour late, so I rushed up without breakfast and found that I wasn't really needed anyway. We were piloting down a fjord with high mountains on both sides. I couldn't get pictures because of the fog and mist, but I will try again on the way out.

Dave and I took off to town (right) as soon as we could get off and found it to be very interesting. It doesn't have the charm that Denmark has, but more of a stark ruggedness much like some lonely fishing villages in Maine - the type that people drive through, turn up their noses at the fish odor and say "isn't it an interesting town?" The hills are like San Francisco; everywhere you want to go is uphill, never down.



The shops on the main street (the street) are fascinating. They do a brisk tourist trade of people from all over Europe who come to see the "land of the midnight sun," though it is past the 24-hour daylight season now. I spent hours browsing and decided to do this year's Christmas shopping here since things from here are interesting. It certainly isn't inexpensive, though - I've seen a lot that costs more than back home, especially luxuries, which have deadly taxes.



We went back to the ship to look at our mail, then I went back out at about 6:00 p.m. Dave didn't want to go out until 8:00 p.m. so we arranged a meeting place and I spent a few hours walking around looking at the shops (postcard left). After we met, we went bumming around looking for a place to have a few beers, but they are rare here. Most of them require coat and tie, but we met up with one of the crew who had tagged along with a Norwegian merchant seaman and joined up.

We bar hopped a bit with them just for the fascination of it and saw a few odd places. The first was the Grand Hotel where they have a tiny bar in the basement. When I say tiny; I mean it - it's not like the states where half the ground floor is devoted to bars; this place had seats for about ten people, and the few who were there were very quiet with their eyes glued to a TV set. After that we went to a dining room on the top floor for a couple of beers (they didn't serve beer in

the other place). Then we went to a SAS terminal, of all places, where there was another small bar. By then there wasn't much left to do so we went back to the ship.

### SEAMEN IN JAIL: WEDNESDAY, 2 SEPTEMBER 1970 [#TOC](#)

Today I have duty and can't leave, so my first assignment sounded like fun. A couple of seamen were in jail downtown accused of trying to steal a police cruiser, and I was supposed to go down to try to get them freed. Unfortunately, just before I left for the police station they were released and came walking back rather sheepishly, hungover.

Other than that, the day was pretty dull; I used the time to get a lot of my paperwork out of the way that had come in with the mail.

### CABLE CAR: THURSDAY, 3 SEPTEMBER 1970 [#TOC](#)

What a day! I started out by going shopping in the morning and got a lot of my Christmas shopping done. Then I returned to the ship to get some guys together to go across the fjord to the cable car (right). I scrounged up about eight guys and we took off, walked across the bridge and over to the bottom of the mountain. It took us about forty-five minutes to get there, and I got some good pictures from the bridge. The cable car ride was fantastic - a beautiful view of Tromso and the surrounding mountains. When we got to the top, I took off with three guys for a nearby peak which was about 600-700 feet higher than the top of the cable. From there we saw another higher peak, so I took off over to it, and one of the guys with me dropped out and went back. The three of us went to the top of that peak, then saw some reindeer down the other side. Naturally, we wanted to get closer, so we started to stalk them, but they ran out of sight down the mountain and we gave up. Then we saw what looked like a bank of snow and went to investigate it.



By the time we got to the snowbank we decided that we had better start heading back because we were quite a distance away from the cable car, and between us was a lot of mean country. I decided to bushwhack back since it would be quicker and probably more interesting. What that means is to make your own trail across country instead of following a trail or ridge, like we had done to get there. What I did was head in a direction to follow a line equal altitude or sloping gently downwards so as to avoid having to climb due to descending too far. It worked fairly well even though there was a lot of slippery undergrowth and steep hills on the way. At one point we rounded a ridge and came across two mountain goats drinking in a stream. They took off like a shot so we didn't get to see too much of them.

I couldn't estimate how much walking we did, because it was pretty rough, even though we moved fast. The scenery up there was fantastic; I haven't seen such pretty mountains since I worked in New Mexico. The quiet was so loud that it was deafening; so quiet that my ears rang



and I could hear the air swish past my ears as I walked. After being on that noisy ship it was a welcome relief.

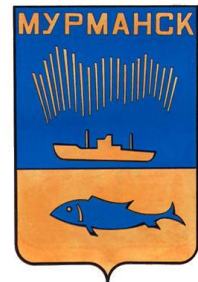
We had a few beers at the top of the cable and then caught the last car to the bottom. By then we were so tired that we decided to just take a bus back across the fjord.

Our departure was delayed by one man being missing at 1800, when we were supposed to leave. We stayed for about three hours waiting for him, but finally had to give up at 2100, so we left. The police and cab drivers were hunting for him so we knew he'd show up sometime, though what they would do with him was anybody's guess. After we had been underway for a few hours the Norwegians called us on the radio to tell us that they had found him on a mail boat that was sailing in the same direction as we were. Apparently, he had stumbled aboard drunk and it left with him. All that could be done that night was to set up a meeting place between us and the mail ship so that we could pick our man up.

### MURMANSK: FRIDAY, 4 SEPTEMBER 1970 [#TOC](#)

We met the mail ship this morning and got our man by small boat. Now that he's back I imagine he will get in pretty bad trouble.

Well, on we go to Murmansk for our visit which is to last until Sept. 7. On tonight's watch we turned south from our easterly course and headed straight into the Kola Inlet, which is the fjord that Murmansk is on. Just beyond the 12-mile limit was a sleek little destroyer to act as our escort. It gave us the signal "follow in my wake," which we did, and I went to bed.



### ABOUT OUR VISIT: SATURDAY, 5 SEPTEMBER 1970 [#TOC](#)

By the time I got up this morning we were approaching the city of Murmansk. The countryside along the inlet was pretty imposing; many dark, drab houses along dirt paths. We were not allowed to take any photos. The beach was strewn with what appeared to be WWII wreckage and scrapped ships – rusty old hulks; I could identify a small burned-out naval ship and a battered looking submarine. Other than that, it was very uninteresting bleak and impersonal looking.

For the trip in we had to turn off all radios, radar, and fathometer gear, and cameras were not allowed on deck.

We docked at a coal pier among a number of merchant ships.

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*[Remember that at this time in 1970 we were in the middle of the Cold War. CAPT Cassidy had requested permission from the U.S. State Department for the port call. The request was granted because it was a homecoming for Southwind! How can that be? After World War II, the U.S. had a 'lend lease' program with our ally, Russia. Commissioned by the Coast Guard in 1944 as the Southwind, she was lent to the Russians as part of that program and homeported in Murmansk*

*where she was renamed the Admiral Makarov. Four years later in 1949 she was returned to the U.S. Navy and renamed the U.S.S. Atka. In 1966 she was transferred to the Coast Guard and renamed Southwind. When we were stationed aboard her, the Southwind still had some gauges with Russian Cyrillic lettering on them. So, given her history, this visit really was an extraordinary event. A “homecoming” of sorts, indeed.*

*Upon our approach to the pier, we noticed a large contingent of Soviet officers in uniform standing in front of a NASA space capsule (an Apollo training capsule BP-1227) which they ceremoniously turned over to us Americans!*

*Apparently the U.S. Air Force Aerospace Rescue and Recovery personnel who were using the 9,500 pound capsule for training had lost it at sea near the Azores in February, 1969. It was recovered by a Soviet “fishing trawler.*

*We were completely unaware that it was being returned to us and that we were to take it back to the US.*

*We attached it securely to the bow of the Southwind and, after several more weeks in the Arctic ice, returned it to the US Navy Base, Norfolk, VA. The complete story is below. It is currently on display in Grand Rapids, MI where it serves as a time capsule not to be opened until 2076. – this text and the below 3-page article added by Dave Maloney.]*

*USCGC SOUTHWIND, The USCG Icebreaker that received an Apollo BP-capsule from the Soviet Union at Murmansk. Photo by U.S. Coast Guard Archives.*



# LOST USCG LINK TO THE APOLLO MISSION

**From the Photo/Diary of Michael Stronski, a SOUTHWIND crew member and Mike Malone, researcher. Documentary Editor: Roger Bazeley.**

The Soviet Union had recovered an Apollo capsule BP-1227 in 1969 and returned it to the Americans a year later in the extraordinary Cold War visit to Murmansk by the United States Coast Guard Cutter SOUTHWIND, an icebreaker. Recently Michael Stronski, a Southwind crew member, has provided additional extraordinary photographs of the event.

The USCGC SOUTHWIND was originally commissioned as a U.S. Navy vessel on 15 July 1944 but was transferred to the Soviet Union on 25 March 1945 and named Kapitan Belousov. It was returned to the US Navy five years later and renamed "Atka". After years of Arctic and Antarctic service it was handed over to the US Coast Guard on 31 October 1966 and reverted to its original name of "Southwind". After a refitting, the cutter's first cruise was to the Antarctic, where it ripped its bottom out in Palmer Bay and limped back to the United States at 10 knots.

In early 1970, UK-based naval units were training in recovery of an Apollo boilerplate capsule (BP-1227) as part of their assigned mission of rescuing Apollo mission spacecraft in the case of an emergency abort or return to earth. The capsule disappeared at sea. It is not known whether a Soviet 'fishing vessel' nearby was in fact a spy trawler and if the capsule was taken as part of an intelligence operation.



*Apollo BP-1227 is lifted from the pier at Murmansk onto the CGC SOUTHWIND, September 8, 1970. Photo by Mike Malone.*



[#TOC](#)



In June - November 1970, the CGC SOUTHWIND was sent on an extended Arctic cruise, conducting oceanographic surveys in the Barents and Kara Seas and resupplying US polar bases. Following a visit to Greenland, the CGC SOUTHWIND reached 83 degrees 01 min North on 15 August 1970. Only 419 miles from the pole, this was the northernmost point reached by a U.S. icebreaker to that date.

"The breaker was finally stopped by solid ice at least 10 to 15 feet thick. Due to global warming, by 2007 the ice thickness was half that at this latitude and a waterway one mile wide opened up. This was the first time in millions of years that this had happened". Michael Stronski notes: "I take it our crew were one of the very last to see the pole as it has been for millions of years".

"A buoy was marked to commemorate the event and dropped into the Arctic Ocean. Since it was payday, they were told this made them the 'highest paid crew in the Coast Guard'. In the far Arctic the CGC SOUTHWIND became locked in the ice. A polar bear, whom the crew affectionately named "Rodney", ambled by the crew, ambled up to the icebreaker. The crew fed him pizza, Cornish game hens, and finally lasagna.

After getting clear of the ice and heading south, the crew was surprised to find itself being trailed by a Soviet icebreaker, which they dubbed 'Vladimir'. The ship followed them everywhere, but always keeping a proper distance, and hoisting proper signals when the CGC SOUTHWIND came to a stop.

CGC SOUTHWIND then stopped in Iceland and went on to make a visit to Murmansk. This so-called "courtesy call" was the first visit to the Soviet port of a U.S. military vessel since World War II. This photograph shows Deputy Commander of the Soviet Northern Fleet, Rear Admiral Garkusha and his staff boarding the CGC SOUTHWIND from the pilot boat at the entrance to Murmansk Sound. Stronski remembers, "All cameras were supposed to be below deck and all port holes closed. Like a nut I got this picture off from the hanger bay. I was called to the captain's office on this one."



*Left: CGC SOUTHWIND after Lend Lease Return Paint Scheme. Right: updated Newer Northwind Class USCG Ice Breaker. Photos by USCG Photo Archives.*

The CGC SOUTHWIND was opened to the public, and over 700 Soviet citizens toured the vessel over the next few days, including Soviet staff officers. The crew was given shore leave on 6 September 1970 and had the unique Cold War experience of buying Soviet rubles and visiting the tourist sites of Murmansk, such as the shops and theaters, the stadium, and the busy streets.

While in Murmansk the crew was surprised to be presented with an American Apollo capsule, which the Soviets said had been recovered by one of their fishing vessels in the Bay of Biscay. It was BP-1227 - the capsule that had gone missing a year earlier. The handover was made with considerable ceremony and covered by Hungarian press representatives. The capsule was loaded onto the ship at the forward gun mount. Lashed to the deck, it accompanied the CGC SOUTHWIND after its departure from Murmansk and later tour of the Kara Sea. (REF: USCGC SOUTHWIND Crew member; Michael Stronski).



*BP-1227 Handover, the picture that started it all. Nandor Schuminszky found this Hungarian press photo from 1971, with the caption that it depicted the handover of an American Apollo capsule from the Soviet Union to the USA on September 8, 1970 in Murmansk. Photo by Nandor Schuminszky.*





While in the Kara Sea, there was an incident where the ship was bumped in the early morning hours by 'Vladimir', the Soviet icebreaker that still shadowed them. Stronski remembers: "I was on the bow at that moment and general quarters was sounded. The next day, our choppers flew over their ship and drop some bags of garbage on their bridge-- payback time. The crew ignored the provocation and continued on their planned cruise".

Following visits to Tromso and Oslo, Norway and Copenhagen, Denmark, the Southwind docked at Portsmouth, England, where the capsule may have been unloaded and turned over to the Royal Navy. It then proceeded to Nova Scotia before finally returning to its home port in Maryland.

Following the completion of the Apollo program, BP-1227 was returned to NASA and then handed over to the National Air and Space Museum. It was finally loaned for one hundred years to the city of Grand Rapids, Michigan, to serve as a US bicentennial time capsule. It is currently on display in Grand Rapids, and not to be opened until 2076.

Currently, the circumstances of the loss of the capsule are still not clear. It is not known whether the Soviet 'fishing vessel' was in fact a spy trawler and if the capsule was taken as part of an intelligence operation. If so, little of value could be obtained from the boilerplate. While the parachute compartments and recovery aids at the top of the boilerplate were probably representative of flight hardware, the rest of the capsule was built of sheet metal with a fiberglass representation of the heat shield. However US intelligence agencies had made Herculean attempts to make detailed examination of similar mock-ups or stripped versions of Soviet spacecraft so this possibility cannot be dismissed.

The story remained obscure and unknown for 32 years until a Hungarian space archivist came across a picture of the event in his archives..."



*Apollo BP-1227 is lifted from the pier at Murmansk onto the CGC SOUTHWIND, September 8, 1970. From the ship's cruise book. Photo by Mike Malone.*



*BP-1227 today, a time capsule not to be opened until 2076, at Grand Rapids, Michigan, USA. Photo by Mark Wade.*



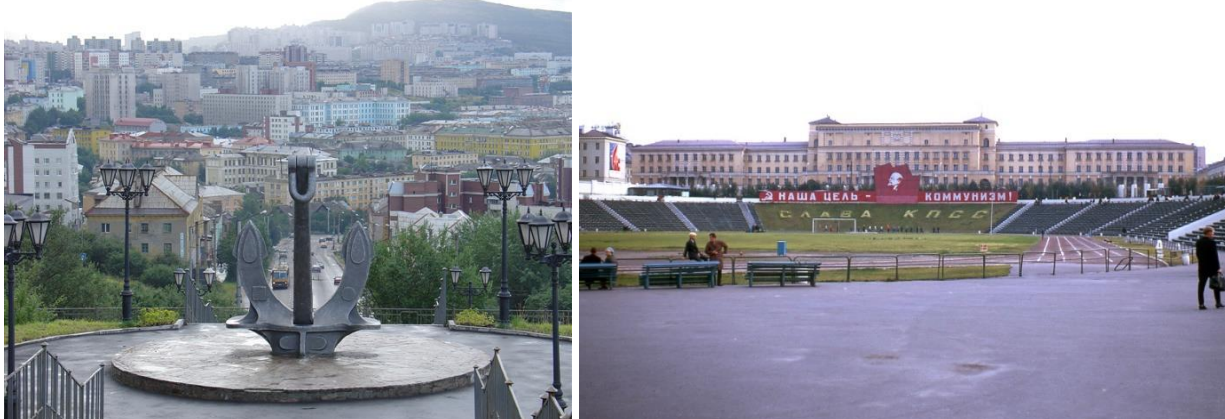


(Above left: another view of loading the capsule. Right: capsule with Southwind in background.)

Upon mooring, almost immediately a dozen or so officials came on board for the usual money exchange, customs check, and so forth.

I had to meet with the representatives of INTOURIST, which is the Soviet tourist agency. My job was to set up the tours and negotiate prices and collect money for them. What I finally set up were two bus tours of Murmansk; two evening parties, the first at the Seaman's Club, the second at the Palace of Culture; and a bus tour to a collective farm. The Russians had a lot more tours planned, but the prices were high and most of the crews preferred to just see the city.

I took the first tour of the city. We got on the busses on the pier and drove across the railroad tracks and into the city. I was immediately struck by the drabness and ugliness everywhere like a low-lying fog. The only splashes of color were the gung-ho posters with pictures of people with outstretched arms and such, and the pictures of Lenin. These pictures were everywhere—on walks, in windows, on fences, busses. It is hard to imagine such hero worship.



The tour was interesting; they showed us the major government buildings and monuments, the city sports field, and other "sights" of the city. Everything looked old and decrepit, even though the city was destroyed and rebuilt after the war. The roads, sidewalks, and steps were crumbling, windows were cracked, and almost every building that was painted was what we called "government yellow," a very drab color. I think, though, that we were not able to see the

Russian sense of aesthetic beauty because of the geography of the area. So far above the Arctic circle it is a major problem to grow grass or trees.

I took pictures, though was limited by not being able to photograph "bridges, the harbor, the panorama of the city, or people without their permission." The guides were nice about it, though, as if those were things no one would want to photograph anyway. The only thing that bothered me was that we couldn't take any pictures on or near the ship, and it looked neat with the Soviet flag flying on it.

In the evening the Russians opened the "Seaman's Club" up to us. It is what they call a union club – there is one for seamen, fishermen, for workers, etc. Each group has one. There they had quite a set up; a lot of different rooms for television, films (mostly propaganda films, interesting; not unlike what our government puts out) library (I picked up some free copies of Lenin's works as souvenirs), a bar, a pool room, and a dance floor.

Dave and I quickly settled into the bar (the busiest place) with two Soviet Navy cadets who spoke a little English, and we spent the evening exchanging questions about life in respective countries. All the people were genuinely friendly and curious about us, and asked many questions about us, our homes, and our service. I don't know of anyone who was asked about anything that could be looked upon as pumping for information; they were simply interested in us. The guy I was with for most of the time made a point of asking if I and my people believed in peace, and really seemed happy when I said yes. He tried to talk about Vietnam, but the language problem made it extremely hard, so about all I could get across was that I was personally against it. We exchanged a few trinkets as gifts; my service ribbons for some Lenin pins, and we traded addresses. I will write, but I'll have to be careful not to get him in trouble because I know his mail will be looked at.

The first day in Murmansk was very interesting; I found the people to be very nice, curious about us, and deserving of better than they get. I did find out that those living above the Arctic Circle get 40% more pay (compensatory) plus increments of 10% for each year they live up there for a total of up to 80% more than their regular pay. Also, they are guaranteed 48 days' vacation each year (all over USSR, not just here) and every third year get to go anywhere in the USSR all expenses paid for their vacation. Travel time does not count toward their 48 days. So, at least there are some benefits.

### [SHIP TOURS: SUNDAY, 6 SEPTEMBER 1970](#) [#TOC](#)

Though it was Sunday, we didn't observe holiday routine today because of too many things to do - when in Rome do as the Romans do.

I have duty today, so I figured it to be an easy day, but I was wrong. I spent a good deal of it collecting tour money (the Russians had to be paid in American cash) and negotiating for the rest of the tours. It was strange to see Russians all over the ship; there were guided tours, plus we have a couple of liaison type officers (Soviet Navy) floating around. They wander around on business all the time, and nobody pays too much attention to them, except to say hi or show them things. They weren't prying, but just biding their time since they were more or less



stationed with us. I talked to them when I could and showed them things and gave them magazines to flip through. One of them seemed surprised when I showed him a copy of the "Naval Institute Proceedings" that had a big spread on Soviet naval vessels. None of them were familiar with the *VLADIMIR KAURAYSKY*, though. In the evening we watched a movie (a British flick, "Where's Jack") and made popcorn. Two Russian officers wandered in with XO Mr. Nelson, so we invited them to watch and eat popcorn. They were dubious about the popcorn but seemed to like it.

### WREATH LAYING [#TOC](#)

The big event of the day was a wreath laying ceremony in which our CO laid a wreath on the tombs of Allied dead including some Americans. He was assisted by me, Dave Maloney and others from our ship. What it amounted to was the Russians honoring our dead service men as well as their own who were killed in Murmansk during WWII German bombing raids. I was in command of the honor platoon and the Russians had an honor platoon and a band. The ceremony was held in the hills on the other side of Murmansk. My group stood on one side, and the Russian group stood on the other while our CO (assisted by Dave Maloney – below left and center) and our XO and OPS officers laid the wreaths along with Soviet military and local Communist officials. We saluted them, they saluted us, and they played their National anthem and then our National anthem. The whole thing was very interesting, and I'm glad that I was able to see it and take part in it.



Our officers carried swords, but I was the only one to use it. Their whole honor platoon carried very mean looking machine pistols as part of their uniform. They were a very snappy and good-looking bunch.

From the looks of the cemetery and the monuments in the city I could tell that they honor their war dead very highly (pic below), and little wonder after all that they suffered in the war. Murmansk was almost totally burned in the early stages, and they lost a lot of brave people.





[TOUR OF COLLECTIVE FARM: MONDAY, 7 SEPTEMBER 1970](#) [#TOC](#)

Today was a grim day - cold and rainy. I left on a tour of a collective farm at 0900, which in spite of the cold and rain was very interesting. The bus leaked, so we got wet and it was a rough ride since their roads are pretty rugged. On the way out we passed a camp of some sort surrounded by high wooden walls topped with barbed wire, with guard towers at each corner. It looked pretty grim, and we could see guards so I guess it was in use, but I hesitated to ask the guide what it was. She didn't even seem to notice it as we passed, so I didn't want to bring up the subject.

At the farm we met the director, who talked to us through an interpreter and answered many questions. There were about 3,000 people working there, and he seemed very proud of the fact that despite the high latitude (winter most of the year) and rough country, they were able to make a profit. Their main activities seemed to be in dairy, chickens, and a fur farm (Arctic grey fox), all of which we looked at. The trip back was long and tiring because we were wet, tired, and hungry. I wish that the weather had been decent because the countryside looked like it was very interesting.

When we got back, I decided to go into town and try to get some gifts with the remainder of my Rubles, so I took off alone (on one else wanted to go out in that weather). It really felt strange to be walking alone in the USSR; people stared at me with curiosity since it was obvious that I was American by my uniform but were not unfriendly. They nodded to me and waved hello when I waved at them. The government may be unfriendly; I guess I'll have to take peoples word on that, but the people? No, they are good people. I feel sorry for them. I wonder if they really know that there is a better world out there.

Shopping is very frustrating in Murmansk, as I hear it is all over the USSR. Stores aren't marked and don't advertise and aren't very well stocked with consumer goods. What there is often is of

poor quality compared to what I am used to. Food stores are the worst; at almost every one I saw there were lines of people trying to get choice goods. One, for example, had watermelons. There was a line a block long of women trying to get watermelons and they looked so pleased when they got them. I imagine that would be a real treat for the family. I avoided even looking at items that I thought might be in short supply; I would feel like I was depriving someone's family of something it really wanted to have. For example, I could never have bought a watermelon; that would be a dastardly thing to do.

Uniforms are certainly not strange things in Russia; about every fourth person on the street is in one uniform or another. I could recognize some of them, like army and Navy, but a lot of them I couldn't. The high black leather "Cossack boots" are common and look very much like the picture book Soviet soldier.

I returned to the ship just in time to pay the Soviet tourist agency for the tours and say goodbye to them all; we pulled out at 1700 sharp. It was an interesting place to visit, and I'm glad I did, but as I've said about the other places; Naples, Cartagena, New York, Thule, "Nice place to visit but I sure wouldn't want to live there."

My main object was to get some sleep by this time; since we hit Tromso I haven't wanted to sleep much for fear of missing something, since I doubt that I'll be back again. I would be foolish to waste valuable time like this sleeping.

#### [AT SEA; ROUGH SEAS; INJURED: TUESDAY, 8 SEPTEMBER 1970](#) [#TOC](#)

I had this morning's midwatch, and we hit some hellacious weather. The ship was really bouncing around, and waves were splashing hard on the side of the bridge. It ended early for me, though.

I was worried about the lookouts when they were relieved, because they had to walk across the open, slippery deck, so I stood on the bridge wing to watch them to be sure they were ok. The second time, I was hit in the back by a wave, so I scrambled for the door to the bridge. Just as I got there and got the door open another wave hit me and the door, making the door smash me in the head, and I caught the door dog right below the eye. The force of the wave threw me inside the bridge, but my foot was caught by the door, so I was spun and thrown to the deck like a flying tackle. I lay on the deck for a little while stunned, and then went back to the head to see if I was hurt. There I found out that my face was bloody, so I went on down to sick bay. It turned out that it wasn't a bad cut; the dog caught me on the bone about an inch below my eye, but I did feel a little shaky, so the corpsman cleaned me up and sent me to bed. And so ended my midwatch.

When I got up I didn't feel very well; the combination of the headache from my disagreement with the door and the motion of the ship in the heavy sea made me feel absolutely retched, in fact. All I really did was sleep for the next day.

### WEDNESDAY, 9 SEPTEMBER 1970 [#TOC](#)

I started feeling better this morning, which was a good thing since my letter for underway OOD came back approved. Now I am qualified at last (so is classmate John "Duke" Hodukavich), and I can stand my own watches. Also, it means one watch a day instead of two. I feel pretty good about that; now I feel like I am really a part of the ship.

I am standing the 12-16 in the afternoon, which is a pretty good watch. I was still feeling a little queasy, so I did some more sleeping after watch.

### ADMINISTERS EXAMS: THURSDAY, 10 SEPTEMBER 1970

This morning I gave the service-wide exams to part of the crew. These are exams that made advancement competitive throughout the serve. To make rate the men must complete what is called a practical factors sheet, which is basically a check off of what they have to know, take a correspondence course related to their rate, have a certain amount of time in the rate, then compete in the service wides. Those who are more senior due to time and grades get advanced.

My watch was pretty routine this afternoon; we are going over the northern part of NOVAYA ZEMLYA headed for the Kara Sea.

I worked for about five hours after watch catching up on the paperwork that built up while we were in Tromso and Murmansk. What a mess!

### FRIDAY, 11 SEPTEMBER 1970 [#TOC](#)

Nothing much happened today. We hit ice again tonight which was surprise to me since I hadn't expected any in this area. We are on the eastern side of the Kara Sea now heading south toward mainland Russia.

### ICEMANSHIP: SATURDAY, 12 SEPTEMBER 1970 [#TOC](#)

I had a fascinating watch this afternoon. It was my first in ice alone, and I enjoyed it. Polar winter has started to hit because there is no open water; all the chunks of old ice are linked by about four inches of new ice. Even though the new ice is thin it is surprisingly tough because being a solid sheet you can't push it aside easily. It will build up pressure until compressive yield is reached, then shatter like a sheet of glass with a sound like a rifle shot.

I learned the advantage of a strategic retreat today. I hit a hard pressure ridge of old ice that stopped me cold, so I had to back and ram. It was tough but I made headway. The trouble was each time I rammed the bow slid over to the right so that I had trouble backing out. After the fourth try I was afraid to go in again for fear of getting stuck broadside and pinned in. So I reeled around and headed west for about a mile and then turned back south, making an end run around the ridge. I hit it again but it wasn't thick enough to stop me.

The visibility was no help. I couldn't see more than about 150 yards, which made it like driving down an icy hill in a blizzard with a station wagon full of kids. It took total concentration.

[SUNDAY, 13 SEPTEMBER 1970](#) [#TOC](#)

I don't feel like writing!

[IVAN BACK: MONDAY, 14 SEPTEMBER 1970](#) [#TOC](#)

Last night I was reading Mila 18 and couldn't stop until 0400. It is a brutal book which really makes me think. I thought so much that I didn't get to sleep until two hours after that, so my day wasn't very productive.

When I went on watch I found out the Ivan is back with a friend. *VLADIMIR KAURAYSKY* is accompanied by another small icebreaker.

She is a navy ship, grey, with a twin-gun mount up front and a twin mount of AA guns back aft, and no flight deck. She is the original of Ivan's hull design; Ivan has been remodeled some. When I stopped on an oceanographic station the two of them nosed up and down at close quarters. Keeping track of the two of them is more difficult than the one along which is probably the object of the second being with US. I don't think that they like us being here in the heart of Soviet waters.

[HEADS SECURED: TUESDAY, 15 SEPTEMBER 1970](#) [#TOC](#)

Our second Soviet escort left leaving us with only Ivan. I was a little sorry to see him gone, since it is much more interesting with company.

This survey seems to drag more than the other, probably for two reasons, the first of which is that it's getting to be a long cruise, the second of which is that each station takes much longer. The last survey involved stations of usually less than three hours, but this one has them as long as five. During that time the heads are secured so that no sewerage will pollute the water they sample, causing great discomfort to some. Now and then I see someone hovering about the head waiting, as though close proximity would relieve the agony. I think the biggest cause for the stations taking longer is that they have a huge (humongous) steel bottle that they wrestle over the side to take water samples. It is quite an operation since the bottle is very heavy and cumbersome. We are on the western side of the Kara Sea now and haven't seen any ice over here. The wind must have blown it all over to the area where we hit it last week. The southern portion of the Kara Sea is fed by relatively warm water from rivers, so it is ice free so far.

We are ahead of schedule on this survey, so it appears that we may get to England early - I hope so, we all need the break. Right now, rumors of all sorts are running rampant so it's hard to tell what is going on.



### EN-ROUTE PORTSMOUTH: WEDNESDAY, 16 SEPTEMBER 1970 [#TOC](#)

Today was our last station on this survey. We pulled away from the station at about 1930, en-route Portsmouth, England. We have a long way to go -- 2,700 miles. If all goes well, we have a chance of making it there by 1000 on 24 September, which is four days earlier than planned. Everyone is hoping for good weather and no breakdowns.

### STANDING MY OWN WATCHES: THURSDAY, 17 SEPTEMBER 1970 [#TOC](#)

Today again I don't have much to say. Now that I'm qualified as underway OOD and am standing my own watches I am more content and spend more time on my other duties as education and morale officer and SLJO (shitty little job officer). The trip now isn't very interesting - we are just heading southwest across the Barents Sea to the Norwegian Sea on our way to England. This reminds me of our family vacations to Maine. We always went to Popham Beach, ME which is about 20 miles from Bath. After the long drive up from Virginia, we all sort of lean forward in our seats after passing Bath, with almost bated breath, eager to get there, with all the thoughts of the rest and relaxation waiting for us. The same with this trip; we are all eager to get there, get off the ship, and see new people and places for a while. One big thing for everyone is getting mail and hearing from home, and for me the chance to call Jane and hear her voice again.

### WE SCARE IVAN: FRIDAY, 18 SEPTEMBER 1970 [#TOC](#)

This afternoon I gave a lecture to the crew about the educational opportunities available to them, and that I as education officer would set them up if they would only come to see me. Later in the afternoon I was besieged by guys wanting to take out courses.

Ivan is still doggedly following us; I wonder when he'll leave us. I heard about something that happened last week while we were on one of the oceanographic stations. Every now and then somebody on this ship dresses up in a big black cape and a gruesome Halloween mask and around the ship scaring people. While on station Ivan was shining a spotlight on our bridge (it is dark at night now), and the OOD was out on the wing watching Ivan, when the masked man came running out and jumped on the OOD, wrestling him down to the deck. Almost immediately Ivan doused his light - they probably couldn't believe what they saw, or else they think we're crazy!

### IVAN GONE FOR GOOD: SATURDAY, 19 SEPTEMBER 1970 [#TOC](#)

Well, I went up on watch at noon today, and Ivan was gone. I checked the log and saw that he left at about 0130. I actually think that I will miss him; it is comforting to have another ship close by, like an old friend. It's not so important here, but up in the deserted parts of the Arctic something could happen and nobody would even know.

About halfway through my watch we met a Soviet Radar Ship, a thing about 200 feet long with a radar almost as big as the ship. He turned around and followed us for about eight hours, so thought maybe he'd taken over for Ivan, but then he left us.

We had a ship's inspection this morning, and I was on the Captain's inspection party. There is a lot of exercise to that; he went down into more subterranean holds and dungeons than I knew existed. All travel is straight up and down, since the ship is divided into many watertight compartments, which can only be entered from the main deck. Any fore and aft movement is by going "up and over."

I held the second ship's party in the hanger tonight; beer and pizza and bingo and a band. Everyone seemed to have a great time, especially since I cheated on the beer ration a bit. A guy has twice the fun if he thinks he's getting away with stealing an extra beer or two. Anyway, it came off pretty well, and was a welcome break for the crew; they need it.

### SUNDAY, 20 SEPTEMBER 1970 [#TOC](#)

I'm beginning to believe in the day of rest theory; I rested.

### REALLY ROUGH SEAS: MONDAY, 21 SEPTEMBER 1970 [#TOC](#)

We've hit some rough weather the last few days. The wind has kicked up some good waves, and the ship has been riding it like a bronco. I was tossed out of the rack last night. The waves aren't really huge but seem to be just the right period to make the ship really roll. Yesterday we were headed into the seas, so we pitched a great deal and took heavy spray all the way up to the flying bridge. Today we had the waves on the beam, so we rolled a lot. The bad ones are when the anti-roll tanks get in phase with the waves. The anti-roll tanks are a gravity system that counter a roll by a displacement of fuel oil in wing tanks. Now and then the waves will hit us in the right way for the wave and roll tanks to roll us in the same direction, and all hell breaks loose. Usually they come without warning, and all of a sudden, the ship is over 30 or 35 degrees, and anything not tied down starts to move. It happened a couple of times on my watch, and everyone on the bridge held on for dear life. All over the ship we could hear a tremendous clatter as junk flew around and swearing as people flew around. I'd hate to see what this ship is like in a heavy sea; Ken Riordan told me that on the southern trip: they took rolls of 57 degrees. With a roll like that it's easier to walk on the bulkheads than on the deck.

We are still off the coast of Norway, at about 63°N. We finally crossed the Arctic Circle last night, and the weather is getting noticeably warmer.

### SPACE CAPSULE REVISITED [#TOC](#)

I can't even remember if I ever mentioned the NASA capsule, we have with us. *[See above September 5, 19970 article I added in chronological order regarding the capsule. – Dave Maloney]* It is a strange story, so I'll go ahead and write it now. When we docked in Murmansk, on the pier right in front of the ship was a big metal object shaped like a Gemini space capsule, with the big letters NASA painted on the side of it. Naturally, we noticed it right off, but no one knew what it was there for. The story didn't start to come out until a day or two later when the Russians mentioned that they were giving it "back" to us. Apparently, it is a dummy that the Navy practiced recovery with and lost at sea, to be picked up by the Russians. Naturally, we

didn't want the thing; it is big and heavy and of no use to us, but we could hardly refuse with our hosts acting as though they were doing us a great favor by giving us back lost property. Some of the crew were talking to some of the people off the British ship tied up behind us and they said that the night before we came in the BBC had said that we were stopping at Murmansk to pick the capsule up. Also, the people we talked to in the city had it firmly implanted in their minds that the only reason we came was to get the capsule. All this, and we didn't even know about it until we saw it on the pier!

Well, the outcome was that the Russians hoisted the thing up and placed it on the spot where our 5-inch gun used to be and we lashed it down. The ceremony was attended by smiling Soviet officials and photographers from PRAVDA and TASS; all in the gloomy rain we had that day. Now we have that capsule and everyone is scared to death that the damned thing will tear loose in the heavy seas and rip up everything in sight. I don't know how heavy it is, but its huge and made of inch-thick steel, so it poses quite a hazard.



Besides that, we have no idea of what we will do with it when we return to the states; it will take a big crane to left it off. *[We ended up unloading it at the Norfolk, VA Naval Base on 17 November 1970 (above) before returning to Baltimore. – added by Dave Maloney]*

I wonder if the Russians didn't want to let the people know that we were there on a courtesy visit and just used the capsule as a justification of our presence. After all, they were very careful to ensure that only actual members of the Communist party visited the ship when we had open house. It seems so strange that we were treated so well but there was always the air of suspicion in the background.

#### [SHIP TRAFFIC: TUESDAY, 22 SEPTEMBER 1970](#) [#TOC](#)

We are just passing the lower tip of Norway now in the North Sea. By morning we should be in the English Channel. It looks as though we will be able to make our scheduled arrival on Thursday, which is four days early. I plan to do as much traveling in England as I can and take advantage of the opportunity.

There were ships all over the place during my watch; I had to really keep on my toes between that and trying to navigate. It will be worse in the Channel; the traffic will be horrendous.

#### [ENGLISH CHANNEL TRAFFIC: WEDNESDAY, 23 SEPTEMBER 1970](#) [#TOC](#)

Because of the heavy traffic and piloting that has to be done, we set a double OOD watch, meaning we had two OODs on duty all the time. Mike Made and I had it together and I took care of the actual driving, and he took the navigation. Our afternoon watch was busy but easy. We were coming down the English Channel and there were ships all around, so we had to keep track of all of them.

The oceanographers really made me mad today. I had been working all day and was about to hit the sack for a rest before the midwatch when they came up with the idea of me issuing them certificates for crossing the Arctic Circle (right). I made it clear to them that I wasn't their servant and that they should have asked for them at a reasonable time. They were very nasty and indignant, so I told them that if they wanted help from me, they could ask the Captain to order me to.

### PORTSMOUTH, ENGLAND: THURSDAY, 24 SEPTEMBER 1970 [#TOC](#)

Our arrival in Portsmouth was interesting; we were in a very narrow channel, and the town looked very old. As soon as we were allowed ashore Dave and I took off to try to rent motor bikes but they aren't rented in England. We got some fish & chips (right). Then I tried to call Jane, but nobody was home, and she wasn't at work. Dave tried to get some film developed, but they couldn't get it done before we left. Then he tried to get a bracelet made from Russian coins, but that couldn't be done in time either. When I got back I decided to take off to London with Fred Kent and Pat Malone.



The train station is right next to the shipyard, so we didn't have to walk far and the train ride was only an hour and a half. We got to Waterloo, and then took the tube to Victoria Station and walked around looking for a hotel. We found a nice place for about two pounds ten bob. Then we headed off for Piccadilly Circus by way of Buckingham Palace and the Mall. London really impressed me; so clean and prosperous looking. We found a grand pub right there at Piccadilly it had at least ten different bars and had hundreds of people in it, but the arrangement was such that it wasn't unpleasant.

We spent most of the evening wandering around looking at places. It was fascinating. We kept passing strip tease joints, so finally decided to go into one, since none of us had ever seen one. We paid ten bob, then were led out a door that just led to an alley, and we thought we'd been had, until the guy pointed out a sleepy, dumpy looking place which we went to. The show itself was the most absurd thing I've ever seen - one woman after another trouped up and disrobed in her own special way, which were usually so stupid that we just laughed at them. It was worth it just to see how ridiculous it was. On the way out we saw that there were four other "fronts" leading into the same joint. A real nickel-dime outfit.

By the time we got back to the hotel we were all dead tired, so we just collapsed.

### LONDON: FRIDAY, 25 SEPTEMBER 1970 [#TOC](#)

We headed off early and hopped a bus to Trafalgar Square, then walked down the mall to Buckingham Palace to see the changing of the guard. There were so many people that I could hardly see but I got a few telephoto shots from the head of a statue of a lion before a bobby chased me off.



Then I walked up the street to call Jane, which was the best thing I did in London. It's amazing what the sound of a voice can do.

We toured Hyde Park and went shopping until we almost dropped, then went back to the hotel. Fred and Pat had planned to go out on the town and I decided to hop a train and get off at a town along the tracks for the night. Talking to a few people, I was told that Guilford would be a nice place to stop, so I got off there. On the train I met an RAF officer who lived there and he helped me get a room at a small hotel. My plan was to look around that night, but I was too tired to do anything but sit in a pub and talk to some locals.

### DAVE VISITS LONDON FRIENDS: SATURDAY, 26 SEPTEMBER 1970 [#TOC](#)

In the morning I went back to Portsmouth, and after catching up on my eating (I've eaten very little in the last few days), I set out to explore Portsmouth. There are a lot of scenic old forts and things, and a lot of tourists.

Dave had went up to London to visit friends [*the George and Peggy White family (below) who lived in Hammersmith, London and were WWII buddies of my father. – Dave Maloney*]. While there he was able to rent a trusty old VW and drive it back, so we are pretty well set for a three-day trip through the countryside.



### TOURISTS ON SOUTHWIND: SUNDAY, 27 SEPTEMBER 1970 [#TOC](#)

Today I have duty, and a busy day. One damned thing happened after another. It was the only day that there was no corpsmen or doctor aboard, so everyone got hurt and I had to play doctor. Hundreds of visitors came aboard, so I had to keep chasing around to keep them out of trouble; there are a lot of potential hazards on the ship. Then a group of about 50 kids came on and I was supposed to entertain them after their tour, so I gave them drinks and cookies in the wardroom and naturally they all had to go to the bathroom, so I led them all down and back. By

the time they left I was beat, but then saw about 15 kids packed into one of the helicopters, so I had to clear them out. Besides those things, there were also many other minor crises and emergencies, which kept me pretty busy.

### TOURING ENGLAND: MONDAY, 28 SEPTEMBER 1970 [#TOC](#)

Off we go into the English countryside.

#### ARUNDEL CASTLE AND STONEHENGE [#TOC](#)

We left Portsmouth early and headed east toward Arundel Castle (right) in the town of Arundel, where we looked around and ate lunch. We are making it a tour of the countryside between high spots where we will get out and walk around. The castle was the first, and then we headed northwest to Stonehenge



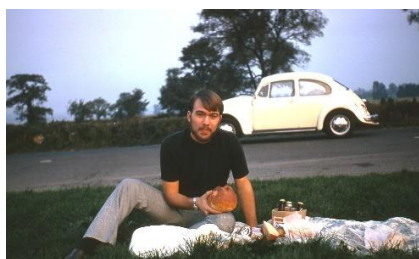
(below) to look at the "thing" there. I still don't know what it is, in fact nobody does. The things and places we saw were too many and fantastic to tell about - I still can't believe it all myself. Britain is a beautiful country with every town an interesting new sight to look at.



From Stonehenge we drove southwest to Cheddar Gorge, where cheddar cheese was first invented. We got there after dark and decided to camp out in the gorge, since Dave's friends had loaned us two sleeping bags. We picked a spot within walking distance of a pub and we slept well after exploring the pub. The night was beautiful with stars all around and no sound but the wind in the trees. It reminded me of camping out west, which is something that I miss greatly.

### PICNIC; ROMAN VILLA; CHEDDAR GORGE: TUESDAY, 29 SEPTEMBER 1970 [#TOC](#)

This morning we got up at 8 am, thinking that we could do some business in the town of Cheddar and get on the road. We didn't count on it being such a sleepy little town, and we had to wait until ten o'clock for places to open. We bought a selection of fresh cheddar cheese and some other local goodies for lunch (below left and center), and set off northeast for our next stop, a Roman Villa (below right) near Chedworth. That was in a nice spot, quiet and surrounded by forest.



STRATFORD-ON-AVON; SHAKESPEARE #TOC



We left there and headed northeast for Stratford-On-Avon, the home of Shakespeare (left), and made it by about five p.m. After poking around the Shakespeare monuments and theater, we decided to spend the night, and found a pretty little "Bed and Breakfast" place for 22 shillings, which is very reasonable. Right now, I'm listening to the bells from the local cathedral; they are having ringing practice, or whatever you call it. It is a charming town with all the old, quaint homes and buildings

that England is famous.

As "they" say, a picture is worth a thousand words, so I will have to depend on my pictures to tell about most of my trip; there are too many thousands of words to try to write out here. If I did, I wouldn't see all the things that I am seeing.

WARWICK CASTLE; WOBURN ABBEY: WEDNESDAY, 30 SEPTEMBER 1970 #TOC

This morning we left Stratford-On-Avon early and went north to Warwick to look at Warwick Castle (below left), then South to Woburn Abbey (below right). I'll have to depend on the pictures and literature I picked up to properly describe those. From there we headed south to Hammersmith, in London, where Dave's friends, the White's live. We took the car back, had dinner at an Indian Restaurant and hopped the late train back to Portsmouth to end the trip.



THURSDAY, 1 OCTOBER 1970 #TOC

The last few days were pretty rushed; too rushed to be able to describe them in detail. The trip through England made this the best port I've ever been in, primarily because I've never had enough time to go out and see as much as I wanted. I did not have enough time here to see everything that I wanted, so the choice of what to do and where to go came down to what I wanted to see most, not what I had time to do.

England has been very effective in preserving and enhancing its natural beauty and environment. Even though it is industrialized and crowded, its towns and cities still retain the



personal touches that make them a pleasure to live in. They do not degrade into masses of concrete and asphalt like In American cities that make a person feel like a number instead of a person.

It was a wonderful visit; one that I will always remember and be glad that I made. I had a chance to meet the people, see their way of life, and see their country more than anywhere else that I've been to, except maybe Puerto Rico. I was able to see much more in Denmark than I normally could have with the time available because of the Hedegaards, who showed me around. Even so, I wasn't able to see as much as in England.

We left Portsmouth much later than I expected; about 1230. We headed west to pass below England on the way around to the north. Our visit to Iceland has been cancelled, so we are proceeding straight to Greenland to perform our oceanographic work. We are scheduled to arrive in Thule on my birthday, the 26th of October.

#### [ROUGH SEAS AGAIN: FRIDAY, 2 OCTOBER 1970](#) [#TOC](#)

The weather started to get rough today as we headed north along the coast of England. There are full gale winds on our way across the North Atlantic, we are expecting all hell to break loose by tomorrow. Already things are flying wildly around; my room this morning looked like a grenade hit. Everything that was up went down, which seems to be the general trend. The capsule hazard makes me nervous; you never know when something is going to come crashing down. We try to tie everything down, but there is always more. This morning Dave was trying to tape our books to the shelves when the ship rolled and my chair went over and I fell on him. We both tried to support ourselves as best we could but ended up down in a corner with all the books on top of us. It is quite a ride; I would consider it fun if I didn't have the sneaking suspicion that this will go on for the rest of the trip. October and November are pretty brutal months up in this area.

#### [HOLD ON FOR DEAR LIFE: WEDNESDAY, 7 OCTOBER 1970](#) [#TOC](#)

Well, I'm glad that's over with, at least for now. Once we made the turn out of the Irish Sea into the North Atlantic, all hell broke loose just as we expect it would. The seas ran about twenty feet, which on this ship can be brutal. This ship has a mean roll, which I've already mentioned before. All work on the ship promptly ceased except that necessary to keep it running, and no one was allowed on decks for fear of being swept over the side. Everybody just held on for dear life the whole time. It was next to impossible to sleep because if you could manage to stay in the rack it was only by brute force. I tried every position I could manage, even sleeping on the deck, but nothing worked until I put all my extra shoes under one side of the mattress to pin me up against the bulkhead on the other side. I got all bruised up from pounding against the bulkhead, but at least I got some sleep.

Surprisingly, we only had one casualty on the bridge; one of the quartermasters was caught by a roll and thrown against a brass rail and apparently broke a few ribs. That put him out of the picture for a while.



The first day or so it was sort of fun, other than not feeling like doing anything. After that it got old mighty fast. I was completely worn out by just standing a four-hour watch because of the effort it took to just remain standing. It felt good to be able to get back to my exercises this morning; when it was rough it was impossible to do them. I aim to do them every day, but usually it works down to every other day, which is still better than nothing. Most guys don't do any at all, which is why so many men get fat and flabby while at sea. Other than walking up and down ladders, any exercise has to be a conscious effort.

I noticed that a lot of the crew shaved off their beards in England; they realized that the girls didn't go for them, especially the scroungy ones, of which there were many. I had given up on mine a while back - it was scroungy so I decided it was sort of silly. I kept the mustache, though. Dave has a good beard, nice and full. Duke never even tried to grow one, so I don't know what his would look like.

We are close to Iceland now since the storm made us go farther north than we had planned. Also, it slowed us down a lot; we were lucky to make four knots most of the time, so we spent a lot of time going nowhere. We would have done just as well by waiting it out in Ireland until the storm blew itself out.

#### SEVERE ROLLS: THURSDAY, 8 OCTOBER 1970 [#TOC](#)

Well, as luck would have it, we are in rough weather again. It's not as bad as before, but we still have to be wary because we could do damage very easily. I hadn't realized how much damage we had done during the last few days, but there is a considerable list of things. Most of it is minor, but a sign to be careful. We ruptured a fuel tank up forward, lost our gasoline supply because of the tank sent overboard, lost a hawsepipe cover, and broke a lot of breakables. The captain's cabin looked as though someone had set off a bomb in it; furniture was smashed and battered, bookcases broken and books scattered, a large leather chair "roamed about," and a lamp was demolished. There were similar damages all over the rest of the ship, like broken dishes, and a broken couch in the wardroom. The worst of all was a broken toilet seat in the head; you have to be an acrobat to go to the bathroom. With a ship rolling up to 40 degrees (our maximum was 43°) it is quite a trick anyway even without a broken seat.

#### ICE FORECASTING SURVEY: FRIDAY, 9 OCTOBER 1970 [#TOC](#)

Today is the first day of our ice forecast survey. This is one that is done each year, using the same stations. They only use BTs (bathythermographs) and Nansen casts, and from them are supposedly able to predict this winter's ice.

The weather calmed down pretty well overnight and is nice today. We are in sight of the southwestern coast of Greenland, which is 45 miles away.

The helos did some flying today, which they haven't had much of lately. If they don't get their required time in, they really get fouled up - have to be requalified and all. Because of that they jump at any chances to get airborne. So far this trip they have flown very few operational missions because of the weather; it is always bad when we need them or want them.

GREENLAND: SATURDAY, 10 OCT 1970 [#TOC](#)



The weather is holding well, and we are getting a good view of Greenland (left) as we came around the southern tip. It is colder now than when we were here last - about 35°.

GOOSE BAY FOR MAIL RUN: SUNDAY, 11 OCTOBER 1970

We are on the west coast of Greenland now, crossing the southern edge of the Barents Sea toward Goose Bay.

We plan to anchor Monday or Tuesday in Hamilton Inlet so that the aviators can fix a strut on one of the helos. Hopefully they will make a mail run to Goose Bay (located in Newfoundland and Labrador, Canada).

MOVIE SWAP: MONDAY, 12 OCTOBER 1970 [#TOC](#)

I was surprised this morning when I got up at 0330 for the 04-08 watch by the news that we were headed for Ocean Station "B" to trade movies with the USCGC *COOK INLET*. The ocean station is one of many that is constantly occupied by one of our ships, they just go out there for a month at a time on a rotational basis and float around, acting as a radio beacon to airplanes and sending weather data.

We came along side of the *COOK INLET* at about 1430, and they sent a boat alongside with their movies and a few officers for a visit. With them were Rube Olsen and Mike Black from the class of 69. Our boat went over with our movies and to pick up an injured man for us to transfer via helo to Goose Bay Canadian AFB.

It must have been an interesting visit for them, since those ocean stations are deadly boring. All they do is sit there for a month at a time. The first they saw of us was when one of our helos found them, and then we came over the horizon. If they are like most people, probably at least 75% of them had never seen an icebreaker before, much less a helicopter out in the middle of nowhere.

HAMILTON INLET: TUESDAY, 13 OCTOBER 1970 [#TOC](#)

The trip into the Hamilton Inlet was really brutal tonight, and I had the conn. Hamilton Inlet is a fjord-like inlet of Groswater Bay on the Labrador coast of the Canadian province of Newfoundland and Labrador. It was dark and windy, with no lights as aids, and shoals all around. Less than a mile on each side were rocks and shoals, which isn't very far considering the accuracy of the navigation. I had to rely mostly on the bridge radar repeater which is not operating perfectly. Anyway, I was lucky and had no real problem, and brought it in to the anchorage. We anchored in the lee of a small island in a cove.

The whole thing was an OOD's nightmare - first a left turn, then a right, then a left again, and another hard right - all timed to miss rocks and shoals that I couldn't see. It was midnight when we finally anchored, with some verbal gymnastics from the captain because the anchor detail was late showing up. He almost ate Mike Made alive, and I kept my distance at that point. The night had been busy but quiet up to that point, but it became quite a show then.

### WEDNESDAY, 14 OCTOBER 1970 [#TOC](#)



I woke up this morning to see where I had brought the ship - a real desolate place (left). This is what real arctic tundra is, though we are below the Arctic Circle.

Well, not only did I get the job of bringing the ship in here, but also, I got to take it back out. It was considerably easier this time, though, since I could see where I was going and could navigate visually. Also, I didn't have to turn as much, since we went straight out in order to head north when we reached the Barents

Sea.

### THURSDAY, FRIDAY, 15th & 16TH OCTOBER 1970 [#TOC](#)

I have found one disadvantage to keeping this journal; it makes it harder to write as many personal letters to Jane as I should. By the very nature of this journal, it has to be impersonal since it is designed to be different from a letter. The trouble is, by the time I am finished writing this, I don't feel like shifting gears and writing something different, so if I do write other things, they aren't what they should be. So, I spend two days of my writing time writing a letter to Jane that I was satisfied with and left out my journal.

### PEACEFUL IN SNOW: SATURDAY, 17 OCTOBER 1970 [#TOC](#)

I had the 4-8 this morning, and it was really nice. The weather outside has been getting progressively colder, and it has snowed all night for the last two nights. Sunrise is getting later 0837 yesterday and 0850 today, so it was plenty dark for the whole watch. I spent most of the four hours standing out on the bridge in the snow, which felt good. If I stayed in the right spot it was really quiet and all I could hear was the snow swishing past my ears. It's very seldom that I get a truly peaceful time, so I really enjoy it when I can.

### ARCTIC CIRCLE "BLUE NOSE" INITIATION!!!! [#TOC](#)

Today was the day - all the new guys who were not on here for the original initiation were on trial for the "Royal Order of the Polar Bear." The "Bluenoses" (us) had to endure the trials and tribulations of being accepted by the order. We first had to dress in the uniform of the day - everything on backwards and inside out - and then they smeared us with grease and goo and garbage. We had to crawl across the snowy deck into mounds of garbage and slop, and then get a cold hose down with a firehouse. I have never been so cold in my life, but it was all good fun.

They kept us going, crawling and crabbing for a couple of hours and we were a real mess. The worst part was afterwards when we tried to get cleaned up. Duke, Dave, and I were all in the shower scrubbing for about an hour, and we still didn't get it all off. I had to use scouring powder in my hair to get the grease and Vaseline out.

It was truly a mess, but I had fun doing it. Next year there are at least two more of these traditional initiations to go through - the equator crossing and the Antarctic Circle. What a grim scene. (Below: Fred and Dave before and after initiation.)



[PROFILES: SUNDAY, 18 OCTOBER 1970](#) [#TOC](#)

I guess it's about time I gave a rundown on the people I've been working with and have become very close with, the officers of the *SOUTHWIND*. As is usual, I am more personally familiar with



those at the bottom than those at the top, so I'll start at the top and work down. If that last sentence makes sense, it is purely by chance.

First, of course, comes God, Pope, President, Dictator, all rolled into one - the Commanding Officer, Captain E. D. Cassidy. A tremendously capable and experienced man, he is able to outguess and down trod any OOD. He has an amazing knack for suggesting things that you are just on the verge of doing anyway. He's fair; he yells at anyone, regardless of rank. His favorite tastes are ensigns, but he eats LCDRs occasionally, too. He is generally very quiet, until he gets ornery. Then he shows a well-rounded vocabulary, which is amusing to hear, at a distance, if you aren't the object of the wrath. There is one safe place on the bridge, behind the QM desk. At the Captain's better moments, you can see upward of ten people packed behind it, only to leave at the risk of great peril. He is not a man to argue with on the bridge, even if you know you're right. All it does is create a thunderstorm. I've found that to say naught or agree, then carry on. It means swallowing your pride now and then but makes life a lot easier.



I'm making him look like a crotchety old man. He isn't. He's a grand person, easy to talk to. The only time he gets mad is when he's on the bridge, and usually for a good reason. Considering that he has a serious responsibility, he can't be blamed for getting mad now and then. This ship is not like most that operate in well-charted waters where there are aids to navigation; we operate in areas where two charts differ in the position of islands and shoals by as much as five or ten miles. A lot of

our charts are based on surveys made by the British, Soviets, or Norwegians made in 1848, for example. Things like that call for extreme care and create a constant uncertainty. We never know when we'll hit something, which happens now and then. On the last trip south in 1968, they broke a prop while in ice. Last year (1969, left)) while making a glacier survey in the northern reaches of Greenland, in uncharted waters, they came upon a rock without warning, and sat perched on it for 36 tense hours. The damage was tremendous, but luckily was limited (for point of interest, the most grievous loss was the toilet paper, which was stored in the bow. The rest of the trip they had none!). The fathometer showed 60 feet about ten seconds before impact, and they were going dead slow. The areas we are in are full of such things, most of which aren't charted. With things like that, no wonder the captain is concerned all the time. There is not room for error. Already I've made mistakes in things that the OODs on other ships are not even exposed to, but I learn from them - fast, as everyone else does. The captain has to be sure that in the learning process, the ship is safe. I for one am glad that I don't have the worries that he does.

Next on the totem pole is the Executive Officer, LCDR Nelson. I am beginning to really like him, though I didn't at the start. When I got on the ship, he was new too. Realizing that everyone was watching him to figure out what kind of a person he was, he was at the same time watching everyone else, figuring them out. He was quiet, and as such seemed creepy, but now that everyone is used to each other and has everyone else figured out, he has loosened up, and has proved to be very capable and worthy of respect. I work with him a lot since I am the

Administrative Assistant, which means that I help him with a lot of the paperwork, etc. I like him now both as a person and a senior officer.

Next is the Operations Officer, LCDR Soltys, a guy who I haven't quite figured out yet. He is friendly, but I don't work with him much, so I don't really know him well at all.

The engineers I will list together, since I obviously work with them the least and know them the least of all. Lt Nagle, Engineering Officer, hard worker, up at all hours of the day or night, always busy. LTJG Larry Grant, Class of '68 - I knew him at the Academy (he always gave me a hard time), ornery at times, but it doesn't bother me because I ignore it and act as though I don't notice it. LTJG Mike Edwards, Class of '68 also, nice guy, critical of deckies in general (that's what I am) lacks a feeling for esthetic beauty and utopian ideals, but is a confirmed realist, practical minded. LTJG Rick Gupman, Class of '69, nice guy, but moody and a recluse sometimes. He's fun to kid about the Exchange, which he's in charge of. ENS Ed Masig, OCS, seldom talks to deckies. I know him very little, but seems to be an agreeable fellow, if that doesn't contradict what I said.

ENS Dave Maloney, my classmate who I've mentioned a lot in the journal. A great guy, we traveled together in port, and when we return I will be best man at his wedding the 28th of November. We are good friends, though he has an annoying habit of leaving the radiator on full blast when he leaves the room, so when I come back, I can hardly breathe for the heat. I counter that habit by taking my shoes off and smelling him out. I have amazing feet (just thought I'd include a nice earthy remark). He is full of projects that he goes whole hog on for a few days, then drops for a while. The best is the fancy rope work he took up; for a week he had ropes hanging all over the room, so any time I wanted to do anything, I had to clear a path. He gave it up for a while, so I slowly shifted the ropes out of the way and out of sight, and he decided to learn Morse code. Now he has a code gadget that beeps all hours of the day and night. Yesterday he sidelined the beeping and took up the rope again; I don't know which is better. That's why I like living with him, though. At the academy I lived with a lot of dead people who never did anything to make day to day routine interesting.

CWO Barrington - ex-enlisted who worked his way up through the ranks. He's moody and apparently has no use for boot ensigns and such "old Guard" type, even so, he isn't unfriendly, but I don't know him very well.

The aviators are a jolly bunch; they are assigned to the ship only for the trip and will get off in Norfolk, along with their helos. LCDR Giffin is in charge of them; a real nice guy who asks a lot of questions and always seems interested in everything that's going on; intelligent and a good conversationalist. Lt George Ellis, a big burly guy (a little fat, really), jolly and fun. He was the winner of the swearing contest after the recent "couth up" campaign. He logged more obscenities than even Bob Glynn, who took immediate offense and strived to regain the throne. Lt Steve Goldhammer, a good guy but real quiet, seems to be plotting to overthrow the world, but never says anything against the establishment. Hard liner follows the book, but not in a way that bothers people.

LTJG Fred Kent, one of the few "Freds" I've known in my life. Grand guy, toured London with him. Interesting and good guy to talk to, smart. He'd be a hippie if he were a civilian, probably, which automatically makes him o.k. Conservative hippie, though, more like the rich playboy type, if you know what I mean.

Of course, the Doctor, LCDR Carl Sylvester - gives me the creeps. Superior, sometimes snide in a friendly way. Manages to piss me off when he's acting friendly toward me. I hope I never get sick.

Now, the Deckies, who I work with most. LTJG Mike Made, Class of '67, who I like a great deal, very bitchy, gives everyone a hard time. He gets mad so much I can't help laughing at him. I've found that the best thing to do is laugh at him or dump on his head brutally (in a somewhat friendly way) and he likes it. What he hates most is for someone to cower under his wrath. Exactly opposite of the Captain, and it is no wonder that he and the Captain don't get along. They are like cats and dogs - always bristling at close contact. The saving feature is that the Captain respects Mike, for more reasons than that he's endured three years on here without going insane. "I wish that son of a bitch wasn't so damned bullheaded," says the Captain. "If he comes on the bridge one more time, I'll strangle him," says Mike. Mike is intelligent, has a lot of interests, and is well read. Really fun to talk to when he's mad.

LTJG Ken Riordon, Class of '68, I knew him well at the Academy - he always seemed to be around when I did something wrong. He's very efficient, the ship's navigator (super-efficient at that - because he enjoys navigating). He has a lot of interests and is an interesting person. Never sits still - owns an MG and an Austin Healy. Good mover, and a great guy. He's always willing to help out when asked, which is often.

LTJG Bob Gravino, Class of '69, who just got off at Portsmouth to go to flight school. He was probably the friendliest and most liked man on the ship and very well respected. I was sorry to see him go. LTJG Bob Glynn, the past and probably future obscenity leader - funnier than hell. Winner of the Blue Steak and Silver Tongue awards. Bob seems to be phenomenally intelligent, and a very capable deck officer. ENS Frank Lange, a diehard Coastie. Went to the academy ten years ago, flunked out, went again, was kicked out, enlisted and made second class Electronics Technician, then went to OCS last year. Definitely the dirty old man supreme, the grossest of all the seven seas. Nicknamed the "Vulgar Boatman," he has a tremendous wit, unlimited store of jokes and songs, most of which are truly grim. He is a bit of an exhibitionist - tells a gross out and looks around for smiles, and I find his humor (more specifically his wording) tiring. From his long experience in the Guard, though, he is a well-qualified and competent deck officer, and never lets you forget it. I disagree violently with some of his theories and principles of leadership and conduct, though I won't go into that here. ENS John Hodukavich, "Dirty Duke," the quietest guy alive. A real nice guy, deliberative and very intelligent. He gets frustrated with Frank because he lives with him and Frank keeps his gear as though it was destroyed by a hand grenade. Duke is a very neat, tidy person, so I always kid him about how messy his room is.

I almost forgot CWO Jerry Lewis, the supply officer. He handles so much money his fingers are green. Jerry pawns himself off as a dirty old man, but really, he isn't. He is happily married and is a great guy.

### STEERING FAILS: MONDAY, 19 OCTOBER 1970 [#TOC](#)

A very interesting day, for a change. We are in intermittent ice now, most of which is very, very hard, big, chunks that we have to pick our way through very carefully. Most of it has underlying tongues that stick out just about at our propeller depth, putting our propellers in danger. I had the 16-20 watch tonight, and just about the time it started to get dark (we have 16 hours of darkness each day, or night depending on your point of view) we lost our steering, so we secured the rudder. The Captain took over so he could practice steering by using the engines. To fix the steering, the engineers had to have the bridge lighted, so to remain in the dark for better vision, the Captain went up to aloft conn to steer through the ice. That is a high station that has remote controls sufficient to con the ship. Then we turned on all the bridge lights, which any seaman can tell you is a pretty rare event. It really seemed weird to be moving with lights on - I couldn't see anything outside at all. Later we turned the carbon arc searchlights on to try to see our way through the ice, but the Captain couldn't see very well with them turned on. We could see perfectly from the bridge, though.

### BELL-RINGER ROLLS! TUESDAY, 20 OCTOBER 1970 [#TOC](#)

I thought it was wild last night on my watch, but the watches afterwards were worse. It got rough very suddenly, with seas up to 30 feet. We took rolls enough to ring the bell, which means a roll of 52°. Remember that with anything over 45° it is easier to walk on the bulkheads than the deck, and the overhead (ceiling) takes the place of a bulkhead.

Nobody had expected such rough weather, so things weren't tied down and all hell broke loose again. I could hear things crashing around all night. The worst damage was to the helo hanger - it jumped its track and smashed into one of the helos, damaging a tail rotor and hangar door. They had a rough time getting the hangar back in place and are working on the helo now.

As usual, my room was a disaster area. Everything that was up came down. What a mess.

### ERRIE USING CARBON ARC LIGHT: WEDNESDAY, 21 OCTOBER 1970 [#TOC](#)

It probably seems that I talk about the weather an awful lot, and it probably seems like a lot of repetition. The reason for this is that the weather is one of the most pressing things on our minds quite a bit of the time. It isn't like at home where weather is at worst a minor inconvenience; up here it is a serious matter that has to be given a lot of thought.

We were in ice now - remnants of last year's freeze up. It was hard, blue ice, in what we call rafts. Between the rafts was new ice and broken chunks. The ship was moving slowly, bouncing back and forth. The carbon arc searchlight was on, pointed straight ahead as a headlight. The only place I could see was in the range of the light, and the flowing snow covered a lot of that. It has been snowing for four days now and has gotten worse. The wind was howling at 35 knots, so I guess you could call it a blizzard. The effect of the scene was weird, like something from the "Twilight Zone." It is something that words cannot explain - it is nebulous mood, maybe. Something intangible. For everyone who came up on the bridge, the scene inspired awe, a



respect for something, possibly nature, possibly the ship. I think it depends upon the individual. Franz Kafka, the Wizard of Id. I don't know. I still don't really understand it myself.

### PANCAKE ICE; SHIP ICING UP: THURSDAY, 22 OCTOBER 1970 [#TOC](#)

I had the 04-08 watch, and really wasn't looking forward to it, but conditions had improved quite a bit. The snow had slackened, and the ice was not as tough. I was in about six inches of new ice, which would have been fine except that their consideration and thought in planning all of our operations. To me, the weather now is both fascinating and frightening. We are witnessing the awesome freeze up that chases most people and things out of the Arctic by late September.

The day before yesterday on my watch was the first clue; thin circles of ice about a foot across called "pancake ice." (right) This is the start - a nucleus about which the pack ice begins to form. The pancake smooths the surface out, making it look oil covered and glassy. This smoothing out allows the pancake to widen and thicken. The surface temperature, down to a few feet, goes below the freezing point. If the water were still, it would be ice, but the waves and swells keep it moving. The movement slows down, though, as we saw yesterday, as the pancakes get more prominent, and get broken by the water movement. All the time, though, the wave energy is being absorbed by this grinding of pancakes together.



Today, what I saw was close to a freeze up; the wave movement is sluggish and slowing down more and more. When it stops, it will be ice; it's as simple as that. Theoretically, I guess you could blink your eye and find yourself in four feet of pack ice, but thankfully it doesn't happen that fast.



Today was the first day we had any problem with the ship icing up (left). At 0900 we had to stop to chip and bang it off the forecastle and antennae. This afternoon it got worse and broke an antenna from the mast. The sides of Baffin Bay are where its freezing up; the center is free, still. This creates a dilemma to me, though. It is conceivable that within a few days, and certainly on our return run from Thule, the only place we will be able to run with any ease at all will be the middle of the bay because of the ice, which may get thick enough to get dangerous. But there is a danger there - if a

storm comes up, which does every few days, the seas get rough. Rough seas in cold weather mean icing on the ship, which means loss of stability. If you add tons and tons of ice up high (which is what happens), the overall weight of the ship increases, and what's worse, the center of gravity raises. That means that the movement arm for righting the ship decreases, and the

period and extent of the roll increases. When this happens in rough weather, it really becomes something to worry about, and it is hard to get rid of the ice. Luckily, this ship has a lower center of gravity than most ships, so we have a larger margin of safety. Even so, the danger is still there.

### LATER THAT NIGHT [#TOC](#)

I honestly cannot believe what I saw tonight; I'll try to describe it, but I'm not sure I can. I walked up to the bridge at 2200 to see how things were going, and it was as were a lot of chunks of hard stuff around which I had to avoid. Consequently, I did a lot of maneuvering and wild swerving. The carbon arc searchlight was out, so I was using the smaller headlights, which did a fine job.

### BIG RED EYE: FRIDAY, 23 OCTOBER 1970 [#TOC](#)

More of the same, except that the snow was blinding, and I had to use the carbon arc light this morning on the mid watch. We were in new pancake ice with a sprinkling of hard chunks here and there. The snow came and went, so I had to keep lowering and elevating the searchlight because the snow blotted out the beam.

This last week I have concentrated mostly on my watches and have been doing my routine work mostly without really thinking. Everything else seems pretty petty in relation to how much I have to concentrate on the bridge. I will be glad to be back to normal waters again.

On my 20-24 watch tonight, I was really spooked. At about 2200 I saw a red light on the horizon. I looked at it with the binoculars and it looked exactly like a flare or a ship on fire. I swung the ship real fast to take a bearing on it figuring that if it were a flare it would go out soon. At first, I couldn't figure out what it could be, but then I realized that it could be a submarine in trouble or an airplane crashed, since we are right near some of the trans-arctic air routes.

But instead of going out, the light got bigger and bigger until I saw that it was the moon. I felt sort of silly when I realized that, but then it looked even more creepy as it rose and looked like a big red eye.

### SATURDAY, 24 OCTOBER 1970 [#TOC](#)

A dull day.

### SUNDAY, 25 OCTOBER 1970 [#TOC](#)

It was good to have a daylight watch again; it is dark most of the time now. The sun rose at 1100 and set at 1600 today, giving us five hours of real daylight. I had to use a lot of exploring to make any headway at all through the ice. There is a lot of the real old stuff around which is very difficult and dangerous to go through. We had to give up on one station because even the

"brute force and ignorance method" didn't help much; all we did was bounce from one chunk to another.

We are scheduled to get to Thule tomorrow, my birthday (26th), probably on my watch. We are on the other side of the Bay now, about 125 miles southwest of Thule. Everyone is anxious to get to Thule because it marks the near end of the trip - the last hump to get over. After that we are just about on the way home.

### [THULE, GREENLAND \(Visit #2\); MY BIRTHDAY: MONDAY, 26 OCTOBER 1970](#) [#TOC](#)

It was quite a ride into Thule this morning (right); it was snowing hard and we had 30-40 knot winds, plus of course ice. We couldn't see anything at all in the gloom until the snow stopped about four miles from Thule. The place was all lit up like a small city and was a welcome sight. All the streets are lined with lights, since it is dark all day for a large part of the year.



Dave and I walked around the base for a while to get a look at it (we didn't see much the last time) and saw that it is really a strange place. It looks like a ghost town because everyone is inside, and the snow just blows over everything. The buildings are all low huts, huddled against the cold Arctic wind (we are 600 miles above the Arctic Circle).

We celebrated my birthday in the Officers Club, and I got soused. The worst part was leaving; we wandered all around outside in the blizzard trying to find the NCO Club, but I was oblivious to all that. I kept trying to make snowballs, but the snow was too cold and powdery.

Back at the ship I sat down in the wardroom to write a letter to Jane, and the only shirt I had on was a tee shirt. Bob Glynn came in (drunk too) yelling, "Hey, you aren't supposed to be in the wardroom in a tee shirt," and ripped it right off my back. We all just sat there laughing at how drunk we all were.

### [HUNGOVER: TUESDAY, 27 OCTOBER 1970](#) [#TOC](#)

Good grief, what a hangover. About once a year I tie one on like that, and it takes about a year to "build up the stupidity" to do it again. The day was mostly a waste, except that I went up to Thule exchange to look around. It is a great exchange, and I ended up buying a new set of AR2ax speakers for my stereo.

### [LEAVING THULE; WHAT NEXT?: WEDNESDAY, 28 OCTOBER 1970](#) [#TOC](#)

I had the duty today, and we left Thule at 1600 for points unknown. So far, I'm completely in the dark as to what we are doing and where we are going.

### NOW UNDER COMMAND OF NAVY: THURSDAY, 29 OCTOBER 1970 [#TOC](#)

I had the 08-12 watch this morning, and really started to get pissed off at the entire chain of command. Nobody will take it upon themselves to inform us, the OODs, of what we are supposed to be doing. There is no problem with clearance or need to know, for in fact for us to know is an operational necessity since we are in charge of the ship. Every time something goes on the XO or OPS officer says "Oh, you should have been prepared for this." I finally told the XO that I refused to take any responsibility for anything until I was told what was going on, what they wanted of me, and how to do it. For example, I was supposed to communicate, but nobody bothered to tell me what was set up for the purpose or how to use it. I finally started getting some information, but very sketchy and confused.

I still don't know what I can write and what I can't except for three things that obviously can't be classified: The guy in charge of the operation is a Navy LCDR, with the crossed dolphins of the submarine forces. We are under the operational control of COMSUBLANT, or Commander, Submarine Forces Atlantic, and Two Navy first class torpedomen came aboard. From there you can draw your own conclusions until I find out what else I can say.

### FRIDAY, 30 OCTOBER 1970 [#TOC](#)

Well, we haven't really gotten anything done yet, because we haven't been able to find the right ice-water conditions. We spent all day just sitting around here waiting for the helos to find a spot for us.

I forgot to mention that yesterday was the first day without a sunrise or sunset. The sun is close enough to the horizon to make it light enough to see, though. At about 1700 tonight I saw a funny light on the horizon, and it expanded to a big red glow. It turned out that we were watching the sunset over Russia.

### HALLOWEEN: SATURDAY, 31 OCTOBER 1970 [#TOC](#)

I had a Halloween party in the hanger tonight; broke out 23 case of beer for the biggest beer blast yet this trip. At the time we were still sitting in the ice, as we have been all along. Every afternoon we move a few miles to where the helos have found a good spot, and by moving it is all frozen over again. Now and then we get the right conditions, but then something else goes wrong, like we lose communications. Everyone is getting frustrated at sitting here doing nothing, so its good we used up the beer.



DAYDREAM ABOUT JANE: SUNDAY, 1 NOVEMBER 1970 [#TOC](#)

I was going to write a letter to Jane tonight, but it was of no use since I'll see her before it arrives, so I just daydreamed about her instead.

STILL WITH NAVY OPS: MONDAY, 2 NOVEMBER 1970 [#TOC](#)

Today was the most frustrating day yet. During my watch last night, I took off on a wild hunt for a patch of open water surrounded by the right ice, and finally found one to my great surprise. I parked the ship in a small cove in the ice and was relieved by Dirty Duke. This morning I got up for the 8-12 watch, and when it got light, I saw the open water was just perfect for our "operations," but when I tried to communicate with our Navy friends, no go. They weren't anywhere to be found. The captain really hit the ceiling this time - he was in an "LCDR-eating" mood, so I kept my distance.

The others never found us until after it got too dark to do anything, so another good day was lost; this was the best of all, too, because the weather was perfect.

We almost had a sunrise this morning - the sun peeked just a little rim over the horizon. It looked like it was taking a sneak look just to see if we were o.k. The sunrise sunset was beautiful, as are most up here. I have never seen the sunset and rise at the same time before.

NUCLEAR SUBMARINES; NEAR COLLISION: TUESDAY, 3 NOVEMBER 1970 [#TOC](#)

Bob Glynn told me today that probably the details of what we are doing will be unclassified after it's over with the exception of where we are. So, I might as well say all, since if it does turn out to be classified, I'd have to destroy a lot of what I've already written anyway.

We are in company with two nuclear submarines. Apparently, our operations with them are only one part of a larger program of exercises together, which is good since they haven't accomplished much with us yet.

This morning's watch was fun; I really felt like I was doing something for a change. I was doing ice recon on my own, directing our two helos which were in the air on ice recon and telling me where they saw open water, guiding the two submarines behind me to the water, and vectoring in a helo that was on the way from Thule. All at once I was as busy as a one-armed paper hangar with the hives. Just as I was threading the needle between a group of icebergs, it started snowing, so I had some quick maneuvering to do to get in a position to receive the helos.

We had a close one tonight - really scared some people this time. We were crashing around in the ice when the captain saw the submarine surfaced ahead. He could see a small light, which he thought to be a powerful light that they have displayed on their conning tower before, making him think that the sub was far off. The captain of the sub called in the radio and asked, "Do you see me?" We answered affirmative. A minute later the captain realized that the light wasn't what he thought - it was a small light on the fantail, and he could see the black hull right



in front of us. He threw the engines into full reverse and stopped so fast that everyone on the ship knew something was up. The ship stopped just in time, with the bow almost overhanging the sub. With our icebreaking bow we could have cut that sub right in half without hardly slowing down. It could have been a grim scene.

#### [BACK TO COAST GUARD CONTROL: THURSDAY, 5 NOVEMBER 1970](#) [#TOC](#)

A good morning. A grand one, in fact. On my watch this morning the submarine-in-charge released us because the proper conditions were not to be found, so I logged the change of operational control from COMSUBLANT, US NAVY to COMEASTAREA, USCG, and we headed home. When I announced it over the general announcing system, there was a great cheer, for this is an event worth celebrating.

We have a short stop to make at CRUNCHER ISLAND, at the head of SONDE STROMFJORD, to remove a radio beacon, but if the weather holds out, we can do it by helicopter and won't be slowed down by it at all. From there we shoot through the BELLE ISLE STRAITS, down the coast of Maine, New Hampshire and Massachusetts (maybe through the Cape Cod canal) to New London, where we drop off some people and equipment.

#### [HEADED HOME: FRIDAY, 6 NOVEMBER 1970](#) [#TOC](#)

We are making best possible speed, with five engines at full power. Unfortunately, the sixth is beyond repair, so we can't use it. Even so, with a maximum speed of 105 RPM, we are now making 113 RPM, much to the credit of the engineers. On a ship like this, going home is a serious matter.

There seems a void of things to do now that we have no operational mission. Nobody is in any mood to do serious work, so we try to lose ourselves in busy work or games to pass the time. A typical example is Bob Glynn this afternoon at 1500 he looked at the clock and said "Well, its three already," at 1530 he looked at the clock again, and said "Well, its three-thirty already," and picked up an ancient NEWSWEEK. I asked him how many times he'd read that copy, and he said, "at least three, it's nice to look and recognize the pictures."

I have had a special correspondence course I have out from the Navy. It was simple but kept me busy and passed time. The trouble is, I finished it tonight, and was real pleased with myself until I realized that now I had to look for something else to do.

The last week was bad because we did a lot of tedious sitting around, but now it is worse. Now we can't blame it on anyone else - it is so good to have the Navy as a scapegoat. We can gripe about the Cruncher Island deal some, but it doesn't do the trick because that isn't really holding us up like the sub exercise was.

The situation reminds me of a day when I was about 12 or 13 when I was mad at my sister. Usually if I slammed the door to my room (the loudest door in the house) it felt better, but this time I slammed it and there was a sock in the way, so it was silent. That just made things worse, and I was madder still. Then I kicked a hole in the wall, which only made me feel foolish.

### SATURDAY, 7 NOVEMBER 1970 [#TOC](#)

The weather held up and we sent the helos over to get the radio beacon, so we actually gained time on our track. The only trouble was that I had to turn all the way around to get the wind right for launch, so we lost a little time. It's all about negligible, really, but psychologically its bad.

### MORE BAD WEATHER: SUNDAY, 8 NOVEMBER 1970 [#TOC](#)

The bad weather we were expecting hit finally, and all hell broke loose again. It never fails - everyone is caught with his pants down as though we never expected rough weather again. My room was pretty good with the exception of a few loose items (chair, glass, typewriter, books). The wardroom came apart again.

Nothing was done today - we just sat and watched the clock go around.

### CHANGE COURSE TO EAT: MONDAY, 9 NOVEMBER 1970 [#TOC](#)

Clock watching gets worse and worse, with the added frustration of losing time at every mealtime due to the necessity of steering with the wind on our stern to reduce shipboard turmoil during chow. At about 1130 this morning we took a 48° roll which upended the mess deck, spilling soup and peas all over the place. I gave up and fell off the wind and seas so guys could eat. In the process we lost an hour steaming time.

### BELLE ISLE STRAIGHTS: TUESDAY, 10 NOVEMBER 1970 [#TOC](#)

This morning we entered the BELLE ISLE Straights and the seas calmed down. It was a busy morning for me since I was piloting through the straights.

The deck force was out en masse cleaning up the ice - the whole ship was covered with a layer of from one to six inches of ice.

### EXCITED ABOUT GOING HOME: WEDNESDAY, 11 NOVEMBER 1970 [#TOC](#)

I went to bed last night with the beginnings of a cold – sore throat, headache, fever, etc. Just before I went to bed, I took a massive dose of vitamin C and wrapped up in my electric blanket, and this morning I woke up and felt fine, except I felt the way I do after shaking a cold.

This morning's watch was ideal; it was warm (44 degrees which is balmy to me now), sunny and clear. I spent most of my time standing on the wing of the bridge soaking up the warmth. After the amount of continual snow and ice and bitter temperatures, this was a welcome relief.

On my watch we passed the Southern tip of Newfoundland and were coming up on the north eastern coast of Nova Scotia. When we got within 30 miles of land, I started looking for land,

but I couldn't see it; I'm too used to the Arctic visibility. Up there you can see land 50-60 miles away, but I couldn't see Nova Scotia from 20 miles away.

The wardroom was really funny tonight; for the first time this trip everyone was there at once, happy, laughing, talking about getting home. The brightness of the day infused everyone with happiness and good will. Where yesterday everyone was edgy and moody, today everyone is happy and talkative. With the new-found energy, we all had to do something to keep busy, so we broke out the games and cards. The wardroom looked like a game room - smoky, with groups of men hunched over tables of games. It was really funny to watch.

Ralph Giffin (one of the pilots) is really itchy with "Channel Fever." The helos are leaving us in New London, and he has been packed and ready to go for days now. He's like a little kid waiting for a vacation trip. Like any little kid, he'll have to go to the bathroom five minutes after he leaves.

#### [AIRDALES READY TO TAKE OFF: THURSDAY, 12 NOVEMBER 1970](#) [#TOC](#)

This morning we were passing the southern tip of Nova Scotia, heading straight for Massachusetts Bay, abreast of the coast of Maine.

We are really eager today - it gets worse all the time. The usual rumors started, including the one I've heard on every trip I've ever been on - that we were being called out on a Search and Rescue Mission, delaying our arrival by a week. That even happened on the Eagle, which is ridiculous thought for that ship.

I almost died tonight when Ralph Giffin walked into the wardroom at 2100 tonight with his flight suit on. Talk about being eager; he isn't going to leave for over 12 hours. I noticed also that the hangar is open and the helos are already in the take-off position.

#### [CAPE COD CANAL: FRIDAY, 13 NOVEMBER 1970](#) [#TOC](#)

We doubled up on watches this morning for our trip through the Bay and Cape Cod Canal, so I was on watch for the 04-08. We entered the Cape Cod Canal at about 0500, amid patches of fog. It was really great to see things like trees and houses and streets close up. They were the first we'd seen in a long time. At about 0630 we passed a house with the whole family standing in a picture window waving at us, and I waved back. We must look like an odd sight with the rugged bow (after all the ice breaking we've done, the paint job and jagged shape leaves no doubt that the bow is the business end of the ship), the NASA capsule, and the two helos on the back. We would make a good tourist attraction.

I got off watch just at the other end of the canal, and immediately went to bed to get some sleep. When I woke up, we were turning into the Thames River in New London.

I was OOD tonight, so I had to stay aboard, which was a blessing in disguise because it was raining like crazy outside. I managed to get out to make some calls, the first person I got through to was my mother, who almost had a heart attack when she heard my voice. Then I got

my father, who was imperturbable as ever. I wasn't able to get through to Jane until 1030, and we talked for about 45 minutes.

COAST GUARD ACADEMY: SATURDAY, 14 NOVEMBER 1970 [#TOC](#)

Visiting cadets started streaming aboard at 0800 - a hundred at a time. I managed to sneak aboard their bus for a ride back to the academy. There I visited a lot of my old friends and was wildly welcomed.

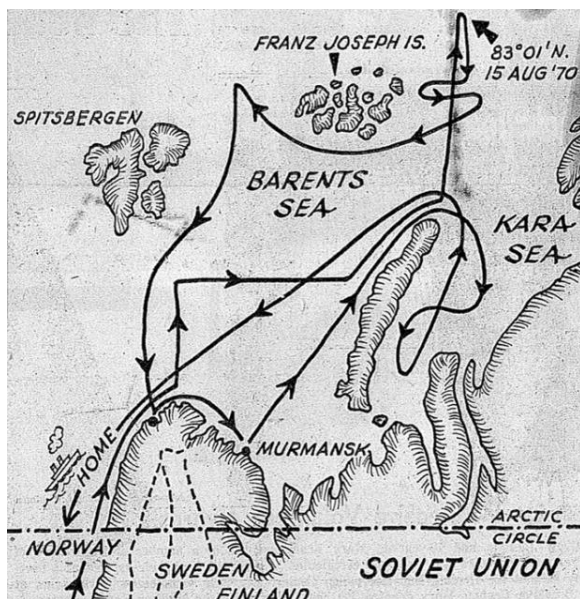
I met Marco (Ron Marcolini) and his wife Pat at his house in the afternoon, and they gave me the news that they were engaged. Jane was the first person they told, which made me feel good. They were planning to spill the news to their folks later that night, after taking me back to the ship.

When I did get back, I couldn't believe how happy I was that they gave me the news - it gave me something to feel good about until I get home to see Jane.

We pulled out of New London at 1900, and headed out through Fisher's Island Sound, and then south for Norfolk and then Baltimore. It's getting close to the end.

It's been a long trip, with a lot of good and bad times. As far as the job goes, I like it, very much in fact. This is an action ship which goes real places and does real things. As I expected, it was an adventure, and in most ways I'm glad I decided to take this ship. I've learned a lot, seen a wide range of places and things, and done many things that I couldn't have done otherwise.

-End



USCGC *Southwind*'s itinerary around the Murmansk visit. Map published in the *Baltimore Sun*, November 22, 1970.

RETURN TO BALTIMORE: WEDNESDAY, 17 NOVEMBER 1970 [#TOC](#)

*[On Nov 17, 1970 the Southwind pulled into Curtis Bay, MD (near Baltimore) on a chilly but bright morning. Home at last. - added by Dave Maloney]*



*Southwind about to tie up*



*Fred with his parents aboard Southwind*



*Joyce Maloney (1950-1977) (left) with Dave's younger sisters Lisa, Tara and Karen*

EPILOGUE

*[After making a few additional deployments, the Southwind was decommissioned on 31 May 1974. She was sold for scrap on 17 March 1976 for the sum of \$231,079.00 to Union Mineral & Alloy Corporation of New York – added by Dave Maloney] [#TOC](#)*