



Hans Rosendal

Hans Rosendal

HANS ROSENDAL

IN TIME PRESS, LLC
MADISON

Hans Rosendal Copyright © jrstremi. All Rights Reserved.

Contents

Introduction	1
Chapter 1 - Early Years	3
Appendix	13

This is where you can write your introduction.

Aloha John,

Thanks for sending the information on what may be of interest with respect to my interactions with the Department over the years and the very nice collection of photographs of professors and students and visitors.

Let me begin with a little information about myself. I was born in Denmark in 1931 in Lyngby just north of Copenhagen. My father Kaj was an organist in church and also taught music lessons to students at home. His father Gustav and grandfather Hans were both well known teachers in the Danish Folk Highschool movement of the 19th century Denmark. In 1932 the family moved to Odense, the third largest city in Denmark where he became organist in Ansgar Lutheran Church. The family grew, as we were eventually a flock of 9 children...six girls and three boys. I was the oldest boy right in the middle. My mother died from a bad infectious disease in 1940, when I was 9. That was during the war, and the family had some real hard times. The family was split up, and I together with four other younger siblings several years in the Bolbro Childrens Home just west of Odense. That home was in a rural setting and was nearly self sufficient through raising crops and animal husbandry. I was in charge of chicken and geese and ducks from eggs to slaughter, but also became familiar with taking care of pigs as well as milking cows and draft horses. Raising potatoes, cabbage and beets plus some grains took a lot of work in planting and thinning and weeding and eventually harvesting.

The war ended in 1945, and I was invited by my mother's two brothers, Einar and John Hansen, in Milwaukee Wisconsin to come to stay with them. There was at that time a five year waiting period to immigrate to the U.S. While waiting I was in apprenticeship at a hardware wholesale company in Odense and lived in the home of a famous Architect Herman Ricka, who himself had come to Denmark as an orphan in 1920 after WWI from Vienna, Austria.

Finally in August 1951 I sailed on the Oslofjord from Copenhagen to New York. We landed on a hot and humid hazy day in the big city with max temperatures in the 90s and dewpoints probably in the low to mid 70s. I had never experienced that kind of tropical heat before, so it felt good to get into air condition at a show in the Radio City Music Hall. I had made friends on the week long voyage with a young man of Swedish descent from Chicago. He had been on a month's vacation in Sweden. He worked for the New York Central Railroad in the dining cars. I had about \$500 dollars in cash that I had saved back in Denmark, so I was not entirely broke. The next day we went to the Grand Central Station and bought a one-way ticket to Milwaukee. This was before airline traffic was too common. The train took us north up the scenic Hudson River Valley and west through upstate New York through a piece of Canada and lower Michigan to Chicago. I remember I was very impressed by the huge steel works at Gary and refineries at Whiting along the south shore of Lake Michigan. I finally made it to Milwaukee, where my relatives picked me up at the train station. It was with great joy and relaxation that I settled in in my new home in Milwaukee.

My two uncles, John and Einar, were brothers, and they were married to two sisters, Helen and Kada, who came over from a region of Germany called Silesia that is now part of Poland. They built their homes

themselves next to each other, so it was a close knit relationship. Unfortunately, there were no children in their otherwise happy marriages.

Uncle John was the oldest being born around 1900 and had come over from Denmark in the mid 20s. John was a mason by trade. Einar arrived in America a couple of years after John in the late 20s and was a trained mechanic from back in Denmark. He quickly found a job as a machinist at the International Harvester works in Milwaukee, and was lucky to have work during much of the difficult time during the depression years of the 30s, when they built their homes, homes built from limestone from a nearby quarry at Lannon.

Economic times were good in Milwaukee in 1951, so I quickly found a job working the night shift in a machine shop at Harley Davidson thus being able to pay my room and board and buy a car, a 1939 Plymouth. Since I was of military age and the Korean War was ongoing, I had to sign up with the local draft board, and within a year I was drafted into the Army. I was sent by bus down to Fort Sheridan near Evanston to be inducted into the US Army in August 1952 and from there went into basic training for 16 weeks in Kentucky at Camp Breckenridge (now called Fort Campbell, I believe) in the 101st Airborne Division. After basic training, since I knew some foreign languages and since I had scored some supposedly very high numbers in the 90s on a highschool equivalent test, I was sent to a Military Intelligence unit at Fort Meade, Maryland where I spent Christmas 1952 and took in the sights of Washington DC and Baltimore. After a couple of weeks along the East Coast, however, I got orders to ship out to Fort Lewis, Washington near Tacoma and Seattle. The stay along the West Coast however was short.

This was during the Korean conflict, so within a few weeks I was on a MSTS ship going west to the Far East. Being winter time we went the

southern route passing just north of Hawaii. We still had some pretty good swell rocking the boat. I got off the ship in Yokohama, which went on to Pusan. I ended up at a military Intelligence unit in downtown Tokyo, a building owned by the NYK shipping company. It was an office building and my quarters were on the 5th floor next to a noisy NCO club with Hawaiian music being played by live bands much of the time as most of the military and civilian employees were from Hawaii and fluent in Japanese, Korean and Chinese languages. Part of my duty time there in Tokyo was in service of the Swedish and Swiss teams of the Neutral Nations Supervisory Commission monitoring the cease fire stationed at a nearby hotel, while they were waiting deployment to Korea. That is where my knowledge of languages helped me land an interesting and good job, that gave me the opportunity to enjoy my Army duty and the stay in Japan.

After my two years of active duty were up, I returned to Milwaukee. I worked for a year during 1954 at Allis Chalmers in West Allis as a parts engineer helping standardize their purchases of parts such as fasteners and fittings. However, I was not satisfied with that job, just too boring.

I was not quite sure, what I wanted to do in life. I took a long vacation back in Denmark visiting friends and family and relaxed, while thinking things over. I had earned the GI Bill educational benefits by serving in the Army. I was even thinking of studying medicine in Heidelberg , where I had already been accepted, or perhaps engineering in Denmark. Neither study was too appealing to me.

I had always been interested in geography and climate and weather in general. That was true in Europe as well as during my time in the Far East and in particular Wisconsin. Wisconsin has a nice range of weather systems ranging from arctic cold to tropical heat with strong frontal systems and deep lows and thunderstorms throughout much of the year.

The weathercaster at WTMJ-TV in Milwaukee named Bill Carlson was particularly skillful and entertaining, I thought, and I rarely missed his forecast discussions after the 10 o'clock news. So how about a career in meteorology? One day I thus drove to Madison to try to find a professor or guidance counselor for advise about that line of study. I found a professor by the name of Suomi in the Department of Meteorology on the 4th floor in Science Hall and discussed briefly the prospects for work in that field. His advice sounded promising, and we thought that the new Kenwood Campus in Milwaukee might be a good place to begin the study the first two years and then come to Madison the following two years to complete the study for a Bachelors degree by 1960.

The two years during 1956 – 1958 I took classes at the Kenwood Campus. These classes did not feature any meteorology but allowed for getting some mandatory English and Math courses out of the way, while being able to live at home with my uncles and aunts just north of Timmerman Airport on the northwest side of Milwaukee and commute to campus on the northeast side of town.

Then in fall of 1958 I moved to Madison to locate at a small rooming house just outside the Campus area on Francis Street just off State Street. While living in Milwaukee I had joined a Army reserve unit for language studies located at Great Lakes Training Center near Waukegan about 50 miles south of Milwaukee. We met about once a month over a weekend and a week of summer camp out at Camp McCoy in western Wisconsin. I shared rides with a good friend and fellow linguist (German, Russian) from Milwaukee named Dieter Otto to these meetings. Through Dieter's girl friend in Chicago I met my wife to be, Angela. I proposed and she accepted me as a partner in life, and we got married in Madison by the Campus Chaplain a block or two from my rooming house around Christmas time in 1958.

There was no time for honeymoon at this time. Angela found a job at the Madison city board of education, and we rented a small flat in a house on Butler Street near the square. In the apartment above us lived a fellow meteorologist student Stig Rossby and his wife Anita. Stig is my and Don's age also born in 1931, and of course all meteorologists know about his father Carl-Gustaf's pioneering work in our knowledge of upper air flow patterns and for his important job of helping train so many fine meteorologists during WWII. As a sidelight, later when I lived in Washington DC, I found another Scandinavian meteorologist friend named Vil Bjercknes also born in 1931. Thus Stig and Vil and I are all born in 1931, and it turns out the fathers of the three of us, Carl-Gustaf, Jakob and Kaj were also born within a year of each other in 1898, or at least a few months apart, as one is from 1897. I was godfather to at the baptism of Vil's and Inger's son Torbjorn in Washington and thus became acquainted with the Bjercknes family. Vil died a few years ago, but Inger, a supervisor of nursing at a DC hospital, is still doing well though is now semi retired.

The classes I took during the 1958 – 60 semesters in Meteorology were taught in Science Hall mostly by Professors Reid Bryson, Lyle Horn, Heinz Lettau and Dean Staley. I did not have any classes taught by Vern Suomi, but his work on planning the use of artificial earth satellites in monitoring the earth with the Russian Sputnik first launch and later our Explorer permeated the Department. I vividly remember us students camped outside Suomi's office in Science Hall awaiting the news of the Explorer having reached a good orbit and was sending useable data. The Poor Man's Radiometer, that Don Johnson worked on, would fit well into this satellite application. Of all the professors within the Department that I felt most at ease with and probably learned the most from was Lyle Horn. Outside the class room Pete Kuhn and Chuck Stearns were

also most helpful. I remember walking out to Picnic Point to watch a sounding being launched.

To supplement my income, I had a summer job at the State Climatologist Office then in Science Hall. Paul Waite was the State Climatologist in those days. Little did I know that later on I would be in that office full time. Another part time job as a student was a job taking temperature soundings in the vertical water column of Lake Mendota. During the cooling cycle of autumn, I would go out on the lake and take vertical soundings about a meter apart and measure the depth of the thermocline. The Ekman transport of the water by the wind would then tilt the thermocline from the horizontal calm wind condition or bring it all the way up to the surface. I assume one of professor Ragotzkie's students analysed these data. Still curious to this day how many degrees to the right of the wind, say some drowned person drifting in the surface water would move. Recent losses of people in aircraft accidents here offshore Oahu have me wonder, if the search areas are plotted out in the right manner relative to the wind field.

My studies at the University of Wisconsin Madison for a Bachelors of Science Degree in Meteorology were completed in June 1960. I had already lined up a job at the Office of Climatology of the Weather Bureau in Suitland, MD. I felt that I needed a vacation and owed my wife a honeymoon trip, so before I started to work in DC, we took a trip to Europe, so she could meet my relatives in Denmark, and we also could meet her mother's family in Greece. I cashed in a stock that had gone up more than 10 fold in a couple of years and ordered a Renault car from a dealer west of Madison for delivery at the factory in Paris. We found a cheap flight with Icelandic Airlines from New York to Luxemburg with a stop-over of a few days in Iceland. From Luxemburg it was then a short two-hour train ride to Paris. Getting to New York we shared a ride

with some students driving non stop from Madison. In Paris we took the Metro to the Renault factory and picked up the car. Having wheels, we then were able to find a nice small hotel on the Left Bank where we stayed for about a week before heading north up to Denmark.

My wife Angela we found out was pregnant and had a check up by a doctor in Paris and were assured that everything was OK. In Denmark we bought maternity clothes and we enjoyed the visits with all my sisters and brothers, who were now married with families of their own. It was then time to go south through Germany and across the Alps at St Gotthart pass and the long drive through Italy to the heel at Brindisi, where we took a ferry to Athens through the Canal at Korinth. Angela's relatives were located way down in the southwest corner of Polypones at a small town called Methoni where we spent about a week. Then it was back up to Athens, and on northward through Greece to Saloniki and Yugoslavia to Belgrade and west to Trieste and Venice and then north again over the Brenner pass to Austria and Germany. I was due to start work in Suitland in early September, so it was time to get back to Luxemburg airport after dropping the car off at the port in Antwerp for shipment to Baltimore. That all went smoothly even though Angela was now quite pregnant with the baby due around Thanksgiving.

The Office of Climatology, where I began working in September 1960 was located in the Bureau of Census complex in Suitland just outside and southeast of the district of Columbia. The office was headed by climatologist Dr Helmuth Landsberg. The federal State Climatologist program and the Cooperative Observer Network and the Asheville Data facility was under his direction. Within the office there were also smaller groups of people working in the Agricultural area and issuing the Weekly Weather and Crop Bulletin. I worked in both the Foreign Area Section studying the Greenland region in particular and also translating some

papers and journal articles now and then. I worked for a while during the period 1960 – 64 in the Marine Section, as the editor of the Mariners Weather Log. The MWL is a publication like the UK Marine Observer or German Wetterlotze, that helps keep contact with the cooperative ships that supply so much valuable data from over the oceans. I was able to make a wintertime fam-float on a Navy ship sailing from Norfolk to Bremerhaven and back to New York to observe and take part in weather observation of surface and upper air data. Arthur Cooperman (my supervisor) and George Cry (hurricane specialist) were among my fellow workers in the Marine section.

The year 1962 in particular seemed to have had more than its share of unusually severe extratropical storms. There was for example the North Sea Storm that flooded parts of Hamburg and severely tested the dikes of Holland on February 17th, and then there was the Great Atlantic Coast Storm along the Middle Atlantic Coast on March 7th. That storm was also called the Ash Wednesday Storm. And thirdly there was the Columbus Day Storm of October 12th in the Pacific Northwest. I wrote all these storms up in the Mariners Weather Log and studied them in some detail. There was also the many hurricanes and typhoons to write up, so this was a rather busy period. In addition, while working in Suitland, I also occasionally filled in at the Bulletin Unit writing the National Weather Summaries for the press.

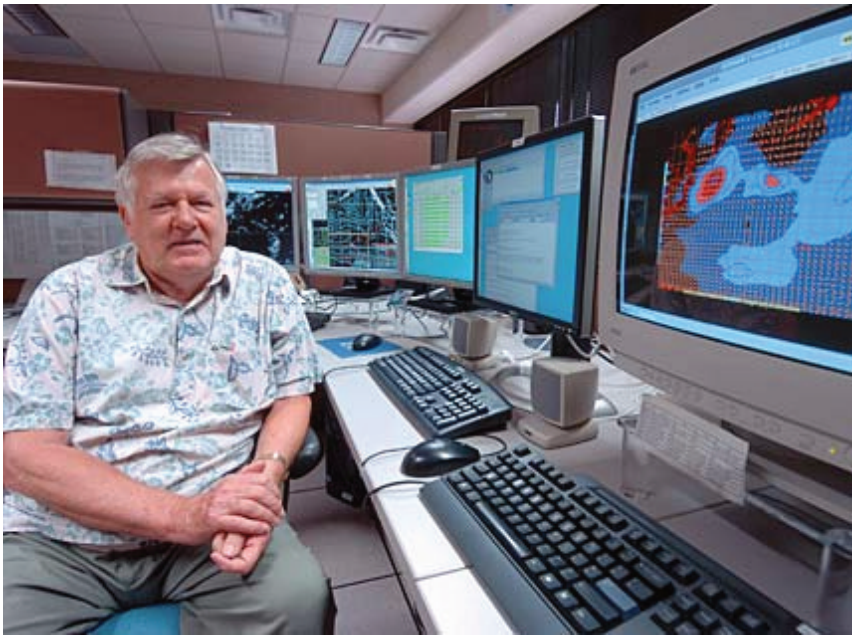
The Office of Climatology was collocated with the NMC computer modeling facility and NWP units and the Satellite Branch with Vince Oliver and others, that had just placed the early Tiros satellites into orbit. The Extended Forecast people under Jerome Namias also were there to chat with during lunch time and otherwise to learn a few things about the weather business. Aksel Wiin Nielsen of the joint Numerical Weather

Prediction Unit was a fellow Dane that I became acquainted with before he left for NCAR and later Univ of Michigan.

While working in Suitland we lived nearby just inside the District Line in an apartment complex called Fairfax Village. Our first born child, a boy we named Erik Peter, arrived on schedule at Thanksgiving time 1960 at Doctors Hospital on K Street. Erik was born on the same day as Jacqueline Kennedy gave birth to the President's child a few blocks away at Georgetown University Hospital. Our second child, also a boy and named Dana Gustav, was born in DC on Groundhog Day in 1962. Erik today is an executive in an Engineering company based in Boulder CO, while Dana is chief pilot of the owners of the Island of Niihau within the Hawaiian Island chain. A third son Paul Arthur was born in Madison about ten years later in 1972, which completed our family of three wonderful sons.

John, This text is all done from memory and contains much superfluous info that is mainly written for my own personal use. So feel free to use what you want. Since this file is getting rather long, I will send it off rather than risking to lose it. More to follow after 1964. Hans

Appendix



Here us another one 'only' about 10 years old. Hans



This photo shows Gov Knowles signing proclamation of 100 years federal weather service in 1970. Besides governor you see from left to right Hans Rosendal, State Climatologist and Joe Rigney, MIC at MSN and professor Heinz Lettau.