

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

Volume 55

October 2011

Number 10



*Photo William Garret (courtesy Bob Silver)*

**Surviving a Rogue Wave – David Finnern**

# The Adventurers' Club News

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

October 2011

Volume 55 ..... Number 10  
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## THE PRESIDENT'S PAGE

Larry Schutte #1121 - President



**G**reetings  
M e n !  
Fall is in the air. It's getting cooler, the days are getting shorter, but the Adventurers' Club

is in full swing! Another great month of presentations are booked and ready to go. Consult our amazing web calendar for details.

***Captain Roger L. Meek has agreed to represent the U.S. Navy SEALs at NOHA***

I'm also glad to report that Navy Captain Roger L. Meek has agreed to represent the U.S. Navy SEALs at NOHA. His presentation will take us behind the scenes of what it takes to qualify and achieve this very special status within our military. I can't wait.

The promo for NOHA is on the web site as well as bios on all three speakers and a handy printable order form. Please order your tickets ASAP or purchase them from Jim Heaton at the club soon! Don't miss our once-a-year special event. It's going to be really outstanding.

BTW – we're still accepting dona-

tions for the silent auction, so please think about adding to the items already on the list.

There will be a wedding at our club on Saturday, Nov. 19<sup>th</sup> at 1:30 p.m. Our own Robert Williscroft #1116 will be marrying his longtime acquaintance, Jill, at our club, which I think is a first. Dave Dolan, #1087 will be performing the ceremony, and food and drink will abound! Please add your name and guests to the sign-

up sheet on the table going into Chase Hall

so we can get an idea of attendance. I'll let Robert fill you in as to the sequence of events that led up to this union. It's a great story.

Well, we're booked for the rest of the year with great speakers and presentations. Also the calendar is getting filled in for January, February, and March of next year. The club is solid, dependable and I must say, it's been a pleasure to be your President for these months. Let's keep it going through 2011. Come to the weekly meetings often, and bring friends. Enjoy a great meal, camaraderie and a fine presentation every week, which, after all, is what our fine club is all about.

## Surviving a Rogue Wave

David Finnem #1065

*Editor's note: Bob Silver #728 graciously supplied the cover photo and the (really) old photo (from the 50s) of himself and several other youngsters with their monster boards.*

Rogues, freaks, giants, sneakers. No, I'm not describing members at a typical Adventurers' Club meeting. These are types of waves – but not your average, run-of-the-mill waves. These waves follow no pattern, and can be massive by anyone's standards. Curiously, scientists didn't



Photo Bob Silver

*Warren "Warnie" Miller, Warren Miller Jr. (boy), unknown, Mike Burns, James "Fingermill Jim" Erwin, Robert "Hi Ho" Silver*

even acknowledge their existence until a couple of decades ago, but they were well known by anyone who had the misfortune to encounter one.

In many thousands of hours in, on and under the water, I have experienced only one rogue wave. Pete "Squidlips" Matthews and I paddled out near Seventh Street in Huntington Beach. The surf was fair size, about six to eight feet, and glassy, and for some reason we were the only ones

out at this particular break. As the morning progressed, Pete and I had numerous rides, and all-in-all it was a pretty spectacular day of surfing. But as both of us paddled back out to the surf line after taking a wave in, I saw it. It was huge! I'm not talking about a slightly bigger wave in a set. This thing appeared to be building halfway to Catalina Island and was at least 20 feet high. "Outside," I hollered to Pete, who was paddling slightly behind me.



Photo PD Photo.org

*Huntington Beach surf*

We were faced with an all-too-familiar dilemma, and an unfair paradox which is all too common in surfing. The bigger the wave, the farther out it breaks, leaving anyone caught halfway between the wave and the beach in a bewildering predicament. One can try to paddle out and over the monster. But this means if you don't quite make it, you're completely exhausted about the time the thing breaks on your head. The other choice is you can paddle in, or ride the broken wave in to shore. But this

means you are a blatant coward and shouldn't have been in the water in the first place. Knowing there are fates much worse than drowning, we opted to paddle out.

"Gonna be close," I hollered back to Pete, who paddled about ten feet behind me.



*Surf at Pacific Palisades*

Pete didn't respond, saving all his energy to take on the adversary that formed before us.

I stroked for all I was worth. After breaking through several smaller waves, "The Big One" was the next obstacle. The swell loomed out of the depths like some kind of monstrous and living wall, constantly building in height and intensity. The sea was flat between me and the wave as if all other waves just got out of the way to let this thing through.

I soon felt its pull as it greedily sucked all available water into its mass. Any thought of turning around and taking the cowardly route, which now looked like a pretty good alternative, was over now that I was in its gravitational pull. I paddled hard but my arms burned and

felt like spaghetti. Each successive stroke, however deliberate, seemed to traverse my board less and less through the water.

The top of the wave began feathering as it reached its terminal height. I knew it would be mere seconds before tons of white water would topple down its face. The nose of my board knifed into the bottom contour of the fluid cliff, then broke free and I began scaling the near-perpendicular wall. I looked up as the top curled.

*Oh geez,* I thought, *not over the falls up-side down and backwards.*

With my last bit of strength, I drove my arms into the face, climbing and scratching my way to the top. As I neared the crest, the wave suddenly unleashed its fury and the crest crashed down on top of me. But it was just for an instant, and then I shot through the liquid mass and flipped airborne on the backside. I made it, I thought. But it was a fleeting victory as the wave began sucking my board backwards, and into the raging white-wash. The ocean erupted into a thunderous din. I dug my arms into the water, and slowly felt the wave's grip release. Suddenly, I was free!

I lay on my board exhausted. There wasn't another wave in sight. The monster had broken so far out that I now floated peacefully on a sea of tranquility. I felt good. In the final analysis, the wave had to be over 25 feet high, and almost trapped me in the worst of all positions-too far out to turn back yet

*(Rogue Wave continued on page 21)*

Robert G. Williscroft #1116 – Editor



Lar has already informed you that Jill and I will be married by our own David Dolan at the Club on Saturday, November 19, at 1:30 pm. You are all invited to celebrate this event with us. Please sign up on the sheet in Chase Hall or let me know by email so we can be prepared.

My personal package, as you know from my *Thrawn Rickle* of last month includes 12-year-old twin boys, just entering 9th grade. Their presence in my life has given me pause to rethink our education system. As I went through the registration process with Jill and the kids, several of the teachers learned about my background. This led, in turn, to my being invited to make a presentation at the local school, and that got me to thinking.

Each one of us in the Club has a unique background. Our hallmark is that we have spent a significant part of our lives off the beaten path. We are, arguably, different from most other people, and what makes us different is noteworthy.

Our school system has struggled in recent years to provide our children (and grandchildren) with proper education and adequate preparation for the changing world we live in. The

reasons are legion, and you and I are unlikely to make any significant changes in the system. Each of us, however, has something unique to offer, something the schools will latch onto.

John Goddard and Pierre Odier will tell you that what we each can offer to our local schools is beyond measure in the positive impact we can have on young lives. I urge each of you to visit your local school. Sit down with the principal and explain to that overworked person what you can contribute to the school.

It may not be practical for you to get your teaching credentials at this late date, but you can help out in the science department or become active in the after-school club system, hosting or helping out with one or more clubs that bring school kids closer to the wild outdoors that you love, or give them some real-world contact with some of your esoteric activities, such as diving, climbing, flying, or even seeking out rare plants in exotic locations, or identifying birds in a back yard or near-by park.

What you guys have to offer today's kids is something they will not get anywhere else. Share your passion, share your love of adventure, and make a difference in the lives of the young people in your community. You never will regret it!

The password for the online full-color edition is “*acla1110*”.

## BOOK REVIEW: THE MAN WHO NEVER WAS

*Captain The Hon. Ewen Edward Samuel Montagu, Naval Institute Press, Annapolis, MD, 2001, 160p; 6 x 9 softcover. ISBN: 978-1557504487. Review by the Editor, adapted from material supplied from publisher and other sources.*

As plans got under way for the Allied invasion of Sicily in June 1943, British counter-intelligence agent Ewen Montagu masterminded a scheme originally conceived by Flight-Lieutenant, Charles Cholmondeley, to mislead the Germans into thinking the next landing would occur in Greece.

The innovative plot was so successful that the Germans moved some of their forces away from Sicily, and two weeks into the real invasion still expected an attack in Greece. This extraordinary operation called for a dead body, dressed as a Royal Marine officer and carrying false information about a pending Allied invasion of Greece, to wash up on a Spanish shore near the town of a known Nazi agent.

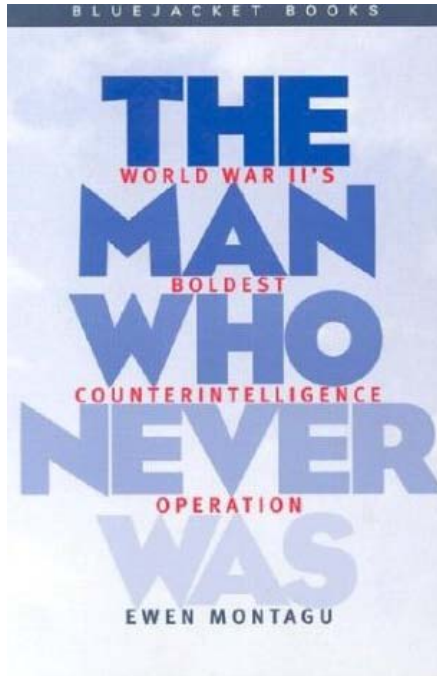
Montagu tells the story as only an insider could, offering fascinating details of the difficulties involved—especially in creating a persona for a man who never was – and of his profession as a

spy and the risks involved in mounting such a complex operation. Failure could have had devastating results. Success, however, brought a decided change in the course of the war.

The British authorities used an unclaimed homeless man who died from eating rat poison. A submarine slipped his body into the sea off Spain, making it look like he was a Royal Marine officer and courier, a victim of an offshore airplane crash. The man eventually was buried in Spain with full military honors.

Captain The Hon. Ewen Edward Samuel Montagu carried out the masterful deception as a Lt. Cdr. in the British Intelligence Service. He later became chief judicial officer of the Royal Navy. He passed away in his 84th year on July 19, 1985.

The book is available in both its current edition and in two earlier editions online and in bookstores everywhere.



## What's Happening...

### Jensen does INDY...

*Peter Jensen (#1101) has been attending the Indianapolis 500 for several decades as a personal guest of Cary Agajanian. In his own words he writes:*

Cary's father, JC Agajanian, won the 500 twice as a car owner: in 1952 with Troy Ruttman as driver, then again with Parnelli Jones in 1963. Both winners were driving the traditional Agajanian car #98. The Agajanians have fielded a car #98 in every Indy 500 since 1949 except for a few years their car didn't qualify.

Indy is all about tradition, so the Agajanian's continue their involvement with *The Greatest Spectacle on Earth* through car ownership represented by car #98. Over the years their ownership has evolved into the roll of silent co-owners in partnership with Mike Curb (Curb Records and former Calif. Lt. Governor) known collectively as Curb/Agajanian.

For 2011 they joined with Brian Herta Motorsports. This is truly a Cinderella team that in March had only six employees and no driver deal. After signing 2005 Indy winner Dan Wheldon as their driver, who had been left without a ride by other teams as he had no personal sponsorship money to bring to the table, the other pieces of the team started falling into place, including a top race engineer. The team was fast throughout May, always near the top of the speed charts, and qualified sixth on the outside of the second row for the

Memorial Day race. As the race unfolded, Dan was consistently in the top four or five all afternoon. With three laps to go he was in fifth place; two laps to go he had moved up a couple places; starting the final lap he was in second place, four seconds behind leader JR Hildebrand. Hildebrand crashed in the final turn, and Wheldon took the lead for the first time 200 yards from the finish.

I was sitting in the Agajanian penthouse seats at the end of the front straight, on the outside, so by the time I got down to the inside of the track with the other Agajanian family members, and our group got past security, most of the celebration in Victory Circle was finished, but it was still great to see Cary, and his son Josh, pose with the Borg-Warner Trophy atop the winning car!

We joined Cary as for his Winning Car Owner ring firing. Thereafter, we went to the Agajanian Motor Coach to continue to celebrating.

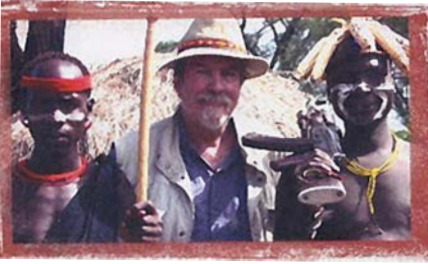
I regret not staying for the official Victory Banquet; but nothing, nothing in the world can reproduce the awesome electricity I felt participating in the moment of an Indy 500 victory – even if just the guest of a team owner!



Photo Peter Jensen

Peter Jensen with the Borg Warner Trophy

## Jim Dorsey at Woodbury University



Jim Dorsey (#1081) was the invited speaker at a fund-raising event at Woodbury University in Burbank on August 28.

He was featured as an “explorer, author and photographer who has traveled extensively in 43 countries. His journeys are usually far off the beaten path to record the cultures of indigenous peoples, particularly in Africa and Asia.”

## Lars Nielsen writes from Denmark

I am so sorry, that not all of my bicycle journeys are in English. But there are many maps and photos. I have traveled 148,000 km, just me and my bicycle, since 1980. More than 76,000 km of them were in USA and Canada.

I have written 3 books – all in Danish. *Stik Nord* about my trip from Cape Horn to Alaska. *Mine drommes Nordamerika* about 75,000 km as bicycle tourist in USA and Canada. *På to hjul under Sydkorset* 27,000 km in New Zealand, Australia, South Africa, Argentina, and Chile. Best Regards, Lars Nielsen, Hobro – Denmark.

Learn more about Lars at the Club Facebook page. – Editor

## London does Hungary



The Hon. London Steverson (#1015) hosts an online weekly English study group for folks (primarily young people) in Veszprem, Hungary, through the auspices of the U.S. State Department’s American Corners program.

Learn more about this interesting project at <http://veszprem.americancorner.hu/htmls/veszprem.html>.

Since many of you are unacquainted with London, here is a brief synopsis of his accomplishments:

Two expeditions to South Pole as a Coast Guard officer. Lived and traveled in Alaska, Japan, Korea, Philippines, England, Canada, Europe, Panama, Chile, Brazil, Argentina, Mexico, Tahiti, and New Zealand. Appointed federal administrative law judge by Pres. George H. W. Bush. Served with the National Narcotics Border Interdiction System under Pres. Reagan.

*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....”*

## THURSDAY NIGHTS AT THE CLUB

August 11, 2011

Marc Weitz (#1144)

Photos Marc Weitz

### Art Deco Architecture in Africa

Pierre Odier #988 introduced tonight's speaker, Marc Weitz #1144, to the Club by saying that this adventure comes in the form of ar-



Marc on his own with African tribesmen

chitectural gems found in the wilds of Africa. Marc Weitz is a Club member and attorney who has traveled extensively in Africa and has a passion for Art Deco architecture.

Marc, wearing a three-piece brown suit from the 1930s, grew up reading about the great African explorers such as Sir Richard Burton, Mungo Park, Henry Morton Stanley, and John Goddard. This inspired him to quit his job in 2005 and spend nine months traveling through twenty-three countries in Africa. Interested in Africa's colonial history, he found himself in such famous places as Timbuktu, Victoria Falls, Ujiji (where Stanley met Livingstone), and Zanzibar. One curious thing about being in these exotic and far-off places was the sporadic oc-

currence of Art Deco. This was the impetus for this presentation.

Art Deco, originally called modern, came from the 1925 *Exposition Internationale Art Decoratifs et Industriels Modernes* in Paris. The style combined the exotic of foreign places with the excitement of modern transportation. Themes of transcontinental ocean liners, airplanes, and motorcars were combined with ancient Egyptian and Asian styles. The discovery of King Tut's tomb in 1923 by Howard Carter heavily influenced the style.

Art Deco is broken up into two types: Streamline and Zig-zag. Streamline is based on modern transport and features neon, curved lines, and port windows. Zig-zag is based on exotic images of ancient temples, Aztec and Egyptian influences. Both types evoke feelings of escape, travel, adventure and exoticism. Art Deco was and is still used in films to connote the exotic and adventurous, such as the Art Deco *Club Obi Wan* in the movie *Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom*. Art Deco architecture in Africa brings the style full circle to a place that actually is exotic.

Marc mentioned that it was strange to be traveling through dirty and dusty roads in Africa and find, amongst corrugated metal shacks, beautifully designed Art Deco buildings. Marc now moved to the crux of the lecture by taking the audience to various spots in Africa and showing pictures of examples. He started in

Dakar, Senegal, with a post office, followed by the airport terminal, or



*Dakar Post Office*

*Aerogare*, in Sao Tome and then onto Mozambique, showing the *Cine Afrique* and numerous other examples in Zanzibar and the Congo. All were colorful buildings with gorgeous lines and intricate style that stood out completely from the dowdy structures surrounding them. Like most things in Africa, many Art Deco buildings were neglected giving an eerie feeling of faded grandeur.



*Aerogare, in Sao Tome*

Marc paused to answer the question of what Art Deco was doing in Africa. He explained that when the European colonial powers ruled

much of Africa in the 1930s, Art Deco was in vogue. Art Deco then was a symbol of modernism and sophistication. The colonials living in and developing Africa wanted to express to the rest of the world that they were modern too. Ironically, Art Deco was also a way for those living in Africa to also escape the local. This is why most of the Art Deco in Africa is Streamline, since Streamline is about modern transport and less about the exotic.

There are three major clusters of Art Deco architecture in Africa. Marc spoke of the first one in Asmara, Eritrea, nicknamed the “the Miami Beach of Africa.” He showed the amazing Fiat Tagliero building, which resembles an airplane with two wings spread out on



*The Fiat Tagliero building in Asmara*

either side. There is an apocryphal story that the building was in violation of building codes for not having supports under the wings. As such, the workers refused to remove the construction supports. The temperamental architect took out a pistol and threatened to shoot the workers if they didn't remove the supports. They did, and the wings

*(Minutes continued on page 10)*

still hold today.

Asmara's numerous Art Deco buildings include an Alfa Romeo factory, the former Italian Fascist Party headquarters, multiple theatres, and a fountain. Eritrea was an Italian colony in the 1930s. Mussolini was huge fan of Art Deco believing that modern Art Deco architecture projected the power and modernity of the state. This is the reason for so much Art Deco in Eritrea.

From Eritrea, Marc took the audience to the next Art Deco cluster in Morocco. Here the French built many Art Deco buildings, again to show



*The Rialto Theater in Morocco*

their sophistication and modernity. Examples here were the Rialto theater, the Sacre-Coeur cathedral, and many villas and apartments. Theaters were a common example of Art Deco everywhere in the world since Art Deco suggested adventure and enticed theater goers.

Lastly, Marc brought the audience to South Africa. Being a rich and

modern country, South Africa did the best job preserving their architectural history. Here there were so many good examples of Art Deco that Marc quickly ran through some slides and then focused on a few notable examples. The Broadwindsor Apartments is a soaring building in Durban designed in the 1930s and features two statues of winged birds at the top. The Old Mutual is more zig-zag and, unusual for Africa, celebrates the local with a frieze depicting the colonial history of South Africa and statues of chieftains representing the local tribes. Last on the list was the now-gone Colosseum Theatre, which featured a sleek lobby and rest rooms with a fantastic auditorium filled with statues and paintings.



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## August 22, 2011

Marc Weitz (#1144)

### Those Returning from Adventure

**Paul Isley #1088** – Attended a trade show on Navy Pier and gave a presentation on his travels.

### Those Leaving on Adventure

**Shane Berry #1093** – Going to Burning Man with his eldest son and helping to build the camp.

## Other News

**Bob Zeman #878** – talked about the sighting of an Ivory-billed Woodpecker which has not been seen since the 1940s. A team was organized to investigate the sighting, but no further evidence was found.

**Jeff Holmes #1148** – provided an addendum to Father Boyle’s talk the week before. Apparently, the cessation of drive-by shootings in Los Angeles is due to the efforts of Father Boyle. He organized the mothers of the homeboys into a powerful force that created a stigma to drive-by shootings. Now gang members who fire a bullet from a moving car are “green lit,” meaning they are targeted for death by everyone in the community, including their own homies. This significant change has never been discussed in the media.

## Backyard Wilderness

Member Rick Flores #1120 has done 250 hikes in the last 4 ½ years and spoke to the Club tonight about his favorite hikes in the Los Angeles area.

Rick has been married for twenty-eight years and works with great people, but he didn’t feel complete until he took up hiking. It began with an interest in photographing the flora and fauna around him. Until then, he had been oblivious to what was out there. Rick became curious about what was out there.

Rick grew up in East Los Angeles

and walked two miles to and from school, so walking comes naturally to him. He now hikes nearly every weekend.



Photo Rick Flores

*Cucamonga Peak – Rick, Ralph Perez & Shane Berry*

The Wilderness Act of 1964 set aside wilderness areas to preserve them in their natural state for current and future generations. Rick has his hiking pack ready to go so that he simply has to walk out the door. This pack carries his “ten essentials,” including water, food, extra clothes, maps, a pocket knife, etc.



Photo Rick Flores

*Rick in Mammoth Cave*

Rick prefers to hike in the mountains of the Los Angeles area. They are accessible and provide beautiful canyons, vistas, cascades, wildlife, and flora. One area is the Chumash and Sespe wildernesses near Ojai. Rick specifically recommends the Pie-

*(Minutes continued on page 12)*

dras Blancas where there are no telephone poles or streets to interfere with the sense of serenity and nature. This is known to be a good bird-spotting area. Once he thought he photographed a California Condor, but Bob Zeman #878 told him it was just a Turkey Vulture. There are many interesting rock formations, pools and cascades to visit. Rick suggested that the silence here is so profound that Chuck Jonkey #1026 should go there to record his music.



Photo Rick Flores

Rick with prayer flags on Mt. Baldy

Mt. Pinos is a well-known astronomer's spot. Here he visited a condor-observation point with Shane Berry #1093. Red, brush-shaped flowers cover the hillside called Indian Paintbrush. Rick observed that most of the deer hunters they ran into were Latino.

In the San Gabriel Mountains are wonderful spots for hiking. Some good hikes are Waterman Mountain and Twin Peaks. Waterman Mountain was nearly named "Lady Waterman Mountain" after Waterman's wife who was the first Caucasian woman to make the ascent. Devil's Canyon is a reverse hike that begins with a

2,000-foot descent into the canyon and a return back up 2,000 feet.

Rick showed photos of hikes with members Ralph Perez #1150, Shane Berry, and Larry Schutte #1121. Ralph Perez hammed it up in one



Photo Rick Flores

Rick – Trona Quad Runner

photo, acting like he was trapped under a rock and grasping desperately for his water bottle that sat just beyond his reach. Ralph, wearing shorts, was left shivering when a cold front arrived. Rick suggested that this might be Ralph's last hike in shorts.

Around Mt. Baldy there are two famous hikes. Jerry Schad, who's authored a number of books about hiking in the LA area, said that Mt. Baldy and the Bridge to Nowhere hikes are obligatory for Los Angelinos. Below Mt. Baldy is the Bighorn Mine, a goldmine in operation from 1895 to 1941. There are impressive remnants left of the mine. Much of it has been sealed off for safety reasons.

Mt. Baldy itself is the most popular hike in the Los Angeles area. Mountain Baldy is a clear and open peak, hence its name. Rick showed a 260-degree photo he took from the

peak that he called his Jerry Dunphy Shot, showing the deserts, the mountains, and the sea. There are five ways to hike Mt. Baldy. The Sierra Club has a ski hut that can be rented. This was one of the first places skiing was introduced in the United States.

On the East Fork of the San Gabriel River is the Bridge to Nowhere. It was part of an unfinished highway and is now privately owned. Companies offer bungee jumping from the bridge. Rick says that he often runs into lost, unprepared people who are naïve about bringing enough water, food, or maps for their journey. On one hike, a young girl, lost and arguing with her friends, saw Rick and suggested that they “talk to that guy. He looks like he knows what he’s doing.”



Photo Rick Flores

*Rick getting high*

Many people end their hike at the bridge, but Rick advised that the best part of the hike lies beyond the bridge. Another hike around Mt. Baldy is Stonemaker Rd, which sits above the Bridge to Nowhere hike. Here a number of tunnels, again for

an unfinished road, provide for an interesting hike with many butterflies.

Adjacent to Mt. Baldy, and beyond Anaheim and Azusa, is the Cucamonga Wilderness. Here one can hike the “Three Ts” that are Telegraph, Timber, and Thunder Mountains. The Three Ts is a point-to-point hike, meaning that hikers must leave a car on either side.

In Orange County, San Mateo Canyon and Tenaja Falls are relatively unknown hikes. Finally, Rick suggested the San Jacinto Wilderness near Palm Springs. A challenging hike is to the top of San Jacinto Peak. To get there, it is necessary to take the Palm Springs Tram to its upper station and begin the hike from there. It is a high-elevation hike. Rick suggested doing high-elevation hikes during the summer and low-elevation hikes in the winter.

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## September 1, 2011

*Bob Zeman (#878)*

**P**resident **Larry Schutte #1121** welcomed all to the Club.

**Steve Bein #1057** has returned from a trip to Newfoundland for photography. On a walk to a lighthouse, he saw a red fox. He came at the right time of year to see the catalan fish which congregate like grunion. Shearwaters then feast on the fish.

**Bernie Harris #1063** and his wife, Devera, went to Perth for the wedding of their grandson. They visited

*(Minutes continued on page 14)*

Uluru, also called Ayers Rock. They then flew to Alice Springs and on to Darwin where they saw crocodiles. After the wedding, they went for a week up to Broome where pearls are cultivated. After flights from Perth to Sydney to Honolulu to Los Angeles, their trip ended with a series of detours off the 405.

**Bob Oberto** #1124 backpacked in Sequoia National Park.

**Doug Brown** went to Catalina Island and saw the fences used to corral the bison.

**Alan Feldstein** #1094 said that **Bill Morse** #1130 and his wife are off to New York. The Landmine Relief Foundation is being honored by the United Nations.

**Bob Oberto** #1124 is going to Utila in the Gulf of Honduras. He flies to Roatan and then goes by boat for some scuba diving.

Not to be outdone, president Larry is going scuba diving in the Channel Islands with Wyland, the artist.

**John Goddard** #507 went through his artifacts and came up with some good ones that he is donating to the Club for Night of High Adventure. He had a spirit mask with six arrows from New Guinea. He also donated one large and three small turtles made out of teak that he acquired in Urumqui in northwest China. He also had a carved hippo from Tanzania. And he had an aboriginal spear extender. Come to NOHA to view these interesting items.

## The Rickshaw Run

In 2010, Dennis Przywara decided to do a stupid and exciting thing, and entered the rickshaw run in India.

*Photo Dennis Przywara*



*The rickshaw run gets underway*

This involves driving a three-wheeled half-horsepower engine rickshaw 2,000 miles across India from Sikkim to Jaisalmer. There are no rules and no specified route. All seventy-five entrants paid a fee to rent a rickshaw and attend parties at the beginning and end of the run. Prize money – forget about it.

Rickshaws are built for short trips. The engine closely resembles a lawn



*Photo Dennis Przywara*

*A rickshaw traffic jam*  
mower engine. Their rickshaw broke down eight times in thirteen days.

Leaving Sikkim near the Himalayas, Dennis and his friend Michelle drove to Darjeeling. Then on to Bihar where they viewed the Bodai Tree which is where Buddhism began.

Heading west, they passed through Khajuraho and viewed its temples. Carvings on these temples are beautiful and exotic.

They stopped in Varanasi, the holiest city in India, to view the ghats. Bodies are cremated in burning ghats, and thousands of pilgrims come to visit along the waterfront.

Dennis was given a prayer shawl at the beginning to bring good luck. But it got stuck in the air filter and caused a few breakdowns.



Photo Dennis Prizwana

*Bumper-to-bumper excitement*

Near the end, a group of camels was on the road. So Dennis took a ride on a camel.

The rickshaw could travel 150 kilometers on a 10-liter tank, so they carried a spare tank.

Overloaded semi-trucks barreling down the road pose the biggest danger. A horn is useful to notify others of your presence.

The run finished in Jaisalmer, and Dennis and friend came in about 50<sup>th</sup>. Only four or five rickshaws failed to finish.

Obviously, they could not drive at night so they slept wherever

they could. And they carried bottled water.

Money raised from entry fees and sponsors is sent to the Frank Water project which provides water filtration systems to areas that need them.



Photo Steve Bein

## September 8, 2011

Marc Weitz (#1144)

### Those Returning from Adventure

**Claude Hulet #1114** – went sailing with his stepson and stepgrandson to Twin Harbors on Catalina.

**Steve Bein #1057** – Keeps his sailboat in Ensenada and got lost on his way to Mexico. After forgetting his passport, he was led to secondary at the border and admonished for getting in the wrong line.

**Ralph Perez #1150** – Took a tour of a ship and welcomed some Samoan sailors who sailed here from New Zealand.

### Announcement

Guests accompanying members to dinner will receive a discount off the normal dinner price. Members pay \$18, and their guests get dinner for \$15. This applies only to non-ladies' nights and to guests who arrive with a member, not on their own.

*(Minutes continued on page 16)*

## Mercedes Magic via Monte Carlo

Pierre Odier #988 filled in for President Larry Schutte tonight. He introduced member and past president Bob Silver #728 by thanking him for his flexibility in scheduling. Pierre then gave Bob a hard time about showing up with his presentation in the form of seven slides bound by an old rubber band and a 16mm film. They dug a projector out of the archives and managed to get it working in time for the presentation. Bob took the stage with his usual humor and asked those in the back to move to the front, so that, to the cam-



Photo Bob Silver

era, there would appear to be more people in the audience. Bob then welcomed the audience to be unruly and make snide remarks as is his wont at the Club, and tonight would be pay back.

Bob's Mercedes story began in 1979. A wealthy individual in Monte Carlo heard of Bob and hired him to appraise a 1936 Mercedes 500K Roadster that was to be sold at auction in Los Angeles and transport the car to Monte Carlo after its purchase. Bob told of the experience through slides and a 16mm film.

The car formerly belonged to avid collector Bud Cohn. Bud Cohn was

known as an all-around good guy who drove an ambulance in WWI. His wife drove an old electric car. Bud died of a heart attack while driving from London to Brighton.

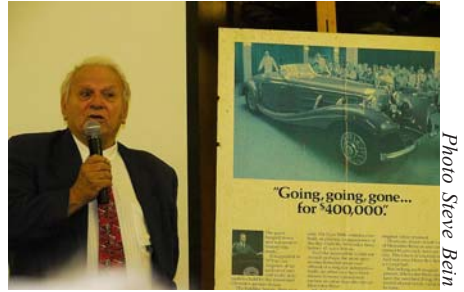


Photo Steve Bein

Bob showing auction poster

The Monte Carlo buyer was interested in two of the cars up for auction and asked Bob to appraise them both. One was an SSK, and the other was the 1936 Mercedes 500K Roadster. In those days, car collecting was a hobby rather than a business. The prices were reasonable, and those of modest wealth could build car collections. Bob appraised the SSK at around \$100,000 and the 500K Roadster at \$300,000. The auction was conducted by Christie's and held in a convention center. Scenes from Bob's film showed an audience filled with celebrities of the time, such as Barbara Streisand.

Bob's client purchased the 500K Roadster at the auction for \$440,000; \$40,000 of which was Christie's 10% commission. This was an unprecedented level of value in car collecting and turned the hobby into a business. Bob needed a place to store the

car until its flight to Monte Carlo. Having no room at his place, he contacted an ex-girlfriend who had more space than she need. She agreed to garage the car. While driving it to her



Photo Bob Silver

*The 1936 Mercedes 500K Roadster*

home, Bob misjudged the dimensions of the car and her garage and took out one of the car’s large front fenders. Not panicking, Bob contacted professional friends to come do an emergency repair. On the Saturday before the flight out, Bob and his colleagues fixed the fender and spent the day matching paint. The emergency repair was complete. A customized cover was made for the car, and it was driven to the airport. A requirement in transporting the car by plane was that the gas tanks needed to be emptied. However, they had to have enough gas to get to the airport, so they used another, smaller tank mounted near the engine. The tank leaked creating a fire hazard. On a side note, a reporter had been following Bob to report on the Adventur-

ers’ Club. He gave her a fire extinguisher and told her to have it ready in case the car caught fire.

On the way to the airport, Bob took the car to a cemetery to take some pictures. Bob commented on the car’s ability to attract women saying it had “good pickup.” A tall, attractive blonde accompanied them on the photo shoot and helped photograph and model the car. From there it began to rain. The car was a convertible and Bob had wait out the storm



Photo Bob Silver

*Bob with the 1936 Mercedes 500K Roadster*

under an overpass. They nearly missed the flight, but arrived at the airport on time. The 19-foot car was loaded into a 20-foot container and then onto a 747 bound for NYC along with some cattle and strawberries. Aside from the cattle, Bob was the only passenger. The pilots gave him access to the cockpit and showed him around the plane’s operations. In NYC, the car was transferred to another plane to Paris. In Paris, the owner suddenly decided that he was no longer interested in the car be-

*(Minutes continued on page 18)*

*(Minutes continued from page 17)*

cause of the high customs tax. The owner had bribed the customs officials working that day, but the car was a day late. This problem was solved, and the car was loaded onto a truck for transport to Monte Carlo.

On the drive to Monte Carlo, Bob and the truck driver were stopped for breakfast when a police officer noticed that the driver was over the legal limit for hours driven in a day. They threatened to arrest the driver when Bob agreed to drive the truck. Driving a truck was a new experience for Bob. Unfortunately for him, the last part of the drive to Monte Carlo involved an area called the Corniche, which is a mountainous area of sharp curves and steep descents that is not built for truck traffic. Lacking experience, Bob had to maneuver the truck down the road on which it could barely fit. He managed to get the truck down without incident, but Monte Carlo itself was not set up for commercial traffic either. The challenge was to find a place to unload the truck since there were no unloading docks. Bob hit on the idea of using the spur at the end of the railway. They backed the truck up to the spur, which was about level with the truck, and drove the Mercedes out the back.

The new owner arrived in a Mini Cooper with his chauffeur and collected the car. Bob gave him a bottle of California wine and some strawberries and cream. They parked the truck at the helipad – the only place

large enough to accommodate it. Today the car resides back in the States and is owned by a Mexican billionaire. Afterwards, Bob took questions and fielded a slew of sarcastic remarks in a professional manner.



Photo Steve Beirn

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## September 29, 2011

Marc Weitz (#1144)

### Those Returning from Adventure

**Chuck Jonkey #1026** – Shared three local adventures: 1) Visited the Indonesian Consulate where he plays in the gamelan. He witnessed a man go flying and land on his back. A result, he was told, of a powerful spirit. 2) Performed at a Balinese marriage ceremony at Cal Arts. The bride and groom were in full Balinese dress with masks. 3) Went to the Santa Monica Mountains for an Indian Equinox ceremony.

**Dave Finnern #1065** – Returned from Idaho lake diving. He dove a train sunk in 1904 off a trestle bridge. It lies at a depth between 95 and 125 feet. He also dove the wreck of a stern-wheeler and a barge that wasn't supposed to be there. He traveled by float plane to another lake where they found another wreck.

## Greatest Patriotic Married Couple in USA History

Pierre Odier #988 introduced tonight's speaker, Dr. James Adams, who is very interested in the history of the WASPs (Women Airforce Service Pilots) and specifically Jacqueline Cochran. He feels that Jacqueline and her husband, Floyd Odlum, were the most patriotic couple in US history, and that neither they nor the WASPs got their due from the media or the history books.

Because there was a lack of combat pilots during World War II, Jacqueline, an aviatrix herself, proposed that women could fly non-combat missions to free up male pilots for combat. The Army Air Corps accepted the plan, and Jacqueline began training women pilots in Sweetwater, Texas. From 1942 – 1945, 1,000 WASPs flew transport missions. Nearly half the planes delivered during that period were flown by WASPs. Thirty-eight were killed in the line of duty.

After the war, none of the women were allowed to call themselves veterans, and those killed did not receive payment for their funerals, and after demobilization, they had to get their own transport home. As the decades passed, this attitude changed. In 1977, the WASPs were accorded veteran status, and in 2009, they received the Congressional Gold Medal.

Dr. Adams showed a CNN interview with a WASP pilot followed by C-SPAN



footage of the Gold Medal ceremony.

Jacqueline was born in 1906 into southern poverty. At thirteen, she ran away to New York City and took a job at a beauty parlor, operating new automatic hair curlers. She became a top hairstylist in New York City and became sought after by the elite in Europe and the U.S. This led to her starting a cosmetics company making her a rich and successful business woman.

Jacqueline became a good aviatrix. She held over 200 records both in female and male race categories. She became the first woman to fly in and then win the Bendix Trophy Race, and the first female to break the sound barrier. Before the U.S. entered World War II, she organized a group of women to fly for the British.

On vacation in Florida, she met her future husband, Floyd Odlum, a wiry investor with glasses who made his money by investing after the 1929 market crash and then expanding into film, aviation, and other businesses. The match was immediate. Ashamed of her impoverish past, Jacqueline handed him a letter before their marriage telling of her background and advising him that he should read it and that if he should change his mind about her, she would understand. Floyd never read the letter, and they got married. Their marriage was said to be always filled with love and romance. The two dynamic and successful individuals

melded into a team.

Together the couple organized rallies to encourage Eisenhower to run for President. President Johnson invited them to the White House. Floyd Odlum was the CEO of Atlas Corp and RKO. His corporation was behind much of the progress towards the space race.

At the end of his presentation, Dr.

Adams brought up Cindy Irvine. Cindy took Margaret Weiss, a WASP, to the Gold Medal ceremony in Washington. She brought with her the medal and a replica which she presented to the Club.



Photo: Marc Weitz

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR



To the Editor:  
Went to the Club tonight to hear that a little after 7 am this morning, Frank went on the Great Adventure. Like Al, he was the Club and the Club

was him. The Club was very much a part of their lives. Same way for John Boden. Those guys, and others like them, collectively were the backbone of the Club. We'll miss him! – Bob Aranoff #837


*Our sentiments, exactly, Bob. – Editor*

**The Adventurers' Club of Los Angeles**  
**NIGHT OF HIGH ADVENTURE**  
**SUNDAY, OCTOBER 23, 2011**  
 Penthouse Ballroom- Delfina Hotel  
 530 W. Pico Blvd. Santa Monica, Ca.  
 310-399-9344


**"The Night of High Adventure is a Showcase for Excellence"**  
 Adventurers' Club member General James H. Doolittle, #800 OTGA

The Evening's schedule will be  
 5:00 p.m.- Cocktail Hour and Silent Auction- Cash or Checks- No Credit Cards  
 6:30 p.m.- Dinner  
 7:30 p.m.- Adventurers' Programs


**MSL-The Mars Science Laboratory**  
 Scheduled Mars Rover landing in 2012  
 MSL Deputy Project Scientist, Ashwin B. Vasavada- JPL



**On Assignment to the Hot Spots of the World**  
 Carolyn Cole- Pulitzer Prize Winning Photographer of the L.A. Times  
 Her appearance is conditional depending on events in the world.



**United States Navy Seals**  
 Presentation by the Honorable U.S. Navy Seals  
 Conditional on service needs



10:00 p.m.- Adjourn

*Appropriate Dress is black tie, dark suit, or Military Dress for the gentleman; cocktail dresses for the Ladies. Ethnic costumes are equally welcome.*  
 Tickets are \$75.00 per person or \$600.00 per table of 8

MAIL YOUR CHECK(S) to (see printable PDF form) The Adventurers' Club  
 Attn. James Heaton, Tel' 323-465-9500  
 P.O. Box 31226  
 Los Angeles, Ca. 90031

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## Forthcoming Programs

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- October 6, 2011** – David Finnern --Bessie Brady Shipwreck  
**October 13, 2011** – Vivian Callahan – Adventure in Southeast Asia aboard  
*The Quest*  
**October 20, 2011** – Kevin Lee – Sea Slugs, Pole to Pole  
**October 23, 2011** – **NOHA** – Night of High Adventure  
**October 27, 2011** – Charles Carmona – Gem Adventures in Sri Lanka  
**November 3, 2011** – Fred Hareland – *RMS Titanic* – Dream Ship & Early Green Ship  
**November 10, 2011** – Pierre Odier – LAOS; The North West Region Minorities  
**November 17, 2011** – **LADIES NIGHT** – Fraser Heston – Michael Rockefeller  
 Documentary  
**November 19, 2011** – **NON CLUB SPONSORED EVENT** – Club wedding:  
 Robert Williscroft (#1116) & Jill Mayer (1:30 pm)  
**November 24, 2011** – [CLUB DARK] – Thanksgiving
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*(Rogue Wave continued from page 3)*

too late to take-off. There aren't too many predicaments as miserable as breaking with a wave, freefalling down its face into a giant washing machine that would be the envy of any Maytag. But I'd made it, and I felt good.

As I lay there allowing my adrenaline to neutralize, a thought flashed into my mind. Pete! Where was Pete? He was about ten feet behind me last time I saw him. Oh geez, I realized. That means...

I looked towards the beach. The wave roared toward shore, now a mountain of white water. And somewhere inside, churning helplessly, was Pete.

I felt bad. But then I felt sort of good. I mean, it wasn't me. And then I felt bad that I felt good. But right in the middle of feeling bad because I felt good, I began to snicker since I really felt good that it wasn't me inside that wave. And then I really felt bad.

This was rapidly developing into a

full-blown internal turmoil. Just as I'd think, aahh, poor Pete, I'd sort of giggle. I mean, it was a controlled laugh because I felt bad. But it was a laugh nonetheless, which pretty well proved I cared much more about my own hide than my ol' buddy's.

As I rotated between "Poor Petes" and snickers, I finally saw him emerge. The wave had taken him all the way into shore. He stood in knee-deep water, and sort of sputtered and wobbled, but I could clearly see he wasn't dead, which made me feel good.

I never did tell Pete about my emotional upheaval outside the surf line. I bought him lunch that day, which pretty much cured any guilt I was experiencing. But that made me feel bad because I was cured so cheaply. I mean, a cheeseburger and fries, and I was guilt-free. If that isn't cheap, I just don't know what is.



The Adventurers' Club News®

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Los Angeles CA 90031

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October 2011