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"Ensenada"
93rd ANNIVERSARY



Milt Valois's *Santé* – Newport to Ensenada Race, April 2014

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(BOAT OWNER, MILT'S GRANDSON), C.J. BREWER, GAR JACKSON & MARTIN BLOOM
PHOTO: ANCHOR YACHTS**

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THE PRESIDENT'S PAGE

Martin Bloom (#1147)- President



Brands are the ultimate vehicles of engagement and loyalty. They are loved, discussed and woven into our everyday lives.

They represent surety, quality, dreams, aspirations and even memories. They represent a way of life, and they can inspire.

Building brand roots and depth in today's fast-paced world is a challenge. That's why we have focused on reviving, repositioning and re-launching our brand rather than creating a new one. In fact, it's a key strategy to our Club and a platform upon which we are building long-term success.

Our Club's brand has authentic positions. We have rich backstories with immense heart and soul, but they were under-amplified in today's world. What we lack is relevance in today's world. We are trying to institute a brand re-invigoration process aimed at developing a new brand personality that makes the old new again. It draws out the brand's legacy strength and combines it with a contemporary, modern and fresh position.

Here is our strategy:

1. *Create a Vision & Mission* by determining the brand's current position and where we want to take the brand. *Who is the customer today and who do we want it to be? We start first by creating a new Vision & Mission for the Club.*

2. *In-Depth Insight*. *This is a key to increasing relevance and understanding key drivers. Here we get into the heads and hearts of the members to learn their rational needs and emotional wants and desires. Who are they, but better yet, who will they be?*

3. *Create the Roadmap*. *This is a very detailed plan and at the core of a brand reinvigoration process. It's the strategic roadmap guiding the important work that will bring the brand from its current position to the new contemporary one. It creates the framework from which we build upon all of the other elements.*

4. *Storytelling*. *Once our new brand essence has been shaped and created, we bring it to life through visuals and words to tell that inspiring story through a range of vehicles. They must be innovative, engaging and contemporary in their relevance and styling, while staying true to the Club's ideologies.*

(President's Page continued on page 8)

Newport to Ensenada Race – April 25–28, 2014

Martin Bloom (#1147)

The Annual Newport to Ensenada Yacht Race is a 125-nautical-mile International Yacht Race that is billed as the largest yacht race in the world and is also the shortest. First run in 1948, yachtsmen gather each spring in Newport Beach California to take part in this yacht race from Newport Beach, California, to the city of Ensenada, Baja California.

We, the crew (Eric Flanders (#1162), Rob Walters (boat owner Milt Valois's grandson), C.J. Brewer, Gar Jackson and myself, Martin Bloom (#1147)), met early on Friday morning April 25 at the dock in Alamitos, California, where Milt Valois's boat *Santé*, was waiting to take our eager crew to the start line some two hours south at Newport Beach. Gear was loaded and properly stowed, and by 0730 we were on our way under a cloudy morning which produced unusually higher winds than normal. We sensed that something was going to be coming our way.

Because the trip to the start line got us there with an hour's leeway, we practiced our maneuvering so that we could position ourselves to be "out of the gate" when the starting horn sounded.

"We're off" – south-by-southwest we went under freshening winds and a light

chop toward our goal of finishing the race by the next day – early Saturday afternoon. The race has many classes of boats, and we were off first. The faster boats by class started last and a few of them made it to Ensenada in less than

eight hours. They are the large maxi-cata-marans that measure upwards of seventy feet in length and are extremely light – they literally fly on water.

Our course was set in our GPS, and we prepared way-

points so that we could steer the course in an efficient manner in order to achieve our objective(s) in as short a period of time as possible. Well, that's the idea, and "the best plans of mice and men..." The seas and the winds had another idea, and as sailors we all know that you can't always get to where you want to go in a straight line, so we had to tack many times to reach our waypoints and continue on.

Now came late afternoon and the winds and the seas started to rise. We recorded a high wind of twenty-nine knots (approximately thirty-four mph where if on land large tree branches would be in motion, telephone wires would whistle and there is no way to use an umbrella) and the seas starting roiling and rising with swells of six feet. At that time we all remembered the



Photo D Ramey Logan

Underway at Newport

words at the start of the race by the race committee: “Sailors, be prepared for high winds and rough seas!”

Heading on tacks that went out to sea and back toward land, we tried always to maintain a southerly direction that would allow us to sail just offshore so that we could avoid extra tacking and thus losing time and direction.

Dark came, and we divided the night-time watches so that there were at least two of us at all times in the



Photo Yacht World

Sante getting underway

cockpit sailing and keeping a safe watch, while those not on deck could sleep before their watch came – so, four hours on and four hours off. The first watch was rigorous with eight to ten foot seas and a thirty to thirty-five knot wind. Now came the real problem – the seas were ten feet high, winds swirled and the boat rolled and pitched to a point that the heel of the boat was pushing toward seventy degrees at times (almost horizontal) – we were sailing in dangerous conditions .

At two AM, the worst of the night started with wind-driven rain and winds that were pushing forty knots. The boat took it all, the watch crew held course – to say the least, it was a ride “to hell and back.” Our Genoa sail was wrapped uselessly around the forestay and the main sail was ripped horizontally about half-way down from the top of the mast. We looked like

a “square rigger” with the boom let out as far as it could go so that we could maintain stability and speed. It was remarkable that we were able to go as fast as seven plus knots (SOG) in those much less than nominal conditions.

The first rays of morning light were a welcome sight.

The winds lessened a bit, but we had a following sea that at times it put us in a trough as we saw the seas tower above our stern as we continued south toward

the finish line at Ensenada.

Boat upon boat came into view as we all sailed toward the finish – some were ahead of us and others were behind. With the finish line in sight, we all sighed with relief that the race and the awful conditions were almost over.

We and *Santé* finished the race in a corrected time of seventeen hours and thirty-one minutes – this time put us forth in our class of twelve – a respectable finish.

Much also has to be said about *Santé*. She is a “strong old gal” who took everything thrown at her. She weathered everything that a fine old boat like her would take with grace and dignity. Milt, we know that you’re up there looking down at us and we want you to know that you can be very proud of *Santé* and the crew that represented you in this race.

A Yank Invades Parliament

Bob Walters (#1047)

Long before the Thirteen Colonies voted to reject British rule in favor of an opportunity to develop something better, even before Europeans had become aware of the American continents, the English had laid stone for a meeting place, today known as Westminster Hall. They have since constructed numerous additions, the most visible being the clock tower holding



The British Parliament

Big Ben. The complex, Parliament, is the seat of British Government.

Marie Martin gave a presentation to the Club in September 2013 about her trip to Switzerland that year with a group of fellow aficionados of Sherlock Holmes. She told of a man in the group, who happens to be a Member of Parliament (M.P.), offering *her* an invitation to attend a black-tie dinner at the House of Commons. Never one to pass on such an offer, Marie accepted for *both* of us.

We arrived dressed for the occasion...well, maybe not exactly as the British, but in a manner in keeping with Marie's wishes. She wore an embroidered, black strapless dress with white, faux-fur stole and allowed me, being the rebellious American

Colonial that I am, to wear my mess-dress uniform in black tie. As is another of Marie's wishes, we arrived early; this proved to be very fortuitous. The sidewalks were crowded with tourists, validating their presence in London with photos of themselves and Big Ben. The few remain-

Photo Wikimedia Commons

ing tourists who had been on guided tours were departing, leaving only the security

personnel in the interior.

Alone, we entered security screening with our invitations and passports at the ready. Security was of the TSA variety but we were essentially waved through. Was it our charm or, perhaps, the challenge of screening a military uniform with its numerous medals and buttons?

We entered Westminster just as Big Ben was tolling the hour. If the Hall appears enormous, it is nothing compared to the enormity of the history that unfolds as one looks about. Decisions made in this place have shaped world history and, more pertinent to the Brits, in this hall were the trials of King Charles I, Sir Thomas Moore, Guy Fawkes, and others including, I believe, Anne Boleyn. At

the far end are steps to the raised area upon which sat the Royals or Justices, depending upon the circumstances.

With special passes, we proceeded unguided yet in awe the length of the Hall. I was acutely aware of the sound of my military-leather heels reverberating amongst statues and ceiling timbers. We ascended the steps and then proceeded to the left through a long, wide corridor lined with numerous paintings and statues. We then entered



Marie & Bob

Photo Bob Walters

the Central Lobby with its ornate domed ceiling, it being the antechamber for both the House of Commons, rebuilt after a bomb hit in WW II and no longer quite as ornate, and the House of Lords. Another corridor leads to a reception room and a dining room, these being our final destination. (These rooms are adjacent to the terrace fronting the River Thames.) Being early, we spent some time observing everywhere the architecture and the paintings and statues, a few of persons that even we in our limited knowledge are familiar with. The major admonition from security was, unfortunately, no photography.

Dinner guests began arriving and we entered into the reception room for

refreshment and conversation. The speaker and Guest of Honor was a retired BBC News anchor. Guests arrived from around the world and from as far as Japan and Australia. Many came from the Continent. Marie renewed a few Sherlockian acquaintances from the Switzerland trip. In addition to us, there were at least two groups of Americans. We eventually moved to the dining room for a sumptuous dinner, including a few

toasts, followed by brief speeches.

I had expected to see others in uniform or, at least, with decorations, but did not even see a kilt. Several gents asked me what service my “kit” represented. Ladies expressed admiration. And we were surreptitiously photographed numerous times. (Cameras were allowed at the function.)

Because of a fellow Sherlockian having been charmed by Marie, one appreciative Yank in uniform has had the good fortune to wander with her, unescorted, about Parliament. And I am certain that we two Americans did make some kind of an impression, although it may be because neither of us properly used our fish knives at dinner.

Robert G. Williscroft (#1116) – Editor



We all travel off the beaten path – right? We’re adventurers – it’s what we do! So...how far off

the beaten path would you travel?

Speaking for myself, I’ve lived at the geographic South Pole, and been close enough to the North Pole to touch it – almost. I’ve lived underwater for twenty-two months and dove to a thousand feet in saturation mode (ambient pressure).

What I haven’t done, however, is leave the planet – that’s the ultimate off-the-beaten-path trip. If I could, I would do it in a heartbeat! Would you?

One of the problems for most of us in taking this particular path is the tremendous acceleration we would have to endure. For many of us, this would be fatal – sorry, guys, that’s just the way it is. The rigors of the outbound rocket trip are better suited to a young person, or at least a person in tip-top physical condition.

There is another way, one that does not employ rockets and their tremendous acceleration – the Launch Loop.

Imagine holding a garden hose in your hands with water streaming out the end under high pressure. You can back your hands away from the nozzle, so that the water hose supports itself in an arc. Try it – it’s for real!

Now imagine disconnecting the hose from the hose bib, and recirculating the water with a high-pressure pump. Then replace the water with a fast-moving closed ribbon of soft iron segments. Replace the hose with an evacuated casing, and make the whole thing about 2,000 miles long, with a 2,000 mile return path for the ribbon. Accelerate the ribbon with magnetic drivers to about 25,000 miles per hour.

Like the water hose, the loop will rise to a height of about 100 miles. Install stabilizing cables along the up and down legs to keep the loop from falling sideways, and remove the sleeve from the portion that extends above the atmosphere.

Finally, build platforms at the points where the loop leaves and enters the atmosphere, and drop cables that support elevators to the ground.

To use a Launch Loop, ride the elevator to the platform where the loop leaves the atmosphere, and enter a capsule that will couple itself magnetically to the moving iron ribbon. The capsule will then gently accelerate to escape velocity, and decouple from the ribbon. Small rockets attached to the capsule will place it on the proper vector to reach its destination. Returning is the reverse – except you descend on the other elevator

We don’t have Launch Loops, because we have concentrated on rockets; but people are working on them. Contact me for more details.

BOOK REVIEW:**CUE THE CAMELS – Tales of adventure, comedy, history and culture, from three-time****Emmy award-winning film-maker Dave Banks**

Dave Banks (#1156), (Diane Hall – Editor; Forward by Jay Leno), Solopreneur Publishing Ltd, West Yorkshire, UK, 2014, 414KB Digital Edition, 192p. ISBN 978-0-9574383-8-5. Review by the Editor from various sources.

Many people would think they'd made it if they were surrounded on a daily basis by A-list celebrities in sunny California, with pastries on tap. Not so Dave Banks, who – as a freelance cameraman – regularly stepped out from the cushy *Tonight Show* studios to film in some of the most hostile locations on Earth.

In *Cue the Camels*, three-time Emmy award winning film-maker Dave shares some of the adventures he enjoyed – and sometimes endured – while in pursuit of the “money shot.” His comedic style is sure to entertain and the things he’s experienced will leave the reader in awe.

From covering the L.A. Riots in the early 90s with a bodyguard, to dodging landmines in Jordan, Banks puts a light-hearted spin on his brushes with death. Ironically, he ended up on a stretcher after having an anxiety attack.

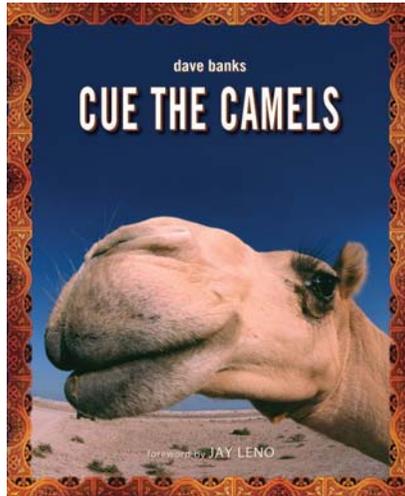
Not only does *Cue the Camels* make

for a good laugh, it stimulates the reader’s sense of adventure and excitement. It inspires a reader to search for the unknown or take risks in life in search of something greater.

Banks writes: “It may seem crazy to some that I chose to be freelance, or that I work within such dangerous perimeters. I’ve never lost my sense of humor or my optimism for our world. My goal has always been the

same in spite of any risk: to extract the sublime out of the ordinary, to broach what appear to be cultural barriers, knowing I’ll always find some common thread. I regard my work and these journeys as ‘tourism for the soul.’”

Banks has taken the unusual path of publishing this book in digital and print-on-demand formats. It is available from the publisher (<http://www.oodlebooks.com/cuetbecamels/>), on *Amazon.com*, and by special order wherever books are sold.



What's Happening...

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Steve Bein cruises with Lint



Steve at the helm



Lint Bunting resting

The day following Lint Bunting's presentation at the Club, Steve Bein (#1057) took him for a sail off the coast of Southern California along with several other folks.

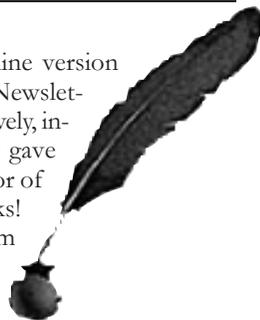
As you can see from the photos, it was an ideal day for sailing, and resting, if Lint's example sets the standard.

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.

To the Editor:

I just read the online version of the April ACLA Newsletter well done! It was lively, informative, and really gave the reader a true flavor of our Club. Many thanks!

– Martin Bloom
(#1147) – President



(President's Page continued from page 1)

These are among a few examples of how our brand reinvigoration process will guide our rebranding of an old Club to a fresh new position and success.

The trick is maintaining an eagle eye on the old as well as the new members – their needs, wants, desires – and creating and maintaining relevancy for the brand in today's world and telling that story clearly to inspire affinity.

Please remember the words of a previous President's letter..."The times are-a-changing" and we must recognize this in order to survive.

I don't believe in astrology. I am a Sagittarius and we're very skeptical.

– Arthur C Clarke



THURSDAY NIGHTS AT THE CLUB

March 13, 2014

Bob Zeman (#878)

Photos Mike Polak

President Martin Bloom (#1147) said that he heard from Brad Pascoe inquiring about his grandfather David Pascoe (#180). Bob Silver (#728) had known David from being in the Society Islands. Bob dove for coins thrown by the cruise ship passengers of the Matson liner. Dave Pascoe was sailing in Tahiti at the time. Bob was later told that only native Tahitians could dive for coins.

Shane Berry (#1093) went skiing in the Lake Tahoe area. Before that he went with his son to the Canary Islands. The hiking was fabulous. But banks would not convert his U. S. dollars. He had to use the ATM. The food was good. There were few Americans but many Europeans celebrating the few days preceding Ash Wednesday.

Chuck Jonkey (#1026) said that some time ago he met a man in Borneo who flew 747's for Malaysian Airways. Chuck's friend said he knew the pilots of the jet that disappeared.

Jeff Holmes (#1148) returned from Myanmar. He took a boat up the Irrawaddy River and visited Mandalay, Rangoon, and Pagan. He finished with two days in Bangkok. He bought a hat that was used by policemen for royal ceremonies.

Our newest member Mike Clark (#1171) returned from Sinaloa and Mazatlan.

Dave Dahl (#993) said that London Steverson had retired to Hungary where his wife is from.

Bob Aronoff (#837) said that about fifteen members attended the funeral of Walter Ehlers. There were about 500 in attendance including former governor Pete

Wilson and some top military brass. The ceremony near March AFB included a fly-over by four AT6s and a cargo ship.

What Is Under Wyatt Earp's Saloon?

Wyatt Earp and his wife Josie Marcus owned the Dexter Saloon in Nome, Alaska, during the gold rush.



A mine in Tonopah, Nevada

When news of the Tonopah silver strikes reached Alaska, they headed to Nevada. They arrived in Tonopah in February, 1902, and Earp soon bought the Northern Saloon with partner Al Martin.

The saloon did not do well financially because of Earp's gambling and drinking, so he sold his interest to Martin in 1904. Another bar called the Washington Bar may be just another name for the Northern Saloon.

Mike Polak has been a bottle collector for forty years and has a good collection. The bottles have value based on their condition and the fact that the labels were embossed and not paper labels.

Mike told the story of Jim Butler who discovered the silver at the turn of the century. Butler followed a stray burro to a ledge where the first quartz findings were found to assay out to a value per ton of 640 ounces of silver and \$206 in gold. Tonopah was born.

The dollar value of ore taken from

(Minutes continued on page 10)

(Minutes continued from page 9)

Tonopah averaged \$6 million per year between 1915 and 1923.



Close-up of Tonopah mine

The Mizpah Hotel is still standing and is on the site where Butler first found his silver. It had lush carpets, reading and writing tables, plate glass windows, furniture of polished oak, and rooms with bats, lavatories, hot and cold running water, electricity, and gas. Jack Dempsey worked for a while at the Mizpah as a bouncer.



Bottles from Wyatt Earp's saloon

One can dig anywhere outside of town for artifacts. But digging is restricted in town. When the city wanted to do some paving, it allowed four men to dig under the site where the Northern Saloon once stood. The permit was from May 4 to June 10, 2013. The men worked around the clock and dug very gingerly.

The old bottles have crud around them that can be removed with Tide, Dawn, and hot water. When completed, a total of 618 bottles, numerous

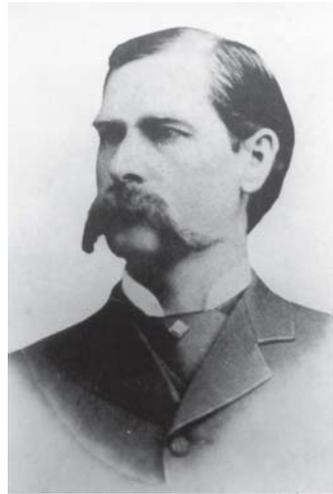


Photo Pfau Library

Wyatt Earp in 1887

coins and tokens along with miscellaneous artifacts were found. The saloon had a storage area below which accounted for the treasure trove. Bottles in good condition are worth \$60 to \$70 each normally. But a Tonopah soda water bottle can be worth \$2,000 and a Washington Bar/Granger Coleman whiskey flask can go up to \$3,000. There is work involved in both finding and researching each bottle.

Bottle collectors also dig in mines but they were not built to adequate safety standards, and they can be treacherous.

The Tonopah Central Nevada Museum boast outdoor exhibits of mining equipment, a stamp mill, ore cars, a blacksmith shop and numerous artifacts from surrounding ghost towns.



Photo Shane Berry

April 3, 2014

Bob Zeman (#878)

Photos Lint Bunting

Alan Feldstein (#1094) had missed the meetings since October so he filled us in. A month and a half after Heidi went OTGA, Alan got a call about a dog tied up in an alley. He said no. Then he and his wife decided to check it out. Bad choice. They brought the dog home. It is a Shepherd/Husky mix and is one to two years old. His name – “Alley.”

During his five months away, Alan went to Namibia where *Save the Cheetahs* is headquartered. He then went kayaking in Argentina near Mendoza. He had a booth at the travel show. He then took clients to Patagonia for some kayaking. But winds of 60 to 80 mph came up and they had to rent a zodiac to get them to and from camp. He saw thousands of Magellanic penguins.

President Martin (#1147) welcomed all, including Jay Foonberg (#1126). His recent trip took him to Fairbanks to view the northern lights – which turned out to be singular. The skies were overcast. He left Alaska in minus 22-degree weather to return to L. A. at 84 degrees plus. He did complete (in the same day) a half marathon in Washington D. C.

Allan Smith (#1069) and his family are moving to Cary, North Carolina, which is near Raleigh.

Bob Silver (#728) mentioned that the new book by Dave Banks (#1156) is out. It is called *Cue the Camels*.

Lint Hikes

When not riding bikes and burning pallets down by the river, Lint Bunting spends his time on the long distance trails in North America. He has

*Lint on a ridge*

hiked close to 20,000 miles on the Appalachian Trail, Pacific Crest Trail, Continental Divide Trail, and the Ice Age Trail – some of them twice.

First Vice President Steve Bein (#1057) met Lint at his motel in Rawlins, Wyoming, when Lint and a grubby friend were hiking the Continental Divide Trail.

Lint told of growing up using alcohol and drugs and looking for something else. He put together a 40-pound pack and traversed the 1,000-mile Ice Trail in Wis-

*Lint Bunting*

consin in 2003. He had a tough time.

But in 2004 he set out on the Appalachian Trail with a 22-pound pack. He has also hiked the Colorado Trail and the Arizona Trail. His passion for the hikes is broken up each year by working eight months as a contractor.

He has reduced his base pack (no food and water) to six pounds and eleven ounces.

He starts with a Mountain Laurel designed rucksack. His foam sleeping pad

(Minutes continued on page 12)

(Minutes continued from page 11)

goes from shoulders to hips and acts as the frame of the pack.

His gear is packed into the bag in a large trash compactor bag to keep everything waterproof. He takes a 20-degree sleeping quilt with no zippers by Nunatek. His tent is a tarp with an A-frame design and he uses titanium stakes to hold it down. And he has a polypro ground cloth.



Lint fording a stream

He carries a Mont-Bell UL down parka, long underwear bottoms, Marmot Mica rain jacket, and Mont-Bell wind pants. And he brings a down hat, bandanna, extra socks and sunglasses.

A large item is his Mylar-coated umbrella. This is great not only for the rain but to provide support for his XL custom bug netting when he is in bug country.

He carries no pot, no stove and no fuel. He brings along some dehydrated food



Lint hiking a valley

which he will put in a zip lock bowl with water and re-hydrate for three hours. And of course he is on the lookout for edible foods such as garlic mustard, blueberries and ransom.



Lint on an overlook

Other small items he carries are a flashlight, plastic water bottle, water bladders, watch, tooth brush and tooth paste, athletic tape, compass, maps and Bic lighter.

His main objective is to cover miles as many as 30 or more in a day. Lint hikes at a three miles per hour pace. He only needs a GPS on the Continental Divide which is not well-marked.

He carries a small Swiss Army knife with scissors for his toenails. Unfortunately, he is required to carry a bear canister in the Sierras. He eats about two pounds of food per day or 4,000 calories.

Lint's extreme efforts to hike long distances and how he gets by drew many questions from the crowd of about 50 at the Club.

He does not use a water purifier and has never gotten giardia. But he does have a tiny dropper of bleach for an emergency.



Photo Steve Bein

April 10, 2014

Bob Zeman (#878)

We packed the house again. We were joined by the ladies, the California wreck divers and the family of Evan Bozanic.

President Martin Bloom (#1147) inducted into the Club our youngest member ever: Evan Bozanic at age sixteen. Evan has scuba dived on all seven continents. He was accompanied by Kevin Lee (#1163) in Antarctica. He has also climbed mountains including those in Svalbard. And he worked on a summer construction project in a remote part of Thailand. He was voted Orange County scholar-athlete of the year.

Bob Silver (#728) who has been a member since 1865 (check that it should be 1965) was proud to commend Evan as he received his certificate and button as # 1173.

Guest Joe Phillips said last weekend he did the 14-mile valley-to-the-sea trek from Reseda to the Pacific.

Bob Ianello (#1100) is going to the Mojave to look for jasper.

Peter Jensen (#1101) was proud of his son who recently became an Eagle Scout.

Steve Lawson (#1032), president of the SoCal wreck divers, announced a dive trip in May and a booth for the scuba show in June.



Photo Steve Bein

Evan Bozanic (#1173)

Search for the *San Jose*

The *San Jose* is popularly known as the lost ship of the Portola expedition. It was last seen in 1769 before it sailed northward from Mexico to San Diego. But it never made it.



Photo Bevans Branham

Artist's depiction of San Jose at sea

Marla Daily is a cultural anthropologist and has served as president of the Santa Cruz Island Foundation since 1987. She has served on the boards of the Santa Barbara Maritime Museum, the Museum of Natural History, and the Botanic Garden.

She is also the unofficial leader of the All 8 group which consists of those who have set foot on all eight of the Channel Islands of California.

The Portola Expedition set off for San Diego from Mexico in four groups. One went overland. Three others went by ship. The *San Jose* went down at sea and was never seen again.

In 1877 wreckage of a Spanish colonial ship was found near the isthmus of Catalina. Its artifacts were sent to the Peabody Museum in Boston. Marla was visiting the Museum and when she told the guides she was from California she

(Minutes continued on page 14)

(Minutes continued from page 13)

was asked if she wanted to see the ex-



Photo Marla Daily

Spanish Galleon tack gear

hibit from California on the fifth floor. She said yes.

There was a Portuguese Brazilian coin, religious medals, and cannon balls, both half-pound and two-pound. There was a pistol barrel, knives, blades and scissors. There were buckles, fishhooks, spoons, clips, Mongolian bowls, and



Photo Marla Daily

Sacred Heart religious medals

buttons. There was Native American and manufactured cloth.

There were bells, thimbles, and beads all well laid out in display. Everything was taken from a dig at the isthmus of Catalina. It was believed that the ship sank in the cove and the artifacts were taken to the shore. Marla was impressed by the collection and believes it probably came from the San Jose.

A later historian James Muche believes the ship sank off arrow point and left a

map. But extensive searches have failed to turn up the site.

The clues are out there.

There are about 160 members in the All 8 club. The islands which are the hardest to reach are San Nicolas and San Clemente because they are controlled by the Navy. The best way to set foot on these islands is to volunteer for pulling weeds through the Island Restoration Project.

Roy Roush (#864) was familiar with James Muche. He remembers Muche speaking to the Club in 1975. Roy remembers Muche being a bit vague when asked about the whereabouts of the site and his investigation.



Photo Steve Bein

April 17, 2014

Bob Zeman (#878)

Photos Chris Doerning

Tonight we had an intimate crowd. President Martin Bloom (#1147) said that we ended the first quarter and it was a good quarter both financially and a lot of well-attended meetings. We also inducted three new members.

Bill Burke (#1157) sent a report that he is going to the top of the world again. He is acclimatizing at Chinese base camp.

We heard that Bil Brown (#708) had passed On the Great Adventure. As reported in the previous issue, he was a river runner in his own rafts on the Green, San Juan, Colorado and Yampa Rivers. He was also a Navy pilot and was bombed,

strafed and torpedoed in WWII. He piloted an observation plane on three trips over Nagasaki a few weeks after the drop of the A-bomb. He had served the Club in many capacities including president, program chairman and NOHA chairman.

Reports of leaving and returning from adventures were sparse.

Land-Ops Geotactical Adventures

Chris Doering likes to say that some people spend their money on stuff that looks nice but they never use – I spend my money on stuff I can abuse.



Off road

Land Ops (short for land operations) conducts training drills and exercises for mem-

bers for the following adventure activities: off-road driving, vehicle recovery,



Water...

navigation, radio communications, and teamwork exercises. The Club motto is “Learn by engagement and achieve through teamwork.” The members also

support search and rescue operations.

About one-third of the group are navigators and another third are radio operators. Along with these skills, members have knowledge of orienteering and off-road driving. They use



And mud

off-road trucks, land rovers, jeeps, and land cruisers. Most of their adventures have been in southern California in Johnson Valley, Monache Meadows, and near Fort Irwin.

They have planned adventures in northern California and in Colorado near Silverton.

An objective is to find a small two-inch by four-inch box that has been geo-cached. GPS can get one within about nine feet.

Night operations add another dimension to the difficulty.

Near Fort Irwin a helicopter from the nearby Marine Expeditionary Brigade did a slow fly-by of their efforts.



Chris Doering

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April 24, 2014

Martin Bloom (#1147) Photos Gary Hareland

Douglas Mawson's Epic 700 Mile Antarctic Survival Journey

Our evening at the Club was a Ladies Night/Open Thursday and we were treated to a tremendous oration by Club member Gary Harland (#1138) on a true story that can best be described as “a trip to hell and back.”



Douglas Mawson

With Gary's unique voice and manner he described to us a horrifying and courageous trek that proved costly to life and limb for all members of an expedition to the Antarctic that started in

December 1912 and finally ended in February 1914.

It was December 14, 1912. Thirty years old, already a seasoned explorer, Douglas Mawson was the leader of the Australasian Antarctic Expedition (AAE), a 31-man team pursuing the most ambitious exploration yet of the southern continent. Let Scott and Amundsen race for the South Pole. Mawson was determined to discover everything he could about a 2,000-mile-long swath of Antarctica that was terra incognita, and to wring from it the best scientific results in terms of geology, meteorology, magnetism, biology, atmospheric science, and glaciology ever obtained on a polar journey.

Having built a hut on the shore of a cove they named Commonwealth Bay, the men of the AAE had wintered over in what

was later proven to be the windiest place on Earth (at least at sea level), with gusts up to 200 mph. At times, the gales were so strong they knocked the men off their feet and sent them sliding across the ice.

Setting out in November 1912, Mawson's sledging party was one of eight three-man teams sent off on journeys in



Mawson's Ship SY Aurora

all possible directions. For his own Far Eastern Party, he chose 29-year-old Swiss ski champion Xavier Mertz and 25-year-old Belgrave Ninnis, an eager, likeable Englishman serving in the Royal Fusiliers. Hoping to connect the unmapped interior with the heights of far-off Oates Land, discovered by Robert Falcon Scott's party only the year before, Mawson was bent on making the deepest push of all into the unknown.

By the morning of December 14, 35 days out, the trio had reached a point nearly 300 miles from the hut. The men had crossed two major glaciers and scores of hidden crevasses, deep fissures in the ice camouflaged by thin snow bridges. Just after noon that day, Mertz had held up his ski pole, signaling yet another crevasse. Mawson judged it to be only a minor nuisance, as his sledge glided smoothly across the bridge. He called out the usual warning to Ninnis, and, in a last glance back, saw that his teammate had corrected his

path to cross the crevasse head-on rather than diagonally.

Now Mawson and Mertz cut away the fragile lip of the open crevasse, roped up, and took turns leaning over the abyss. What they saw appalled them. One hundred fifty feet down, a husky lay moaning



Mawson's Ship SY Aurora

on a snow shelf, its back evidently broken. Another dog, apparently dead, lay beside it. A few pieces of gear lay scattered on the same shelf. There was no sign of Ninnis or the sledge.

For three hours, Mawson and Mertz called into the depths, hoping against hope for an answering cry. They had far too little rope to lower themselves into the crevasse to search for their companion. At last they accepted the inevitable. Ninnis was dead. Gone with him were the team's most valuable gear, including their three-man tent, the six best huskies, all the food for the dogs, and nearly all the men's food.

The two men might have perished the first night if they hadn't improvised a shelter. With the temperature just above 0°F, they pitched a spare tent cover over a frame concocted of sledge runners and Mertz's skis. Inside this gloomy cave, they laid their reindeer-skin sleeping bags directly on the snow. So cramped and flimsy was their "tent" that only one man could move at a time and neither could rise higher than a sitting position.

In the first days of their homeward dash, driven by adrenaline, they made excellent mileage. But during the next two weeks, the dogs gave out one by one. When George, then Johnson, then Mary could no longer pull, they were loaded on the sledge and carried to that night's camp, where the men shot them with the rifle. Desperate to hoard their tiny supplies of pemmican, biscuits, raisins, and cocoa, the men ate the tough, stringy dog meat, then threw the bones and skin to the remaining huskies, which fought ravenously over every scrap.

Navigating with a theodolite and dead reckoning, Mawson steered a homeward course as much as 25 miles south of their outward track, hoping to skirt the worst of the crevasses and the heads of the



Photo CoolAntarctica

The SY Aurora crew

two big glaciers. He tried to bolster his partner's spirits, promising him a safe return to Australia. At 1 a.m. on December 25, Mawson woke Mertz to wish him a merry Christmas. "I hope to live to share many merry Christmases with my friend Mawson," Mertz wrote in his diary.

By now, only Ginger, the pluckiest of the surviving dogs, could haul. The two men put on their chest-and-hip harnesses and pulled the sledge alongside her,

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(Minutes continued from page 17)

exhausting themselves after only a few miles' run. Crossing wind-carved ridges of hard snow known as sastrugi as high as three and a half feet, they repeatedly fell down and often capsized the sledge. To save weight, they threw away gear—their alpine rope, the rifle, the extra sledge runners, and, most painfully, Mawson's camera and the film packs that held the visual record of the trio's pioneering journey.

Something was wrong with Mertz. He was rapidly losing strength. Too weak to move on January 2, he could manage only five miles the next day before giving up, forcing Mawson to pitch the tent. In disbelief that his fingers had been frostbitten, Mertz surprised Mawson by biting off the tip of one. Mawson knew that their only hope was to keep moving, but on January 5, Mertz refused. It would be suicide, he said.

Though racked with pain himself, Mawson persuaded Mertz to ride the sledge. Summoning extraordinary powers, Mawson pulled the terrible load by himself for two and a half miles. In his diary that night, he wrote, "If he cannot go on 8 or 10 miles a day, in a day or two we are doomed. I could pull through myself with the provisions at hand but I cannot leave him."

By January 7, the men had covered some 200 miles of their return trek, with 100 still to go. But as they tried to pack up that morning, Mawson discovered that his teammate had "fouled his pants."

As a nurse might tend a baby, Mawson undressed Mertz, cleaned up the mess, and put him back in his sleeping bag. That afternoon, he tried to lift Mertz to a sitting position to drink cocoa and weak beef broth, but the man started raving deliriously and again soiled himself.

At 8 p.m., Mertz pulled himself half out of his sleeping bag and flailed about in a wild frenzy, breaking one of the tent poles. For hours he raved in German. Mawson held him down, hoping to calm him, then stuffed him back into his bag. At 2 a.m. on January 8, Mertz died in his sleep.

Mawson buried his friend, still in the sleeping bag, beneath a mound of snow

blocks atop which he fixed a rude cross made of discarded sledge runners. Many years later, some researchers speculated that Mertz's debilitation was caused by poisonous overdoses of vitamin A from the huskies' livers. But if so, why did the condition affect Mertz so much more drastically than it did Mawson? Other experts suggested that Mertz's collapse was due simply to hypothermia, overexertion, and near starvation.

Whatever its cause, Mertz's death now threatened Mawson's survival as well. The food was almost gone, and his own physical state was deplorable, with open sores on his nose, lips, and scrotum; his hair coming out in clumps; and skin peeling off his legs. And he still had a hundred miles to go. "I am afraid it has cooked my chances altogether," Maw-



Mawson at the Magnetic South Pole

son wrote in his diary. But he added, “I shall do my utmost to the last.”

Using only the serrated blade of his knife, he cut the sledge in half. Then he fashioned a makeshift sail by sewing Mertz’s jacket to a cloth bag. Three days



Photo Frank Hurley

Mawson huts on Commonwealth Bay

after Mertz’s death, Mawson discovered to his horror that the soles of his feet had completely detached from the skin beneath them, which spurting pus and blood. He taped the dead soles to his feet, and put on six pairs of wool socks. Every step thereafter was an agony.

Mawson was now in a race against time, as well as miles. The expedition’s relief ship *Aurora* was scheduled to arrive at Commonwealth Bay on January 15 to pick up the men and steam toward home in Australia. But as the days ticked by, Mawson was still more than 80 miles from the hut, and he was growing weaker by the hour.

One day, plowing through deep snow, he broke through a snowbridge covering a hidden crevasse. Suddenly he was falling unchecked through space. Then a fierce jolt halted his plunge. The 14-foot harness rope attaching him to the sledge had held, but now Mawson was sure that his weight would pull the sledge in on top of him. He thought, So this is the end.

Miraculously, the sledge stuck fast in the deep snow, anchoring him. But as his eyes adjusted to the semidarkness, Mawson saw how hopeless his predicament was. He dangled free in space, the crevasse walls too far away to reach even with the wild swing of a boot. His first thought came as a searing regret that he had not had the chance to eat the last ounces of his food before he died.

His only chance to escape was to pull himself hand over hand up the harness rope. Providentially, he had tied knots in the rope at regular intervals. He seized the first knot and pulled himself upward, then lunged for the next. Even for a fit, healthy man, such a feat would have been barely possible; yet Mawson pulled, rested, and lunged again. He reached the lip of the crevasse and tried to roll onto the surface above.

That effort broke loose the overhang-



Photo CoolAntarctica

An evening in the hut

ing lip. Mawson fell all the way to the end of his harness rope. Despair overwhelmed him. He pondered slipping out of the harness to plunge to the bottom of the crevasse, ending things at once rather than by strangling or slowly freezing. At that moment, a verse from his favorite poet, Robert Service, flashed

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through his mind: “Just have one more try – it’s dead easy to die, / It’s the keeping-on-living that’s hard.”

The words spurred him to “one last tremendous effort.” As he reached the lip, he thrust his legs out first, then pulled the rest



Photo DailyMail

Mawson pulling half-sled

of his body free from the crevasse. He rolled over and passed out, waking an hour or two later to find his body covered with a dusting of new-fallen snow.

Mawson was now convinced he had no chance to survive. Besides, the deadline to reach the hut had come and gone. For all he knew, the *Aurora* had steamed away with all the other AAE hands on board. What drove him onward was the hope of leaving his diary, along with Mertz’s, in a place where searchers might eventually find them and learn the story of the doomed Far Eastern Party.

Yet on January 29 a minor miracle occurred. Just north of his track, Mawson saw something dark loom through the haze. It was a snow cairn covered with a black cloth. Inside, he found a message from three teammates who had been out searching and a bag of food blessed food! From the note, Mawson learned that he stood only 28 miles from the hut.

It would take him ten days to cover that short distance, as he waited out a prolonged

blizzard. At last, on February 8, he began the last descent. Before he could see the hut, he caught sight of a distant speck on the horizon. As he feared, it was the *Aurora*, leaving Commonwealth Bay for good. Was he alone? Then the hut sprang into view, and outside it, three men working at some task. Mawson stopped in his tracks and waved for 30 seconds. The men were too far away to hear his shouts. At last one of them glanced up and saw the apparition on the horizon.

Mawson had missed catching the *Aurora* by a mere five hours. Instead, he and six men deputized to stay on to search for Mawson’s party were condemned to spend another year in the windiest place on Earth. Now the men at the hut rushed up the icy slope to embrace their leader. The first to arrive was Frank Bickerton, a stalwart 24-year-old British engineer who had been in charge of another of the exploring parties. From 50 yards off, Mawson recognized Bickerton. And from the startled look on Bickerton’s face as he beheld the gaunt, ravaged countenance of the man staggering toward him, he knew exactly what Bickerton was thinking: Which one are you?

Another ten months passed before the *Aurora* returned. When Mawson finally reached Australia in February 1914, he was greeted as a national hero and knighted by King George V. He spent the rest of his career as a professor at the University of Adelaide. Although he would lead two more Antarctic expeditions, his life’s work became the production of 96 published reports that embodied the scientific results of the AAE.



Gary Hareland

Forthcoming Programs

- May 1, 2014 – Christopher Nyerges – Urban and Wilderness Skills
- May 5, 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).
- May 8, 2014 – **LADIES' NIGHT** – **OPEN THURSDAY** – Dr. Ross Piper – Wild Burma: Nature's Lost Kingdom
- May 15, 2014 – Gary Mancuso – Six Year Journeying in Our Disappearing World: A Personal Tale of the Adventures, Misadventures and Pratfalls of Such a Project
- May 17, 2014 – **SATURDAY** – Christopher Nyerges – WILD FOOD OUTING and KNIFE/TOOL Lesson, \$20
OUTSIDE ACTIVITY – non sponsored activity advisory
- May 22, 2014 – **LADIES' NIGHT** – **OPEN THURSDAY** – Michael L. Oddenino – The Battle of Balls Bluff
- May 29, 2014 – Fred Grochulski – Transagulas Challenge plus Big Car Engines
- June 2, 2014 – BOARD MEETING
- June 5, 2014 – Chris Morasky – Survival
- June 12, 2014 – **LADIES' NIGHT** – **OPEN THURSDAY** – Marthe Cohn – Behind Enemy Lines: A Jewish Spy in Nazi Germany
- June 19, 2014 – Paul Straub – Solo Circumnavigating the Earth by Plane
- June 26, 2014 – [OPEN]
- July 3, 2014 – [CLUB DARK – Independence Day]
- July 10, 2014 – Robert Owens – Forty Years of Adventure
- July 17, 2014 – **LADIES' NIGHT** – **OPEN THURSDAY** – Morris Price – Holocaust Survivor: Experience in Auschwitz & Dachau
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NOTES



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