

The Adventurers' Club News

Volume 51

July 2007

Number 6



Eighteen year-old Samantha Larson conquers Mt. Everest

The Adventurers' Club News

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

July 2007

Volume 51 Number 6
Publisher Robert DeMott #1080
Editor Robert G. Willisroft #1116
PO Box 1087, Los Angeles, CA 91614
(818) 760-9632, (818) 613-9445 Cell; aclaeditor@argee.net
Club Phone (323) 223-3948 (24 Hrs) www.adventurersclub.org

TABLE OF CONTENTS

DIRECTORY	INSIDE FRONT COVER
ARTICLES	
18 YEAR-OLD SAMATHA LARSON MAKES IT SEVEN FOR SEVEN	1
INTERVIEW WITH MIKE HARKER	3
UAE WITH CLASS	6
SOARING	7
WHAT'S HAPPENING	8
NEW MEMBERS	10
MEMBER PROFILE – DANEE HAMAZA	11
BOOK REVIEW: OPEN FIRE!	12
THRAWN RICKLE	13
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR	13
THURSDAY NIGHTS AT THE CLUB	14
FORTHCOMING PROGRAMS	21
NOTICES	21

PRESIDENT

Robert DeMott
Cell (310)927-7271
[bond_jamesbond_@
hotmail.com](mailto:bond_jamesbond_@hotmail.com)

2ND VICE PRES

James Heaton III
Bus (323) 465-9500
jb3arch@earthlink.net

SECRETARY

Robert F. Zeman
Res (805) 964-5731
bobzeman@aol.com

ADDRESS

2433 N Broadway
Los Angeles, CA 90086

1ST VICE PRES

Paul T. Isley III
Res (310) 376-2738
pti@rainforestflora.com

TREASURER

Roger Haft
Res (310) 395-0115
[trainvagabond@
netscape.net](mailto:trainvagabond@netscape.net)

DINNER RESERVATIONS

(323)-223-3948 (VoiceMail)
Deadline: Tuesday Noon

MAILING ADDRESS

PO Box 31266
Los Angeles, CA 90031

PHONE & WEBSITE

(323) 223-3948
www.adventurersclub.org

18 year-old Samatha Larson makes it seven for seven

Bob Aronoff #837 (with material adapted from the Long Beach Press Telegram, written by Kevin Butler)

Fourteen months ago a pretty seventeen year-old high school girl regaled the assembled members of this Club with the story of how she and her physician father had climbed six of the seven highest mountains on the seven continents – the Seven Summits, and how she intended to climb the seventh before her eighteenth year was over.

On May 17, 2007, Samantha Larson did just that – she reached the top of the world, she scaled Mt. Everest.

Samantha reported her arrival at the summit by satellite phone and on her blog, and on May 19 the *Los Angeles Times* announced her accomplishment to the world with a front page story.

Samantha and her father, Dr. David Larson, accomplished a number of firsts: youngest woman to climb Everest, youngest American to climb Everest, youngest woman and only father-daughter team to climb the Seven Summits, and the list of

firsts goes back through most of the other peaks as well.

During her presentation last year, Samantha told us that she would be attending Stanford, but that she was deferring her entrance for a year to tackle Everest. Both she and her father explained that they needed as much time as possible to train for the expedition, and to raise the necessary funds.



Samantha on Mt. Everest summit

Samantha is not just an athlete. In the Summer of 2006, she graduated with honors from Long Beach Polytechnic High School before commencing her arduous training regimen culminating in her trip to Nepal and her historic climb.

In addition to her obvious athletic ability and scholastic accomplishments, Samantha dances and plays the Oboe. In fact, during her various climbs, she always had with her several school books in order not to fall behind in her studies, and a plastic oboe to maintain her playing skills.

(Larson continued on page 2)

(Larson continued from page 1)

First Climb – Africa

The prospect of an exciting journey led a 12-year-old Samantha to join her father in making her first major climb in 2001 – Mt. Kilimanjaro in Tanzania.

“I thought it would be fun to try it,” said Samantha, who missed a week of school to make the trip.

At 19,340 feet, it’s the tallest mountain in Africa. That sounds intimidating. But not compared with the other Seven Summits, she said unassumingly.

“In retrospect, it seemed easy, a walk in the park,” she said, although more difficult than the “day hike” needed to ascend the 7,310-foot-high Mt. Kosciuszko in Australia.

After Kilimanjaro, David Larson decided that he and his daughter needed some professional training, which they received at a school in Washington state.

Argentina and the law

At 13-years-old, Larson faced a much tougher task in climbing the highest mountain in South America, the 22,834-foot-high Mt. Aconcagua in Argentina.

The first big challenge wasn’t physical. The minimum age to climb Aconcagua was 14, David Larson said. A lawyer had to get special permission for her to climb.

The team spent three nights in tents at the high camp about 19,300 feet up enduring a storm with 40 mph winds, he said. The wind blew away a tent of a group ahead of them.

Russia with love

Next up, when she was just 14-years-old, was Mt. Elbrus, located in Russia near the border of Georgia. At 18,510 feet, it’s considered by many to be the tallest mountain in Europe.

Climbing in extremely cold weather, the

team took two days to reach the summit. It was so cold, Larson didn’t even remove the cloth from her face when posing for the summit picture.

Alaska

At 15, Samantha tackled what she calls the toughest mountain besides Mt. Everest: Mt. McKinley (Denali), at 20,320 feet, the tallest mountain in North America, located in Alaska.

She and her father took 2 weeks to reach the summit, with many rest days. On the way, she learned that a member of a party one or two days ahead of her was killed in a rock fall.

“It made me nervous,” she said. “It kind of makes you realize more the dangers of what you are doing.”

Australian day hike

In 2005 Samantha and her father were joined by her older brother, Ted, in climbing Australia’s highest peak, 7,310-foot (2228 meter) Mt. Kosciuszko.

This was a day hike at the top of a ski resort, and they made it a family outing; while the three of them donned snow shoes and trudged through white-out conditions, her little sister, Emma, skied on the slopes below.

Antarctica

The Vinson Massive proved to be 17-year-old Samantha’s toughest challenge prior to Everest. Getting to the fifth-largest continent was an adventure in itself.

Samantha and her father flew to the tip of Chile and then took a special Russian plane that touched down on a landing strip of Antarctic blue ice.

She completed the five-day journey up the Antarctic mountain, sleeping in camps

(Larson continued on page 21)

Interview with Mike Harker

This interview first appeared in Latitude 38 in October, 2004, and subsequent editions. Richard Spindler, Publisher and Executive Editor of Latitude 38, conducted the interview personally. We produce it here with the kind permission of Mike Harker. This is the fourth installment, continued from last month.

Before we began our interview with Mike Harker, we knew enough about his recent sailing history to know that he would be a good subject for an interview. Specifically, that at age 52, and with very little sailing experience, he bought a boat and did the 2000 Ha-Ha. 18 months later, he singlehanded across the Atlantic, and during the next 20 months cruised 24,000 miles between Miami and Malta, Malta and the Marquesas, and the Marquesas and his home in Manhattan Beach – much of it singlehanded. We also know that he's planning on getting another HUNTER next year in order to complete his circumnavigation. Despite having met Harker several times, what we didn't know about him until we met him at Orange Coast College in Newport Beach for the start of this interview is that in April 1977, he was nearly killed in a horrible sporting accident. Therefore all his subsequent sailing and career achievements have to be viewed against a backdrop of his not even being able to sit up in a wheelchair for several years, and repeatedly being told to accept the fact that he'd never be able to walk again. Although Harker is unable to stand without at least touching something, and is paralyzed from the knees down, he is able to walk. Furthermore, in addition to his sailing adventures, after the accident he's become a very successful photographer and film producer. As such, while this interview – which will appear in several parts – is about sailing, it's also very much about resilience and perseverance. We hope you enjoy it and are inspired by it. – Richard Spindler, Publisher and Executive Editor of Latitude 38.

38: Did you find crew for your Atlantic crossing back to the Caribbean?

Harker: For once I did find crew. One was a 23-year old Swedish guy fresh out of the navy who was looking to sail across in the Atlantic Rally for Cruisers (ARC) that was going to start a week after I intended to take off. But he came with us. The other was a 22-year-old German guy I'd met because I speak German. He'd gone to the Canaries with his girlfriend and she dumped him. He was really down, so I asked him if he'd like to come on a boat ride. He'd never been on any kind of boat before, so we gave him a little sailing test, and decided to take him.

As for the actual crossing, it was so perfect so there's not much to say about it. We



Mike Harker

had sandy desert winds push us almost due south to just off the Cape Verdes, so we decided to stop there and get some diesel. From the Cape Verdes we rumbled it something like 2,500 miles to Antigua in the Eastern Caribbean.

We had nothing but northeast winds of 18 to 20 knots, which was just perfect. Even though there were just three of us, we “flew the chute” a lot – until the spinnaker halyard

chafed through. After that we sailed wing-and-wing, making use of the spinnaker pole I'd purchased in Mallorca. Since the wind was consistent, the sea flat, and it was T-shirts and shorts weather, what more could you want? And the two guys turned out to be great crew.

(Harker continued on page 4)

38: You had virtually nothing go wrong with your boat when you singlehanded east across the Atlantic. Were you as lucky coming back?

Harker: : The spinnaker halyard did break, and we actually did have one mechanical problem – the rotary motor for the RayMarine 6001+ autopilot froze up. This meant that the three of us had to hand steer the last 1,000 miles. The rotary motor on the autopilot has been the only consistent problem I've had with my Hunter 466, as it's burned out four times. So now I always carry two, and can swap a new one for a broken one in about 15 minutes. But no matter where I've been in the world, RayMarine has been happy to replace the motors in a couple of days at no charge. But there were no problems other than the halyard and the rotary motor.

38: That's impressive for a complicated new boat.

Harker: : Well, I didn't break anything at all going across the Atlantic the first time, or while in the Med. Having been to the Hunter factory, I was confident I had a bulletproof boat.

38: Nonetheless, it's the norm for new boats and systems to have teething problems. What did you do when you got to Antigua?

Harker: : I arrived in Antigua in early December, just prior to the start of the giant

Nicholson's Crewed Charterboat Show – the one with all the megayachts. Although my *Wanderlust* is no megayacht, I told Hunter I'd show my boat there – it was still the newest Hunter model – if they'd pay for my entry fee. They agreed. Many of the charter brokers who came aboard were impressed with the layout and luxuries – such as the Vacuflush toilets – that I could have chartered my boat all season. But I wasn't interested in doing that. It did make a lot of points with Hunter though. Being an exhibitor got me a badge so I could go on all the other boats.

Wow! Many of the boats were over 100 feet long, and some of them chartered for as much as \$200,000 a week. Equally impressive were all the beautiful young crew – female and male – in their cute little uniforms. While there, I met the folks aboard the 150-ft schooner *Eleanora*, which, although built in 2001, had been modeled after a 1909 Hershel design. Because of that meeting, I sailed with them in the Antigua Classic Regatta the following spring and made a program out of it for German television. I had one guy take the camera up the main mast so I could film from up there by remote control.

After Antigua, I kicked around the islands of the Eastern Caribbean, liking most places but not caring for others. For instance, I

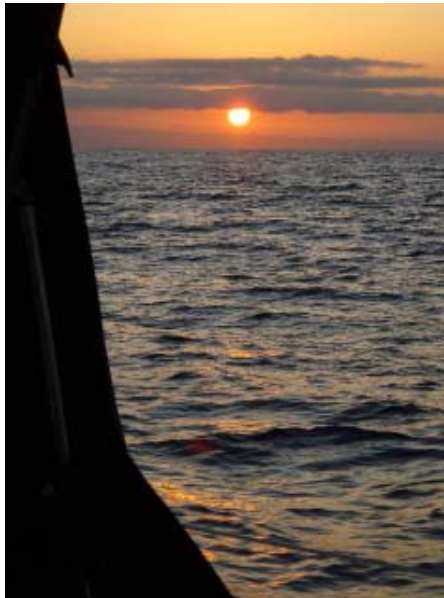


Mike with two temporary crewmates

liked Nevis, but nearby St. Kitts just had too many cruise ships for my liking. I spent about four nights at St. Barts, where I briefly stopped by to say hello to Profligate. St. Barts is more international than French, and it was great. I also liked the Dutch part of Sint Maarten. The Swedish guy who had sailed across the Atlantic with me was my crew during this period when he didn't have gigs on charter boats. We had a great time!

38: How did you find the Caribbean to be different from the Med?

Harker: : The biggest thing is that except for the French Islands, it's mostly Americans in the Caribbean. But there was really consistent wind for great sailing, and the clear waters and plentiful fish made for excellent diving.



Tropical sunset

Later on I visited the British Virgins, which were really great. I loved Norman Island with the bar on the *William Thornton*, and *Jost van Dyke*, home of Foxy's, where Foxy Callwood made everyone feel right at home. I'm sure that many charter veterans are familiar with both these places. What I really liked is that everybody seemed to be so happy and enjoying themselves. I next continued on to Charlotte Amalie in the U.S. Virgins, which was only a few miles away. It was so terrible that I couldn't wait to get out! Fortunately, my next stop was at

small and quiet Culebra in the so-called "Spanish Virgins," which I also found to my liking.

38: Didn't you have to take your boat back to Miami so Hunter could feature her in the Miami Boat Show again?

Harker: : After Culebra I did need to hurry as I had promised Hunter that I'd deliver the boat back to the show again. I had perfect wind for my new chute, so rather than harbor-hopping to Florida, I sailed single-handed again straight up the Old Bahama Channel, which is to the north of Cuba. I made it to Miami after six days of perfect sailing! It was just a wonderful sail, and when I got to the Gulfstream, I once hit 12 knots over the bottom! (Laughter.)

38: You left the chute up at night even though you were alone?

Harker: : It's an asymmetrical chute on a code zero roller, so yes, I left it up at night a lot. But I have everything lead back to the cockpit, so I can set it or just roll it up easily.

38: You did a lot of singlehanded sailing? Did you ever get bored?

Harker: : No, I enjoy being out on the ocean. Plus, I'm a part owner of a radio station in Germany, so I have 3,000 CDs on a hard drive – and a really good sound system.

(Continued next month)

The UAE with class

Robert G. Williscroft – Editor

Adventurers often regale Club members with tales of adventure hardship and dangerous near-misses, but there is more than one kind of adventure.

Mort Loveman (#1001) and Bill Burchette (#1079) recently visited the United Arab Emirates. According to Mort, “The trip was fabulous, starting and ending in Dubai, with five-star hotels every night.”

The pair visited all seven Emirates, and found that while Dubai, Abu Dhabi, and Shanjah overwhelm a visitor with vast construction projects, the middle and eastern

Emirates (Fujairah and the rest) are totally different, predominantly agricultural with a much more relaxed lifestyle.

Although the level of sophisticated luxury on this travel adventure exceeded most of his trips, Mort told me that he has been making such trips for the past twenty-eight years, creating and producing travel lectures – some ninety to date – replete with slides, and even the opportunity to participate on one of his future trips.

Mort earns his living as a travel agent and from paid attendance at some of his productions.



Mort filming the start of the 4-wheeler desert caravan



Stuck in the sand



Bill with his new young friend



Mort in the Wadi Beah



Bill in the Wadi Beah

Soaring

James Dorsey (#1081)

The nose of the plane suddenly jerks up and I pull back on the stick as instructed.

I am instantly pressed back into my seat, just able to keep my hands on the yoke between my knees. There is a brief moment of disorientation and just a flash of vertigo. It is not fear, but rather, exhilaration.

We hit the thermal perfectly and all I can see ahead of me now is blue sky as the altimeter says we are climbing almost 1000 feet a minute. I would compare it to a giant roller coaster but they scare me, while here in the sky, I feel only peace.



"Soar" courtesy of D. Purtell

I have never been in a glider before, let alone at the controls, but with our nose pointed at heaven, all my anxieties have vanished.

Leveling off at just over 4000 feet the vast panorama of the desert spreads below us, flat, brown and endless. We pass over it silently as one of its own creatures.

Here, on the back side of a mountain range with the sun heating the earth, hot air rises and follows the contours of the landscape below us. By staying on top of the rising air, a glider can stay up indefinitely.

I have heard stories of pilots flying from state to state by simply following the contour of mountain ranges.

It is surreal to be in a totally silent airplane with only the voice of my instructor

whispering directions and I suddenly realize our Plexiglas canopy, also heated by the sun, is turning the cockpit into a sauna.

I open the tiny vent window and cool air flows over me along with a deafening roar that sounds like a freight train.

There is no extra room in a glider. Everything is stripped down and designed for lightness and utility. Jammed into my tiny seat with the fuselage wrapped around me, I am part of the plane, and it responds to my subtlest moves like a long time dance partner.

I turn with the slightest pressure on the rudder pedals and in the blink of an eye am staring straight down at the earth from 3,000 feet. Below us, the tow plane, getting ready to pull the next flier into the sky, looks like a child's toy.

I am surprised by the G forces generated by a plane with no power and bank sharply towards the mountain to find one more thermal to ride skyward.

The land rushes at us quickly and just as I feel the surge under my wings, a red tailed hawk flashes by within feet of our cockpit. Perhaps we came too close to its nest, or maybe he is just curious about the strange creatures who are suddenly sharing his airspace.

I bank to the right just as the thermal catches our nose and pull into a climb with the hawk leading the way. He breaks to the

(Soaring continued on page 10)

What's Happening...

Mike Harker arrives in Sydney

Mike Harker, whose continuing interview with *Latitude 38* has been featured in the *News*, has arrived in Sydney Australia.

He writes: "It was a rough go at times but the last 2 days coming down the coast from Brisbane was a wonderful sail. I had 12 -15 knots of wind off the quarter, at times out of the NW and at night from NE. I was able to average 7.5 knots sailing plus 2 knots of positive flowing current so my average over the 2 days was 9.6 knots."



Claude Hulet receives award

On April 21, Claude Hulet (#1114) was honored by the UCLA Dept of Spanish and Portuguese at the anniversary of his founding and annual organization of the Symposium on Portuguese Traditions over the past thirty years.

At a formal reception he received a commemorative plaque celebrating the occasion. A former student, Prof. Francisco Fagundes, presented him a *estschrift* titled: *Tradições Portuguesas/Portuguese Traditions In Honor of Claude L. Hulet*. The volume of almost 500 pages contains a 33-page Profile in his Own Words, twenty-

eight studies authored by well-known scholars in the field, and Prof. Hulet's brief curriculum vitae. A *estschrift* is one of the highest accolades a living university professor can attain to.

Claude has donated the *estschrift* to the Club library.

Celebrating the Queen's birthday

Don Waters (#1104), Bob Iannello (#1100), Bob Walters (#1047), and your Editor attended the official Los Angeles birthday celebration for the Queen of England.



Don, Bob I., Robert, and Bob W.

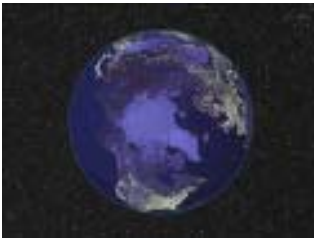
Accompanied by their festooned and be-gowned ladies, Jeanie, Jane, Marie, and Michele, they celebrated the evening with food, drink, and dance.



Jeanie, Maria, Jane, and Michele

Russian mini-sub's arrive on sea bottom at North Pole

Club member Anatoly Sagalevitch (#1021) piloted *Mir-1*, one of two Russian deep-diving mini-sub's, to reach the sea bed at the North Pole on August 2.



NASA composite photo of the North Pole at night

This feat, which originally was to have been purely scientific in scope, appears to have been usurped by the Russian political establishment. *Mir-1* left behind a titanium Russian flag and a container holding a message for future polar sea bed explorers. Both subs collected samples during their approximately 8-hour dives.

Russia has claimed the sea bed at the North Pole as its sovereign territory, but neither the United Nations nor any nation is taking the claim seriously.



Akademik Fyodorov with Mir-1 and Mir-2 aboard

Team Skychick chosen for longest race



Thirteen days, 10,000 miles, one hundred hours – that's the official schedule for the "Great Air Race."

Team Skychick is an all female team consisting of pilot Ramona Cox, aka Skychick, and co-pilot Pia Bergqvist. Ramona presented a program to the Club several months ago. Both pilots are aircraft owners and their love for aviation and adventure led them to enter the race. "Unlike many of our competitors, we have never air-raced," said Cox. "We will be competing against top racers and even military jet pilots."



Team Skychick – Co-pilot Pia Bergqvist and Pilot Ramona Cox

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. Designate it for "What's Happening...."

Sid R. Hallburn #1125



Sid Hallburn was born in San Francisco in 1923, and currently lives in Huntington Beach, California. He is married with three children.

Sid served in the OSS – the precursor to the CIA – as part of his military service from 1942 through 1946. He taught both armed and unarmed combat for the Army and Air Force. He holds a 6th degree black belt in Kenpo-Karate that he earned in 1970, and was inducted into the Martial Arts Hall of Fame in 2002.

Sid received his M.Sc. in Education from University of Southern California following the War, and became a school teacher, specializing in teaching handicapped kids and gang members.

Sid also managed to find his way into show business as a tap dancer with an MGM group.

Sid has traveled throughout the United States, and has visited Mexico and Canada. He is a member of the American Legion, the Orange County Freedom Committee, the ROTC, the Orange County Veterans Association, and the Vietnam Veterans Association

(Soaring continued from page 7)

right and I know he is watching curiously, as we soar past.

When a powerful crosscurrent of air slams into us, I am suddenly going as fast to the side as forward, and realize just how fragile this tiny machine is while in the hands of nature. Our wings are wobbling like ocean waves and the plane is tossed about as though we are a puppet on strings. I put the nose down to gain speed and power out of the turbulence, getting a thumbs up from my instructor.

For the next hour I climb, bank, dive and soar like a giant white bird, and for the first time in memory believe I know the true meaning of the word freedom.

And like all birds, we must eventually return to the earth.

I climb one last time, then hand the yoke back to the instructor as I relax and become a passenger for the final minutes.

As our nose wheel touches down and we skid along to a stop, a long forgotten poem from my childhood pops into my head with the words recalled for the first time in decades and yet completely relevant for the moment.

“For I have slipped the surly bonds of earth, and for a brief moment, touched the face of God.”



Member Profile – Danee Hazama #1014

Allan Smith 1069

Danee Hazama (#1014) lives in Tahiti.

Danee joined the Club in 1991, following a friend's recommendation. Of adventuring, Danee says: "I have always been taken off the beaten path by my choice to live dreams and not just think about them."

Danee's life is an adventure. Notably, he has lived on a remote island, conducted research at archeological sites in the Marquesas, and jumped out of an aircraft to visit Taiwanese aboriginals with a parachute that malfunctioned.

Danee is a professional photographer currently documenting the connection between Polynesians and their ancient Asian Homeland. He hopes thereby to create closer ties of international bonding between

Austronesian nations. His photographs will be exhibited in museums throughout the Pacific, and will include thirteen Taiwan aboriginal tribes that share a common ancestry of the Polynesians established through DNA.

When responding to our survey question about the one thing that stands out in his personal life that club members are not aware of, Danee said that in addition to "living in Tahiti and working full time as a photographer, I had my DNA tested and got a reply in advance that stated:

Your results are somewhat unusual in that your haplogroups are quite rare. One of your Asian haplogroups represents the haplogroup that began one of the earliest Native American haplogroups.



Danee with his ultra-light – Ulm



Archeology in the Marquesas



Tsou Tribe – Alishan mountains, Taiwan



Dancing in the Heiva of Tahiti



14-man canoe historic voyage around Taiwan



Remote area of an Atoll in the Tuamotus – from Ulm

BOOK REVIEW –

OPEN FIRE! – A Marine's Personal Story

by Robert G. Williscroft – Editor

Author: Roy William Roush (#864), Front Line Press, Apache Junction, AZ, 2003 (678p; 9 x 11 1/4) , ISBN: 0-9723072-5-7

From time to time you run across a book that is like no other. This is such a book, written by a warrior who was trained as a journalist.

Subtitled *A Marine's personal story of front line combat on Guadalcanal, Tarawa, Saipan and Tinian in the South Pacific during World War II, then as a F-51 & Jet Fighter Pilot in the USAF during the Korean War*, this massive 678-page book tells the story of World War II as no other this reviewer has read.

This is not so much a history of the war as a personal journey through that war, a journey fraught with unbelievable danger, fear, courage, and something peculiarly American – a do-or-die tenacity that challenges all odds to triumph in the end.

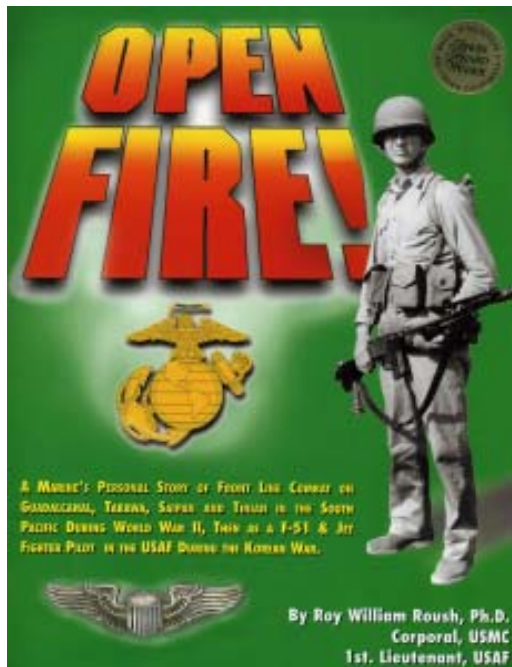
This book is filled with over 1,000 photos of the South Pacific and Korean action, many appearing in print for the first time, and maps and charts that explain what was actually happening during what seemed to Roush as nothing more than a chaotic mess that he had somehow to survive.

Congressional Medal of Honor recipient

Joe Foss said before his death, "It's one hell of an exciting book written by someone

who was there at the time and lived it – not by a researcher later. He went from a jungle fighter in one war to a fighter pilot in another. I don't know of anyone else who did that. It's an epic of action and adventure in real history."

Rod E. Redmon, the prolific reviewer, wrote that, "When a skilled journalist becomes a BAR-toting Marine infantryman you can be assured his accounts of the sights, smells and anxieties of



blood and guts Pacific combat will be most credible and exciting. When this same journalist, now a seasoned and bemedaled combat veteran, sets aside his Marine khakis for Air Force blues and pilot's wings you are guaranteed a still more engrossing tale of high adventure in enemy skies.

Open Fire! is available primarily from Front Line Press, 940 W. Apache Trail, Apache Junction, AZ 85220, (480) 829-9507, although copies can be found online. The book is also available directly from the author.

THE THRAWN RICKLE*From the Ancient Scottish: thrawn = stubborn; rickle = loose, dilapidated heap*

Robert G. Williscroft #1116 - Editor



So, how do you like the color cover? This will be a regular feature of the *News* from now on.

This month we include a Member Profile – Danee Hamaza, who lives in Tahiti as a photographer. Just imagine: virtually no crime, no gangs, no traffic jams, and a relaxed attitude on just about everything. It is a bit of a commute, however, to get to the Club on Thursdays.

Recently, a member's car was stolen right across the street from the Club entrance. It was not even a particularly valuable or desirable car, just something that was there, and available. If you arrive by car, it is probably a good idea not to leave anything valuable inside it, and you may want to park in the lot behind the Club building. The Club provides a security guard who stays in the parking lot for the entire evening.

I am going to harp about dress, once again. I know this is Southern California where people go to pricey restaurants in jeans and t-shirt. But the Club isn't a pricey restaurant – it's a place where gentlemen adventurers meet for fellowship, good food, and a reprieve from the outside world. Please help to keep it that way. You never know when a journalist will honor us with his or her presence, or when a special visitor will arrive with a member. I'm not talking about three-piece suits, just a relaxed business dress-sense that let's us keep the tradition going.

Don't forget to purchase your Night of High Adventure tickets. N.O.H.A. is taking place on October 21 this year. Reservations are \$100 a seat, and the tables are filling fast. We have an enhanced program this year, that is more than worth the cost. Talk to Pierre Odier for further details, and stay tuned for further developments as we draw nearer to the date.

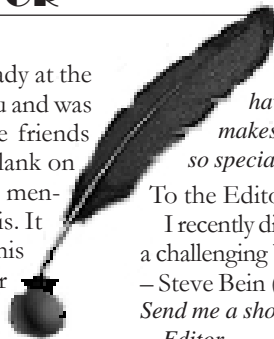
The password for the online edition (which is in full color) is "acla0707".

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

To the Editor:

It was a pleasure to meet you and your lady at the meeting last Thursday. I sat across from you and was telling a story about the man I had made friends with before I went to Antarctica. I went blank on his name and what a surprise to see him mentioned by the speaker as a good friend of his. It was Norman Vaughn who passed before his second climb up the mountain named after him. It is a small world.

– Willa Porter



Thanks for writing, Willa. Over and over again Club members and visitors have similar experiences. This is what makes the Adventurers' Club of Los Angeles so special – Editor

To the Editor:

I recently did the Rubicon Trail [4WD trail - Ed]. It is a challenging but fun road. Something not to forget.

– Steve Bein (#1057)

Send me a short article and some pictures, Steve!

– Editor

THURSDAY NIGHTS AT THE CLUB

May 17, 2007

Claude L. Hulet (#1114)

Another Day at the Office – With the Gray Whales

Jim Dorsey is a professional artist in oils and a researcher and lecturer on marine life, particularly on the gray whale. He is the “whale man” par excellence.



Jim Dorsey

Following a unique experience with orcas while kayaking some years ago, Jim has taken an initial interest in marine life in general forward to devote his attention and dedication to the study of the gray whale. Happily for Jim, the gray whale is not only an inhabitant of the waters off the North American West Coast, but treks from North to South, passing by in the Los Angeles Channel, and terminating in an annual journey to birthing bays on the Mexican coast. It is at San Ignacio, Baja California, where Jim spends half the year continuing his research of the habitat and the characteristics displayed by his giant laboratory subjects. The other half is devoted to organizing his observations and writing articles on the gray whales for professional journals.



Baby Gray Whale

It is easy to see that Jim has a deep love and concern for the gray whale. His photos

and running commentaries depict the loving relationship of the mother whale to her offspring, first of all, protecting him from predators, particularly orcas, and, ironically, teaching him how to swim. These giant beasts have an affinity for humans – at least that is so in the Mexican birthing bays where Jim studies them – because they like to come close to peer at humans, show off their acrobatic dives and splashings, be petted by them, and one, even to have her tongue scratched!



May 24, 2007

Bob Zeman (#878)

On the Thursday before Memorial Day, President **Robert DeMott** welcomed members and guests.

Jim Dorsey had returned from Bristol Bay, the largest marine reserve in North America.

Bob Zeman returned from a hiking trip to the four corners area. He hiked Granite Mountain near Prescott which has a peregrine preserve. He then hiked the Wet Beaver Creek Trail south of Sedona which has pools. He took the guided tour into Canyon de Chelly where he met Teddy Draper, one of the original 29 Navajo code talkers. Teddy landed on Iwo Jima. And Bob hiked the long trails in Chaco Canyon and heard a talk on archeo-astronomy.

Jim Heaton returned from Washington D. C. He attended a party at the National

Air and Space Museum and was impressed by the Capitol.

Steve Bein is gathering dental supplies for his friend Ed Artis who is taking them and other aid to Darfur through Knightsbridge. The janjaweed are coming on horseback to terrify and kill the citizens of Darfur.

Alan Feldstein is going to Turkey. From Istanbul, he will travel to Ephesus, Bodrum and kayak the Turkish coast. I forgot to ask this Bruin if he will explore the ruins of Troy.

Steve Bein showed some more of his beautiful photos. He was fortunate to shoot a spot-breasted wren and mangrove warbler – two birds who flit incessantly. He also had a close-up of two black hawks on a nest as well as a boat-billed flycatcher and a masked tityra. Steve also showed photos taken of the Bay Islands from a float plane he rode on out of Roatan. He flew above a flock of egrets.

Roger Haft's postcard from North Korea arrived after he did but he did view 100,000 North Koreans at a show in a stadium in Pyongyang. The stamp was North Korean.

The International Police Museum

Mike Gwaltney grew up in Huntington Park with good friend Jim Dorsey. Mike spent seven years in the Army and loved airborne.

He liked the HALO (high altitude, low opening) jumps. But one jump in which he was loaded with gear did not go well. He was supposed to land within 50 yards of

the leader. But the wind blew him into a tall tree. Dazed but conscious he tried to climb to the bottom. But the exertion was tremendous and then he realized he was climbing to the top of the tree.



After military service, Mike took the tests for sheriff, policeman and other peace officer positions and accepted a job with the Huntington Park police department. He worked in detective, administration, investigation and patrol duties.

On a vacation with his family he started collecting police hats. His collection expanded as he visited Hungary, Czechoslovakia and Poland. He bought a car in Pilsen and noted that Americans actually liberated the city although the Soviets took credit for it.

In 1992, Lithuania had broken away from the Soviet Union and asked Mike to talk and advise the country about setting up a police force. That night in his hotel, the television cameras had focused on him and gave him a lot of air time. He brought back a national police flag of Lithuania.

He noticed that there were many women in the Lithuanian police force and some of high rank. But at a breakfast for the police officers, the women were the waitresses.

The Museum now has more than 3,000 police hats. He also has German army hats from World War II with the different strip-

(Minutes continued on page 16)

(Minutes continued from page 15)

ing for infantry, panzer and concentration camp. He has 30 to 40 styles of handcuffs from places such as Iceland, Myanmar and London.

Mike showed a prized possession—a baton used by U-boat Admiral Karl Doenitz and given to him by the family. He also has 150 police uniforms but not enough mannequins to display them.



The Museum's military and holocaust displays are impressive.

But, unfortunately for Pierre, Mike has nothing on the Soviet gulags.

May 31, 2007

Bob Zeman (#878)

Shane Berry beat his postcard back and we had five guests.

Bob and Carol Benner returned from Hawaii. Bob had lived there at the end of World War II and also during the Korean War while in the Navy. He acquired pieces from battleships *USS Arizona*, *Utah* and *Oklahoma*. He also got the card of William Outerbridge, squadron commander of the *USS Ward* which sunk a Japanese submarine on December 7, 1941. These were the first shots fired by Americans at Pearl.

There is a new air museum in Pearl Harbor now.

Shane Barry returned from Borneo where he traveled to Sabah and Sarawak. He and **Gary Mortimer** canoed up river to the home of the Iban tribe and saw a huge natural cave. There were leaches on the headhunter trail.

Sabah means "land below the wind" referring to the destructive typhoon winds that more frequently occur to the north. Shane climbed Mt. Kinabalu. It was less than five miles to the 13,500-foot summit but a gain of 7,000 feet. During the trip they saw proboscis monkeys, hornbills, a dollarbird, 200-pound turtles and even dove near Sipadan.

Bob Seaman said that he is a member of our sister club in Honolulu. He says the Club once had a program on the adventures of Los Angeles.

Chuck Jonkey is back from the Turks and Caicos. He leaves for Indonesia for five weeks.

The Life of Admiral Richard E. Byrd

Guest Robert Byrd Breyer, Admiral Richard E. Byrd's grandson, asked Bob Oberto's guest, Andrea Donnellan, to say a few words about Antarctica, since she has been there. She went to the 100th birthday party of Norman Vaughan in Telluride and met Robert Byrd Breyer there. Andrea had



Andrea Donnellan

visited the site in Antarctica of a plane which had crashed in 1928 on a Byrd expedition.

Robert Breyer has hiked and climbed in the Sierras and in New Zealand. He remembered that Norman Vaughan was on the 1928 expedition and in charge of the

dogs.

On the 50th anniversary of Byrd's expedition in 1979 a tourist plane crashed on Mt. Erebus with the loss of 250 passengers.

Andrea first visited the southern continent as a field assistant to the glaciologist. She left her studies at Ohio State to measure streams, and ice sheets. And she saw a skua. She and five others were the first ones to explore an area called west Antarctica.

The future Admiral Richard Byrd was born in 1888. At age 12, he was invited by an uncle to spend some months in the Philippines which he did. He subsequently circumnavigated the world.



Robert Byrd Breyer

He graduated from the Naval Academy in 1912 and took flight training. He soloed after six hours. He joined a group of flying boats intending to fly the Atlantic making stops on the islands. All had trouble and the trip was called off at the Azores.

Richard's brother Harry became a senator and his other brother Tom married the widow of Billy Mitchell.

Richard's goal was to be the first to fly over the North Pole. He took 50 men and a plane with three 200 horsepower engines. But the only dock was occupied so they off-loaded the plane onto pontoons and floated it to land.

It used skis and the pilot was Floyd Bennett. Roald Amundsen was there with his

dirigible. But Byrd's plane was ready before the dirigible and took off on May 8. It sprung an oil leak an hour short of the pole but Bennett and Byrd flew on. They returned and Amundsen congratulated them.

In 1927 Byrd wanted to be the first to cross the Atlantic Ocean solo. But his plane had crashed and, therefore, he was the last person to wish Charles Lindberg well on his attempt. Byrd did later cross the Atlantic but landed in shallow water off of England after being unable to find a landing strip in the dense fog on the continent.

Byrd now went south. He took two dog teams to the Queen Maud Mountains, a distance of 1,300 miles and he flew over the South Pole in a 9-hour flight in 1929. He returned home to a ticker tape parade in New York.

His next expedition took off in 1934. He had already established a base at Little America. But he then went south 123 miles to winter over in a 9' by 13' hut he called a manned observatory. At first things went well as he made observations, took walks and communicated via Morse Code.

After two and a half months, his communications became erratic. He was suffering from carbon monoxide poisoning. Three men from Little America took off with torches and slogged 123 miles through the ice to save him.

In 1937 he bought a place on a lake in New York. And in 1939 he had a shortened trip to Antarctica. He was brought back to inspect bases in the south Pacific. He visited 130 islands.

Interestingly, Byrd saw the *Enola Gay* take off from Tinian and he was on the battleship

(Minutes continued on page 18)

Missouri at the signing of the Treaty.

After the war, Byrd had more plans for Antarctic exploration but his physical abilities had weakened after the poisoning. He did persuade Congress to appropriate money for setting up four stations on the continent. He died on March 11, 1957.



Adm. Richard E. Byrd

His grandson, Robert who has been to Antarctica three times, said that Richard would have been proud of the treaty signed in 1961 promoting scientific exploration and cooperation among nations on Antarctica.

June 7, 2007

Bob Zeman (#878)

Ladies Night! And we had a good crowd and a good meal.

Bernie and Devera Harris returned from a family cruise to Tenerife, Cadiz, Barcelona and Gibraltar. The two then took a tour of the Jewish Heritage sites of Spain in Granada, Sevilla, Ronda, Cordoba, Madrid and Toledo. They saw only one active synagogue in Gibraltar. The Jewish people were told to convert to Catholicism or leave Spain in 1492 as part of the Inquisition.

Steve Bein told a story that at 12 years old he met a man who had escaped from Poland, and Steve recently became reacquainted with him. This was mixed in with the fact that Steve had been student body

president at LACC and also knew a man named Joe Cooper who made a living manufacturing illusions.

Allan Smith is leaving for a trip with his wife to Italy, Croatia and the Greek Islands. Allan was saluted by our speaker for his excellence in editing and making DVDs.

Chuck Jonkey is leaving for five weeks in Indonesia.

John Calvert – Magician and Adventurer

Decades ago John Calvert was in a film *Dark Venture* starring John Carradine and Ann Cornell. As a young man, John was made up to act as an older man. The movie is being remade thanks to Allan showing John now as a real old man.

John has acted with Cecil B. DeMille, Danny Kaye, Lily Pons, Gary Cooper and Cary Grant.

But John's forte is magic shows. He did a



John Calvert with his old friend John Booth

routine with reappearing cigarettes to *Rhapsody in Blue*. He then brought a guest on stage and sat him down with napkins on his lap. John told the guest to point out the napkin after John crumpled it up.

The guest kept guessing one of John's sleeves or in his hand. But of course the audience knew that John had tossed the napkins over the guest's head while in the guise of crumpling them up.

John bought a sailboat from Henry Ford and for 25 years Ford paid for all of the

advertising for John's shows.

John sailed through a typhoon with wind gusts up to 100 knots but another typhoon with 200-knot gusts broke his mast and he motored to Okinawa for repairs.

He did shows in Taiwan and Manila. He met Chiang Kai-Shek who was a small, ruthless man. The U. S. government was after John but he avoided the agents. It turns out they wanted to give him a refund of income taxes he had paid.

He sailed out of Mogadishu. He had hired two crewmen but they were from different tribes. Not a good idea. They fought. John had trouble with the chief and eventually escaped by faking an epileptic fit by chewing on some soap and frothing at the mouth.

He flew from Europe across the Mediterranean but his plane leaked oil. He landed in Tobruk with a teaspoonful left. He then flew on to the upper Nile. Visibility was poor and he just missed some high mountains.

In Borneo, John saw the same shrunken heads that Shane Berry saw on his recent trip. They were heads of Japanese soldiers who had been decapitated in the War.

John's boat hit a coral head and sprung a leak. John tried to swim to shore but a rip tide prevented him and he was in the water 16 hours before being rescued by a sampan.

Near Japan he was approached by two boats that looked like pirates. So he set off some fireworks to scare them away.

John's wife is from Singapore. On his first trip there, he viewed open sewers. But under the leadership of Lee Kwan Yew who was elected on the Communist ticket, the

city is clean.

The engines on his boat gave out off the north coast of Cuba but he was towed in and dined on lobster.



*John Calvert with Reda Anderson
& Michele Harper*

Near Rhodes, the water was in turmoil. The boats from the U. S. carrier could not motor to the pier but John's boat had a stabilizer so he made it.

John estimates that he has ridden out 14 hurricanes at sea including 120-knot winds off the Cayman Islands.

John Calvert is an entertaining speaker and true adventurer. He is also a good friend of our member John Booth and they are within one year of age.

June 14, 2007

Claude L. Hulet (#1114)

Guns and Words

Roger Haft introduced the speaker, member **Richard Venola** (#1071).

Richard gave a spirited and fascinating lecture on his activities as a firearms specialist and a writer about nature subjects, especially about hunting and about kinds and types of arms and ammunition. This is not the first time that Richard Venola has

(Minutes continued on page 20)

presented an illustrated program at the Adventurers Club. On this occasion, how-



Richard Venola

ever, his intent was to give a narrower insight into his own specialty by focusing on his daily activities as a writer and editor of illustrated hunting related articles. His comments are always lively, down-to-earth, and dramatic, and their tone demonstrates how happily engaged he is in what he does. He has a great love of life.

Beginning at 15, Richard's adventure-some life reminds one of the proverbial swashbuckler of fiction and movies, and his vivacious manner corresponds to that characteristic as well. He has extraordinary enthusiasm for what he does, and what he does is quite clearly the result of a life of adventure, which began early and has continued to the present. A youthful hitchhiker to far out-of-the-way places, a climber, years as a Marine Corps enlisted man and later years as a commissioned officer, unique foreign service experiences in exotic places, and European research travel, all combine to prepare Richard for his editorship of *Guns and Ammo Magazine*.

One of the more original and interesting aspects of his presentation was his explanation of the way he views and organizes the elements of his photos to achieve maximum effect. That results in a particularly

dramatic, even sympathetic, representation of arms and ammunition and the hunt that clearly underlies Richard's true artistic sense, and suggests that his attitude toward composition is clearly akin to that of a poet.

The articles he writes and the photos he publishes aim to surround the readers emotionally in the scenes depicted and subtly incline them to buy the hunting equipment suggestively displayed.

In his lecture, Richard presented photos of various types of kills, made both here and abroad, demonstrating with great care the fine points of the arrangement of the background, the animals, firearms, and people in the foreground, to assure the transmission of the maximum dramatic and emotional affect to his magazine readers. He pointed out that, although everything looks so easy in the pictures, hunting is really work. Richard also seeks to take photos that show the beauty, power and grandeur of nature, nature alone with no human presence, photos that move him.

What Richard does for a living is make sales, and however practical in attitude he may be, he is aesthetic in concern and procedure.



Forthcoming Programs

- August 2, 2007 – “Adventure by Raft” John Haslett
 - August 9, 2007 – “Chasing Storms” Bill Reid
 - August 16, 2007 – “Motorcycle Solo Around the World” Glen Heggstad
 - August 23 2007 – “Flying Solo Around the World” Bob Gannon
-

NOTICES

N.O.H.A.: Our annual Night of High Adventure is fast approaching – the day is Sunday, October 21. You need to purchase your seat as soon as possible, before they are all gone. Pierre, Jim, and the rest of the committee are putting together something very special this year, a significant change from past events. You won’t want to miss it!

BIO UPDATE: We need to update our membership roster to include our newer members and update any out-of-date bios from older members. Please send any updating information either by email to aclaeditor@argee.net, or by snailmail to The Secretary at the address listed on the index page. We need to receive all updates as soon as possible.

SILENT AUCTION: The Club is looking for good off-the-beaten-path exotic items for this year’s silent auction at N.O.H.A. Please do not bring cast off items, used items (except antiques), or anything else that would not bring status to the Club. The silent auction committee is looking for items that will be the one thing missing from the collection of the person who has everything. Please bring your donations to the Club at one of the next meetings.

(Larson continued from page 2)

in 30-below temperatures. With the help of a guide, the crew, which included two adult friends, set up tents, melted snow for water, and carved walls out of ice to block the intense winds.

The team used ropes and axes to maneuver safely, but Larson was rattled during the two-day descent when there were heavy winds and poor visibility.

NOTES

The
Adventurers' Club News
PO Box 31266
Los Angeles CA 90031

FIRST CLASS MAIL

July 2007