

The Adventurers' Club News

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PHOTO: ROBERT G. WILLISCROFT

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

We celebrate American Independence Day on the Fourth of July every year. We think of July 4, 1776, as a day

that represents the Declaration of Independence and the birth of the United States of America as an independent nation.

But July 4, 1776 wasn't the day that the Continental Congress decided to declare independence (they did that on July 2, 1776). It wasn't the day we started the American Revolution either (that had happened back in April 1775). And it wasn't the day Thomas Jefferson wrote the first draft of the Declaration of Independence (that was in June 1776). Or the date on which the Declaration was delivered to Great Britain (that didn't happen until November 1776). Or the date it was signed (that was August 2, 1776).

So what did happen on July 4, 1776? The Continental Congress approved the final wording of the Declaration of Independence on July 4, 1776. They'd been working on it for a couple of days after the draft was

submitted on July 2nd and finally agreed on all of the edits and changes.

July 4, 1776, became the date that was included on the Declaration of Independence, and the fancy handwritten copy that was signed in August (the copy now displayed at the National Archives in Washington, D.C.). It's also the date that it was printed on the Dunlap Broad sides, the original printed copies of the Declaration that were circulated throughout the new nation. So when people thought of the Declaration of Independence, July 4, 1776, was the date they remembered.

In contrast, we celebrate Constitution Day on September 17th of each year, the anniversary of the date the Constitution was signed, not the anniversary of the date it was approved. If we'd followed this same approach for the Declaration of Independence we'd be celebrating Independence Day on August 2nd of each year, the day the Declaration of Independence was signed!

How did the Fourth of July become a national holiday? For the first fifteen or twenty years after the Declaration was written, people didn't celebrate it much on any date. It was too new and too much else was

(President's Page continued from page 20)

Circumnavigating Turkey

Bill Altaffer (#1095)

Editor's note: This is the second of two parts. Part 1 appeared in the July 2013 edition of the AC News. If you missed it, you can peruse a copy in the Club's library, or read it online at the Club website.

Leaving Cappadocia reluctantly, we spent the day going up and down mountain passes, working our way to the eastern end of the Taurus Mountains. We made one memorable stop in the modern university city of Maras at a large restaurant featuring Turkey's famous ice cream. It is made with orchid root powder, doesn't seem to melt, and for that reason, is served with a knife and fork rather than a spoon. It tastes like ice cream, it just doesn't behave like it. Close to evening, we made a final climb high up into the mountains to our hotel, a basic one perched with a spectacular view of a beautiful, wild and rugged valley.



Photo bolivares.com

Nemrut Dag

The next morning, we were up early and climbing even higher to the top of Mt. Nemrut where we hiked the final 600 feet up. There we saw the

ruins of Nemrut Dag, a monument constructed by Antiochus I in the first century BC and a UNESCO site since 1987. Antiochus had re-contoured the top of this remote mountaintop then created a gracefully symmetrical 150-foot dome of small white limestone rocks to cap it. At the base of the dome, he created terraces that hold seated monumental stone statues. Though very different in scale, they reminded me of the Moais of Easter Island. The site was very impressive, well worth the strenuous climb at the high altitude. Leaving



Photo Günther Eichhorn

Cendere Bridge

there, we stopped at the Cendere Bridge, the second-largest free-standing bridge built by the Romans in ancient times. Our next stop was to see the exquisite, beautifully preserved reliefs of Arsemia.

A ferry boat took us across one of the many lakes formed by dams on the Euphrates River. The ferry was packed solid with big trucks. There was only one inch of space on each side between our van and these trucks. This made the process of

loading and unloading the vehicles a very interesting, almost nerve-wracking, experience which we endured with wide eyes and held breath. The trip across the lake was like a Disney E ticket ride as we bobbed like a cork in the sea. Towards evening, we arrived at Diyarbakir with its intact



Photo myturkeytravel.com

Buyuk Kervansaray Hotel

ancient 40-foot wall still protecting the old city where we found our hotel, the 600-hundred year old Buyuk Kervansaray Hotel. The next morning, we crossed the Tigris River and headed for Lake Van. On our way, we stopped to examine the 12th-century Malabadi Bridge set above a trib-



Photo Wikimedia Commons

Malabadi Bridge

utary of the Tigris.

The city of Van has passed from empire to empire since it's origin as the capital of the ancient Urartu Empire in the 9th century BC. For many years it was ruled by the Armenians, followed by the Ottoman Turks from 1548 until the end of WWII. Its Armenian population was wiped out during the war and the city was destroyed. This region is home to a unique breed of cat with distinctive long white fur and one blue and one green eye. They are so desirable that their owners keep them safely indoors to prevent catnapping. Van's castle is extremely formidable, with 50-foot walls. The ancient Urartans had carved a tunnel, completely by



Photo Charles Jangotichian

Van Fortress on top of the rock. The old city of Van is on the meadow below. It has been destroyed.

hand through the hard rock, from the castle to the mountains forty miles away. This provided them with a secure source for water even under siege conditions. This tunnel still supplies some of Van's water even today. We were unable to visit the Van

(Turkey continued on page 4)

Circumnavigating Turkey

(Turkey continued from page 3)

museum since it was under reconstruction after the last major earthquake a year earlier, but we were able to view the many, many carved stones in its garden. These are inscribed in several different languages and scripts, including cuneiform. After another memorable and delicious meal in a family home, we took a boat to a small island in the middle of Lake Van to see the 10th-century Church of the Holy Cross. Constructed of pink sandstone, the church was the first Armenian church to display high-relief carvings on its exterior. These reliefs display scenes from the Old Testament in astonishing detail.

Our drive along the Iranian border, which paralleled our road for the entire next day, brought us to the city



Dogubeyazit & Mt Ararat

of Dogubeyazit, a Kurdish town set in the shadow of 15,000-foot Mt. Ararat. Supposedly, Marco Polo saw this mountain and said it could not be climbed. On a hillside above the town, we visited the beautiful Is-hak Pasa Palace, often featured on the cover of Turkish coffee-table books.

Our hotel for the evening was basic, in a quiet spot a few miles from town. A breath-taking view of Mt. Ararat filled the windows of my room, more than making up for any lack of amenities in the hotel. Waking up to that sight was awe-inspiring.

The next morning we departed for



Ancient Armenian capital of Ani – it's a ghost town today

Kars, stopping to explore the ruins of Ani, the medieval Armenian Capitol, dating back to the fifth century. Located along a major east-west caravan route, Ani flourished during the 10th to 13th centuries. At its height, with a population of around 100,000, Ani was larger than any European city at that time. Ani suffered heavily at the hands of Mongol invaders. Today its ownership is disputed between Armenians and Turks. It has churches several thousand years old that are still standing due to the craftsmanship of early Armenians. Kars reflects various cultures, most recently that of Russia.

Continuing our circumnavigation of Turkey, we were close to the Georgian border as we skirted the beautiful alpine Lake Cildir with its necklace of wildflowers. We hiked along the side of a canyon with gorgeous views. Numerous eagles circled overhead as we approached the remains of the Devil's Castle, a powerful stone fortress in a nearly inaccessible spot. We also drove by Lake Atkas, lying half in Turkey and half in Georgia. Moving on, we continued to climb up higher until we reached the top of the mountain pass, an elevation of 8,000 feet. Then everything changed. We entered a different world. For



Devil's Castle

Photo Cevdet G

many days as we had traveled north along the western edge of Turkey, we had been in arid, wide-open, tree-less countryside. As we edged over the mountaintop, we were suddenly driving through a bank of clouds, formed because moisture from the Black Sea condenses there instead of passing over the mountain. The temperature dropped. We found ourselves surrounded by a thick forest that can only be described as Swiss-like, with lush green conifers. The road featured

sharp hair-pin curves as it wound downward. Our log-constructed hotel, still high up on the mountain, added to the distinctly Alpine feel of the area.

The next morning, we continued down the mountain, along a river that started small but grew as it gathered more waters on its journey to the sea. We stopped at an overlook to view an amazing construction project, the



Photo PitiDuf

Deriner Dam

Deriner Dam, which will eventually provide Turkey with most of its electrical power. It will be taller and stronger than Hoover Dam. We made another stop when we could see the Black Sea spread out before us. From there, we drove through tea plantations down to the shore. The road here parallels the shoreline for hundreds of miles. We stopped for an incredible lunch of fresh fish. Walking back to our bus, we encountered an older man holding a stick with a piece of bait on one end and a sparrow with blinders over its eyes perched on the other. With this simple equipment, he was capturing hawks to train for catching pheasants. Besides a lot of tea, this area produces 70% of the world's hazelnuts and numerous oth-

(Turkey continued on page 19)

Robert G. Williscroft (#1116) – Editor



Come on, guys, give me some feedback! The only way I know you are reading and enjoying this publication is if you tell me. The only way I know if I am meeting the Club's needs is if you tell me. (Yah...I know – Nag...nag...nag!)

I'm very late with this month's edition of the *AC News*. Sorry about that. I am rehabbing a house here in Denver. I hired a general contractor to oversee the job. I paid him periodically as he billed me for materials and labor. As it turned out, he was keeping half of the funds I paid him for the subcontractors, and spending it on himself. When I discovered this, I fired him, and have been acting as general contractor ever since. That hasn't left much time for anything else – especially when I discovered that he had concealed lots of problems that I needed to correct (such as an upper floor sink drain line simply terminating in the lower floor overhead).

It is interesting, however, to watch an old, uninteresting house, reshape itself into a modern thing of beauty – if a person is willing to do more than simply throw paint and carpet at it. Have you ever showered in a rain-forest under warm rain and tumbling waterfalls? It redefines the

shower experience!

I wish to stand with Club President Bloom in wishing America a happy birthday. From time to time in this column I have presented my thoughts about this unique country and what it has brought to the world. I am convinced that a world without America would be a very different world. It would be more dangerous for the common person, much poorer, and without many of the freedoms that we take for granted every day. I highly recommend a current limited-circulation movie that makes this point better than I ever could: *America – Imagine the World Without Her*. Showtimes and tickets can be found online at: <http://www.americathemovie.com/showtimes/>

This month we feature a book written by our own Paul Straub (#1153), *My Odyssey*. A copy of this fascinating book should be in the Club library. I encourage you to purchase it for your adventure library. It may be available at the Club Store, or you can get it online at the publisher's website (see pg.9), or from any online bookseller

I wish to remind you that our main speaker at N.O.H.A. this year will be Buzz Aldrin, the second human to walk on another world. Don't miss this opportunity to meet and talk with this ultimate adventurer. Jill and I plan to be there, to meet Buzz, and to renew our friendship with many of you.

**OCTOBER 25th is the
ADVENTURERS' CLUB of LOS ANGELES
NIGHT OF HIGH ADVENTURE
OUR MAIN GUEST SPEAKER THIS YEAR
IS
BUZZALDRIN**



Tickets are on sale NOW! – \$125 per person.

Buy tickets early for this NOHA event at

www.adventurersclub.org

What's Happening...

Rick Flores does Bolsa Chica

Rick's photos speak for themselves. He took them on a short two-hour hike to Bolsa Chica.



American Wigeon



Brown Pelican



Northern Pintail



Snowy Egret



Lesser Scaup



Double Crested Cormorant



Forster's Tern

History at the Club

Louie Zamperini OTGA



Photo Bob Zeman

Louie Zamperini, Bob Zeman, and George Barber – At the Club.

Robert Louie Zamperini died on Wednesday, April 2nd. He was never a member of the Club, but he had given talks on several occasions. His most recent presentation was on July 29, 1999.

The photo is of Louie, Bob Zeman, and George Barber at the Club. George was a chaplain in WWII. The Sunday before D-Day he conducted church services seven times in England for the troops about to depart. George was at the Bridge at Remagen when it collapsed on March 17, 1945. George was a chaplain for sixty years, and helped start World Vision.



Photo Steve Bejn

Paul Straub – Cold War spy (among other things); Martha Cohn – Jewish spy against the Nazis; Morris Price – Holocaust survivor; and in the audience that night, Roy Roush – a WWII marine.

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.

BOOK REVIEW:**MY ODYSSEY – Short Stories from the Life of Paul Straub**

Paul Straub (#1153), Outskirts Press, Inc. Denver, Colorado, 2010, 255 pp, ISBN: 9781432744700. Review by Bob Zeman.

Paul Straub learned some important lessons in life including never to have a bad day. He says that he is responsible for his life, his day, his attitudes, his emotions, his success and his failures, that he blames nobody else and no circumstances. If he is responsible to make his own day, why should he make it a bad one?

These and other philosophies have enabled Paul to circle the world six times, make nineteen trips to Saudi Arabia, make fifteen parachute jumps, qualify as a YMCA certified scuba instructor, be a member of the party of four climbers who made the first successful ascent on the face of the cliff from which Angel Falls, the world's highest waterfall originates and to be the seventeenth person to actually fly solo around the world, not counting those who shipped a plane over oceans by boat.

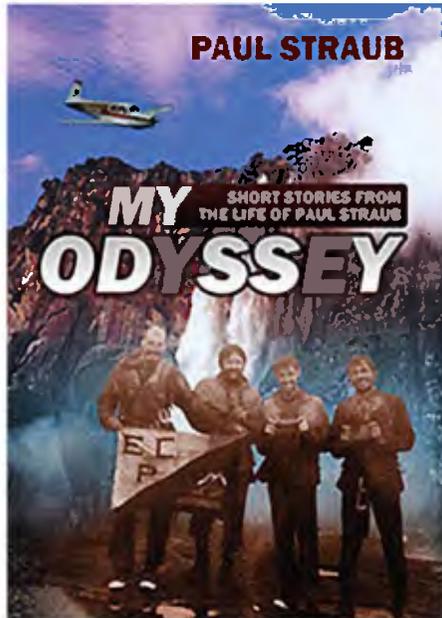
He recounts these adventures and more in twenty-eight chapters covering more than seventy countries visit-

ed, as well as experiences in the United States. He agrees that to write a book about oneself is an act of vanity, but he wants the reader to take pleasure in some of the extraordinary stories.

Obviously, his longest story is his twenty-nine-day, 183 hours of flying time, and 21,983 nautical miles around the world in 1977 in his Mooney, which he had bought for \$12,500.

But also of interest is his trip to Venezuela. In late 1970 John Timo and George Bogel of the Explorers Club chapter in Pittsburgh and David Nott, a British climber living in Venezuela, set up an expedition to climb the 3,000 foot Falls. The plan was to go up and down in four to five days but it took nine and a half days. Paul's job was to fly them and their gear into Canaima. The flight back to the States was an adventure in itself.

Buy *My Odyssey* at: <http://www.outskirtspress.com>, or wherever books are sold online.



THURSDAY NIGHTS AT THE CLUB

June 5, 2014

Doug Brown (#1160) Photos Chris Morasky

Welcome

After the ringing of the eight bells, President Martin Bloom (#1147) called the meeting to order with the traditional standing silent toast to honor absent and departed members wherever they may be.

President Bloom shared a stirring, historical account of the allied landing at Normandy on June 6, 1944.

Guests

Paul Straub (#1153), Bob Walters (#1047) and Jeff Holmes (#1148) all brought guests. The guests were Charles Pincus, Dr. Blair Fuller, and Bob Bunes.

Those Returning from Adventure

Doug Brown (#1160): Traveled by car to Kansas and through the southwest. A deer was encountered on a back road in New Mexico and damaged his car.

Dave Finfern (#1065): With Steve Lawson (#1032), found a shipwreck in an unnamed, i.e., secret, location off the California coast in water 95 feet deep.

Steve Lawson (#1032): Traveled to the east on business with side trips to Boston, Mystic, the *USS Constitution*, the submarine museum at Groton, and the Freedom Trail.

Jeff Holmes (#1148): Jeff's godfather from Iowa flew as an Air Force navigator over Normandy on June 6, 1944. During the Vietnam Conflict he served on the draft board and always ruled against any man who appealed his draft status with these words, "I had a good time, you will too! You're going!" Jeff and Shane Berry (#1093) walked about

eight miles of The Big Parade in Los Angeles last weekend. Passing through Little Tokyo on First Street, Jeff was able to make a connection with a local building that was an abortionist clinic of the doctor featured in the Black Dahlia murder case solved by Steve Hodel (#1161).

Bob Oberto (#1124): Traveled to Micronesia. Could not get to the Philippines. Instead, went to Chuuk and the Truk Lagoon before ending up in Micronesia for a week of diving and seeing numerous wrecks. Diving locations included Pohnpei and Kosrae.

Bob Zeman (#878): In Santa Barbara, had lunch with Christopher Bolt, Captain of the *USS Ronald Reagan* (CVN-76). The captain remarked to Bob, "The amateurs study tactics; the professionals study logistics."

Rich Abele (#1172): Memorial Day on the *USS Iowa* for 5,000 visitors including many vets. Rich tried on his Navy tropical white uniform worn nineteen years ago, and it still fit. He was captain of the *Iowa* for the day. The *Iowa* was moved recently a distance of just twenty feet. It took over four hours. A visitor wrote a substantial check for the privilege of firing one of the 5-inch guns. It was fired four times.

Ancient Skills for Living in the Wilderness

Chris has a long history of wilderness survival skills practiced in British Columbia and Idaho wilderness areas. Kodiak is sixteen and was born on a small island in British Columbia in a cabin with no electricity. In thirty minutes, a kayak trip would bring back fresh food for

dinner. Kodiak was raised with encouragement to engage his natural instincts, one of which is to contribute. He was praised for a successful kill.



Chris Morasky fire starting in the wilderness

They have been living in the Los Angeles area for nearly two years after living in Nelson where it is rumored there are more bears than humans. It is on the edge of wilderness.

Now Kodiak has taken up free diving and spear fishing to extend the instinct to contribute, in this case to put food on the table. He can free dive to about 80 feet. He uses a spear gun imported from Spain.

Kodiak dove into one cave to grab a lobster and became disoriented. It was a narrow escape as he reached his limit of about two minutes underwater. He survived and learned a huge lesson.

In his videos, we saw lobster caught by hand, speared sheepshead, calico or kelp bass, seven-gill shark, kelp rockfish, and soup fin shark. One calico bass weighed 6.5 lbs and was 25 inches. A halibut weighed 22.5 lbs and was 55 inches.

A memorable encounter with a sculpin resulted in a spine nearly piercing through his hand. He was nearly blind when he surfaced. Finding morphine was a chal-

lenge. An ambulance did arrive. Total medical cost was \$3,000 with no medical insurance.

Kodiak prefers eating larger sheepshead because he believes the meat of the fish is firmer; smaller ones are mushy.

The skills of the Native Americans that enabled them to live easily and comfortably pre-European times can still be found imperfectly preserved in dusty captivity accounts, a few ethno botany books, and various tribal histories. None of this, however, conveys any real sense of what it was like to live in California



Photo Steve Bein

Chris Morasky created this fire with hand bow in one minute

several hundred or several thousand years ago. The reality of starting fire with sticks, gathering grasshoppers to roast over coals, tanning a deer hide using the brains of the deer, and walking in yucca sandals can only be understood through experience. Unfortunately, only a few people know the knowledge and skills to competently live this way today, at most.

Ancient skills have been Chris Morasky's passion and he has been studying them for the past thirty-three years, since

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(Minutes continued from page 11)

his first failed attempt at starting fire with a bow drill, which took two years of trial and error before he created his first



Chris Morasky in a rock shelter in Hell's Canyon

Stone Age fire. This passion for the old ways has led him to live almost his entire adult life either in the wilderness or in small communities surrounded by wilderness. He lived in a tipi for six years, was attacked by moose and bear, and spent time learning from Lakota, Blackfeet, Shoshone, Arapahoe, and Serri tribes. He has also led totally Stone Age trips into the wilderness wearing buckskin clothing, carrying a handmade bow and stone-pointed arrows, and with a willow pack basket on his back.



Chris Morasky making a willow basket

Chris does not believe in wilderness survival. When the wilderness is your

backyard, and your skills are good enough, you are simply blending with the land, rather than out there having a survival experience. Survival implies that when in the wilderness, you “survive” the wilderness experience of danger only to return to a safe place.

Chris’ skills include making rope, moccasins, clothing, stone knives, bows, willow backpacks, and more, to meet his needs. If dropped in the wilderness completely naked, Chris can become self sufficient within seven days.



Photo Steve Bein

Chris Morasky's tools for survival

He prefers a stone knife for skinning animals. They are many times sharper than a surgical knife.

Chris demonstrated rope making from a willow, an essential skill of humanity. South-American rope makers today can, with prepared fiber, produce nine feet per minute. The technique was useful for making such necessities as fishing line, snares, and bowstrings.

Chris demonstrated the skill of fire making with a hand drill fire set. He prefers alder or incense cedar for fireboards. He uses a floating technique with his hands to control the speed and pressure on a spindle. As the spindle turns, a coal is created in the fireboard. The coal is

transferred to a tinder bundle. The bundle is then waved back and forth through the air to add oxygen to the bundle. A



Photo: Steve Bein

Chris Morasky & son Kodiak

flame will ignite in the tinder bundle, which is then placed in a fir pit where kindling is ready to receive the flame and create a fire. He does not encourage blowing on the tinder bundle, because the human breath has too much moisture and a lower amount of oxygen.

June 12, 2014

Bob Zeman (#878)

Photos Marthe Cohn

Vice President Steve Bein (#1057) presided at tonight’s Ladies’ Night crowd.

Vivian Callahan returned from Kathmandu where she had met Gyaluk Sherpa who had summited Mt. Everest with Bill Burke (#1157).

Allan Smith (#1069) visited us from Raleigh, North Carolina. He had spent two days filming in Death Valley.

Charles Carmona (#1136) is returning to Arusha, Tanzania, for work on the gemology school. He is also taking a group to India and Thailand.

Joe Brown (#928) told of how he started to make a composite roster of

the members of the Club since its inception. This project grew to recording programs and highlights for each adventurer since 1979.

Steve Lawson (#1032) attended the scuba show in Long Beach. He saw the old submarine of Mike Smith (#1058) on display. It is now called “Great White” in honor of Ralph White (#942).

Allan Smith reported unfortunately that our long-time cook Emily Steele went in to the hospital and was diagnosed with a tumor. The prognosis is not good.

Behind Enemy Lines: A Jewish Spy in Nazi Germany

Marthe Cohn was born to a Jewish Orthodox family in 1920 in Metz, France in the province of Lorraine. Her family sheltered Jews fleeing the Nazis prior to the war.

As the Nazi occupation escalated with papers required by the Gestapo and Jews being asked to wear the star, the family moved away from the border. Her sister was arrested and eventually sent to Auschwitz where she died. Seventy-five per-



Teenage Marthe Cohn

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(Minutes continued from page 13)

cent of French Jews survived because other non-Jews risked their lives to save them.



First Row on Right: Marthe Cohn & Odile, who puts her hand on Marthe's shoulder

Marthe went to school and got a degree in nursing. After Paris was liberated, she tried to join the French army. It was difficult because she was a woman and short. But she was admitted in November, 1944, as a social worker. When a colonel asked her to answer the phone in his office, he found out she was fluent in both French and German. She volunteered to go behind enemy lines.

Another D-Day invasion took place east of Toulon in August, 1944, by U.S., French, Canadian and Australian troops. She interviewed Axis prisoners of war and obtained good information on the plan for retreat.

She was taken to Basel, Switzerland, for a foot crossing into Germany. She had forged papers with a German name. Her pretense was looking for her fiancée in the German army. If arrested, no one could help her.

She encountered an SS non-commissioned officer who told of the Jews and communists he had killed. But he fainted and Marthe revived him. He told her that

the Siegfried Line had been evacuated. She made it to Freiburg and noticed that all of the people kept inside their homes.

When she returned to France, the troops did not believe her but fortunately she had a telephone number of a top officer who vouched for her. She had also found out that the Germans were not finished and had units waiting in ambush.



Marthe's medals

Photo Steve Bein

She made numerous forays behind the lines. All involved miles of trudging through fields under the watchful eyes of Nazi border patrols.



Marthe & Major Cohen

Photo Steve Bein

After WWII, she joined the French army in French Indo-China serving as a nurse. There she met her husband who brought her to the United States. She spoke no English.

Her brother and parents survived the war.



Photo Steve

Marthe Cohen today

In 1990 she wrote to the French government asking for records of her service. When the government realized her achievements, it awarded her two Croix de Guerre medals.

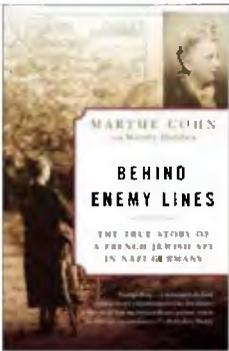


Photo Amazon.com

Marthe's 2002 book Behind Enemy Lines

Marthe told her remarkable story in a book published in 2002 in a hardback edition by Harmony Books. It was translated into French by Helene Prouteau and published by Pi-

lon the day she was officially awarded the title of *Chevalier de la Légion d'honneur*. Broadway Books published a paperback edition in 2006. Both versions are available online and wherever books are sold.



Photo Steve Bein

Marthe's Croix de Guerre

June 19, 2014

Bob Zeman (#878)

Thursday night—yes or no? President Martin Bloom (#1147) asked the question. The general consensus was that traffic is bad every night, and Thursday night as meeting night is ingrained in our minds.

Bernie (#1063) and Devera Harris visited their granddaughter in Ireland. She studied English at Trinity College. Two years before she learned Hittite in Chicago. So she taught this 13th century B.C. language from Turkey to a few professors at Trinity. (Club members had to go to the Internet to find Hittite.) Bernie and Devera also drove around the north of Scotland to the Orkney Islands, down past Loch Lomond, Loch Ness, and Edinburg.

Brad Grant, a friend of Bill Altaffer (#1095), attended and told of his travels through the Central African Republic, Rwanda, Burundi, Uganda, Ethiopia, and Somalia.

Jeff Holmes (#1148) is putting together a trip to Chengdu, Lhasa, Kathmandu, and Mt. Everest base camp. The purpose is to remember his climbing friend Michael Bearzi. Michael got in to drugs twenty years ago. He met an Indian and went to Kathmandu where he viewed Mt. Gyachung Kang. He learned to climb and tried the north face of Mt. Everest three times. He never made it and came back penniless, but he viewed Mt. Gyachung Kang at 25,910 feet. He returned to the Himalayas in 2002 at the age of forty-eight having practiced climbing with no oxygen and no fixed lines. As an alpine climber he wanted to do the perfect climb which entails a high peak, new

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(Minutes continued from page 15)

route and only two people. But he fell and died. Jeff showed a three-minute trailer of the movie/video being made on his Michael's exploits.

Round the World in a Mooney

Paul Straub (#1153) crossed the Atlantic Ocean four times in a Mooney which he had bought for \$12,700. He now wanted to do the ultimate in 1977 – fly around the world.

The first step was to add fuel tanks to the plane so that it eventually held 199 gallons. He also put in a change of clothes, life raft, flares, portable emergency locator



Photo Paul Straub

Paul Straub's Aeronca Champ

transmitter and life vest. This left very little room for Paul.

This was before GPS and Paul used Loran. He installed a high frequency set with a reel for the antennae.

On his first leg, Paul flew from Gander, Newfoundland, to Karlsruhe, Germany – a distance of 2,898 statute miles in 19.5 hours. There he met his friend Henning Hufer and they partied for two days.

His plan was to fly over Yugoslavia but his permit did not anticipate the two-day delay and he was not granted permission to cross the country where fighting was going on. The controllers order you around, tell you to turn here, climb now, or descend. They also ask you often for your estimated time of arrival at your next point and perhaps the point after that. You better have all that calculated.

So he headed south down the Adriatic Sea and around Yugoslavia and Bulgaria to Athens. He took a brief tour of the Parthenon.

He then flew over the blue Mediterranean dotted with Greek islands to Ankara. Many students from the university were in the streets and bars.

His next leg was to Tehran, a distance of 1,092 miles in eight hours. The majority of the flight was at 14,000 feet over mountains. At that height anoxia can creep up unexpectedly. Being in good condition helps prevent anoxia, and Paul had been running up to

five miles per day.

The Shah was still in power in 1977. There were no international problems, but the city was congested with traffic.

He took off for Karachi, Pakistan, flying southeast at 15,000 feet and rationing his breathing oxygen. As the former capital, it still had nine million people. Paul posed for a photo in front of the Tomb of the Founder, Mohammad Ali Jinnah.

The next morning he crossed India to Calcutta. The monsoon season had started but the locals said it was just heavy rain, and turbulence was not that bad. The trip was 1,553 miles and required eleven hours, most of it in IFR conditions. The 200 horsepower Lycoming engine with turbo charger ran steady through it all.

Calcutta was an extremely poor city, and in 1756 a large number of prisoners died at the Black Hole.

Paul decided against going to Myanmar, because the place was notorious for the price of fuel. So he left for Bangkok, 1,035 miles in about seven hours. He landed at Don Muang Airport and found an inexpensive hotel and other good prices. He spent his time by the river shore.

He met a young girl and had dinner. She invited Paul to a birthday party for her uncle who was an admiral in the Navy. They took a train north and then walked to the home which was on stilts.

After three days, he flew south to Singapore – one of only four city-states. He stopped at the Piper dealer and got a checkup before starting over the Pacific Ocean.

He bypassed Jakarta and flew to Darwin in just over fifteen hours, covering 2,200 miles. He then flew to Mt. Isa in central Australia where he bought opals for gifts.

Since Cairns was only 427 miles away, he stopped there for a dive on the Great Barrier Reef.

He left Brisbane for Suva in the Fiji Islands. The word “pacific” means calm, and that is what the water and the weather are like unless it gets angry in a storm, in which case it gets extremely angry. Everything went well. Paul even met Miss Fiji of the Miss Universe pageant.

After two days he left for Pago Pago. His original intention was to spend a few days in south Pacific ports, but when he found out that his eighty-five-year old mother had fallen, he shortened his trip.

He left for Honolulu with full tanks, at 25% over gross weight. But the plane flew well. The time expected was eighteen hours, but Christmas Island is there in an emergency. He felt good that his plane had won first place as the best single-engine aircraft at the Reading Pennsylvania National Air Show.

He was able to lock into the Loran transmitter in Hawaii, and later he picked up Honolulu VOR.

In Hawaii, he learned that his mother’s condition worsened. He checked around but the fastest and best way to Pennsylvania was in his own plane.

He filled his tanks and had headwinds for the first 100 miles. Then they turned into tailwinds. He did not sleep – too much adrenaline. After seventeen hours he crossed over San Francisco. He canceled IFR and continued VFR. He flew eastward and landed in Iowa. The next day he flew to Johnstown, Pennsylvania to see his mother. She was okay.

When he landed he had 183 hours of flying time in twenty-nine days, and had flown 25,280 statute miles (21,983 nautical miles). He arrived home at approximately the same time as he would have if he had flown commercial from Honolulu.



Paul Straub's Mooney

Photo Paul Straub



Photo Steve Bein

Buying a Hat for Mike

Jeff Holmes (#1148)

Bangkok is one of my favorite walking cities. It's up there with Paris and New York.

You can walk down a street where the stores only sell Buddhist stuff.

Saffron robes, prayer bowls, gifts for the dead, and life-like plastic images of famous monks. At least I assume they're famous. Why else would someone go to the trouble of making a full size replica of a monk (with realistic toe nails and arm hair), for gosh sakes?

Then walk into a five-story mall that is famous among world-traveled techies for pirated videos and software, followed by a foot-spa of live fish that swarm to nibble your feet.

Tropical heat, frantic traffic, and broken sidewalks – often, no sidewalks at all – add to the adventure.

On my last trip to Bangkok, I found a little street where the stores special-

ize in selling only hats and insignia for police and military. Of course, I thought of Mike Gwaltney.

I had a mission: find Mike the best looking police hat in all of Thailand.

The first couple of stores had plenty of hats. But no English speaking sales clerks to explain what I was looking at.

At the third store, I found a guy who spoke excellent English. The whole family, including the family cat, then came out to watch the transaction.

I narrowed my purchase to three possible hats: Tourist Police, Immigration

Officer, and Royal Thai Police. I liked the third choice the best. The clincher was when the sales clerk claimed that it's usually only used on special occasions for the king.

So, Mike, here's the most handsome police hat in all of Thailand!



Jeff Holmes wearing a Royal Thai Police Officer hat

Photo Jeff Holmes

If God had intended us to fly, he would have made it easier to get to the airport.

– Jonathan Winters

The first piece of luggage on the carousel never belongs to anyone.

– George Roberts

(Turkey continued from page 5)

er crops. It has extremely fertile land, a good climate and over 100 inches of annual rainfall. The very modern road along the Black Sea provides easy passage along the north of the country, but Tolga said that its construction had destroyed many prime sandy beaches and old classic wooden homes. He felt that the destruction of the beaches had been a deliberate act, as a deterrent to women appearing in public in bathing suits. This was a reminder that, though Turkey is a secular state, there are still occasional signs of its strong, mostly moderate, Muslim makeup

At Trabzon, we left the coast to rise again up a mountainside to the im-



Photo delight

Sumela Monastery

pressive old Greek Orthodox Monastery of Sumela, clinging in fog to a steep cliff in a thick forest. Atmospheric and almost mystical, it is a small complex of stone buildings built next to domed cave on a widened ledge high up on the cliff face. All surfaces, inside the cave and out, are covered with intricate religious frescoes. It was founded in the 4th

century, to house, according to legend, an icon created by the Apostle Luke as well as The True Cross. It was abandoned in 1923 and is now a destination for pilgrims.

After a last night in a hotel up on the mountainside, we descended back to Trabzon to explore the sites in this largest seaport in eastern Turkey. It began as a Greek trading colony in the 7th century BC. A lively city, with an ancient bazaar and modern shops,



Photo Alpos

Trabzon

it also has numerous churches worth visiting. We visited its church of Hagia Sophia where we saw brilliant frescoes and mosaics from the 13th century. After lunch, we boarded our flight to Istanbul to complete our circumnavigation of Turkey. In Istanbul, we picked up a few of its obligatory sites, such as the Topkapi Palace and The Grand Bazaar. At the Palace, we saw a wonderful display of Chinese celadon porcelains. The bazaar is the largest covered market in the world, where one can find almost anything from fine silk carpets to leather goods, handicrafts, and

(Turkey continued on page 20)

(Turkey continued from page 19)

jewelry.

In Istanbul we had our farewell dinner while reflecting on our excellent tour, created by me, put together and arranged by Dmitry Rudich of Mir Corporation in Seattle, implemented by Amber Tours in Kas, and carried out by the worlds best tour guide, Tolga Kanik. Tolga, besides being very personable and dealing in an excellent manner with all the logistics, details and problems of his job, is passionate about his country. He was trained in the US as an EMT, he has a degree in petroleum engineering, and intensive knowledge of history, culture, geology, birds, natural sciences and religion. He is an alpinist who has climbed Mt. Ararat dozens of times. There was very little that he did not have a good understanding of. With his apparently perfect memory and ability to articulate and impart information, he filled our heads with far more interesting information than we could possibly retain.

Our driver was also outstanding. We have all had experiences with scary drivers in foreign countries, but this driver was always safety-conscious. We had a new Mercedes bus all to ourselves. Turkey, a true center of ancient, classical and modern civilization, is a wondrous country anyway, but with our excellent driver and the guidance of Tolga, we could not have had a better trip.

(President's Page continued from page 1)

happening in the young nation. By the 1790s, a time of bitter partisan conflicts, the Declaration had become controversial. One party, the Democratic-Republicans admired Jefferson and the Declaration. But the other party, the Federalists, thought the Declaration was too French and too anti-British, which went against their current policies.

By 1817, John Adams complained in a letter that America seemed uninterested in its past. But that would soon change. After the War of 1812, the Federalist party began to come apart and the new parties of the 1820s and 1830s all considered themselves inheritors of Jefferson and the Democratic-Republicans. Printed copies of the Declaration began to circulate again, all with the date July 4, 1776, listed at the top. The deaths of Thomas Jefferson and John Adams on July 4, 1826, may even have helped to promote the idea of July 4 as an important date to be celebrated.

Celebrations of the Fourth of July became more common as the years went on and in 1870, almost a hundred years after the Declaration was written, Congress first declared July 4th to be a national holiday as part of a bill to officially recognize several holidays, including Christmas. Further legislation about national holidays, including July 4, was passed in 1939 and 1941.

And now you know the rest of the story – Happy Birthday America!

Forthcoming Programs

- July 24, 2014 – Joe Weichman – Space Adventures on the Horizon
 July 31, 2014 – Ralph Velasco – Turkey: Bridging Two Continents
 August 7, 2014 – **LADIES' NIGHT** – **OPEN THURSDAY** – Georgia Durante – The Company She Keeps
 August 14, 2014 – Dick Durant – Népal Trek & Climb
 August 21, 2014 – **LADIES' NIGHT** – **OPEN THURSDAY** – Kevin Lee – Diving Above the Arctic Circle: Svalbard
 August 28, 2014 – [CLUB DARK]
 September 4, 2014 – **LADIES' NIGHT** – **OPEN THURSDAY** – Bob Silver – A Special Open Thursday: INJA 1.2
 September 11, 2014 – **LADIES' NIGHT** – **OPEN THURSDAY** – Paul Bishop – Terrorism Threats
 September 18, 2014 – [OPEN]
 September 25, 2014 – Julie Andersen – Shark Angels: Fighting to Preserve Sharks Worldwide
 October 2, 2014 – Christopher Earls Brennen – Canyoneering in the San Gabriels and Beyond
 October 9, 2014 – Lars Nielsen – “The Long-Rider” Cyclist
 October 16, 2014 – **LADIES' NIGHT** – **OPEN THURSDAY** – Maria Baltazzi – Rhino Wars
 October 23, 2014 – [OPEN]
 October 25, 2014 – **Saturday** – **Night of High Adventure** – N.O.H.A.
 October 30, 2014 – Domonic Corradin – Challenged Athletes Succeed: “I Dare You to Keep Up”
 November 6, 2014 – [OPEN]
 November 13, 2014 – Roy Roush

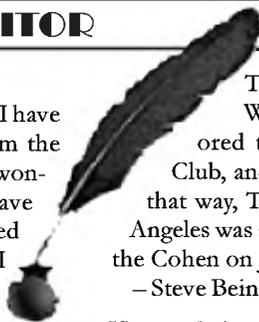
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

To the Editor:

After several months to think it over, I have decided to submit my resignation from the Adventurers Club. I have met many wonderful people in and at the club and have been proud to be a member. I'm saddened by the path the Club is following. As I don't have the vigor to confront these changes, I wish to stand away before it becomes unrecognizable to me. I wish everyone the best of luck and prosperity.

–Richard Venola (#1071)

We're really sorry to see you go, Richard. The Club needs members like you! – Editor



To the Editor:

While many speakers are honored to speak to the Adventurers Club, and I am sure Marthe also feels that way, The Adventurers Club of Los Angeles was specially honored to host Marthe Cohen on June 12, 2014.

–Steve Bein (#1057)

You speak for us all, Steve! Marthe Cohen is a remarkable woman – Editor

To the Editor:

Excellent, excellent, excellent *June AC News...*
 – Martin Bloom (#1147)



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93rd ANNIVERSARY YEAR!

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