The time is now apparent when gentlemen adventurers look ahead, respond to the past with peace and look closely at a renewal of good taste in conduct. A return to polite behavior that has always distinguished us as individuals and as a club; that, to me, is important.

The return to a point of no temerity or unreasonableness is difficult, but if it is important, it can be done. Adjustments and compromises may be slow, but if it is what people of stature wish, then it will be.

Rough, tough and foul of mouth is not an attribute to an adventurer. That mode can be, and often is, a hindrance. A swashbuckling, devil-may-care manner is not necessarily the mark of a gentlemen adventurer. Good adventuring takes thought, often a genteel quality and respectability and is demanding when it calls on trust during defiance. It can be defeating even annihilating.

I have marvelled at the demeanor of our members. They have listened and honored each others views. Their differences have allowed good to result.

It is now time - past time - for us to come to the aid of our cause --- with class.
"THE FLIGHT that HAUNTS"

by david steed #975

Editor's note:
The account that follows pertains to one of the all-time great adventures that had a great start but left Dave Steed and the world wondering.

Steed saw "The Flight of the Eagle" when it had a brief run in a Los Angeles theatre in 1983. He recollects that scenes from the film "haunted" him as he struggled through his circumnavigation of Baja California. At the recent evening in Los Angeles with Sir Edmund Hillary, he met a guest whose grandfather, a Swedish scientist, had been involved in the research and planning that went into Solomon Andree's expedition.

Dave's interest revived immediately and he located books about the expedition in used bookstores. He also learned that Ray Fredrickson #904 had met the director, Jan Troell. Ray borrowed Dave's books and grew interested in Andree's adventure.

On his trip around Scandinavia last summer, Ray visited the Andrée Museum in Sweden.

Through the past year, Dave has attempted to obtain the film for a program at the Club and was "totally surprised" by its recent release on videocassette. Dave and Ray hope they will be

(Cont'd page 3)
"ADVENTURERS CLUB DESERT COOKOUT AND BULA BULA"
EDITOR
At a recent Board Meeting I suggested that the Club members have a High Desert rendezvous. The suggestion was printed in the Journal. Ken Brock returned from Europe (with his wife Marie) and read the Journal. Ken called to say, "Hey man! let's have that party at my place at Mirage. Invite the Club and their female counterparts, girl associates, his or her children or theirs?" So, the Journal had a reader and we have a date for November 15, 16 and 17. Come any or all of the dates. We can sleep in or out of Ken's airplane hangar, near his cabin. Bring sleeping bags, warm clothes, each family bring your own food. Fly in if you wish, Ken has a fine runway, skydive in, get towed in, bring your truck or RV, drive in, coast in. Bring your gyrocopters, helicopters, D-6's, D-8's, callalls, wheelbarrows, funny cars, sailplanes, kites and harmonicas. We can dance in the hangar and barbecue on the largest barbecue this side of Pismo. Sign up at the Club and indicate how many in your party.
able to find the film in a 16mm edition so they can put together an exciting evening about "one of the most daring adventures of all time".

--

A freezing, southerly wind was gusting over Dane's Island. It is the afternoon of July 11, 1897 in one of the most remote places on earth that can be reached by sea, only a few miles below the 80th parallel. The hills and mountains of the island rise from the water in rocky nakedness, devoid of anything but patches of ice and snow.

However, in a small indentation on the northern aide, Virgo Harbor, some curious activity is underway. A Swedish gunboat lies anchored abreast an enormous, strangely-shaped building on the shore. It has eight sides, with a height of about 100 feet and is constructed with removable sections; the upper north walls have been left open. A spherical object can be seen through the open sections, completely filling the interior of the building. There is considerable activity in and around the odd structure.

The wind calms momentarily and all movement stops.

Suddenly, a huge sphere emerges from the building and rises in hesitant, jerky movements. Now, it is recognizable as a balloon with a gondola suspended beneath. Heading northeastward at 200 to 300 feet, it starts across Virgo Harbor, trailing a number of ropes which drag in the water, leaving a wake. Unexpectedly, the balloon sinks down, down, the gondola striking the surface of the sea. There are splashes in the water as several figures atop the gondola drop something overboard. The balloon leaps sharply upward, rising with increasing velocity. Still heading northeast, it
climbs to 1000 feet and passes over the eastern end of Amsterdam Island. The minutes slide slowly by as the lonely balloon moves away with imperceptible speed, still rising. Only moments before shrinking to a speck too tiny to see, it vanishes into a cloud. This is the flight of the EAGLE.

Riding in the balloon car are Salomon Andrée, the chief engineer at the Patent Office in Stockholm, and his companions, Knut Fraenkel and Nils Strindberg. The object of their expedition is to reach the North Pole, a terra incognita on a balloon journey far more lengthy than previously attempted.

Andrée's introduction to ballooning came 20 years before, when he was working at the Swedish section of the U.S. Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia. In that city, he met John Wise, a well-known and very experienced aeronaut who had made over 400 balloon ascents. From Wise, he learned the fundamentals of his future avocation.

After returning to Sweden, 15 long years passed before Andrée obtained a grant to purchase his first balloon, the SVEA. Over the next two years, he made nine solo flights, carrying out extensive scientific investigations and trying new ideas, such as guide-lines and steering-sails, innovations which gave the SVEA some dirigibility (steerability). A perspective of how unusual Andrée's activities were to the general population can be had from his account of an ascent in the SVEA. Departing from Göteborg, he landed some 90 miles distant and after the balloon was safely deflated, went back to some buildings he had previously passed. He says, "There I met a woman and a boy who had locked
themselves in, and did not come out before they were quite assured I was an ordinary man."

Indeed, Andrée was no ordinary man. In 1894, after a meeting of the Swedish Anthropological and Geographical Society, he was approached by Nordenkild, the discoverer of the Northeast Passage. The two men discussed the use of balloons in exploration and Andrée proposed an expedition to explore the North Polar region. Nordenkild liked the idea and Andrée's Polar plan was born.

In a lecture to the Swedish Academy of Sciences in 1895, he disclosed his plan for a polar expedition by balloon. The idea's acceptance by the Swedish scientific community and the public exceeded his expectations. In the months that followed, funds for the expedition came in quickly, after Alfred Nobel, the inventor, contributed 50% of the projected cost. The construction of the balloon was contracted for with Lachambre, in France. A prefabricated balloon house, to protect the balloon during inflation and launching, was designed and built.

In the summer of 1896, Andrée and a large crew departed for Spitsbergen on the freighter VIRGO. They located a launching site on Dane's Island, erected the balloon house, set up a hydrogen generator, and weather permitting, hoped to depart for the Pole. During the three weeks they had at Dane's Island, due to insurance restrictions on the VIRGO, favorable wind conditions did not occur. With great disappointment, the expedition packed up the balloon and sailed back to Sweden, to wait a year for another attempt.

The next year, on July 11, 1897, Andrée and his team were fortunate and had strong southerly winds, which they calculated would carry them swiftly over the Pole. The EAGLE was launched and disappeared to the north, flying at almost 2000 feet.

Four days later, on board the Norwegian sealer ALKEN, the captain was called on deck at one in the morning because an unusual bird had landed on the mast. Thinking it was a ptarmigan, he shot it and it fell into the sea. Later in the day, he learned from another ship that the bird might have been one of Andrée's carrier pigeons; he returned to the same spot and sent out boats to look
Two years later, one of Andrée's message buoys was found on the north coast of Iceland. It was dated July 11, 1897 and also said, "All well". One year after that, in 1900, another buoy drifted ashore on the north coast of Norway. It too was dated July 11, 1897 and said, "Weather magnificent. In best of humors." After that not a trace was found of Andrée and his crew...for years.

In 1967, a member of Swedish Parliament, Per Olaf Sundman, published "The Flight of the Eagle", a documentary novel founded on historical facts. The book was read by Jan Troell, the film director who made "Unto a New Land" and "The Emigrants". He became interested in the adventure and the personalities behind it and decided to make a film based on Sundman's book. Troell worked on the production over a period of ten years, completing it in 1982.

In the film, "The Flight of the Eagle", you will learn the fate of Andrée's Polar Expedition. I must warn you that viewing this extraordinarily realistic and starkly beautiful motion picture has its liabilities, particularly for the adven-
you are intrigued by Troell's film, you might also wish to read Sundman's book, which was translated into English and can be found in libraries and used bookstores. For greater factual details, a book called "André's Story" was published in 1930. If you are still curious, then travel to Gränna, Sweden, as Ray Fredrickson has, to visit the André Museum.

"Whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings."

Dr. Samuel Johnson

Nothing is finer than the comraderie that has weathered the storms of life. The caring of the young and the old for the older is the great beginning.
Editors view:

When I think of Willard Bascom #789, it is a montage, a juxtaposed composite of thought mixture, but one episode of his life stands out vividly to me:

Bascom was working on the heels of the first thermonuclear explosions in the Pacific. He was leading a project to record blast pressure and long-period waves. At the time of this explosion Willard was standing alone on a small raft beside a small skiff in which was an associate and a Navy Commander. Bascom was securing a 137,000 volt connection. With that connection they watched the awesome colorful mushroom explosion rise above the horizon. Will wanted to stay put and observe the instruments, check measurements and watch the recordings. But a command from a Navy admiral was immediately radioed to all task ships in the area: "Proceed to the East at high speed!" (To avoid the danger). The winds were generally from the east and it was previously predicted that the nuclear material released would travel west. The command was based on a "miscalculation". They sped unknowingly into a fantastic high level of fallout. Everyone was unaware that an explosion of this magnitude would puncture the troposphere. All the deadly material fell from very high altitudes to the east. An Army Major, aboard to monitor radiation, who considered bureau standard levels of 10 milli-
roentgens per hour a big dose, was getting readings of 100 to 200 per hour. Even with a jury-rig washdown system, much "hot" deck equipment was thrown overboard. Willard's outlook was that the aftermath provided him with no particular worry. He remarked, "I was in the anomalous position of having cancer before I went on the cruise. I had been receiving radiation treatments for some time."

Having outlived all the doctors who initially treated his cancer, and having spent some time studying radiation effects, Bascom tends to believe that "radiation is highly overrated as a problem."

"Willard makes time, he doesn't spend it." His is an uncontestable approach to adventure and exploration. The Colorado School of Mines at Golden, Colorado, a campus upon which I spent time, awarded Willard its Distinguished Achievement Medal and the Explorers Club awarded him its Gold Medal, the first presented to an oceanographer.

I like what Bascom said, "The world is such a marvelously complicated place that I just don't see any end to adventure and exploration at all."
We do not know when voyaging began but the transport of obsidian to the Peloponese in 7000 BC, the settlement of Malta in 5000 BC, and the existence of people on the Canary Islands by 3000 BC give an indication. The Jomon Japanese seem to have crossed the Pacific by 2200 BC and left their pottery in Ecuador. Pacific island voyagers left Indo-China in about 1200 BC and reached the Marquesas at least by 200 AD. The fact that Easter Island and Hawaii had been settled for at least several hundred years when they were first found by Europeans is evidence enough of early long-range voyaging.

A natural question is What sort of a boat would be required to make a long ocean passage? How large? How much supplies? How sailed? We will never know how the early voyagers did it in any detail but one kind of answer is that in the last few decades a dozen very small boats have crossed the Atlantic and the Pacific. Some started with virtually no food or water. Boats 2 to 5 meters long including dugout canoes, rubber rafts, dorys, rafts, rowboats, and tiny sailboats have made it across.

There is no question that the ancients could have done the same, although, of course, they would not have known where they were going. The ordinary dried foods that were carried on overland trips would have lasted well enough. Clay pots of water, supplemented by rain and fish juices, sufficed.

(Editor's note: As the reader may recall, one of my wives sailed the little 25 foot sailboat "Sea Sharp" singlehanded from Marina Del Ray to Oahu 2,225 miles, and then sailed her 31 foot "Sea Sharp II" from Yokahama to San Diego 6,000 miles. That was before women's lib, so I expect an influx of women voyagers. "Watch out Big Boy!")

Ocean weather is changeable from year to year and century to century. Winds and currents shown on charts are averages; most of the time they move that way but sometimes they do the opposite. They may go faster, slower, turn in endless gyres or cease completely (as some did in the El Niño of 1983). For a small boat driven by winds and currents that means that some years it would be impossible to cross the sea or ocean; other times a crossing would be inevitable. Only the
lucky voyagers who started at the right time made it. Probably many more were lost in storms, trapped in circling currents or had their boats eaten out from under them by marine borers.

Finally some will ask, "Why would anyone want to take the risks of voyaging? Why not stay home or go by land?" There are three kinds of answers to that. Some voyagers were ordered by a ruler to go exploring. Necho, Xerxes and Alexander sent ships off to learn more about the world. Other voyagers were escaping from death or slavery. It is easy to conceive that a deposed ruler and a few retainers would flee by boat. So would fragments of a defeated army, persecuted religious leaders, escaping convicts, persons fleeing plague or famine. They had nothing to lose with all other escape cut off. The third category is hardest for landsmen to understand. Some people are at home on the sea. They stay there out of choice and find one place much like another. They voyage for adventure, for trade, to establish new colonies. Phoenicians reached the Azores; Icelanders reached Greenland; Polynesians found hundreds of islands.

Some voyagers also crossed the ocean by accident. In 1875 Charles Brooks reported to the California Academy of Sciences that in the previous 100 years at least 25 rudderless, dismasted Japanese junks had reached the Aleutians, British Columbia, Washington, Oregon, California and Mexico. Many of these had survivors aboard. The accidental discovery of Brazil by Cabral in 1500 is another indication of the chance effects of ocean weather.

The courage and stamina and luck of those that made it is to be admired. Most anthropologists accept that a few persons made it across the oceans in the ways just indicated. The larger question, still unresolved, is the extent to which culture was transferred by voyaging. Diffusionists believe that it was important; Independent inventionists think the effect was minimal.
AMERICA, DISCOVER ME
By Willard Bascom

Long, long ago, from west and east
I came across the sea.
Before the grey gust and the driven wave,
knowing not this land before me.

Many, many times
I came on vagrant wind and wand’ring current;
On sail and oar, paddle and prayer.

I came a long sea road, sick and lost;
In desperation, but with hope.

Never looked back.

I came alone and in company,
Armed and in peace
I came as priest, explorer, trader
As homesteader, with wife and child

Foolish but brave.

I found behind your rocky shore
A land of timber, stocked with game.
Savage deserts, mountains, canyons.

Hard but free. A place to start anew.
I could not return

I discovered America
America, discover me!

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WE PREPARE for 1986
By The President

The first session of the Annual Business Meeting for 1985 was held at the Club quarters, 706 West Pico Blvd. on Thursday, October 3, 1985.

The call to order by the President was followed by presentation of the Minutes by Keith Chase, Secretary.
They were approved.

The agenda contained propositions submitted by the Board of Directors for consideration and discussion. Action is to be taken at the November 7th second session of the Annual Business Meeting. To be considered are Article III, Section 10 of the bylaws which deals with suspension and removal of members and Article IV, Section 9 which deals with Quorum. Some discussion followed on these items. Final discussions to be made at the November meeting.

Next on the agenda was the introduction of the Nominating Committee by Al A. Adams, Chairman. The committee consists of Al Adams, Tom Sechriat, Bill Carr, Bill Roberts, Bill Brown, Cob Harms and Wayne Barker, ex-officio. The chairman presented the nominees for 1986, as selected by the committee, from the active membership in accordance with the bylaws. They are:
- President - Charles J. Rosa
- 1st VP - Dr. Frank Haigler
- 2nd VP - David E. Reed
- Secretary - Dr. Ken Senter
- Treasurer - Robert Sechriat
- Those for Directors:
  - Emil Barjak
  - Dr. Bruce L. Meyers
  - Don Oroaz
  - Dr. Chester M. Sidell is filling out the term vacated by Sanford Smith. He accepted the nomination for 1986. The holdovers with one year remaining in their term of office are:
  - Wayne Barker
  - Robert E. Bancroft
  - William F. Lyte
  - The only nomination for any office from the floor was Robert H. I. Silver for President.

Please mark your calendars for the very important Business Meeting on November 7, 1985.

After the business Bill Brown announced the progress being made with the plans for the Night of High Adventure. It is my hope the he will be rewarded for his effort by all members showing appreciation by filling the Castaways on the night of October 25.

To the Editor of the Adventurers Club Journal, "What we are hearing around the quarters is that the last issue can only be surpassed by the next. Al, your expertise in this field, along with your determination, are the ingredients that are so evident in these publications. You are doing a service for the entire membership, and we thank you."
Your editorial staff wishes to acknowledge letters just received at the Club. It lifts the spirits of your staff and it should be shared with all members for it is the total membership that allows the Journal to go to press. Therefore, all our efforts have combined, and these reflections by our fellow members are to be savored by all.

Emil Barjak writes:
Here are some stories for our "new" and again "great" Club Journal. I have been looking forward to reading your great philosophy about adventure. Thank you for bringing the group back together.

Greetings, Emil Barjak

Dear Al, We have just returned from our three months cruise in Southeast Alaska on our boat. What a pile of mail on our return but outstanding were the three Journals of the Adventurers Club. Talk about attitude adjustment I feel your revised publications of the Club News has done more for pulling the Club back on track than any possible speeches from the podium. Congratulations on the great job and thanks for taking it on. Sincerely, Howard Gee

Willard Bascom #789 writes:
"I do appreciate the effort that you, your staff and the previous editors have put into the Adventurers Club Journal. Thanks for all of us." Willard

The Club members have, as a result of their mutual efforts, received a welcome letter paying all a tribute. Your editorial staff wishes to thank the membership for its backing and contributions by way of the Venture Fund making it possible for us to have the Journal so that this tribute is possible. Members please read and enjoy the following from Stephen Roulac:
I continue to be most favorably impressed and most appreciative of your strong efforts in making our fine publication possible. I like your mix of articles, I like your outreach of involving people, I like your tone, I like your upbeat outlook. You are accumulating a major debt of gratitude.
Warm personal regards, Steve

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Doug MacDonald writes:
Dear Al, Dr. Ralph W. Schreiber, Curator of Ornithology is looking for volunteers to work on tropical Christmas Island 1200 miles south of Hawaii. He needs people to spend one or two weeks working with him on a study of Terns, Boobies, Frigatebirds and other tropic birds nesting there. As an assistant you will be working with him gathering birds and specimen, weighing, photographing, etc. During time off swim, snorkle, fish and have access to the native village.

Trips are planned for mid-February and mid-July 1986. Expenses are tax deductible, $2,100 per week, or $2,800 for two weeks includes air fare from LAX.

Call Dr. Schreiber at (213) 744-3366.

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THE DIFFERENCE

I shall be telling this with a sigh somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two paths diverged in a wood, and I took the one less traveled by, and that has made all the difference.

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Many adventurers experience a peculiar kind of fear called courage. AAA

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Often the return is more difficult than the departure - even for adventurers.

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I have loved the stars too fondly to be fearful of the night. AAA

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I admire men who see life steadily - and see it whole.

(I would say in jest) that the world is as ugly as sin, and almost as delightful.

---

Women want nothing but husbands, and when they have them, they want everything. Probably first said by a dejected one in a divorce court. AAA

---

I find some consolation in realizing that nothing happens to us which we are not prepared by nature to bear. AAA
THOSE REAL AVIATORS

--They don't believe in briefs, debriefs or checklists. Quote, "Whoever learned about flying by talking about it?"

--Famous words, "This aircraft has had its daily, hasn't it?...If it flew in, it will fly out."

--Always have nicknames like Ace, Speedy, Dusty, Sluggo or Big(anything).

--Always add at least 1,000 hours to their flight time when in a bar (2,000 if females are present).

--Always log all their night time as instrument time.

--Never memorize all those niggly limitations: "They wouldn't have painted little white and red stripes on the guages, right?"

--Think crew rest is when the autopilot is on.

--Never exercise: "You only have X amount of heartbeats."

--Never report overspeeds, overtemps, etc., because Real Aviators "Never have overspeeds, overtemps, etc."

--May Day - A term used by doctors and attorneys in Cessnas and Bonanzas.

Real Aviators--

Never go around.
Never go around thunderstorms.
Never go around anything.

Famous last word of real aviators:

"Just throw it in the back there."

"It's probably just the guage."

"The weather was fine when we took off."

"Let me show you how it is really done."

"Hugging the ground and the waves really develops my flying skills."

"What mountains?"

"I've got this route memorized."

He was our best pilot...a Real Aviator.
JOE BROWN POURS ONE FOR OUR SCOTTISH BAGPIPER FRIEND SMOKEY STORMS AND THE BARKEEPS BAGLEY AND BROWN THEN TOASTED SMOKEY WITH, "WELL, LAD, HERE'S LOOKING UP YOUR KILT!"

Stretching is important. When the phone rings, reach for it without taking your feet off the desk.

The scientist crossed a pigeon with a five-star general and got a military coo?

HORNERLY LIVE-IN MEMBER #1000 WAS IN FERTILIZER BUSINESS - NOW RETIRED.
Our common commitment to "leave the beaten path in search of adventure" takes uncommon forms in uncommon places, while sharing common attributes. These adventures share the common attributes of uncertain outcomes, challenges in the form of mental and physical tests, and new uncharted experiences.

Members originate their adventures at 706 West Pico, and return as "men of knowledge." Such was one of my adventures, riding the Mojave by Moonlight, from Claremont to the Calico ghosttown.

In recent years, serious endurance bicycle riding and racing have experienced resurging popularity. A growing group of endurance athletes are redefining and extending the barriers of physical achievement. As the past boundaries of accomplishment are surmounted, new challenges are sought.

Some contemplate the challenge and are attracted by the unknown but conclude not to proceed, rationalizing their noninitiative: "Well, since I know I can do it, I need not do it." Such rationalizations keep one firmly entrenched in the unadventurous well-beaten slow lane, since "to know and not to do is not to know."

Although the Mojave by Moonlight Century is represented as an "event not a race," the accelerating tempo of a fast-moving pack of riders stimulates the competitive juices. For the motivated, riding the Mojave is far from a casual evening. At a minimum, the
serious rider avers not to be dropped.

The ride is scheduled for the full moon in July; however, the weather in 1984 was uncooperative. Skies were overcast; temperature and humidity were high; a light drizzle was falling as we started out. Whereas the scheduled full moon customarily provides good visibility, the night is obscure, visibility blurred.

Departing Claremont, we traverse the back residential roads, cross the Foothill freeway, and head up into the foothills to begin the steady climb to the desert floor. The first stop, after some 25 miles to replenish water bottles and regain basic sustenance, sees many riders. Impressions are compared on the course, the weather, road conditions, and the uncertainties of what lie ahead. Some seem inclined to visit, but I press on. Miles and miles of roads wait to be ridden.

In time, the route takes us away from the artificial glow of street lights, away from urbanization, away from civilization, and into the desert. As proverbial self-propelled nomads, we move stealthily on, sometimes in groups, sometimes alone.

The road persistently climbs. At times the angle of ascent is visibly identifiable; at other times the ascent is detected more by mix of gearing, pedaling cadences, and physical effort. The haunting desert night, drumming of chirping crickets, click-click-click of animal hooves on the road (wolf, fox?...the ride instructions warn to be alert for the lurking danger of packs of wild dogs) combine to form a symphony of exotic sounds to accompany a night on the move.

As others slow and fall back, I ride on, pressing up the inclines, surging down the descents. Climbing higher and higher, navigating the turns, coping with long-neglected roads that made for a jarring, bouncy ride. The stimulus of the relative novelty of night riding motivates a liberating pace which is tempered by impaired visibility and rough road conditions.

Cycling is perhaps the ultimate integration of man’s technological progress and his inherent primitive roots where physical energy was the ultimate source of locomotion. The primitive origins are magnified by the desert’s solitude as the experience ascends to the
eternal realm of the physical.

In daylight rides, direction and staying on the proper route is a concern. Riding the Mojave by Moonlight is no different. But the extraordinary experience is such that direction and destination are subordinated to the experience of the moment.

In the early morning, after several hours of hard riding, the second rest stop is due. No rider has been in sight for an extended period of time. In the distance, a faint sound can be heard, then the glow of a light is apparent, the road snakes up a hill, rounds a bend. Leaning into the hill, standing on the pedals, increasing the tempo, energy flowing, legs pumping, the distinct strain of "Greensleeves", played beautifully on an ancient mandolin, is a clear, tranquil beacon...the second rest stop.

I arrive as two cyclists are checking their bikes, replenishing their water and supplies, enjoying a brief respite from the rigors of the road. The lilting music, the balmy air, the tranquility of the setting are seductive, luring tired legs and sweat-soaked body to linger. But the serious cyclist does not tarry. I pay my respects, compliment the musicians, return to the road.

In time, the destination of Calico is evidenced as signs along the road indicate 15 miles to Calico, then 11, then 7, then 4. Mixed emotions: the magnet of the destination, growing fatigue, confidence of accomplishment, disinclination to release the singularity of experience. Continuing on, I spin into Calico. Whereas other rides have a designated finishing point and greeting committee, the Calico campground is virtually deserted, like the ghosttown it abuts. Only a handful of us have arrived in the early-hour darkness. But this is fitting and appropriate for the end of the ride across the Mojave by Moonlight.

At the campground, I grab a shower, hike to the top of the Calico ghosttown, and explore the goldmining settlement. I reflect on the "less traveled roads" ridden, the spirit of Adventure, the inspiration of Captain Jack Roulac (my grandfather) and how the doing has reinforced the knowing. 

###
A yachtsman in the Ventura Marina has a fine sailboat named the 'HARE'. He also has a power boat called the 'GOON'. He uses them alternately. Hare today, Goon tomorrow.

Early in September, Marvin Rosenberg told us about his newly acquired 46 foot Morgan sailing yacht, ketch rigged, and equipped with a 7-1/2 KW generator, a 600 gallon per day water purifier, Loran, Satellite Navigation, and some new type of navigation unit that evidently is even better - who said you can't take it with you?

Several years ago, Marvin made an excellent program about his trip to India. He combined some business with it, and he spoke glowingly of the businessmen he met. Several of them invited him to stay at their homes, and his account of the families he met, wives, relatives and children, were so good. He spoke of them all with warmth and affection, and the pictures he took were charming.

Shining through was the fact that Marvin is a "people" person. He gives out warmth and friendship, which is returned to him. That smiling face will be a good passport wherever he goes.

The Editorial staff wishes Marvin, "Taut lines and fine sailing."

---

John Goddard presented his Ladies Night Personal Narrative on the preparation he was required to pass before making his F-14 debut at Miramar. He then took us to Bali and returned his expedition flag.

Ladies Nights have been packed houses - Find yourself in this crowd.
ONE SHOT IN THE DARK
By Emil Barjak

Three days of drinking wine in Mendoza, Argentina had left me very tired and broke: 35 dollars in my pocket and no place to sleep.

But I had seen this small park outside the city, not very neat, but just right for one night's rest in my sleeping bag.

It must have been 3 o'clock in the morning, when the crackling of dry branches next to me woke me up. The hair on my neck was standing straight out. I knew, somebody was watching me closely. My only hope was the 22 caliber I had on all my travels in South America.

When I pulled the trigger, the shot was high, too high to kill a person, but it was enough to flush out a horse, only 10 feet away. After it rushed past me, I was wondering, who came closer to a heart attack that night - the horse or me?

"I'M FINISHED"
By Emil Barjak

Those were his last words, uttered while quite literally dangling at the end of his rope after a terrible accident on Switzerland's Eiger north face. With all his companions dead, young Kurz was trapped for over two days on the unclimbed face, buffeted by hurricane-velocity winds, wracked with bitter cold. A rescue party of local guides came as close to his stance as possible, then urged him to rope down to them - and safety. But Kurz had no rope. So, with one hand completely frozen, he chopped away bits of rope from the bodies of his comrades and, using his teeth, unravelled the pieces, splicing them together into a line long enough to reach the guides. This unbelievable task, done with his one usable hand while clinging to tiny holds on the most forbidding face in the Alps, took five long hours. By means of the line, Kurz managed to haul up a rope from the guides, which he used to descend toward their position. When within centimeters of rescue, a knot in the rope jammed against his carabiner. He hadn't the strength to force...
it through. So there, finally, the young climber's will to live ebbed out. Toni Kurz died before the eyes and almost within the grasp of the hardened, mountain-wise guides who had hoped to save him. Standing on their small ledge overhanging the abyss, the storm seemed to recede about them. They wept uncontrollably.

###

This open-air life suits me well, though, when one considers bit by bit, it does not seem so very charming. Long wearisome riding, indifferent monotonous eating, no sport to speak of, hard bed upon the ground, hot sun, wet, no companion of my own class; nevertheless, I am happier than I have been for years.

James Carnegie, Earl of Southesk

Submitted by Emil Barjak
Lamar, Colorado. Roy returned for a 58 year reunion with a horse water tank. When Roy was 2-1/2 years old he tried to "tightrope" walk around the top of the horse's water tank and fell in. Roy tried to show his brother just how he did it 58 years ago and fell in again - this time on the outside of the tank, though. Roy's brother presented him with his father's spurs (you should have had them on when you tried the tightrope trick, Roy). His father was born in 1890 and Roy remembers him as "wearing spurs and a 6 gun on his hip."

Bill L. Carr #855 and Bill A. Carr #937 rented a Malabu and cruised at 25,000 feet to Reno and back for the yearly air races. Art Scholl the famous stunt pilot thrilled the crowd with his stunts, such as an outside loop that Bill claims bottomed out at about the height of the screen at the front of our meeting hall. A few days later he was killed and only parts of his plane were found off the coast near San Diego where he was performing for the US Marines. Bill tells us that the radial engines finally won over the inlines with a 1st, 2nd and 3rd using 4-bank R4360 Pratt Whitneys in the big race.

Stu Bruce #678 is leaving next month for Athens and on to Cypress to check on his acreage (Cypress) and then on to Egypt. Stu, two sisters one brother and one daughter were raised in Cypress. They went there in 1926 and lived there for 12 years, going to the University of Beirut. Stu says that if you go from the Greek side to the Turkish side or from the Turkish to the Greek side, you may only stay for 12 hours or they won't let you back in. The last time Stu was there to check on "the old house", the "peace keeping" troops from Sweden were living in it.

Night of High Adventure

Bill Brown #708 reports that 200 have already bought their tickets.

Roster

Chet Wilczek #811 says that the new roster went to the printer Sept. 18, 1985.

George Ross #627 reported that the "QB Hangers" across the nation with 18,000 glasses raised at the precise second in silent toast to Art Scholl.

###
IN THE LEE-

BY THE EDITOR

Stu Bruce has found the answer for rapists and robbers which a man named Tabubil suggested in the Pupua New Guinea Post-Courier. "He wishes to propose, that if the judge finds persons are convicted of rape or robbery he is to give a court order to extract their eyes. What part of the body makes these criminals commit these crimes? The eyes." Tabubil says, "In my village, once a pig breaks through a garden fence, the owner heats a large nail red hot and cooks both eyes of the pig. The pig doesn't break the fence again."

***

It is the men---world class adventurers of this organization who by their acts of adventure and their accomplishments have created the stature and the aura of pride we share.

***

Our Journals and our Trophy Room have meaning and importance, for they allow our members and our guests the opportunity to share in the magnitude of our worldliness.

***

Alexander Graham Bell, according to Dave Steed, had it figured much as we have it at the Club, when he said, "Don't keep forever on a public road...following, one after the other, like a flock of sheep. Leave the beaten track occasionally, and dive into the woods. Every time you do you will be certain to find something that you have never seen before."

***

Roy Roush and associates are in the preliminary (over)
stages of purchasing Buddy Ebsen’s 37’ catamarran for use as a treasure recovery platform. It is anticipated that a shortened or cruising rig, will be installed. This is a very fast concept, one that Ebsen has cruised and campaigned successfully.

***

Willard Bascom has just learned what it is like to be retired - busier!!

---

In my travels, I felt that New Britain was the most primitive area in the world. Through an interpreter, and with all the dialects in those jungles, getting the facts through an interpreter is difficult. I was in the presence of the head man of a suspected cannibalistic tribe with my wife Dianne. We were in the interior from Pamio. "Ask the chief if he has had any experience with society, (hoping the interpreter had a word for it)." Indeed he must have for the chief went into much facial expression, arm and hand movements and mumbo utterances.

The interpreter replied, "He says, how you say anthropologist, yes, with students, came from big school in America. They gave us a taste of it!"

###

DRIFTING THOUGHTS
By Al A. Adams

The great fantastic mountains lift,
In sudden swoops to assure skies
Where white cloud monsters zoom and skit
And rub their bellies as the seagull cries.

And here I sprawl, relaxed, at ease
And feel the swift caressing breeze
Tanged with salt from white-capped seas
Where flying fish skim endlessly.

***

Fascinating lands and places
Thoughts stirring of foreign faces
Names are ships that carry dreamers
To ports and places to long remember.

###
Aug. 22 A WALK AROUND THE WORLD Guest Adventurers Dave and Pete Kunst walked the land masses of the earth, yup, from sticking a foot into shoreline water and then setting forth on each continent touched -- 41 pairs of shoes shot to hell!

Starting from Waseca, Minnesota, to do something no one else had done, brothers Dave and John Kunst started out in 1970 and 4 years, 3 months, 16 days later Dave completed the trip with brother Pete. John was killed enroute by bandits in Afghanistan (Dave was shot but played dead to escape a similar fate). But what a story Dave unfurled.

A few highlights: After they got into the swing of things, the brothers could spin off 35-40 miles a day in good weather and good terrain. A fellow townsman had suggested they use a mule to carry their tent and cooking utensils -- and more importantly to attract attention for any publicity that would aid them along the route. A picture taken with Vice President/Senator Humphrey immensely helped in all countries since they spoke no foreign languages (the local officials presumed the walkers "must" be good friends with the U.S. VP so they were invited into municipal offices to see mayors, stay at their homes, eat meals at the behest of strangers, etc.). After they got people to believe their's was not a publicity stunt, coverage became common place -- a pair of earthwalkers had to be seen a la the recent Olympic Torch Runners who thrilled us all, too. In Monaco, Princess Grace had them over to the Palace. In Italy, Thor Heyerdahl (of Kon Tiki fame) insisted on taking them under his wing for a few days. And in Rawalpindi, Pakistan, Dave met a fellow with whom he had attended 8th grade back (over)
in Minnesota. The guy paid for their "everything" for the month and a half they holed up there recuperating from the rigors of crossing Turkey, Iran, Afghanistan and Pakistan -- decidedly unfriendly to foreigners and subjected to physical abuse as would any foreigner (Dave said he's never seen the guy after the 8th grade until Raiwalpindi nor after -- Dave is 47 now).

Calcutta was the rat's nest of the trip. People starving to death in the streets and the streets/sidewalks being the sleeping quarters for the teeming multitudes. Particular affection was cherished for the mules who accompanied the walkers (the metal used by American blacksmiths lasted for a year; those used by foreign blacksmiths seldom reached two months due to poor shodding and metal).

But wait...Dave convinced an Australian school teacher to haul his cart (by now they were using a mule-drawn cart and sleeping in it from Turkey onward) in low gear at 4 mph for the next 1000 miles before leaving Australia. But wait...Dave and this gal became man and wife.

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Dave completed the trip by himself as Pete had to return home to his wife and four kids (!) after being away for a year. Sure enough, 5 days after Pete left, the last mule "up and died" of a heart attack. But wait...Dave convinced an Australian school teacher to haul his cart (by now they were using a mule-drawn cart and sleeping in it from Turkey onward) in low gear at 4 mph for the next 1000 miles before leaving Australia. But wait...Dave and this gal became man and wife.

But wait...Dave knows he gave up a lot when he shucked the 8-5 workaday world. He was a land surveying engineer. What does he do now? He manages an apartment complex and delivers the LA Times from 3-6 every morning.

Dave further said that "good ole" leather working shoes (Oxfords) were the best shoes -- not walking boots, alligator boots, sponge shoes or whatever. Said 75% of the walk was boring but the other 25% more than made up for the 75%. Every border crossed brought a new language, new culture, new experiences, new people who had heard what they were attempting to do, new offers of assistance (except for their bad times in Turkey, Iran, Afghanistan and Pakistan -- in the latter two countries they were given armed escorts after brother John was killed by bandits, three of whom were later caught).

Also this evening the Club received a mysterious crate directing its recipi-
ents to a buried treasure (with map of sorts) on Catalina Island. Roy Roush was personally assigned "new duties" by President Wayne Barker (Roy is always chasing rainbows on some treasure hunt).

Chet Sidell was up in Las Vegas visiting his son and ventured out to run into Lon DeCoursey (who now lives near Overton, Nevada). Lon was down tonight and Chet made him show us pictures of his Nevada paradise -- and we saw what have to be the most beautiful pictures of Nevada's Lake Mead, desert sunsets, moonscapes and other natural phenomenon.

Ken Senter gave us a peek at his and Emil Barjak's latest Shrangri-La off La Paz (B.C., Mexico) -- an island called Espiritu Santo. These guys can really find 'em. Nice stuff, Ken.

John Delmonte just published his latest prodigious work titled, "Origins of Materials and Processes". John's published about 10 highly respected and scholarly works, now (this one was four years in the making). Congratulations, John.

This was another good turnout -- almost 70 attendees -- who clapped their enthusiastic applause for the night's goings-on.

Sept. 19 COSTA RICAN PARADISE I have seen Shangri-La along the lines of James Hilton's famed novel of that remote beautiful tranquil spot where life's cycle bends to almost touch the ideal picture. Member Chet Sidell, in his many chance acquaintances at the Club, got invited by a guest to accompany him on a Costa Rican trip -- not the first time Chet has joined up to go on some new untracked/untrafficked area; it was the third such incidence.

Being situated 25 miles from the Panamanian border, Golfito is "it". It fits on the southwestern region of the Costa Rican west coast. As I look at my road map of Costa Rica, there is a dotted line for a projected road some 60 or so miles from the nearest passable dirt road. By the slides, it looks like Hawaii with no more than a thousand or so souls, a once prosperous banana growing area (the workers struck and the banana growers decided it wasn't worth their effort to fight the elements and communist-led unions -- so they just shut down their operations.

We saw a slumbering

(over)
little community of what might be called shacks, some built above the land to stay dry from the 172 inches of annual rainfall. Some more substantial structures which might be absolutely out of place. Chet's dwelling is without windows, blends into the ocean-front beach that you might not see it amongst the lush greenery from a boat passing by. Chet's nearest neighbor is a half-mile away -- a good ole boy from England, I think it was, whom he sees often. Since there are no roads, greeting a visitor means you wade into the water to assist his getting ashore sloshing through the water!

Directly in back of Chet is a jungle, every bit as thick, impenetrable, densely green with wild growth as you could imagine -- with birds and howler monkeys screeching their tunes out over a steamy tropical scene.

But Chet isn't a squatter or exploiter on this land. With his professional background, he has brought gratis medicinal help to the local people who are his neighbors -- one a family which lives on his land, the same family from whom he bought the land. Yet, paradise isn't perfect. So iso-

lated is this region that inbreeding is most common. Poor nutrition is evidenced by brain-deficient human beings (while you can live off the fat of the land, so to speak, the variety of foods is too limiting).

By the way, Chet's description of the hour or so flight out of San Jose to Golfito is not to be missed. The take-offs and landings were priceless descriptions that any raconteur would be proud to relate. But Chet's was spontaneous commentary as the pictures brought back the moments of the plane's sputtering engines, shuddering movements, maneuvering between mountain sides exactly (or else!) to squeeze onto a roughly paved landing strip (a 172 inches rainfall can do a job on a landing field) taken reluctantly from an insidiously creeping jungle. This is all topped off by the passengers crossing themselves in religious fashion with appropriate mumbled incantations amidst the plane's undulating vibrations for the Lord to get us to Golfito safely. [isn't the DC-3 a 50 year old plane, at least?]

Somewhat related, Chet accepted an invitation from member Emil Barjak to accom-
pany Emil and his family to a recent bullfight in Tijuana. Emil once again demonstrated his exquisite work with slides when he stopped his camera down to about 1/15 of a second to record the whirl of blurred movement of matador and bull while everything else was in sharp focus. Emil's pictures of the bullfight were most intriguing.

Sept. 26 EAST INDIES

Member John Goddard is unique. Now that's not "very" unique -- that would be totally impossible. Unique can't be qualified by any comparative words. Unique is without equal, being the only one of its kind. John is supremely qualified and has been since anyone can remember.

Tonight he had our eyes bugging out viewing Bali, Borneo and other East Indian fascinations you wouldn't have conjured up unless John showed them to you.

The ladies in our big turnout seem captivated by John's exploits.

Oct. 4 BUSINESS MEETING

A crisp, short, to-the-point meeting was held tonight and ended at the stroke of 10 pm. Various formalities were dealt with adeptly by President Barker and Secretary Chase, with assist by members, in accordance with the bylaws.

The slate of nominees for the Club's forthcoming year of 1986 was presented by Al Adams on behalf of his committee and himself. The committee left no stone unturned in reviewing member's qualifications before presenting the nominees. One name was submitted from the floor of a highly qualified member otherwise the slate of nominees have no opposition. That there are so few challenges to the slate speaks highly of this committee's efforts.

The single highlight of the evening that seemed to bring the greatest amount of approval -- judged by the hand-clapping and accompanying whoops of approval -- occurred when one member, whose term is expiring from the Board of Directors, said he was sorry to say that 50% of the Board's time was spent defending itself against sniping and accusations of two members during the past three years he was on the Board and that he was exasperated by such actions by the two members. That seemed to touch a responsive chord of sustained applause. With that, adjournment was called for and approved.

Proposed changes in the
ADVENTURERS CLUB JOURNAL

bylaws are to be sent to the membership so that they will have them in hand 30 days prior to the next meeting.

Oct. 10 DR. JIM CLEMENTS
(Reported by David Yamada #969)

After rushing from a meeting in Arizona, catching a plane to LA and arriving at the Club near breathless, member Dr. James Clements, ornithologist, gave a program covering the variety of birdlife found in Indonesia, difficulties in photographing them and further problems in dealing with the local populace.

The significance of Alfred Russel Wallace's line in the demarcation of flora and fauna in the area was discussed along with the trials and tribulations in travelling from island to island in the mid 19th century.

Jim was among the group of noted ornithologists to sight Wallace's Standardwing on Halmahera. The first sighting since 1926. Also seen were slides of birds nesting in volcanic sands in Sulawesi, and the Milky Stork and Fruit Bats with a 4-5 foot wingspan.

An excellent program from both a current and historical perspective.

NIGHT OF HIGH ADVENTURE 1985

The Program for those unable to attend.

* A first hand report from diver/photographer, Ralph White, of a news story that made headlines - the finding of the TITANIC. You will hear the inside story that you didn't read in the newspapers.

* We have previewed Jean Pierre Dutilleux's film of primitive tribes. It is easy to see why he has won so many awards. He will take us to remote and restricted areas of the upper Amazon and New Guinea.

* Those who saw the film and heard Bob Gilliland tell about testing the SR-71 (the fastest plane in the world) know not to miss the further high adventures of the life of a test pilot.

* Short reports from Dr. Dick Kyle on Olympic bicycling and Dr. Jim Clements on a bird thought extinct and rediscovered and filmed by Dr. Clements this year in Indonesia.

* Special introductions by Willard Bascom, Buddy Ebsen and John Goddard.

* Weather and sunset permitting we are trying to arrange a skydive over the restaurant.
THE MEMBERS OF OUR CLUB CONTINUE TO FOLLOW THE HISTORY-MAKING EXPLOITS AND FLIGHTS MADE POSSIBLE BY THE PEOPLE OF NASA AND THE PEOPLE OF OUR UNITED STATES. WE ARE LIVING IN AN AMAZING AGE AND SHOULD NOT TAKE THIS TOTAL WORLD OF ACHIEVEMENT LIGHTLY. OUR JOURNAL COVER WAS MADE POSSIBLE FROM "CHALLENGER" WHILE ZOOMING THROUGH SPACE, THE LIGHTENING WAS BY GOD AND THE PHOTO WAS BY BOB BALL. CREDIT TO ALL - IT DIDN'T COME EASY.
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Al A. Adams, Editor
A long overdue occurrence was accomplished September 26th when the portrait of Captain John W. Roulac, founder of the club in 1922, was unveiled by Dr. John L. Johnson and President Wayne Barker. Dr. Johnson, a relative of Captain Roulac, and a well-known member and yachtsman, gave a fine talk on the little known and well known significance of Captain Jack Roulac. The portrait resides at the proscenium adjacent to his memorial.
IN THE JOURNAL:
AROUND OUR WORLD

"DECORUM" Al A. Adams
"THE FLIGHT THAT HAUNTS" David Steed
"THE EARLIEST VOYAGES" Willard Bascom
"BEATING THE PATH" Stephen Roulac
"THOSE REAL AVIATORS" Editor
"ONE SHOT IN THE DARK" Emil Barjak
"BULA BULA" Cob Harms
"CHAFF OFF THE COB" Smokey Storms
"THE BELL RINGER" Editor
"JOCOSITY" President Barker
"WE PREPARE FOR 1986" Editor
"WE HEAR FROM" THE UNVEILING OF OUR FOUNDER Dr. John Johnson
"IN THE LEE OF OUR LONG BOATS" Editor
"AROUND THE PORTS" Robert Aronoff

The Front Cover: "The world and lightening by God". Time is captured by the Space Agency and Bob Ball. See page 33.