16/12/66

Greetings Jennie:

Thanks for your letter of 1st November. I have no information on SUNBEAM. Please discover what this is about. You can fill the IIT card. Put Tapa Nu Keg in the appropriate place. I have a dozen feet of the Amphenol beaded cable here. It was made in Chicago during the early 1930s. The people who know about it may all be dead. Actually, it is rather better than the currently popular solid dielectric cable, but more difficult to make and use. Silicon diodes will be quite satisfactory. You keep them. Unfortunately, I will not be here to meet the follower of the Beagle.

My radio astronomy data is still in process of being organized. I'm now drawing the map of the sky. It has turned out to be very complex with a lot of fine detail quite unexpected when looking at the individual scans. Next I will examine the charts (over 4000 feet) for abnormal events. This should occupy most of January. The complete assemblage of all material will be boiled down into a scientific paper with appropriate theory during February. March will be sort-out and clean-up month. I'll be in U.S.A. by early May, so be prepared to send to me a one way ticket via Pan Am, Hobart to N.Y.C.

The trip to mainland was a social success, but a scientific failure. I didn't learn anything useful. Most of these scientific meetings are busts. Two days were spent respectively in Sydney and Canberra trying to understand how the mile long cross antenna at Molonglo is supposed to swing the beam electronically. I couldn't make head or tail of the explanations. At the time I put it down to me being stupid. However, on the Empress coming back, I had a chance to think about the whole peculiar business. It seems there

has been a fundamental engineering error which will prevent the device operating. The NSF has put about 10^6 dollars into this installation. I've written to NSF suggesting they ask Mills to perform certain specific tests to make clear these matters.

Once more, please sort out my income data and send some tax blanks. This is definitely the last time.

Merry Christmas,

Grote Reber