



The Explorers Log

Edited by John Ripley Forbes

Frederic G. Hardenbrook

Climbing in Tibet is a holiday compared with "bumper-to-bumper" commuting. Recently I was appointed Director of The Children's Museum in Boston. Any members of The Explorers Club who wander this way, will always find a cup of coffee waiting at 69 Burroughs Street, Jamaica Plain, in the Museum.

Leslie M. Hewes

has spent a couple of months this winter, doing archaeology at Bajo de Esperitu Santo, and at Bajo de Ascencion, on the east coast of Yucatan, as he did last winter with Dr. E. W. Andrews at Dzibilchaltún. (See pp. 11-17 in the May 1959 Journal.)

Dr. L. Ron Hubbard, Washington, D.C.

I am almost ashamed to give you this as a note for the Log, but it's a sign of the times:

I am about to go round the world in thirty days by BOAC, having assorted lecture stops scheduled, leaving London October 31 and arriving London December 1.

Just to show you how things have degenerated, I didn't realize that it would be a circumnavigation until it was pointed out. Poor old Magellan. No hostesses. No cool free drinks. No triple position easy chairs. No seasick pills. It's all the way by jet now, and small chance of scurvy.

I'm lecturing in Calcutta, Melbourne, Los Angeles and Washington; and of the month, only fifty-eight hours of it is enroute in flight. The rest is hobnobbing with the natives and trading yawns.

Just having received your October issue of the Journal, may I express my appreciation of its make-up, and, in particular, the reproduction quality of the photographs. [On behalf of the staff, the engraver and the printer, --thank you.--Ed.]

My own life is rather dull these days. I sort of won the *Maharajah of Jaipur's* luxury Sussex estate in a poker game, and am lost these days amongst acres of fishing lakes and bedrooms (we've never counted them).

Things around the world are booming. I'm hooked up with my offices on each continent with teletypewriters and pretty girls. My heaviest current connection with exploration, is giving advice to harassed-looking officials who haven't a clue on mental reactions in space and under expedition conditions.

If I get much more suffocated in this feather-bed civilization, I'll have to unpack the mukluks from the mothballs, and have at it for the good of my waistline.

Around the world in thirty days! Air hostesses and all I'm sorry, fellahs.