

# The Adventurers' Club News<sup>®</sup>

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© Mark Edward Harris/Getty Images

The 2005 North Korean Arirang Mass Games

# The Adventurers' Club News

The Official Publication of the Adventurers' Club of Los Angeles®, California

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PHOTO BY MARK EDWARD HARRIS**

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**THE PRESIDENT'S PAGE***Martin Bloom (#1147)- President*

While writing this, my second President's Letter, I am more aware than ever of the contributions

made by previous presidents to our organization. This happened because I have turned to the Presidents' Letters from previous years to gain inspiration for my own, and to make sure I'm not forgetting anything important.

When I look back over the past month, it seems to have gone very smoothly, with no earth-shaking changes and there have been improvements, aside from the growing maturity of our organization in its ninth decade. This is due in large part to the efforts made by previous boards, and the integration of the present board into their duties as the management of your club. Our new year will cause certain changes and improvements that will benefit the Club. Already we have approved our first new qualified member of 2014 and have applications for five more qualified applicants that have all come to us this past month "waiting

in the wings."

The results of open communications has brought us amazing programs and has brought us more than the usual numbers of members and guests to our first four programs of the year. Our objective is that the continuity provided by our goals and direction for this year will cause and create additional revenues and a more meaningful experience to all who attend our weekly meetings and special functions, e.g., the February ACLA Birthday Party and NOHA on October 25<sup>th</sup> 2014.

Please support your Club's growth and solvency by getting involved. You can get involved in many ways – here are just a few: in planning processes like creating goals or defining issues; take part in events; serve on committees; take a leadership position by identifying Club issue/problems and help us solve them.

But most of all, stay in touch and communicate with me to develop concepts, thoughts and ideas. Contact *me* any time at *president@adventurersclub.org*, and I assure you that you will be hearing from me.

Thank you and I am grateful to have had the opportunity to serve the Club as your President.

*(President's Page continued on page 3)*

## Golden Moments

Frank Haigler (#825 OTGA)

*Editor's Note: While going through the accumulated papers that had been passed on to me by my predecessor, I came across this delightful article by Frank Haigler. Since many of you knew him well, I decided to pass this on to you for your intellectual pleasure.*

We frequently *can* go home, but should we? Believe me, the attempt can sometimes be futile and the successes can often be emotionally disturbing.

I remember my brother once reminiscing about a golden moment of his. It seems he was disembarking from the old Coronado-San Diego ferry in the 40s when his attention was drawn to a girl mingling in the crowd ahead. Her golden hair gleamed in the afternoon sunlight as she threaded her way through the departing passengers. He was unable to follow this vision of loveliness, and she faded into the crowd to be forever lost. For years my brother would recall this moment as clearly as though it had happened only yesterday. He would always wonder who she was and what had ever happened to her.

Such encounters have happened to many of us, some perhaps as fleetingly and others more meaningful and personal – an emotional experience or memory of a poignant event from long ago. And surprisingly, sometimes we even reflect the mirror image of

someone else's "golden moment."

Chagrined, even to this day, I recall an unexpected telephone call one evening several years ago. A voice from the past, a girl I had briefly known in my college days, was calling me from a local address. It seems that Kay was in my home town on a matter of business, and thought to get in touch with me. It had been fifty

years since those college days when I had been a classmate and waiter in her Tri-Delta sorority house.

I was thrilled to hear her voice and suggested we get together for dinner. It would be nice to reminisce about our college days and what had transpired in our lives since. She surprised

me with, "No! I only want to talk to you. I don't really want to see you. You're happily married as I am, and our children are all grown. Our lives have gone on, and this is as it should be. But I would like to tell you this: We never dated, but I used to think you were the best looking boy I knew, and I know you wouldn't fit that picture now. So I don't want my wonderful image erased from my memories."

I was dumbfounded, albeit somewhat amused. "Well, Kay, we all change and I'm sure you aren't the campus beauty queen you once were either."

I did manage, however, to convince



her we really should get together, which we did. And it really was great to recall some of the old days and also to learn about our respective families.

You know: Kay really looked great! She hadn't changed much at all. Me...I later kicked my mirror!

This episode may also explain why many of us avoid such reunions; either we wish to keep intact our "golden moments" or we dislike kicking that old mirror!

Let me tell you of one of my "Golden Moments," one lost to me in time. My battleship, the *USS Nevada*, was enroute through the Panama Canal following our action at Attu in the Aleutians in 1943. After transiting the canal we were docked for one night at Colon before leaving the following morning to join the Atlantic Fleet. One evening I would never forget. A shipmate, Ensign McBride, knew a girl living there whose father was an engineer with the canal company. As a Marine lieutenant I was able to go ashore, and McBride and I were able to locate his college girl friend from UCLA days.

A date was arranged for me with a good friend of hers, Babe Bozeman (How could I forget a name like that?), and we were invited to a dinner and dance at the local country club. I will never forget that evening, the dancing to that memorable song "As Time Goes By," and the beautiful moonlit, star-studded sky. It was

to be one of the most romantic evenings I can ever recall. We bid good-bye to the girls, returned to our ship, and sailed the following morning. I was destined never again to see this lovely girl of so long ago, but the memory of that evening under the stars haunts me to this day, even though "time has gone by."

As the years have passed, other "Golden Moments" have occurred in my life, and I have frequently wondered again and again what has happened to the people involved. Where are they today? Should I try and find them? And would they even remember such events? An answer to this was rather forcefully brought home to me.

Let me tell you about Patsy. Down through the years I have wondered whatever happened to her. Like Babe in Panama, a brief day at the beach and an evening under the stars was to be my first and almost last memory of this beautiful girl. I can't recall how we met. I had driven out to San Diego that summer from the East where we were then living. Can you believe it was so long ago – the summer of 1937? I recall a swimming party in La Jolla that afternoon and my date with Patsy that evening at the Mission Beach Ballroom. I left the following day to return to my home in New Hampshire, but we did manage to correspond. As evidence I still have a fabulous letter she wrote me. With the onset of the war, I was brief-

*(Golden moments continued on page 20)*

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## Remembering Chet Sidell

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Bob Aronoff (#837)

No one gets out of this world alive, but if there was anyone who could, I'm telling you member Chester M. Sidell, #734, would have been that person. Chet became a Club member in 1965. The only other surviving member of that class is the inimitable Bob Silver, #728. Chet was Club president in 1977.

I always tried to sit at the same table with Chet on Thursday for the meal. He was quite a raconteur amongst so many other superb talents he pos-

essed. He had an irrepressible, insatiable curiosity that fueled his worldwide adventurous travels, and peaked his understanding of the minds and life concepts he encountered.

Chet was a Renaissance Man. I can vividly recall many of his stories, which he didn't set out to relate so much as they would simply come up in conversation around the dinner table. At such times we would all travel vicariously with Chet, experienc-

ing his thoughts on life honed from vast experience.

In everyday life Chet was a medical doctor, a dermatologist. He would occasionally report to the members after the *de rigueur* opening agenda of a Thursday meeting, describing the

latest advances in medicine in his field, or one of his interesting encounters. Once I recall he was asked for a consultation by another doctor who was about to amputate the leg of a patient sent to him from Ida-



ho. Chet observed the area on the leg that was the cause of the looming procedure and told the doctor that this fellow was suffering from Lyme's Disease, i.e., treat the disease and don't amputate the leg. Chet knew his beans, and many a doctor sought out his experience to apply to their patients.

I have made it a cardinal rule to avoid "doing business" with Club members, for right or for wrong. I had a medical condition that required

Chet's know-how. Since I had become a little familiar with Chet, the person, I did venture to ask him for a reference to an appropriate doctor. He graciously named several MDs. Using his name as a reference, I went to see them; all wanted \$2,000 (1980s) for the work, overnight in the hospital, have someone drive me to, and take me home from, the hospital, etc. I ruminated over this matter till one day Chet approached me and, remembering, asked, "Did you find someone for the work?" I told him I hadn't. He then volunteered, "Why don't you come out and see me about it? I was truly humbled that he would offer to see me as a patient. I came out to his office, comprised of five dermatologists.

After examining me, he said he would take care of it then and there, if I wanted to have it done by him. As I knew him from the Club, I had implicit and explicit trust in him as he didn't need my business.

In about three-quarters of an hour, he removed the lymphoma in my neck while I was conscious, talking to me, describing what he was doing through the procedure. Whenever someone has work done on the neck, there are myriads of nerves involved, and if the wrong cut is made, permanent damage occurs to the face. As a consummate surgeon that he was, I was patched up, on my feet, and able to drive myself back home after leaving the office. The bill was \$450. I

told the office RN I was more than happy to pay the going rate, especially recognizing how skillfully Chet had done the job. She told me all was fine, and that Chet always took care of Club members.

More to Chet, the adventurer. He had trouble keeping wives; I think he was married three times at least. Always had good relations with them or his girlfriends, however. He had a very comfortable home in the San Fernando Valley south of Ventura Boulevard high on the hills looking north over the Valley. He held numerous social gatherings at his home in which he invited members to partake in the grand manner: tents and tables on his lawn, with the best of catered foods.

Chet himself encountered various diseases during his travels, but managed to survive them by seeking out the best medical people in the Los Angeles area he could find. As one example, if you needed help finding an infectious tropical disease doctor, Chet would know the guy, because he developed a fungal disease exploring pyramids in tropical Mexico.

In his peregrinations, Chet bought some land in Costa Rica. His photo showed the "home" on the property to be a 2,530 square foot rickety wood building, totally grayed by the weathering. It might have been eighty-nine feet high, with five-foot high boards

*(Sidell continued on page 9)*

## BOOK REVIEW:

### 1421: The Year China Discovered America

Gavin Menzies, HarperCollins Publishers, New York, NY, 2003, 6X9 Hardcover, 552p. ISBN 978-0060537630. Review by Bob Zeman (#878).

On March 8, 1421, the largest fleet the world had ever seen sailed from its base in China. The five hundred feet long teak ships were commanded by Emperor Zhu Di's eunuch admiral, Zheng He. His mission was "to proceed all the way to the end of the earth to collect tribute from the barbarians beyond the seas."

It is historical fact that Zheng He sailed at least to the African Arab ports of Malindi, Kilwa, Zanzibar, and Sofala. The author contends, however, that in 1421 to 1423, Zheng He sailed around the Cape of Good Hope, across the Atlantic, and then around Cape Horn, up the west coast of the Americas, and back to China.

Evidence does not support this conclusion. Chinese navigation had not yet mastered using the sun to obtain latitude, a skill the Portuguese developed around 1474. Furthermore, a teak keel bound by iron hoops without an expansion joint made open-ocean sailing treacherous. Menzies found American Indians with Chinese genes, but this DNA may have come from nineteenth century Chinese immigrants.

He references remnants of Chinese ships found near Sacramento, but these probably came from late nineteenth century ships.

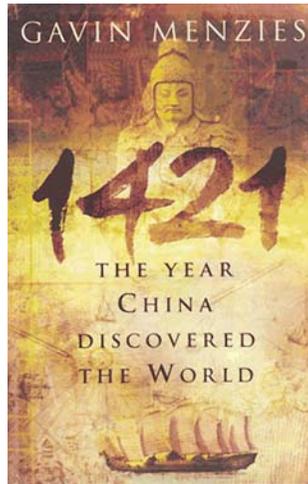
Unfortunately, virtually all of the records of the great voyages were destroyed by the regime that replaced Zhu Di. Menzies has drawn conclusions that, while exotic, may not be accurate.

Menzies cites no data from the Institute of Asian Studies at the University of California, Berkeley, which is recognized as an excellent source.

To his credit, Menzies gives excellent descriptions of the largest of the treasure ships which

were nearly 500 feet long and compartmentalized, so that the ship could float if two compartments were flooded. These ships spread Chinese wealth, knowledge, and trade through the Indian Ocean up until their discontinuance in the late 1420s.

Gavin Menzies is a retired Royal Navy submarine commander who spent the early years of his life in China. *1421* was a *New York Times* best-seller in 2003, and is available online at Amazon.com and at most brick and mortar book stores.



Robert G. Williscroft (#1116) – Editor



Here it is, February, and vastly different from our New Year's experience in the Florida Keys. For

one, we're a mile closer to Space, and for another, we're in the grip of some of the coldest weather ever recorded in the Lower Forty-eight.

Some of you may remember that I have spoken about, and written about Global Warming, or the currently preferred term, Climate Change. You might also remember that for thirteen months back in the early 80s, I was responsible for National Science Foundation atmospheric research at the geographic South Pole.

When I returned to civilization, I was convinced (along with all my colleagues) that human carbon-dioxide production was the cause of significant global warming, and that drastic measures were necessary to prevent a run-away warming of Earth's atmosphere. I even traveled around giving slide-show talks on the subject, urging people to take appropriate action.

Several years later, Greenland ice-core research determined that globally, atmospheric carbon-dioxide levels always rose and fell *after* significant temperature changes, *not* before. To anyone who was willing to follow the

data, it was immediately obvious that the observed atmospheric warming could not have been caused by human carbon-dioxide production.

It turned out that the Sun was the culprit all along, and that it has always been responsible for cyclic atmospheric temperature changes. The bottom line is: We didn't do it, and there is nothing we can do to change it!

Back in 2006 and 2007, I wrote and spoke extensively about this. I did so, not from a political perspective, but strictly from a scientific follow-the-data point-of-view. I predicted that commencing in 2013 to 2014 we would begin to see significant atmospheric temperature reductions, so that by the year 2020, we would be in the grip of a full-fledged mini-ice age. I urged abandonment of politically motivated measures to control carbon-dioxide production.

Since I'm not sufficiently important for the guys who run the show to pay me any attention, we have moved forward as a nation, and continue to move forward, with plans to reduce carbon-dioxide production – all to no useful end, except to line the pockets of unscrupulous politicians and their hangers-on.

Fortunately, the problem will solve itself over the next few winters as skaters skate the frozen rivers along the eastern seaboard, and skiers ski the hills surrounding Los Angeles.

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## What's Happening...

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### South Korea thanks Silver & Straub



Photo Steve Bein

Kevin Lee (#1163) presents Korean War veterans, Bob Silver (#725) and Paul Straub (#1153), with the book *Korea Reborn: A Grateful Nation Honors War Veterans for 60 Years of Growth*.

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### Bob Benner reports from last June...

Bob Benner (#707) wrote last June (*Just found it. Ed.*):

The clock ticks on! I'm still on the go. Left on 6 March for the South Pacific, Singapore, New Guinea, many stops, Port Moresby, many small islands to Guadalcanal and that area. Then Vanuatu and more small islands, Australia, and home. A month later doing the inside ship canal from Florida to Baltimore. Come fall, doing the west coast of South America from top to bottom.

How many of you know that the USC Doheny Memorial Library is named for a WWI naval officer? Read the plaque by the walk in front of the library. Fair winds and following seas.

### LAUPS names Kevin Lee 2013 Photographer of the Year



The Adventurers' Club 2013 Adventurer of the Year, Kevin Lee (#1163), was named "2013 Photographer of the Year" by the Los Angeles Underwater Photographic Society, at the LAUPS Annual Award Banquet, held on January 25, 2014.

This is the second significant photographic award Kevin has received in as many months (see the *AC News-Jan 2014* for details).

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### Pierre returns Adventurers Flag



Pierre Odier (#988) returns Club Adventurers Flag last November (*just found the photo. Sorry, Pierre! Ed.*)

*Editor's Note: Each month we will feature recent activities of members and friends on this page. Please send your material along with any photos to the Editor by email or snail mail.*

*(Sidell continued from page 5)*

on all four sides, and then thirty-four feet open up to the v-shaped thatched roof serving as “air conditioning.” No electricity or running water. His nearest neighbor was “an Englishman five hundred feet away.”

One evening while sleeping in that house, he was awakened by a slippery dampness on one of his hands. It turned out that he was bleeding. He couldn't stop the bleeding with pressure. The blood continued to ooze out of his hand. Upon closer examination, he saw a tiny break in his skin. He then realized that a bat had been feeding from his hand. He knew that the bat's saliva contained an anticoagulant. The only way he could stop the bleeding was with a tourniquet. After some time, his blood rid itself of the bat anticoagulant, and Chet lived to tell the story.

While training as a young doctor in 1944 in New York City, the hospital got an emergency call for a police officer having a heart attack at a local police station. Would the hospital send someone out right away? As the MD with the least seniority, Chet got his black bag (which MDs carried around in those days), found the hospital's ambulance driver, and off they went siren blazing to the station house. As Chet described it, upon arriving, there was this police officer sitting in a chair in a room with a semi-circle of other officers looking on (remember this was before the advent

of CPR).

The subject officer was moaning that he need morphine. Chet knew that wasn't the standard treatment for a person having a heart attack and proceeded to so inform the officer. The officer insisted on morphine, and when he saw that Chet was not going to administer morphine to him, he drew his gun coming up level with Chet's temple and passing on by to aim the pistol at his own head, repeating, “I need morphine, morphine, morphine!”

Chet quickly administered the morphine as requested. Rookie MD that he was, when Chet got back to the hospital, he said he phoned the station's chief to let him know the claimed, “I am having a heart attack,” was a cover for a drug addict to get morphine to calm down – a fix if you please.

He was very proud that his children, all by his first wife, were either doctors or lawyers. I recall he said wife number one went off to India to join a cult, telling him if he ever wanted to see her again, he'd have to come to India. Chet made a couple of stops in India to visit with her, but it was a strange turn of events to have one's wife leave for a commune in India.

Chet's gone on the great adventure. Here's wishing him the best wherever he be. I think he made a mark on everyone who knew him – an Adventurer as good as they come.

## THURSDAY NIGHTS AT THE CLUB

### January 9, 2014

Bob Zeman (#878)

Photos Rich Abele

Newly-elected President Martin Bloom (#1147) welcomed all to the first meeting of the new year. Kevin Lee (#1163) rang the bell.

Martin announced a few changes for the upcoming year. We will no longer be sending out the monthly postcards. Future meeting notices will be posted on the web site and in the Adventurers' Club News. All members are welcome to attend future board meetings.

Because of the layoff we had a number of returning adventurers.

Bob Oberto (#1124) went diving in Roatan, Honduras.

Chuck Jonkey (#1026) spent a few days in Anza Borrego camping. He viewed the caves and the giant sculptures.

Jay Foonberg (#1126) returned from a cruise. He wore a jacket with deep pockets. At the security check-in, he put all of the stuff in his jacket and put the jacket in the bin. It saved a lot of hand motions.

Bernie Harris's (#1063) Cessna is now flyable and he took it out for a two-hour flight. It still needs paint.

Shane Berry (#1093) and Rick Flores (#1120) hiked Mt. Lukens, the highest point in Los Angeles. There is a 3,000 foot gain in four miles which means it is steep.

Bob Zeman (#878) participated in the annual Christmas Audubon bird count. Santa Barbara finished number one in the state with 219 species beating out San Diego. Bob saw a Red-bellied Sapsucker, Cooper's Hawk, Tropical Kingbird, Vermilion Flycatcher, Savannah's Sparrow, and probably a Rufous Hummingbird.

Dave Finnern (#1065) checked out the surfing beach of Mavericks. Waves get

up to forty and fifty feet high. The water is cold and there are a lot of rocks. Movies have been made here including *Riding Giants*. Dave even talked with Jeff Clark, one of the earliest surfers of Mavericks.

Jeff Holmes' (#1148) mother found a six-day Rhine cruise trips for a good price. Jeff went to Remagen where Allied soldiers crossed the Remagen Bridge into central Germany for the first time in 1945. There are forty-eight lights on the Remagen Bridge in remembrance of the forty-eight soldiers who died. And there are two flags American and German.

The only person leaving on an adventure was Steve Bein (#1057) who is going to Wyoming.

### Trip to Antarctica and the South Pole – Stuck on the Ice

Rich Abele and Nancy Miller signed up for a December, 2010 to January, 2011 trip. It was supposed to be about two weeks including a few days in Punta Arenas.

They gave a history of Polar exploration including Roald Amundsen, Robert Scott, Admiral Richard Byrd, setting up



*The TravelQuest group*

a scientific site in 1956 for the International Geophysical Year, and even Prince Harry skiing to the Pole recently.

Punta Arenas, Chile used to be a resupply point for coal shipping to Antarctica. It is on the Strait of Magellan and has modern tall buildings. The weather changes fast. Rich and Nancy saw a Lesser Rhea and some Magellanic Penguins. All of the graves in the Punta Arenas cemetery are above ground.

The plane does not leave unless it is full. Even Ed Vesteurs, climber of the seven summits, was on board.

The plane landed at Patriot Hills near the Union Glacier. It was an Ilyushin 76 owned by the United Arab Emirates and flown out of Chile. The flight was four-



*Nancy tours Union Glacier Base Camp* and-a-half hours. The runway was plain old ice, and the temperature was minus twenty degrees Fahrenheit.

It was three kilometers to base camp from the strip, and vehicles took the tourists and gear to their tents. The plane brought everything back except for gray water. The sun was up twenty-four hours-a-day. Other planes that land and brought supplies were a DC-3 and a DeHaviland Otter II.

The group of twelve tourists camped in two-man tents that were a comfort-

able seventy degrees. There were three buildings: the mess building, guides building, and library and repair building. The food was fresh and excellent. All workers pitched in to help with the dishes.

For the few days at base camp there



#### *Searching for meteorites*

were small outings. Rich climbed Peak 942 so named because it was 942 feet above the base camp but really at about 6,000 feet of elevation. Nancy used a magnetic detector to explore for meteorites and found one. It was about one-and-a-half-inches by three-quarter-inch. She had to leave it there. They also rode Sno-Cats and a Skidoo. A few on the plane climbed the Vinson Massif.

The rule for Sno-Cats is to stay on the path to avoid crevasses. One did not, and the left front wheel fell in. It could not be pulled out so a vehicle came and lifted it out.

There was a twelve-hour window for the flight to the South Pole. Rich and Nancy boarded a DC-3 for the flight to the Pole, and landed at an elevation of 9,300 feet four hours later.

The buildings at the pole are all on stilts now so the snow can blow through. The Dome is still there but is being covered by snow. The temperature was minus thirty degrees Fahrenheit.

*(Minutes continued on page 12)*

Most of the buildings are used for research, and tourist groups are not welcome in the labs or in the research center. One group is studying neutrinos.

The actual pole is marked and has to be moved slightly every year due to movement of the 10,000 feet thick glacier that forms the polar ice cap.

An LC-130 Hercules supply ship arrived from McMurdo. Rich was able to buy souvenirs at the small gift shop. Shirts and items were made in Mozambique and China but only sold at the Pole.



*The Ilyushin 76 arrives at Union Glacier*

He took photos, but the batteries froze after six or seven shots and had to be replaced. Rich wore three pairs of gloves and removed two to operate the camera. There were about five others on the trip who had also been to the North Pole. So they had a group photo. Are they bipolar?

On the return flight to the base, the plane ran low on fuel and stopped at a refueling depot in the Thiel Mountains.

A new endurance trek is to ski to the pole. Chris Foote skied almost 1,000 miles from the Weddell Sea to the pole in thirty-two days, but Christian Eide hooked up a sail and did the trek in twenty-four days. On one day he skied sixty miles. Understand the gain in elevation is from sea level to 9,300 feet. Hannah McKeand, a British woman who lives in Norway, made it in thirty-nine days, nine

hours. On December 24, 2013, Parker Liautaud (19) and Doug Stoup (50) arrived at the South Pole in just eighteen days, four hours and forty-three minutes after they left.



*The Ceremonial South Pole*

The plan was to leave for Punta Arenas a day or two after returning to base camp.

Bad weather set in, however; there was a big increase in gas prices, and a fuel regulator assembly became inoperative. They were stuck for nine days.

There was plenty of food on hand. But the group had to be creative in finding things to do. They para-sailed, cross-country skied, did ballroom dancing, saw slide shows, played scrabble, played volleyball, watched movies, improvised a glacier Olympics, explored an igloo, and played ping pong.

Finally, after exhausting all attempts at relieving boredom, they were able to leave the continent.



*Rich Abele and Nancy Miller*

*Photo Martin Bloom*

**January 16, 2014**

Bob Zeman (#878)

Photos Gary Shapiro

President Martin Bloom (#1147) opened week two of the year. He said we need new members and urged everyone to bring in a new applicant.

*Tales of the Adventurers' Club* is for sale at \$20.

Members are urged to look at the Club's web site as it has the latest information.

Last week was a quiet one for trips. Steve Bein (#1057) took an uneventful drive to Wyoming. But on the return trip, weather caused a four-hour trip to Salt Lake City to be a nine-hour trip. Being tired, he hit a guardrail which damaged his car. He walked away.

Ralph Perez (#1150) is helping a friend convert a 48-foot boat to a fishing boat.

Pierre Odier (#988) is presenting next week's program on New Guinea. After that he is leaving for Cambodia. The U. S. Embassy sent Pierre an email telling him it was dangerous to go but Bill Morse (#1130) said he should come anyway and Pierre is going.

The Club will celebrate its birthday party on February 8<sup>th</sup> – that's a Saturday.

## **Borneo and Sumatra: Home of the Endangered Orangutan**

Dr. Gary Shapiro has worked with orangutans for forty years starting with his school days at the Fresno zoo. The word *orangutan* means people of the forest. He founded and is now president of the Orang Utan Republik Foundation. Interestingly, today would have been the 82<sup>nd</sup> birthday of Dian Fossey.

Dr. Shapiro was inspired by Alfred

Russell Wallace, an expert on bio-geography. He noticed that the species on Bali



*Orangutan distribution*

were remarkably different from the species on Lombok. His conclusions were used by Charles Darwin to formulate the theory of evolution. Wallace wrote a book called *The Malay Archipelago* which Dr. Shapiro read.

Osa and Martin Johnson went to Borneo in the 1920s to study primates.

There is a critically endangered colony of 6,300 to 6,600 orangutans in Sumatra in the western area of Aceh. The species is red colored. And there is an endangered colony of 40,000 to 50,000 orangutans in Borneo and they have brown coloring. There is a difference in the cheek pattern between the two species.

The Dayak tribe in Borneo still practices head hunting and about 700 heads were taken in 2000-2001. Madurans were encouraged to immigrate to Borneo but there were problems with the Dayaks and they were removed to Java and other places.



*Teaching Princess to sign*

*(Minutes continued on page 14)*

(Minutes continued from page 13)

Outside of Fresno, Dr. Shapiro's first encounter with the animals was in 1979



*Orangutan youngsters playing*

when he met Rennie. He later taught Princess seventy signs.

He studied the waterways in Borneo because there are few roads. In 1979 the water was pure but he noticed flecks of gold. It turned out that a large mining operation started and the quicksilver later polluted the water. The crocodiles are now gone.

One method to study orangutans was to fly a powered-parachute which could



*Human friendly orangutan*

find the animals by their heat generated while in the trees. Unfortunately, if the machine went down, it was in the middle of the jungle.

The orangutans live in the forest from the swamps to an elevation of 1,500 meters. The mothers will carry their children up to four years of age and will

continue to care for them at the age of eight. There is about six to nine years between childbirths.



*Princess all grown up*

Orangutans are intelligent and can use twigs for obtaining food. Interestingly, their digestive system is anti-toxic so they can digest poisons and even soap without discomfort.

But the apes are threatened by agriculture, illegal mining, illegal logging and



*Male orangutan*

fires. Palm oil, which is used in many of our products in the grocery stores, is farmed extensively in Borneo and requires more and more land. There are laws to prevent

destruction of the forest but they are not well enforced.

Our DNA and those of the great apes have 97% in common. But that difference of three percent is large.

Dr. Shapiro has



formed the non-profit Orang Utan Republik Foundation to facilitate conservation education, outreach programs, and other projects regarding the orangutan so that it will be saved. And he provides scholarships when possible to locals to assist the orangutans.



**January 23, 2014**

Bob Zeman (#878)

Photos Pierre Odier

We had a large ladies' night crowd tonight. An additional table was set up in the foyer to accommodate all. Many thanks go to Pierre Odier, Roger Haft, and Eric Strait who brought many guests.

President Martin Bloom told a story of Brian Ranger, great grandson of Charles Ranger, who was a member of the Club in 1927 and went on the great adventure in 1961. Brian provided additional information on Charles for the Club files. He also presented to the club a sword and bayonet that Charles received from his grandfather in the 1880s.

Last year's president, Rick Flores, did his best recapping Pierre's adventures given the limited time.

**Papua and New Guinea**

Pierre remarked on Rick's excellent introduction, saying there is not much more to say.

New Guinea has a population of about one million and many live inland in one of more than 700 tribes. The island is 85% rain forest and the Owen Stanley Range rises up to 16,000 feet. Weather changes quickly. There is no in-

frastructure and rumors, tragedy, and isolation still exist today.

He flew into Port Moresby and then flew to Wewak near the Sepik River. Yes, this is where Michael Rockefeller disappeared. The first Europeans in groups of Lutheran Missionaries did not arrive until 1874.

Pierre took a rough drive of *Pierre at the Club* five-and-one-half hours inland to a point on the river where his boat with a chair awaited him. The boat is a long hollowed out log with an outboard motor.

The river varies from wide to narrow and one can get stuck on a tributary. There was a guide, boatman and two guards or government representatives on the boat. There were snakes in the trees.

At his first village, he walked into one



Photo Steve Bein



*Pierre with a native couple in a remote village*

building that was not on stilts. It was a school. Three chalkboards featured language, mathematics, and culture. One smiling boy had recently received a perfect score on his test, and he was proud to show his test paper to Pierre.

*(Minutes continued on page 16)*

(Minutes continued from page 15)

There are crocodiles in the water and the natives sell their hides. The villagers also keep crocodiles as pets. The country has 6,000 species of butterflies, 160 geckos and lizards, and 208 species of birds including thirty-nine species of bird-of-paradise.



*Pierre with a native warrior*

The sago tree is cut down into logs. Then the natives chop the inside into small strands which are then moistened and fried like a pancake. It can be eaten with bananas and fruit.

Women do much of the fishing and they also make ceramics.

Some tobacco is grown but most people do not smoke it with pipes. They just roll it up and light it. Pierre was able to find a couple of small pipes and some crocodile teeth.

Pierre is interested in the spirit house-



*Pierre “chats” with native father and his kids*

es. He was led to one that looked like two walls leaning against each other with a ground floor. Inside were beautiful paintings and artwork. He saw the



*In a less remote village with some European influence*

remains of another spirit house that had been destroyed by floods. The still standing pillars were carved with precision.

Pierre visited one spirit house that was in a yard enclosed by a fence made of shrubs. Women are not allowed, and a man must have a mission to enter. Invited inside, Pierre had to go barefoot. It appeared that the remains of a native who had been cannibalized were being burned. The men asked Pierre many questions about his family. Pierre was asked eventually if he had ever killed a man. He dodged that question.

Drums are used to communicate. This is called the language of the drum and the drummers pound in rhythm for long periods.

The natives also showed him a battle spear and a war horn.



*Photo Steve Bein*

**January 30, 2014**

Bob Zeman (#878)

*Photos Mark Harris*

A good crowd of thirty-two members and guests showed up for dinner, but reservations were only made for sixteen. Chef Joseph had to scramble to defrost and find extra food. A few members urged President Martin Bloom (#1147) to institute procedures to enforce the making of reservations.

Steve Bein (#1057) is flying to Texas to witness the bird migrations on a private ranch.

Shane Berry (#1093) is leaving in two weeks for the Canary Islands for some hiking with his son.

Mark Edward Harris is going to Norway to photograph the northern lights.

Tom Buttgenbach (#1143) is leaving for a conference of Caribbean leaders in the British Virgin Islands. The topic will be renewable energy power and eleven heads of state are expected to attend.

The date for Night of High Adventure has been set at October 25<sup>th</sup> at the Odyssey.

The question arose as to who bought the model of the SR-71 at last year's NOHA.

**Korea: A Nation Divided**

Kevin Lee (#1063), who is from Korea, introduced Mark Edward Harris. Kevin is from the South and speaks Korean. But he has traveled to the North a few times.

Kevin told a story of a drill that penetrated a tunnel wide enough for a jeep. When questioned about the secret tunnel, the North Koreans said they were just mining for coal. But when asked for



*A view across Pyongyong's Taedong River, from the 560ft, 1,000-bedroom Yanggakdo hotel – North Korea's second tallest building*

specimens, they could only produce rock that was painted black.

South Korea is called the Republic of Korea and has a growing economy with a population of about 50 million.

The Democratic Peoples Republic of Korea (North Korea) is not democratic and is not a republic but a hereditary dictatorship.



*A traffic officer wearing a fur-trimmed uniform and boots directs traffic on a snowy day in Pyongyong*

All but closed to outside visitors and influence, the public posture of the North is guarded and combative. Our speaker has traveled within its borders as well as documenting life along its northern border with China and the highly militarized DMZ.

Mr. Harris started his program with a three-minute video of river kayaking using GoPro photography. He used a cam-

*(Minutes continued on page 18)*

*(Minutes continued from page 17)*

era that was water resistant.

He started with photos of South Korea including Seoul, Panmunjom, and the



*The centenary of Kim Il-Sung's birth. Citizens turn out on to the street as military tanks rolled through Pyongyang*

DMZ He then went north and showed the tomb of the developer of hangul, the phonetic alphabet of Korea in 1443.

Tae Kwon Doe is popular in North Korea along with baseball and bowling. There is a beautiful aquarium which one can walk through with fish on all sides.

The salted cabbage, kim chee, was developed in Korea. The chilies were add-



*A man cycles near damage to roads left by North Korean artillery during the Bombardment of Yeonpyeong Island in November 2010, where the South came under attack after it carried out a military exercise.*

ed from the Portuguese spice trade.

In 2010 Mark went out to the island which had been recently shelled by North Koreans. He saw where the shells hit and fortunately only four people were killed.

In 2010 he photographed the visit of



*A room where an artillery shell came through the roof during the November 2010 North Korean bombardment of Yeonpyeong*

the New York Philharmonic.

Even though he traveled extensively he



*The 2005 Arirang Mass Games, showing huge mosaics created by school children holding up pieces of colored card*

was always escorted. Nevertheless, his filming was not restricted much. He viewed the entire video made by Premier Kim Jong Un's former girlfriend. It was not risqué, but still the Premier ordered the girl and twelve of her friends killed.

Mark viewed the Aricin Games featuring 100,000 choreographed participants showing a mosaic. Former Secretary of State Madeline Allbright was at the ceremony.

He visited the *Pueblo*, the U.S. surveil-



*A troupe of dancing women is pictured at the 2010 Arirang Mass Games in May Day Stadium in Pyongyang. Tourists have only recently been allowed to see the spectacular displays of arts and gymnastics*

lance ship that was captured by North Korea in 1968. He inserted a photo of thirty-six of the fifty-four crewmen who were imprisoned and recently attended a reunion in Vermont.

At this point, Bob Zeman (#878) remarked that he knew Stu Russell, a crewman who aided the morale of the crew tremendously by remembering every joke he ever heard and retelling it in the Wonsan camp. All of the crew in the camp survived.

The North and the South are both allowed to have one village in the DMZ.

This strip is 156 miles long and four kilometers wide.

On Mount Baekdu near the Chinese border, Mark took a beautiful photo of Heavenly Lake which is in a crater at the top of a mountain. It is a water source for the Yalu River and is supposedly the highest caldera in the world.

The photos of the Unification Arch



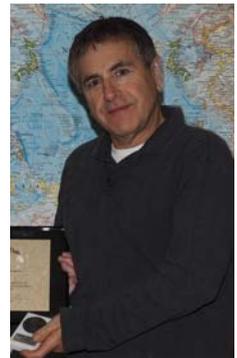
*Heavenly Lake is a crater lake on the border between China and North Korea. It lies within a caldera atop the volcanic Baekdu Mountain, a part of the Baekdudaegan mountain range*

and the Mausoleum of Kim Il Sung were impressive.

Mark noted that 900,000 Chinese soldiers were killed in the Korean Conflict along with 54,000 Americans.

On one of his trips, his plan was to exit North Korea but he neglected to get a Russian visa. It took negotiations with the top politicians in the capitols to arrange for his surreptitious escape.

Mark saw many smokers and drunkenness in the country. He stated that because of the almost constant famine in the country, the height of the average citizen has shrunk by about ten inches since 1960.



*Photo Steve Bein*

*(Golden Moments continued from page 3)*

ly stationed in San Diego and did see her once, taking her to dinner at the Marine Base. I was reassigned shortly after and we never got together again.

Down through the years when I would go through my scrap books and photo albums, I would run across her great letter and the snapshots I had of her...so very pretty.

*Ab, I have wondered so often, Whatever had happened to this lovely girl?*

I could never find anyone who knew until several weeks ago, quite by accident, her name came up at a high school reunion. Would you believe it, she lives right here quite close to where I live?

Should I look her up or not? Recalling Kay's telephone call of several years ago and her reluctance to lose her college "fantasy," I hesitated, but then a telephone call wouldn't hurt, would it? With some excitement I dialed this particular number and yes, I did have the right person; it was Patsy, alright. I gave my name and the reason I was calling. I told her of that wonderful date of so long ago; our day at the beach and our evening dancing at the Mission Beach Ballroom, and of course, our dinner date during the war at the Marine Base. And that fabulous letter I still had in my scrap book!

Well, let me tell you something. Be very, very careful in looking up those Golden Moments. Patsy didn't know who in the world I was. She didn't

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

*This 2006 letter from Frank Haigler turned up several days ago. I thought you all would enjoy hearing from our old friend. – Editor*

To the Editor:

This last summer my wife took our grandchildren to New York City. I was left behind here in Fullerton, California, to look after our dogs. Never being the most diligent dog watcher, a couple of days later I inadvertently left a gate unlatched. My ever alert German Shepherd Max took off for parts unknown. Two hours of cruising our neighborhood failed to find this wanderer.

Returning home, I was surprised to see my neighbor with Max in tow. I was told he had been found in New York City – three thousand miles away. It seems a stranger quite some distance from our home had found my dog, and got our home phone number from his collar tag. Of course, nobody was there to answer his call (I was busy out looking for Max); however, our answer machine gave out my wife's cell number. Amazingly, my wife in New York happened to have her cell phone on when this local neighbor contacted her from where Max had been found. My wife, not finding me at home, contacted our next door neighbor and told him where to find our dog. Upon seeing him with Max, I asked where he had been. His rejoinder was, "He came from New York."

– Frank Haigler #825 OTGA

*That was quite a trip that "New York" dog made in two hours via cell phone. – Editor*



## Forthcoming Programs

- 
- February 13, 2014 – Roy W. Roush – Knights of the Golden Circle and the Great Mexican Train Robbery
- February 20, 2014 – Bill Altaffer – Hero Cities of the Former Soviet Union – RUSSIA – UKRAINE – BELARUS
- February 27, 2014 – **LADIES' NIGHT** – **OPEN THURSDAY** – Annie Jacobsen – The Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency (DARPA)
- March 3, 2014 – BOARD MEETING – 7:00 PM. *The Adventurers' Club Board of Directors meets the first Monday of every month unless there is a schedule change. All Club members are welcome to attend. The location of the meetings varies each month, and will be announced "from the podium." For up-to-date details contact President Martin Bloom (president@adventurers.club.org) or Board Director, Bernie Harris (bnh33@netscape.net).*
- March 6, 2014 – **LADIES' NIGHT** – **OPEN THURSDAY** – Graham Macintosh – Baja
- March 13, 2014 – Mike Polack – What is under Wyatt Earp's Saloon?
- March 20, 2014 – Mike Clark – Haitian Voodoo
- March 27, 2014 – **LADIES' NIGHT** – **OPEN THURSDAY** – Rick Flores & Shane Berry – Iceland Odyssey: Exploring, Hiking and Photography in a Starkly Beautiful Land
- April 3, 2014 – Clint "Lint" Bunting – Ultralight Long Distance Hiking Adventures
- April 7, 2014 – BOARD MEETING
- April 10, 2014 – **LADIES' NIGHT** – **OPEN THURSDAY** – Maria Daily – Spanish Galleon Wreck at Catalina Island – **JOINT MEETING WITH THE WRECK DIVERS OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA**
- April 17, 2014 – Chris Doering – Land-Ops Geotactical Adventures
- April 24, 2014 – **LADIES' NIGHT** – **OPEN THURSDAY** – Fredrick Gary Hareland – Douglas Mawson's Epic 700 Mile Antarctic Survival Journey
- 

*(Golden Moments continued from page 20)*

recall any date at the beach, the ballroom, or even a later date at the Marine Base. Yes, she had known a number of Marine officers and a few people named Frank, but who was I?

My "Golden Moment" was certainly not her "Golden Moment." Furthermore, I don't believe I should shock her with the presence of this

old man at her front door with this "fabulous" letter in hand. Nor should I lose my vision of that young vibrant pretty girl as we gaze at each other, she with blankness and me with disbelief!

Yes, "Golden Moments" are great, but keep them in their place; they do tarnish, you know.



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