



CIRCUMNAVIGATORS CLUB

FOUNDED IN 1902

YEAR 2017

NUMBER TWO

THE LOG



INSIDE >

- LANDS OF THE NORTH



CIRCUMNAVIGATORS CLUB, INC.

FOUNDED 1902

INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS

50 VANDERBILT AVENUE - NEW YORK, NY 10017

(201) 612-9100 - FAX: (201) 786-9133

EMAIL: CLUB@CIRCUMNAVIGATORS.ORG

WWW.CIRCUMNAVIGATORS.ORG

INTERNATIONAL OFFICERS

MARGARET ELLEN PARKE

President

DAVID A. MINK

First Vice President

DAN PETERSON

Second Vice President

GORDON J. WHITING

Treasurer

SUE MURPHY

Secretary

TRACY J. SANCILIO

Executive Director

CIRCUMNAVIGATORS CLUB

FOUNDATION, INC.

ESTABLISHED 1964

President GREGORY RIDER

Honorary President CHARLES O. BLAISDELL

Vice President JOHN W. LESLIE, JR.

Secretary HELEN JOST-MULLIGAN

Treasurer JEFFREY P. KELLY

INTERNATIONAL BOARD OF GOVERNORS

GRAHAM M. BELL	TINA NICHOLSON
BARBARA HAGSTROM	RAY OLSON
HELEN JENKINS	DAN PETERSON
KENNETH J. LINSNER	JEFFREY PETERSON
JAMES W. LUNGO	HENRY RESTARICK
HOWARD MATSON	KEVIN SHORT
ANGELA MCLEAN	ANN SWINFOR
SUE MURPHY	BRADLEY J. VOGEL
	GORDON J. WHITING

INTERNATIONAL COMMITTEES

Admissions	JAMES W. LUNGO
Chapter Coordinator	RAY OLSON
Communications	DAVID A. MINK
Goodwill	ANGELA MCLEAN
Magellan Award	HOWARD MATSON
Membership	BARBARA HAGSTROM
Program	SUE MURPHY

LIVING INTERNATIONAL PAST PRESIDENTS

1970-1971	CHARLES O. BLAISDELL
1978-1979	MICHAEL M. WATABE
1994-1997	HOWARD MATSON
1998-2002	JEFFREY P. KELLY
2003-2006	ALFRED MORASSO, JR.
2007-2010	WILLIAM P. HOLM
2010-2012	ESTHER R. DYER
2012-2014	PETER J.C. MOSSE

THE LOG - PUBLISHED SINCE 1910

Editorial Director.....	DAVID A. MINK
Editor.....	TRACY J. SANCILIO
Contributing Editor.....	HENRY RESTARICK
Advisory Panel.....	CAROL GREEN
	LOIS KAHAN
	KATIE KOONTZ
	FRED MYERS
	JACKIE SIMENAUER
	KEVIN SHORT
	BRAD VOGEL
Graphic Artist.....	BRYAN KELLETT

PRESIDENT'S *letter*

Dear Fellow Circumnavigators,

One of the features in this issue is the "Lands of the North". This allowed me to reflect on the years I lived in Norway and Denmark. It was during my time in Oslo (1981-84) that I first heard about the Club. The U.S. Ambassador to Norway at the time was **C.** Mark Evans Austad. I heard him talk about the Club one day, so I asked about it and whether I might join. (I had circumnavigated as a child, thanks to my father's assignment abroad with the U.S. Navy in the 1960s.)

The Ambassador appreciated my interest, but explained that membership was limited to men. This surprised (and irritated) me, but within a year he let me know that the Club approved a change in the by-laws to admit women. Thus, he wished to sponsor me for membership. So, I was among one of the early groups of women to join in May 1984.

By the end of 1984 I was back in Washington, DC, but the Club had no presence there at that time. I was considering resigning my membership in early 1985 when I was contacted by International President Bob Peterson (late father of current Governor Jeff Peterson). He asked whether I would help organize a Chapter in DC. I said "yes" and the rest, as they say, is history!

This is my last letter to you as Club President, as my second two-year term ends in May 2018. When I look back on these four years, I can see that the Club has continued to thrive. I take no credit for this, however, as it is you, the members, who consistently recommend qualified candidates for membership. It is only by drawing in new members that the Club will remain healthy. So, keep traveling and making friends among your fellow travelers! Thank you for allowing me to serve our historic Club.



C. Mark Austad, US Ambassador to Norway, giving remarks at the Lincoln Memorial in Oslo's Frogner Park on July 4, 1982.



Luck to You,

Ellen

Margaret Ellen Parke
International President

Thanks to

C. Brad Vogel for this shot of Kulusuk Harbor in Greenland.



The LOG

THIS TIME AROUND

BY C. DAVID A. MINK

Published every year since 1910, The LOG is a treasure trove of history and culture. This regular column takes a look at The LOG past and present.



The late Christopher Hitchens wrote about his trip to North Korea under the title: "Visit to a Small Planet." The country really is a small planet, isolated from most of the world and operating with different rules than most other nations.

The Korean peninsula was never a hot destination for Circumnavigators. Going through about a hundred years of old copies of The LOG, there was nary a mention of Korea, except in the case of active member and Magellan honoree General Douglas MacArthur, who just happened to command a war there. MacArthur was fired from his command, much to the chagrin of many Circumnavigators at the time, who predicted that our lack of a victory would lead to a century of trouble.

Many of our current members have traveled to North Korea, and we were in touch with about 20 of them to find out about their experience. Many asked to remain anonymous because of signed agreements. We thank them for their insights. You can read "Why would anyone go to North Korea? (pages 21-22). Travel to North Korean is currently banned for Americans traveling on a U.S. passport.

Going North... There are many accounts in past LOGs about Arctic Adventures and Exploration by Circumnavigators. One interesting tidbit is when the ashes of notable Club member, Sir Hubert Wilkins, were scattered at the North Pole in 1959. Club President Al Morasso Sr. and the Board of Governors managed to get the U.S. Navy to transport the ashes on the submarine, USS Skate. Recently two of our members traveled through the North West Passage into the Arctic. Their experiences were vastly different. Read about them on pages 11-16.

Luck to you!

David

Chair, Communications Committee

In This Issue...

PRESIDENT'S LETTER	1
THE LOG THIS TIME AROUND	2
GOODWILL RECEPTION	3
MAGELLAN DINNER	4
ALL OVER THE MAP	5-6
COLLECTOR'S CORNER	7
A STRONG DOSE OF GREENLAND	8-10
NORTHWEST PASSAGE IS THE NEW FRONTIER	11-13
AL'S AWFUL ARCTIC ADVENTURE	14-16
JOURNEY INTO THE LANGJOKULL GLACIER	17
WORKING ON THE NORTH SLOPE	18-20
CREATURES OF THE WORLD	21-22
WHY WOULD ANYONE GO TO NORTH KOREA	23-24
BIKING THE BLUE DANUBE	25-26
RUNNING WITH THE BULLS	27-28
THE BEST OF THE BAHAMAS	29-30
CHAPTER HIGHLIGHTS	31-32
GOODWILL CONNECTION	33-34
WELCOME ABOARDS	35-37
CLUB NEWS	38
FOUNDATION NEWS	39-41
SCUTTLEBUTT	42
OVER THE HORIZON	42
THROUGH MY LENS	BACK COVER



—official U.S. Navy photo

International Weekend GOODWILL RECEPTION

The Circumnavigators Club International Weekend began with a Goodwill Reception on Thursday, October 26 at the Cornell Club in New York City where members and guests enjoyed a wonderful evening.



Noel Hewitt with Circumwife Christine Kloner,
C. Lois Kahan and C. Helen-Jost Mulligan



C. Gene McPherson
with wife Barbara



President Ellen Parke with
Past President Howard Matson



Guest David Schiff with C. Elizabeth Rider, Kathy Rider
and husband and Circumnavigators Club Foundation
President Greg Rider



First Vice President David Mink with
International President Ellen Parke



Second Vice President Dan Peterson
with Circumwife Melanie Peterson



Amy Matson with husband C. Howard Matson
and Yasemin Borschberg



ORDER OF MAGELLAN

PRESENTED TO
ANDRÉ BORSCHBERG

On October 27, Circumnavigators and their guests honored Solar Impulse Pilot Andre Borschberg at a gala black-tie dinner at the Penn Club in New York City. In recognition of his remarkable achievements in aviation, the Club presented to him the Order of Magellan, our highest honor. During the pre-dinner cocktail hour, Andre and his wife, Yasemin, graciously answered questions and posed for photos. To the strains of "The Circumnavigators Club March" by C. John Philip Sousa, everyone made their way to the dining room. After International President Ellen Parke welcomed everyone, International Past President and Chair of the Magellan Committee Howard Matson introduced Andre and asked all Officers, Governors, Past Presidents, and Chapter Presidents to come forward for a group photograph. Howard placed the medal around Andre's neck and yielded the podium to the honoree.

Andre began his presentation by showing a short video about the Solar Impulse project and its importance to the development of clean technologies. Flying around the world without using a drop of fuel presented myriad challenges to Andre and his team, which included Bertrand Piccard, his fellow Swiss Pilot. (Bertrand received the Order of Magellan in 1999 for piloting the first nonstop balloon flight around the world together with Brian Jones.) With the help and support of many international sponsors, the Solar Impulse concept became reality, creating aviation history in the process. The Club thus added Andre Borschberg to the pantheon of Magellan honorees.



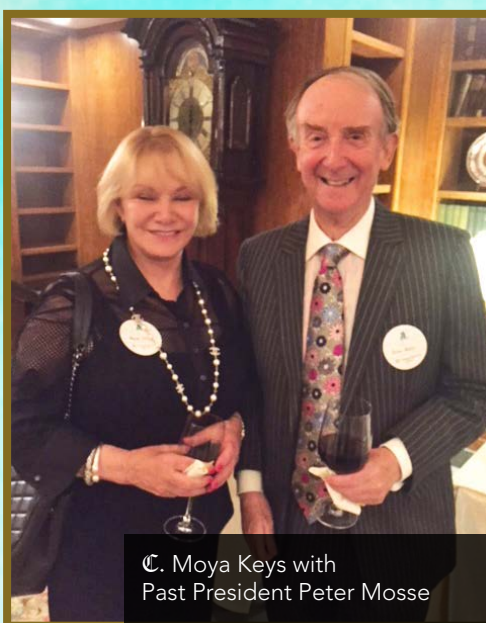
C. Brad Vogel, C. Barbara Hagstrom, C. Ray Olson, First Vice President David Mink, Past President Peter Mosse, Past President Howard Matson, Honoree André Borschberg, International President Ellen Parke, Past President Bill Holm, C. Gordon Whiting, C. Helen Jenkins, C. Dan Peterson



Barbara McPherson, C. Gene McPherson, C. Mary Brogan



C. Gordon Whiting with Sharon Kilmer



C. Moya Keys with
Past President Peter Mosse



André Borschberg with
Past Executive Director
C. Helen Jost-Mulligan and
Executive Director Tracy Sancilio

☪. Howard Matson (New York Metro) and his wife Amy spent their 28th Anniversary on a two-week tour of Sicily.

...**☪s. Peter and Christine Mosse** (New York metro) made their third attempt to reach Tibet, and were successful this time...

☪. Katie Koontz (New York Metro), a student at William & Mary, is studying abroad this semester in Morocco. She has lived with a family in Rabat but has been able to travel extensively



Matsons in Sicily



Katie in Morocco

throughout the country. She loves the desert and Marrakech in particular...**☪s. Roger Weatherburn Baker and Paula Baker** (Naples Chapter) led a group on a wining and dining tour of Tuscany. Roger heads up the Naples (FL) Chapter of the Chaine des Rotisseurs, the historic international organization... Inspired by the You-Tube series on the Great War, **☪. Ken Mink** (Pacific-Southwest) visited France and the World War I battlefields of Verdun and the Somme on the 100th anniversary of the battles. "I found the experience very moving. It's incredible

the carnage and bravery that these young men faced"...

☪s. Ann Swinford and husband **Mo El-Fouly** (Michigan Chapter) visited the "Stans" (Tajikistan, Turkmenistan, Uzbekistan, Kyrgyzstan and Kazakhstan) on a Road Scholar tour. Mo stopped in China on the way home for his third circumnavigation. Mo shows off his soccer skills in this photo. ... After 42 cruises and 654 days at sea on various ships of the Princess Cruise Line, **☪. Roberta Clemak** (Michigan Chapter)



Mo's fancy footwork

and her husband, Charles, will be embarking again on a 60-day cruise next month around South America aboard the Island Princess, they will visit 18 countries and 30 ports of call...**☪. Don Parrish** (Chicago Chapter), often recognized as the world's most traveled person, logged his first visits to some World Heritage



The Clemaks

sites in Europe, with stops in the Czech Republic, Serbia, Croatia, Germany and Hungary...**☪. Carol Green** (Naples Chapter) has had a busy year. She visited Copenhagen, Stockholm, St. Petersburg, Helsinki and Oslo on an 11-day cruise on the Regal Princess and went tent camping with three hardy women friends for a week in Yellowstone National Park in August

with a side trip into central Idaho to see the total eclipse...**☪. Fred Mink** (Newark, DE) and his wife Janice enjoyed their first visit to Africa. Jan reports, "our trip to Africa included eight flights, six beds and visits to five countries in a 17 days. From Cape Town to Botswana we experienced a trip of a lifetime waking up to water buffalo, warthogs and giraffes outside of our lodge doors, too busy eating breakfast to even notice our presence. At dinner we were serenaded by baboons climbing in the trees above us and the sound of mating leopards.



Fred & Jan get unclose

Coming face to face with a mama rhino and her baby while on a walking safari was exhilarating and downright scary. Interacting with elephants was an incredible experience, who knew how gentle these leaders of the wild could be? Victoria

Falls, one of the seven natural wonders of the world, took our breath away. I'm not sure we can top this trip, but we will have fun trying"...**☪s. Sue Murphy** and **Suzanne Frye** (New York Metro) covered a lot of ground in Southeast Asia, exploring Thailand and Myanmar. They met up with a group of Padaung women who wore the brass rings around their necks.

Sue reports, fortunately this tradition of creating long-necked women by placing ten kilos of brass on their clavicles has died off. They also got some wonderful photos around Inle Lake...



Suzanne and Sue with "friends"

☪. Barbara Hagstrom (New York Metro) traveled to

Bhutan and Tibet, hoping to find Shangri-la in Tibet. She was disappointed to find that Tibet, in her opinion, was being aggressively tainted by the Chinese. On the other hand, she was delighted with Bhutan.



Inle Lake

Barbara in Bhutan



Barbara will write in the next issue of The LOG, "Searching for Shangri-La"...

☪s. David and Dottie Mink (Naples Chapter) and **☪. Kristen Koontz** (New York Metro) traveled to Japan

with grandson/son Bryan Koontz. They toured Tokyo and Kyoto...**☪. Jim Foster** (Anchorage, Alaska) visited Puerto San Julian in Patagonia on his ongoing Magellan



On Mount Fuji



Magellanic penguins

Project, tracing the route of the explorer. Magellan and the boys had an eventful 4 months here in 1520—a mutiny attempt that left one mutinous officer dead with a dagger in the neck, another beheaded following the mutiny trial, and a third marooned with a conspiring chaplain (left with a cache of

wine and biscuit). Photo shows the Magellanic penguins, first described by Magellan Expedition chronicler Antonio Pigafetta: ‘fat like a goose with a beak like a crow’... **☪. Jeb Brooks** (Greensboro, NC) completed two more circumnavigations. One took nearly 40 days, the other only one week. He reports, “each trip around the planet helps quench my thirst for experiencing different cultures in rapid succession. Perhaps the most impactful experience for me this year (so far)? Spending a week on the Mongolian Steppe living in a ger. You can follow Jeb online at GreenerGrass.com.



Jeb's ger in Mongolia

How to Savor a Cuban Cigar

BY **☪. LION CURRAN**



Many Circumnavigators have traveled to Cuba in the past few years as restrictions were eased. However, the U.S. State Department recently issued a warning to Americans not to visit the island.

During the period of loosened restrictions, my wife Donna and I also decided to pay Havana a visit. For those of you who may get a chance to go someday, let me pass on to you the secret of how to smoke a Cuban cigar, Cuban-style.

Donna and I stopped at the Tocaroro bar, just off the Malecon (a seaside boulevard). The friendly, helpful people there showed us how to enjoy a bar, Cuban-style. This involved cigars. First, we sat ourselves down at a nice marble-topped table. A man came around and poured a jigger of rum into a Havana Club glass (no ice). The Cubans know their rum. Another fellow came with cigars and I chose a finger-width, mild, six-inch-long Monte Cristo. After that, a Cuban coffee (think espresso-style) was placed in front of me with a bowl of sugar.

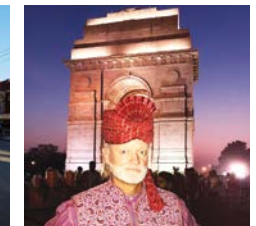
A smartly dressed gentleman came around and cut the end off of my Monte Cristo with a little guillotine, then lit a splint of wood on fire from a candle. He held the larger end of the cigar under the flame from the splint while rotating it in his fingers, rotating the tip over the flame until it glowed red. The lit cigar was handed to me and I was directed to puff on it. I did, smoke poured out of my mouth, and the cigar-lighter smiled and nodded his approval. It was then time to put the trio of treats together

so as to enjoy the whole Cuban experience of smoking a cigar in a Cuban bar. To do this, one takes a sip of rum, then draws on the cigar, expels the smoke from one's mouth, and follow that with a sip of sweetened Cuban coffee. At the same time, a Cuban band started to play. Ah, yes, a happy moment; one to savor. Sitting here now, I have that same feeling when thinking about our trip to Cuba.

Hat's off to Matthew



☪. Matthew Devlen (Dallas, TX) just completed his second jaunt around the world motivated by his new membership in the Circumnavigators Club. Following an inspiring lunch in New York with fellow Circumnavigators and Atlas Obscura's Dylan Thuras, Matthew's original plans for Delhi, Agra and Kathmandu morphed into month-long global journey with additional stops in London, Stockholm, Doha and Hong Kong. A man of many hats, Matthew always brands himself with a new, usually indigenous, chapeau in each new destination he visits.



Lighthouses and Lobsters



☪s. Henry and Janet Retarick (Mandeville LA) made a lighthouse and lobster trip to Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, and New Brunswick where they dined on steamed lobsters, lobster chowder, lobster poutine,

and a variety of other seafood. They drove the winding mountain roads along the rocky Atlantic coastline in eastern Canada and saw historic homes, churches, and cemeteries dating back to the 1700's. This was where the original Cajun French settled when they first landed in the New World. Later many would settle in southern Louisiana. They saw many old lighthouses along the coast, made river crossings on tiny 10-car cable ferries in the early morning fog, went whale watching, circumnavigated the Cabot Trail in Nova Scotia, then crossed the Bay of Fundy to drive along the Saint John River in New Brunswick.

Collector's Corner

BY C. KATIE KOONTZ (NEW YORK METRO)

MASK MANIA

Significant to many cultures, masks are found around the world. They can be used in festivals or rituals, for religious or social purposes, and come in endless styles and forms. C. Mary and Bill Klug, whom you may remember from their pins and plates feature in our last issue, first stumbled upon the world of mask collecting in 1986. While on vacation at the Mt. Kenya Safari Club at the base of Mt. Kilimanjaro, the duo purchased a mahogany African mask. They write, "It went on the wall in Bill's den in Ohio. But we never considered it part of a collection." Years later, their collection really began on a Panama Canal cruise, where they bought four or five hand woven Indian masks. Today, Mary and Bill (Naples Chapter) have a collection of 24 masks from places like Ghana, Senegal, Malaysia and Canada.



A lesson in bargaining



C. David Mink (New York Metro) is also an avid mask collector. He started his collection about 30 years ago with an old mask from Nepal, which he bought in Kathmandu. David now has around 25 masks from places such as New Zealand, the Bahamas, China and Italy. His favorite, however, was purchased in Tanzania. "I saw the mask at a stall in a remote part of Tanzania and liked it," he says. "I asked the price and was told 'Feefty dollars'. I retorted that the price was ridiculous and proceeded to walk around for a while. But, I wanted that mask. I told the gentleman that I would not pay more than \$20 for it. He answered, 'But I only asked for fifteen dollars.' My mistake, but I decided to pay him the \$20 just for my stupidity." This mask is displayed along with others on a wall at David's Florida home, while a couple of large ones are placed on a table.

Mask collecting creates unique challenges for travelers. First, authentic pieces can be hard to find. David looks for additions to his collection on all of his trips and hoped to find a native Alaskan mask on a recent trip to Alaska. Unfortunately, he found many masks, but they were all made in Thailand. According to Bill and Mary, "Masks are not like collecting pins and plates in that they are not always readily available. Not every country we have visited has presented a buying opportunity. And we have certain criteria we follow--they must be unique and hand done." The Klugs were in luck on a West African cruise, where they purchased ten masks, however, this spree led to a new dilemma: packing. They write, "This was an adventure in figuring out how to get them all home in one piece, but with creative packing and hand carrying on, we did it!" David faced a different challenge while transporting a Venetian mask. The piece had been extremely well wrapped to protect it from damage. However, while going through airport security, officers made him unwrap the entire package to determine its contents. After revealing that it was just a mask he was able to wrap it back up and bring it home, unharmed.

Sometimes, collectors may come across masks accidentally. For Bill and Mary, this was the case on a recent trip to Canada. "Our latest and most favorite mask purchase occurred last summer in Vancouver when Bill went looking for antique Olympic pins," they say. "In a very crowded antique store there were no pins but there were fabulous Native British Columbian masks. We had to have one! So you see, sometimes looking for one treasure leads to another treasure!"

Do you have a travel-related collection? Contact Katie Koontz at katherinekoontz@aol.com.



A STRONG DOSE OF GREENLAND



**BY C. BRAD VOGEL
(NEW YORK METRO)**

A weathered, rifle-toting man ambled downhill through patches of snow, cutting silently across our path. Having emerged from a cherry red house – one of about 35 brightly-hued buildings comprising the mountain-ringed town – he headed toward his boat. It lay bobbing in a harbor chock full of electric blue icebergs. Only a few sounds echoed across the small settlement: the occasional whine of summering sled dogs and the faint buzz of flies swarming half-rotted seal skulls on a platform near the path.

At that moment, as the hunter left home agelessly for the hunt once more, I sensed I had truly arrived in Greenland.

Greenland is overwhelmingly sparse – especially when one considers that the entire island, still a protectorate of Denmark, is larger than Alaska and yet home to about 56,000 people – fewer people than reside in Portland, Maine. And Kulusuk, perched precariously on naked rock on an island off the barren, ice-crowded eastern coastline, feels like an even more remote outpost within that remoteness.



The prospect of a visit to my old friend Gylfi and his family in Reykjavik, Iceland had initially rekindled longstanding thoughts of Greenland. What is this giant ice-capped place really like, I had often wondered? Who are Greenlanders? With these musings fueled by books like “An African in Greenland”, “Arctic Dreams” and the Greenland and Vinland Sagas (as well as a story from *Č*. Lois Kahan about her visit to Greenland in a wheelchair), I booked a side trip through Air Iceland. My week in Iceland was an intriguing and restful look behind the scenes at daily life there. But the side trip across the Denmark Strait provided just the jolting counterweight I needed to balance out my time away.

Greenland loomed severely out of the blue as our prop plane approached over open sea and then vast fields of pack ice. A hard line of mountains emerged. Then another jagged mountain range seemed to materialize on top of it followed by another range piling itself on top across the entire horizon. And then the ice cap itself seemed to spill impossibly over the very brim of the entire forbidding cascade of rock. It was as if the fifth door of Bluebeard’s Castle had been opened and the orchestra was playing at full bore. It was sublime. I admit I felt a slight tinge of fear as I tried to take it all in at once.

Curving in to land on the gravel runway amidst stony spires, the landscape seemed serrated and harsh, all rock, ice, and angles. The lone airport building felt like a tiny Lego building lost in the realm of giants. Our plane was the only aircraft in sight for miles around. A motley group of Americans, Icelanders, and Europeans, we joined our guide Suulua and began the long walk to Kulusuk, which remained out of sight.

Suulua (Suuluaq P. Motzfeldt), provided an interesting perspective. As a native of southern Greenland, he noted that when he first arrived in Kulusuk (formerly Kap Dan), he found that his native Western Greenlandic dialect and the local Eastern Greenlandic dialect were nearly mutually unintelligible. It took some work before he was able to adjust sufficiently to converse about the town’s one modest hotel, one store, and one school with locals, as well as the large mountain that looms over the island, which gives the Kulusuk its name (for it is shaped, to the proper eye, like the breast of a black guillemot). He pointed out a cluster of metal antennae off on a

distant hill that was an American outpost during the Cold War – and made clear that one of the more significant events in the village’s history was an episode involving American soldiers “fooling around” with local women, which ultimately led to a successful request for the servicemen to leave.

As we crunched across the barren, vegetation-free fields of scree, snow, and gravel, an orange helicopter whapped overhead across the broad valley toward a small helipad near the airport, giving the impression that we were approaching a villain’s stronghold lair in a James Bond film. It is the tenuous means of linking Kulusuk to the nearest outpost of civilization, one of a handful of small towns in Eastern Greenland, far off across the fjord.

Eventually, after passing through walls of snow towering over our heads along the muddy roadway, we climbed a slope littered with wooden crosses and fake flowers that marked the Kulusuk cemetery. Rounding the crest of the hill, Kulusuk suddenly lay before us like a quaint toy village set against a grand Valkyrian backdrop of mountains, water and ice.

But as we wound down into the village, more quotidian aspects of life in Greenland came forth. Dirty white sled dogs sprawled on the snow in the sun. Crushed Danish beer cans emerged here and there from under the melt and gravel. Lone crosses, sleds, and splayed fishing nets stood cheek by jowl with vivid cerulean, canary, and mint houses. Laundry dried on lines in the sun.

We headed straight for the single store in Kulusuk. We arrived minutes before it was set to close at noon. Walking in, it felt like a company store in a logging camp, very much a sort of colonial general store remnant – I asked Suulua for any goods made in Greenland and, tellingly, he noted that nothing but the music cds off in one corner were Greenlandic. It was interesting – as most of the people in Kulusuk, barring a few individuals of Danish heritage at the airport, appeared to be of primarily native Inuit (Eskimo) stock. This stood out as a striking difference from Iceland.

As noon ticked closer, the atmosphere in the store grew tense, and I rushed for the counter with my few items. Through hand gestures and a few words, I checked out at a furious pace and then as noon arrived, the staff hurried us out, locked the door and vamoosed. The small post office on stilts next door was similarly locked down for the lunch hour. Noon means noon.

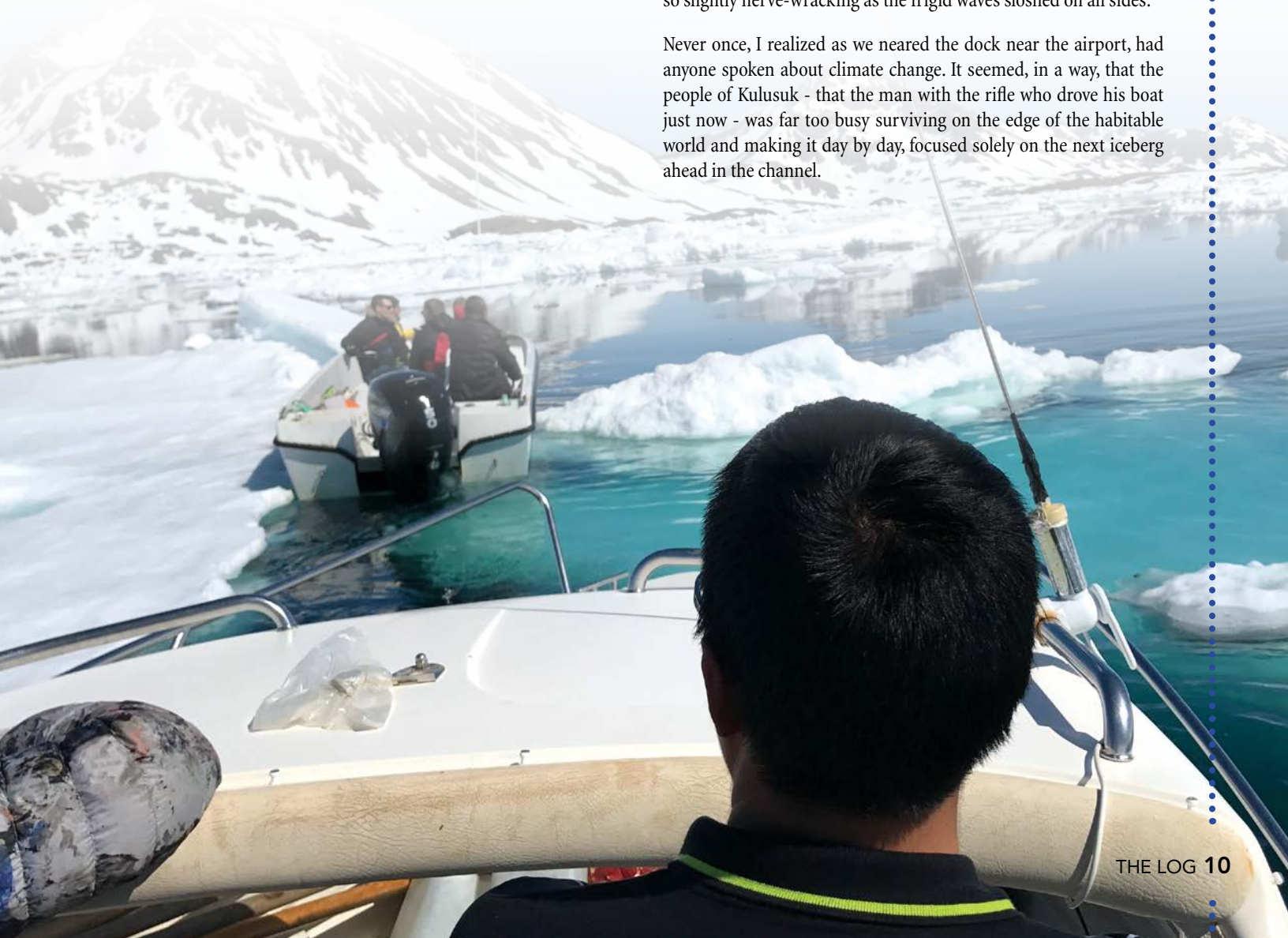


Proceeding up worn wooden ladders, we visited the tiny Kulusuk museum, a precious storeroom of artifacts ranging from musk oxen skulls to traditional beaded sealskin boots, to aged tools, to evocative hand carvings in ivory and wood. A few individuals sold beadwork and repaired steps. Around us, a kayak lay in the gravel path and I could see now that some of the houses were in states of significant disrepair.

We trekked now, encountering the hunter en route to his boat, to the other side of the town where children played in their yards and a young woman with a hushed mixture of both kindness and gravity performed a traditional dance with classical garb and hairstyle involving a hand drum. Backed by snow-capped crags and ice floes sparkling brilliantly, the quiet, intimate dance transcended her tourist audience – and proved more moving than a visit to a small red church built by Danish seaman in the early 1900s.

It was then, as we prepared for the return hike to the airport, that we learned that a few hunters with motorboats were not after seals and other prey at the moment and were willing to take us back via the ice-choked fjord for a small fee. I jumped at the chance; the waters, apparently, had just barely opened enough in early June for us to venture the voyage. A few of us stepped aboard and Kulusuk's colorful shacks soon faded off into silhouettes as we bumped and ground our way through – and in some cases OVER – the aquamarine ice floes as the mountains looked on. The scraping sounds were ever so slightly nerve-racking as the frigid waves sloshed on all sides.

Never once, I realized as we neared the dock near the airport, had anyone spoken about climate change. It seemed, in a way, that the people of Kulusuk – that the man with the rifle who drove his boat just now – was far too busy surviving on the edge of the habitable world and making it day by day, focused solely on the next iceberg ahead in the channel.





NORTHWEST PASSAGE IS THE NEW FRONTIER ACROSS THE PASSAGE IN 35 DAYS

BY C. W. BRADFORD GARY
PHOTOGRAPHY BY SUSAN KEEGAN GARY
(PALM BEACH CHAPTER)

During a government assignment at Ottawa, Canada several years ago, I attended meetings in the US Embassy's secure conference room, where the largest feature in the top-secret space was a wall size chart of the North West Passage.

I finally asked the US government watch officer why only a Northwest Passage chart was shown in the secure area and not the entire country.

"You see this passage is the new frontier – nothing else up here really matters" was the non-official US response.

The officer continued "The Canadian government demands that we inform them prior to our US Navy submarines transiting the passage. We have agreed to advise the Canadians when the Navy vessel has completed the trip. Good compromise, we believe."

U.S. intelligence and allied services are closely monitoring new Russian activity in the High Arctic – including the rebuilding of Cold War military installations. Russian submarines recently dropped electronic probes onto the Arctic sea floor to assert claims over the northern continental shelf region and polar sea.

The High Arctic and Northwest Passage are seeing more international activity through the Arctic Council, a multinational group established to design rules of engagement for all countries operating in the High Arctic. To underscore the importance of the Northwest Passage to international trade, even the tropical island of Singapore is a charter member of the Arctic Council. A direct sea route from Singapore to northern Europe ports – such as Rotterdam – through the passage saves ten days and substantial shipping cost for international firms.

Against this background of political intrigue, we transited the Northwest Passage during August and September 2017 on a Bahamas-flagged, Chinese-owned cruise vessel accompanied by a U.K. Royal Navy icebreaker and air wing of military helicopters and expedition staff.

What follows are the personal observations of a long time student of the High Arctic and occasional international observer.

North to Alaska

In order to obtain a “start” across the Northwest Passage you need to decide which direction – east or west – you would like to begin. We selected the Port of Seward, Alaska on the Bering Sea so our transit was east towards the prime meridian and Greenland. The east routing also has the advantage of allowing residual winter ice to clear from the numerous narrow points in interior channels of the Canadian archipelago where ice jams are encountered.

The Northwest Passage oceanic route is possible only from August to mid-September. After that time, the pack ice refreezes - slow moving vessels will spend the following winter encased in solid ice a thousand miles from any town or air/sea rescue.

Big Diomedes – Russia Islands

The Aleutian chain presents an impressive group of small, almost inhabited islands stretching from Kodiak out a thousand miles to Adak and terminating at the Russian Far East at the Kamchatka Peninsula and Petroplovsk.

On an earlier trip to the region, we had visited abandoned Russian submarine bases south of Kamchatka where the buildings and wharfs suggested that the once mighty Soviet Pacific fleet had departed only several days earlier. Text books in the Soviet base school were opened to a daily lesson --blackboards with Cyrillic writing were still marked with additions and corrections. Piers were littered with lines and cables once attached to Russian nuclear boats.

In our sea transit north to the several mile wide pinch point of the two Diomedes Islands we were constantly reminded of the Alaska euphemism for global policy changes:

“We can see Russia from here.”

With constant fog and heavy ocean swells, a sighting of the Russian island of Big Diomedes was not possible, although I am told that there is a substantial population of Russians on the Big Island who will often walk across winter sea ice to visit their American neighbors on Little Diomedes. Our ship cleared the small islands and headed north to the open Arctic Ocean.

High Arctic – Holman North West Territory

Our first port of call at the start of the High Arctic Canada Islands is Holman, Northwest Territory, where we were greeted by the Mayor and his wife. Located at the beginning of the passage, Holman is a little town situated on a scenic cove with small boats tied up on a rocky beach.

Brightly colored bungalows front the harbor while a community center and middle school occupy the hill beyond the beach. Holman has a well-deserved reputation as welcoming visitors – Bermuda in the High Arctic.

Sailors looking for a supply station for the long voyage east to Greenland have their choice of food stores and ship supply chandlers. Holman is the last port and food store for hundreds or miles.



The Northwest Passage narrows considerably after Holman – long ocean swells are replaced by a pond-like sea surface. Occasional small ice bergs (known in the trade as “bergy bits”) begin to appear on the far horizon. We are now on 24-hour Arctic time – no sunset and no sunrise – just a beautiful blue and pink sky all day.

Cambridge Bay – The Mid-Point

Our next stop was the town of Cambridge Bay – a veritable metropolis of some 4,000 inhabitants. Cambridge is the largest town on the Northwest Passage and is located at the mid-point of the transit in the newly established northern Canadian province of Nunavut.



Nunavut was carved out of part of Quebec and Northwest Territory to provide the indigenous people more direct democracy before the national government in Ottawa. Now a bustling resupply depot and transit location for all of the Canadian High Arctic, Cambridge Bay sits on a plateau fronting the icy waters of the passage.

Huge containers dot the landscape and a small wharf is utilized to offload coastal cargo vessels during the brief Arctic summer. Large industrial buildings and commercial structures crowd the small settlement made up of wooden, home-built bungalows.

Whatever attractions Cambridge Bay might have had for early explorers looking for refuge in an Arctic storm have been lost to new commercial

development. A lack of asphalt roads due to permafrost conditions has resulted in massive amounts of mud everywhere.

It is here in Cambridge Bay where the challenge of the “New High Arctic” is clearly seen.



Will Canada be able to keep the heart-stopping vistas and uncluttered charm of the far north against the pressure of heavy commercial interests? Will mining, energy, and transport facilities continue to crowd the small towns of Nunavut and the Canadian Arctic?

The people of the Far North – called First Nation or Inuit - have left the simple village structure of small communities where hunting and fishing supported the population and moved to a society that is industrial. Alcoholism and drug use are on the increase. Ottawa government ministers are challenged to chart a proper course for the Canadian North.

Bigger Ice Breaker

After Cambridge Bay we turned the corner of the passage and headed due north to Peel Sound and Resolute Bay – the most northerly settlement in North America. Complicating our navigation was a solid sheet of polar ice stretching across our intended course.

Also stuck in pack ice ahead of us was the German expedition ship Bremen. Although ice hardened, Bremen was not moving ahead – and neither were we. Several hours later a second ice breaker, the Canadian vessel Laurier, joined forces with our guard ship, HMS Shackleton, to punch through the several foot sections of ice to open water at the entrance to Bellot sound.

Bellot is a rocky, narrow east-west strait and was our “Plan B” or alternate route to continue east to the main passage should ice conditions prevent a continued northerly course.

The northernmost point of Canada, this strait is a fast-moving tidal channel that passes through a magnificent gorge resembling the Grand Canyon. It is ice-free due to the strong tidal flow. Once clear of the strait, we were in a clear, deep water in a wide bay with brilliant sunshine (photos).

Pond Inlet – The Eastern Approaches

At the eastern end of the passage across the Baffin Sea from northern Greenland is the town of Pond Inlet. Here the government of Canada is much in evidence with government patrol craft and supply barges at anchor.

Several expedition ships were also in the wide harbor and zodiacs loaded the cruise boats with passengers and containers of provisions. Along with increased signs of civilization were indications that all was not well in the Canadian north.

We went ashore in small boats and landed in a sprawling shanty town dominated by dilapidated buildings and glassy-eyed teenagers. Once again, we were seeing the impact of rapid urbanization on a small population without the ability to manage changes to their environment.

What we would see on our next stop – three days away in Greenland – would raise further questions about Canadian guardianship of the North Arctic Region.



Baffin Bay To Greenland

Crossing the wild, oceanic waters of Baffin Bay from the Canadian High Arctic to Greenland, we moved ahead two time zones and a half-century forward in terms of arriving in the modern world.

On landfall in Jacobshaven (Nuuk), Greenland we discovered a small but modern community with paved roads, quaint villages, impressive infrastructure, and well-behaved adolescents. The Danish imprint over the west coast of Greenland is unmistakable.

While the Canadian Arctic has serious problems with infrastructure and community life, Danish Greenland is a 21st century model of efficiency and charm. Why the disparity?

NGO friends suggest that the Canadian government has “over-subsidized” their high Arctic settlements with massive amounts of financial assistance but with little or no attention paid to building community institutions or placing emphasis on establishing good schools or training centers.

The Danish approach appears to be somewhat hierarchical, but working well. An effective quasi-colonial administration provides assistance – financial, technical and management.

In my time, we called this “nation building” or simply preparing for the day when indigenous people would make their own way in the world.

During our voyage we visited two very different regions of the High Arctic and learned about economic development in a barren, hostile environment.

AL'S AWFUL ARCTIC ADVENTURE

BY C. ALBERT PODELL
NEW YORK METRO

WHAT A DIFFERENCE A MONTH MAKES!

*OR WAS IT THE DIRECTION IN
WHICH WE SAILED?*

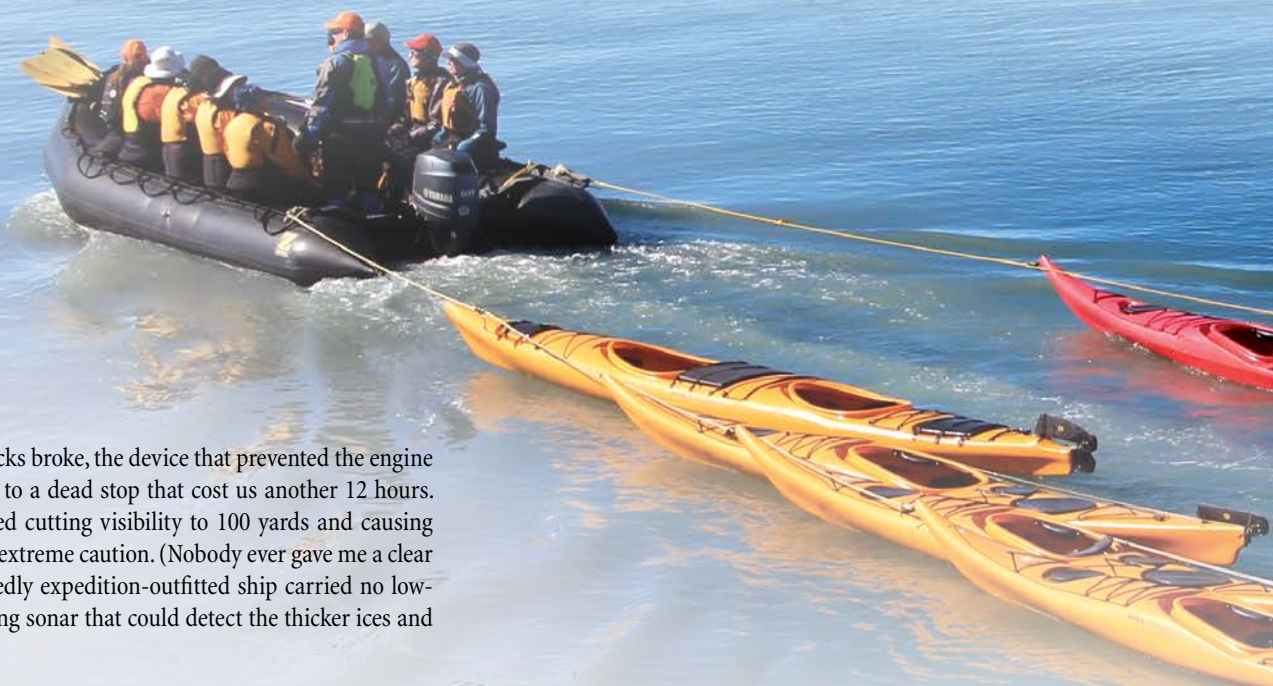
*OR WAS IT BRADFORD GARY'S
ICE-BREAKING FLOTILLA THAT
MADE THE DIFFERENCE.*

All I know – as you will, when you read Bradford's article on pages 8-10 is that he embarked in August on a 35-day cruise through the Northwest Passage, sailing eastward from Alaska to Greenland across the top of Canada aboard a Japanese cruise ship accompanied by a U. K. Royal Navy icebreaker, and had a wonderful trip.

I had opted for a shorter, 12-day trip, heading right into the heart of the Passage, flying on July 23 into Ottawa, catching a charter to Iqaluit on the southeast coast of Baffin Island, then sailing north and west aboard a converted Russian Arctic research ship toward Resolute Bay. I had a miserable trip, perhaps my worst in my 55 years of slogging around the world, including its most dirty, dangerous, and depressing places.



Everything went wrong that could possibly go wrong – except having our ship sink with a loss of all hands. The flight chartered by our cruise operator, One Ocean, landed in Iqaluit with *half* the passengers' luggage left behind, necessitating a sailing delay of 26 hours. By the time the luggage landed, a dense fog came with it, and our ship, the 92-passenger One Ocean *Voyager*, aka *Akademic Sergey Vavilov*, was unable, after getting underway and slowly exiting Forbisher Bay, to make its first scheduled stop, at Monumental Island in the Davis Strait, a well-known location for walrus. Furthermore, during the delay, the wind had shifted forcefully to the west and piled up mile after mile of class 8 sea ice (i.e. impenetrable to any ship shy of a full-fledged icebreaker, and ours only had a steel-reinforced bow) all along the east coast of Baffin Island – for several hundred nautical miles. On top of that, and as a result of the fog and drifting growlers, bergy bits, and old ice, the captain reduced speed to six knots for an entire day and kept the speed well below our 14.5 knot maximum for several days, costing us another day.



Then some device below decks broke, the device that prevented the engine from overheating. We came to a dead stop that cost us another 12 hours. And the dense fog continued cutting visibility to 100 yards and causing the captain to proceed with extreme caution. (Nobody ever gave me a clear answer as to why our allegedly expedition-outfitted ship carried no low-level radar or forward sensing sonar that could detect the thicker ices and enable us to avoid it.)

As a consequence of all this, **we had to bypass entirely all of our first eight scheduled stops and zodiac excursions** – Pangniqtuug, a remote village in the heart of Cumberland Sound known for its arts and crafts; Sunshine Fjord, which straddles the Arctic Circle at 66 degrees, 33 minutes north latitude, depriving us of the opportunity to land the Zodiacs and *walk across* the Arctic Circle; Qikiqtarjuaq, a tiny settlement of just a few Inuit families, and Auyuittuq National Park, one of Canada's most spectacular natural wonders, featuring steep and rugged mountains, extensive glacial systems, and powerful rivers, none of which we ever saw; Isabella Bay and Niginganiq National Wildlife Area, summer habitat and feeding area for bowhead whales, which can break the sea ice with the crown of their heads; Gibb Fjord, a spectacular inlet of towering peaks and snowy glaciers, at least according to our itinerary; Sirmillik National Park, the crown jewel of Canada's Arctic Park system; Croker Bay; and Prince Leopold Island, a major migratory bird sanctuary for thick-billed murres, black guillemots, northern fulmars, and black legged kittiwakes, none of which, needless to say by now, we saw.

To make matters worse, were that imaginable, the kitchen staff apparently learned their craft from the same Russian expert in tasteless peasant cooking who had taught my dear old Russian grandmother to boil tasteless food, unsiced save for a pinch of salt here and there, and a salad table with virtually the same ingredients served every day. On top of that, our cruise director was a rigid, humorless, martinet and control freak who kept all information to himself and only revealed some of it a few hours in advance, at his thrice-daily mealtime briefings, leaving most of the passengers in a limbo of annoyance, anger, and anticipation, wondering how many more days it would be until we could get off the boat and on to land and see *something*.

Finally, late in the afternoon of Day Six, we had passed the northernmost extremity of the thick pack ice that had prevented us from landing on Baffin Island, and we were able to make an unscheduled visit to a long, narrow fjord bordered by some 2000-feet of sheer rock walls. After a 15-minute Zodiac ride from the ship and a brief tramp through the tundra,

it was already time to get back into the Zodiacs to return for dinner on the ship, a mile up the fjord. But my Zodiac ran out of gas four minutes after leaving the beach. Our guide added gas, but by then the engine was flooded, or an air bubble had invaded the gas line, or the spark plugs had become besotted, or who knows what. Nobody knew! We pleaded with the *Vavilov's* other Zodiacs that churned past us, to give us a tow back to the ship, but the guides manning (and womaning) their outboard motors told us, after admitting they had never encountered a similar situation, that they were sure that a tow was against the expedition rules, so they abandoned us in the now-cold and windy fjord until one returned from the ship almost an hour later and finally gave us a tow.

On our last scheduled day, we received our final insult. After waiting at the tiny Resolute airport for four hours for our flight to take us home via Edmonton, we were notified that it could not land in the fog and was diverting to Whitefish; and two hours later we heard that it had forgotten to attach its gravel dispersion shield to its front landing gear, but that another flight was on the way; and four hours later we learned that the second flight was grounded by fog in Whitefish and could not take off. Perhaps tomorrow?



Al's ship after the fog lifted in Pond Island



But, not to worry, you can go back on the ship without extra charge for another insipid meal, and you even get a free telephone call so you can cancel your hotel reservations and ongoing flights in Edmonton. Lots of luck with that.

After 12 days, I had seen only three polar bears, three walruses, the shadowy outlines of two faraway narwhals, the distant flipper of a possible bowhead whale, visited only two Inuit towns, and had read ten books, gained six pounds, and wasted \$21,000 on my cabin.

To its credit, One Ocean offered all the passengers on this disastrous cruise a 25% reduction if we book another Arctic trip with them. I am taking it under advisement.



Journey into the Langjökull Glacier

A Unique Adventure



Pamela in Iceland



REPORTED BY
C. PAMELA COLLINS
(NAPLES CHAPTER)

As Pamela and Keith Collins (Naples Chapter) can attest, Jules Verne was onto something. No longer content with simply being the setting for the famous “Journey to the Center of the Earth,” Iceland has followed the footsteps of fiction by forging the world’s longest-ever manmade ice tunnel. Adventurous people now have the unparalleled opportunity to get down and journey to the heart of an actual glacial ice-cap. The man-made glacial ice cave, designed by Iceland’s leading engineers and geophysicists, has its home in Langjökull. It took over five years to build and it opened in 2015. The team behind this attraction created quite the experience.

The Long Glacier (1355 m) is the second largest in Iceland. It has an area of about 950 sq. km with most of it rising about 1200 to 1300 meters above sea level. It rests on a massif of hyaloclastite mountains. The southwestern part of the ice cap is called Geitlandsjökull. On a clear day the view is spectacular.

The Collinses escaped the heat of Florida and cooled off wandering deep into the glacier after boarding the “glacier bus,” a former missile launcher previously owned by the United Nations. Before loading into the bus everyone was required to don special snow suits and boots which should have been a clue as to what lay ahead.

The drive up to the glacier entrance was a thrill ride in itself. Pamela noted, “It was all bumps and crunch. I was one nervous Nellie, peppering Keith, the driver, and the tour guide with a lot of questions. Will we fall through a crevice in the ice? Who figured out the path to get up to the glacier entrance? Is there an Icelandic OSHA?” Keith, on the other hand, was relaxed and enjoyed pointing out the large crevasses in the ice, comparing them to sink holes back home.

After living through the drive up, the excitement really started. As Pamela explained, “They told us to put on our crampons and then led us on the climb down.” Once inside, the tunnel’s spectacular nature is revealed: stretching 550 yards (over five football fields) and descending 40 yards into the glacier’s center. The temperature was 32 degrees so the cave was quite wet, making it even trickier to negotiate. It became very clear why snow-suits and crampons were required attire.

Pamela noted, “Claustrophobia can be a challenge for me. I tried to divert myself wondering how in the heck did they build this maze?” Keith commented, “We explored lots of caves and caverns, and even spent time in a church of sorts down there.” Pamela chimed in, “Yes, many folks have been married down there, and there were quite a few marriage proposals as well. What about staging a renewal ceremony there, Keith? Can you say, I do, again?”

If you’re up for a unique adventure while visiting beautiful Iceland, be sure to sign up for Journey into the Glacier!

WORKING ON THE NORTH SLOPE

BY C. JIM FOSTER
(ANCHORAGE, ALASKA)

GETTING THERE

A 90-minute mostly empty flight from Anchorage onboard Repsol's chartered Alaska Airlines aircraft brings me to the start of an adventure in the oil field culture. A row all to myself, I stretch out and watch the snow-covered Alaska March below, passing under my window as the Alaska Range, the Yukon River drainage, and the Brooks Range slide by slowly to our south.

No adult beverages are served on the northbound flight to Deadhorse, only on the flights bringing workers south. The North Slope is a 'dry' environment. Let the working Lent fatten our souls and assuage our livers. I sip on the last of the decent coffee I will taste for awhile and meditate on random thoughts.

Disembarking in Deadhorse with my giant nylon bag of issued arctic gear and swimming inside my XLT parka, I shoulder my additional personal gear and step out into -30F ambient air to board my bus to 'K-1.' The bus driver warns "If you need to use the restroom, please go now. It is two and ½ hours to K-1." For fear of yellow breath down the road, I pay the coffee bill as best I can.

The road to K-1 winds west through the flat snow covered tundra and by an occasional sprawl of crude oil handling infrastructure; modular power plant looking structures with exhaust stacks billowing out wedges of steamy white smoke. These crude oil collecting and pumping facilities are surrounded by off-the-ground modularized personnel living quarters and giant garage type sheet metal shed facilities. Miles and miles of dull silver pipes supported above the snow by rusty horizontal I-beams atop large round metal posts run parallel to the frozen roadway and tie these infrastructure enclaves to one another across the tundra.

Jim in front of the portable drill rig



"A rig is moving" offers the bus driver, "I hope we don't get stuck behind it." I learn the giant oil drilling rigs are portable and move around on the slope slowly, very slowly. Moving from drill site to drill site until each one's hole is done, they take up the entire width of the road, allowing the traffic that clumps up on either side of these movements to pass only when the oil rig is inching by an occasional roadway pullout that will allow the traffic to squeeze on by. We get lucky and approach the glacial-paced rig at a pull around. "We could have been behind it for hours" says our relieved driver.

We see some red foxes wandering on the tundra at different points along the way. One comes onto the road and directly up to our front before steering its way on by us. Slope wildlife literature reports most of these foxes are rabid. They have no apparent fear of vehicular movements.

We arrive at K-1. I am directed to the medic's room and settle in at the 'Kenai Camp.' I do get my own room with a bathroom, not everyone does. In the hotel star rating system, it would get two. I check the medic gear and report to the 'Company Man's Office.'

ON THE JOB TRAINING

Kachemach #1 is a 'wildcat' exploratory oil well drill site located approximately 80 miles west of the main staging ground for the Alaskan North Slope oil fields; Deadhorse, Alaska. This is where I am spending the best part of three weeks.

Our little portable drilling village houses about 80 people. The drilling rig is Nabors '9ES' and the two portable living quarters are the 'Chugach Camp' and the 'Kenai Camp.' All this was moved here after the tundra froze up in January and will be moved away before it thaws out in May. The well will be 'plugged' and then reopened for production next winter. The village will be rolled back in after next year's freeze up. This is a project by Repsol, Spain's big oil company.

Repsol has joined others in the Alaskan oil industry to explore for more. Alaska is a new environment for them and being a part of their first season's operations in active drilling is definitely interesting.

The drill plan here has a target total depth of 10,400'. As of April 1st, 'the hole' reaches to 8,650'. The high temperature on this same day is -13F.

Hired as the site's remote medic, I have also been given three days of training on the software program 'OpenWells,' used to manage and share data related to oil field drilling and production. My title is Rig Clerk/Medic. I am basically an administrative assistant to the drilling site supervisor when no one is sick or injured, which is, fortunately, most of the time.

I am working a noon to midnight shift, which usually goes until 2AM as I am responsible to produce a 'Daily Drilling Report' to be posted on MyWells, distributed to an email list, and also transferred to Madrid, Spain via 'Citrix,' the OpenWells computer network. We are told of a ritual that revolves around our report every morning in Houston, Texas, Repsol's U.S. HQ. The banana hits the fan if our report is not there.

The drilling site supervisor is called 'The Company Man,' he calls me 'the rig cluck.' Everyone here has clever nicknames. There is the 'Toolpusher,' the 'Mudman,' the 'Driller,' the 'Roustabout,' and the 'Directional Driller,' among others.

Abbreviations are a way of life on the oil field. And everything is to be in capital letters in the Daily Drilling Report. PULL OUT OF THE HOLE becomes POOH, TRIP INTO THE HOLE = TIH, MEASUREMENT WHILE DRILLING = MWD, HEAVY WEIGHT DRILL PIPE = HWDP, LOGGING WHILE DRILLING = LWD, BOTTOM HOLE ASSEMBLY = BHA, PICK UP = PU, LAY DOWN = LD, TRUE DEPTH = TD, TOTAL VERTICAL DEPTH = TVD, and the now famous BLOW OUT PREVENTER is the BOP. The list of abbreviations goes on and on. Schlumberger has an oil field abbreviation app.

The mud gets 'circulated and conditioned' a lot. Drilling is said to be 'making hole.' A drilling activity line entry in OpenWells can read "RUN IN HOLE - CIRCULATE AND CONDITION FROM BOTTOM UP - POOH."



TALKING DIRTY

“Hey, Mud,” hollers the Company Man as Bob, ‘Big Mud,’ the day shift mudman walks by the office door. “What is our mud weight right now?”

I am learning about drilling mud. Drilling mud is injected into the drilling pipe to be ejected out the end of the drilling bit assembly to ‘lubricate the hole,’ being then pushed back up to the surface under pressure along the outside of the pipe to lubricate the hole and carry ‘the cuttings’ (the formation being drilled) back to the surface. The cuttings are then separated from the mud and the mud is reused. There is an entire industry in support of and connected to this ‘mud operation.’ Truck loads of drilling mud come onsite from Deadhorse and truck loads of cuttings go offsite to Deadhorse.

Each night around midnight I get a mud report from the night mudman (‘Little Mud’) and enter ‘Mud Inventory,’ ‘Mud Check,’ and ‘Mud Volume’ data in the OpenWells Daily Drilling Report. ‘Mud Losses down the hole’ are a big deal I learn as I sit around in the inner sanctum of the Company Man’s office and take in conversations about mud. I have never been around so much mud talk. I learn there are even ‘Mud Schools.’ Mostly in Texas, I gather. On the oil patch, mud is big stuff.

A mud intrigue ensues for a few days revolving around magnetic mud suspected to be stuck to a high tech tool called a ‘CRW’ (Combinable Magnetic Resonator) that was lowered into the hole to measure the fluids in the formations up and down the hole. Steel Seal (a mud additive) has graphite in it and is rumored to be sticking to the tool and causing its malfunction. This ‘wireline logging’ is an expensive process: two invoices totaling over \$1.2 million for seven days of this work is given to the Company Man during this period of intrigue. The Mudmen, both ‘Big and Little Mud’ are being accused of mucking up the process. Steel Seal had been added to the mud to stop ‘mud losses.’ The factions are many. There is Schlumberger the wireline logging contractor, there are the Canrig Geologist contractors, and the Nabors Drilling Company Contractors are in the mix. There is a Repsol reservoir engineer in-training onsite injecting ideas into the debate. Everyone has a mud theory about what has caused the CMR tool to malfunction.



The arctic fox at sunset

Eventually, a one gallon plastic bucket full of slivers of metal shavings are brought to the Company Man’s office and spread out on a piece of cardboard. These slivers were cleaned off of the CRW tool and are thought to be from when the drilling pipe threads were cut and not cleaned properly before being delivered here onsite. “I think there is some graphite mixed in with this stuff” chimes in a magnetic mud conspiracy proponent, refusing to give up the mud fight.

‘Mud losses down the hole’ are a big deal. I figure what the heck, you drill a hole deep in the ground and put mud in it and not all of it comes back to the surface, so? I learn mud losses are from injected mud leaking into the formations along the wall of the hole and can be a precursor to the dreaded ‘blowout.’ One option to deploy when mud loss is occurring is by placing ‘LCM PILLS in the hole.’ These ‘loss control mud’ pills are chemical mud concoctions designed to seal the walls of the hole and stop mud losses. Managing the mud is an important deal around here.

A mud weight debate breaks out between the Schlumberger employees and the mudmen. The on-duty Repsol oil field supervisor comes by to mediate.

The debate fades and the attention returns to drilling.

My first go at OJT rig clucking is drawing to a close.

I head back to Anchorage on Good Friday. After church on Easter, I look forward to lifting a ‘Rusty Nail’ to end this chapter of my industrial LENT.

Never mind the mud for now,

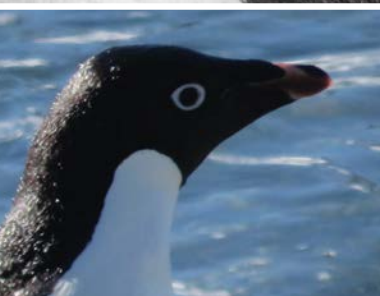
“The liver is evil, it must be punished.”

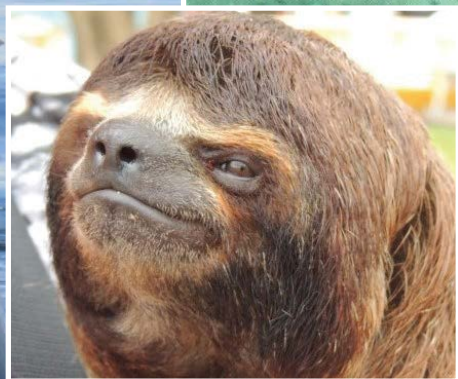
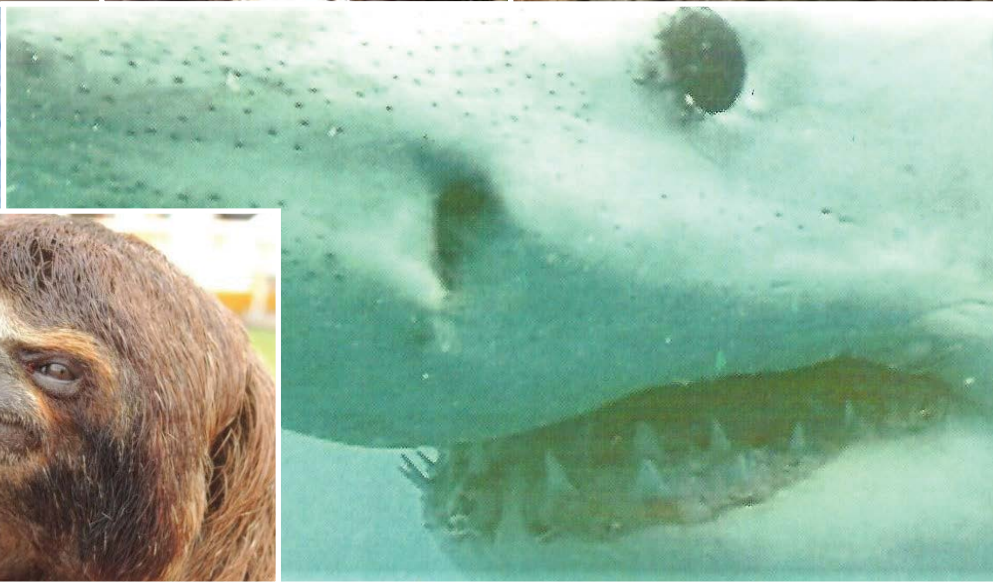


CREATURES OF THE WORLD

Photos by Janet and Henry Restarick

In the last issue of The LOG, our photo spread showed the People of the World. Janet and Henry thought it would be fun to show us the faces of wildlife around the world.





WHY WOULD ANYONE GO TO NORTH KOREA?

BY C. DAVID A. MINK
EDITORIAL DIRECTOR



Circumnavigator visits the USS Pueblo

North Korea is the most forbidding nation on earth, although by no means the most dangerous in terms of crime, violence and terrorism. Follow the rules and a visitor will probably be safe.

In September 2017, travel with an American passport was banned by the U.S. State Department, although travel there is still possible for Circumnavigators with other passports.

But why would someone want to go there, considering the ironclad dictatorship and the severe dangers of not following the rules, such as the case of American student Otto Warmbier, who was arrested after taking a poster and then ended up tortured and dead?

A significant number of Circumnavigators have been to North Korea (officially the Democratic People's Republic of Korea, or DPRK). We discussed this subject with about 20 members to get their input on travel there. These members visited the DPRK between 1995 and 2015. Some asked to remain anonymous because of agreements with their tour companies or just to remain off the record. Here is some of what we found out.

Why go to North Korea? The overwhelming answer from our members was the concept of "because it is there." Curiosity, sense of adventure, the addition of another country were reasons cited. For C. Barbara and Marvin Easton (Naples Chapter) there was more to it than mere tourism. They spent many years living and working in the region. They remember many visits to the DMZ from the South and the air raid drills and the booms of jets crashing the sound barrier, and they felt a real need to visit the North. Another Circumnavigator, a research scholar, made a study, comparing the people of North and South.

Was there fear or anxiety? Our travelers reported no worry or apprehension about going to North Korea. One Circumnavigator said the scariest moment was the flight from Beijing to Pyongyang on old Soviet aircraft. C. Albert Podell (New York Metro) said he never felt safer in his life; "how could you feel unsafe with two guides, two policemen, and three minders watching you every minute?"

What were the restrictions? In general, the Club members said there were relatively few restrictions, and those rules were monitored on an inconsistent basis. Most travelers said they had an orientation program before going, and the guidelines pertained mostly to photography and technology. Of course, they were told not to bring Bibles, pornography or books written in the South. There were also restrictions regarding the "Dear Leader" or head of state.

To digress a bit, there have been three heads of State: father (Great Leader), son (Dear Leader) and grandson. Most educated people are very familiar with the current rotund leader with his nuclear ambitions. There are statues and images of the Leaders all over place, and it is forbidden to take pictures of statues or monuments that only show part of the Leaders. Regarding newspaper photos of the leaders, it gets a little tricky. One tour guide told a Circumnavigator that he got in trouble because one of his clients put out his shoes on top of a paper with the Dear Leader's photograph. Also, no paper with the Leader's photo can be folded. Albert Podell told a story in his book about folding a paper with the Leader's photo and putting it in the seat pocket during the flight. Unfortunately, his seat companion was a ranking DPRK official who admonished Albert for this slight. Albert dutifully unfolded the paper and respectfully put it back in the pocket. As Albert tells it, he waited until the official fell asleep and then took the paper to the lavatory and put it to its "proper use."

What were the best sites and highlights? Most Circumnavigators were restricted to the area near Pyongyang with excursions to the DMZ. They visited monuments, museums and other memorial structures. Those who visited the DMZ found it to be one of the highlights. Others cited the Mass Games, an astonishing spectacle of gymnastics held only once a year and featuring thousands of colorful participants. Several had a chance to see the USS Pueblo, a U.S. Navy ship captured by the North Koreans in 1968 at the height of the Cold War. One crew member was killed in the attack and the remaining crew of six officers and 69 men were held captive in grim conditions for 11 months. On a light note, one of our visitors got to see the golf course where the Dear Leader, he was told, made 18 holes-in-one.

How were the accommodations? Most reported that the food ranged from poor to mediocre but was adequate. Same for the hotels. Some of our visitors suspected that they were subject to eavesdropping in the hotel. A general consensus is that much of the "normal" activity that they saw was staged for their enjoyment or for propaganda. There was limited inaction with the general populace, but our members found the North Koreans to be friendly and helpful.



How was the trip? Most of our travelers reported that the trip was one of their best excursions. The Eastons said it was in the top five of their 150 countries. Another called it a trip of a lifetime. Eric Oborski (New York Metro), however, ranked it as “nothing special” much like his first trips to Russia and China, but without as much to see.

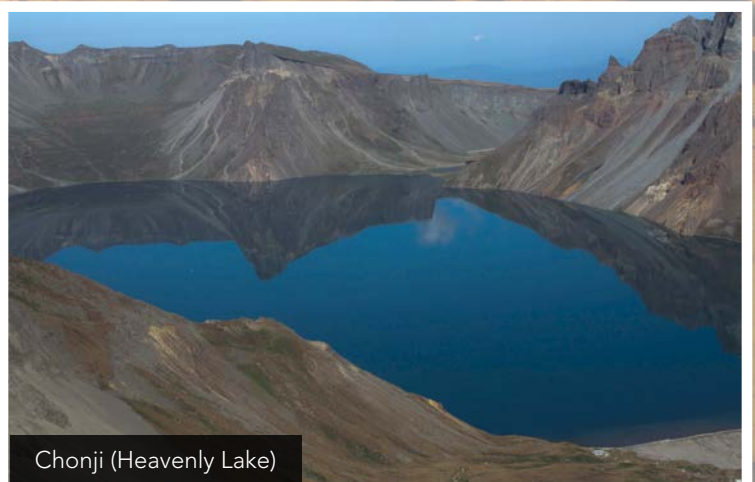
A repeat trip? Most said they would not go back, either because “been there, done it” or because of the political atmosphere. As noted, U.S. citizens are currently **prohibited** from traveling there. The anti-American propaganda was widely cited as distasteful. A few said they would return if the politics improved and restrictions were lifted.

This story is, by no means, an encouragement to visit North Korea, even if restrictions are lifted. DPRK continues to be a rogue nation with numerous reasons to stay away. However, we can hope that our Club “ambassadors” made a small step in following the Circumnavigators’ mission to “leave the world better than we found it.” Only through friendship and understanding can our world truly get better.

Mansudae Grand Monument



Chonji (Heavenly Lake)



BIKING THE BLUE DANUBE

BY C. GENE McPHERSON
(PUNTA GORDA, FL)

I am a tourist biker, not a racer or a mountain-biker. I like a route along which I can glimpse the backyard laundry or the vegetable garden as I wheel by, or suddenly stop at a residence front door, beside which is a small stand offering local fruit with a pail for payment deposit. Then I'm back on the bike and continuing the journey. My rides have been, in chronological order, along the Danube, Switzerland and northern Italy, the coast of Slovenia and Croatia, central Portugal, and the most interesting if not the most strenuous, "honeymoon" biking in Provence.

The first ride was with my biking buddy Alex, from Los Angeles. When I explained my plan, to forgo the Winter Olympics in Turin, Italy, for a two-week bike trip down the Danube, he asked if he could come along. I answered, "Absolutely!" so we both spent the next spring and summer getting into shape. This would be our first ride together and our first outside the United States. We chose September, after the EU vacation season, when the weather was more moderate. The tour company, based near Passau, Germany, would furnish our bikes, reserve lodging near the route, choose lodging according to our wish (3-star for each of us, separate rooms) and shuttle our luggage each day to the next hotel.

We planned one full day in Passau, exploring part of the city, before beginning the ride. Then it was Day One. We crossed the border into Austria, with the only indication being a small sign noting that we were entering some sort of Austrian national forest.

Here are the highlights in sequence:

-----Becoming acquainted with the Danube: The Danube is either the longest or the second longest river in Europe--depending on what you read--

1770 miles, rising in northern Switzerland and ending on the west coast of the Black Sea. It forms the border between Romania and Bulgaria. We would take it to Budapest in about three weeks. It provides hydroelectric power via a series of generating plants along its banks. The riversides are bermed, increasing the depth of the river/reservoir. The bike path is on one or both sides, with a constant two or three-degree slope to the east, and there is no vehicular traffic on the berms.

Well, it is NOT blue, until one gets out of its mountain valley onto the flat landscape where the sky meets the horizon in most any direction—THEN it is blue because the sky is reflected by water. But for our first week or so, winding along the valley, it appeared green from the reflection of the vegetation, including vineyards.

-----Seeing in person what I'd seen in tourist publications about the area: at a place called Schloggen, the Danube doubling back on itself, twice! Arriving at a hotel, we parked our bikes and hiked up a mountainside, through the forest, until we came to a clearing especially made for observing the Danube making a U-turn, then, a mile or so downstream, making another U-turn! In only a few places in the world do major rivers reverse themselves. One is in the extreme SE of Utah in Goosenecks State Park.

Our guidebook (accurate to what seemed like the nearest meter) was explicit, detailed, and offered numerous off- and on-road comments and opportunities for further exploration.

-----Riding up to our lodging each evening. Actually, doing so was the ONLY requirement we had each day—except for having our luggage at the front desk each morning --all else was at our choice. Upon arrival it was shower, change clothes, go to a restaurant to eat, back to the room to plan the next day, and to bed. For supper, I would have a full meal, dessert, and then ice cream. And I still lost two belt notches. In Spitz we were shown the high water mark on buildings resulting from the most recent flood of the Danube. I cannot imagine what would happen to a power plant being flooded by the river.

-----Living the random occurrence: One afternoon, under rain threat, we



Gene and his trusty bike

pulled into a parking lot serving a few businesses. I think that we ordered ice cream. Then we noticed in the parking lot a small low trailer carrying a baby grand piano, complete with bench AND performer! It was pulled by a three-person bicycle. A few young people were nearby, some on bikes, apparently the entourage. Intrigued, we walked over and began a conversation. The group travels from town to town, playing for money, and advertising their evening concerts. We planned to attend that night's concert until we realized that we were biking in the opposite direction. No rain appearing, they continued their way and we ours, but not before purchasing a souvenir postcard.

-----Vienna. Alex had been there before, so we split up for the three days. Our hotel was near the bike path, but NOT near downtown. Walking for 15-20 minutes to the nearest subway, I was perplexed at the ticket machine and a helpful local told me where to put the money. For three days I did the stan-



dard tourist stuff. The most notable was attending the Lippanzer Horse show—which is sold out months in advance, but NOT the daily practice. I easily bought a standing-room only ticket and for an hour watched the riders practice with their horses.

After Vienna, it was a five-day trip to Budapest. On the third morning, Alex departed the hotel before I did, and I didn't see him all day. During a river crossing I met the Aussies whom we had seen at dinner the night before. Later, while I was riding in the rear, a bee flew into my helmet and then stung me in the temple on its way out. The pain was sharp for an hour or so, then itched for about three days.

The fourth morning, Alex again left before I did. Shortly after leaving the hotel, I came to a major intersection, where five other bikers were waiting to cross. But they didn't know which way to go. There was constant looking away, then looking at the maps, then away again. Finally, one of them flagged a slow-moving vehicle and queried the driver, who pointed the way. It seems that the intersection had recently been remodeled and the guidebook had not been revised yet. The five were a New Zealand man and two German couples. So, by default I fell in with them and we were together for the rest of the day. We stopped in a town where a horse show was in progress, so we biked to the arena hoping for a quick lunch. During intermission, there was a "tractor ballet". A number of tractors, large and small, performed various maneuvers, going forward, reversing, turning, etc. And on static display was a gigantic self-propelled corn picker, probably capable of picking at least six rows at a time.

The next day I left the hotel before Alex, and at a nearby river crossing I



again met the Germans and Aussies. We stayed together the rest of the day. In the mid-afternoon, we came upon a tourist stop along the river, decided to rest a bit there, and then discovered that a river ferry plied the distance back to Budapest. So, we decided to miss the route into the city to our hotel, by taking the ferry instead, to downtown. When we arrived, it was late afternoon. I did not know the way to the hotel, but the others did, so off we went. By the time we arrived we had to use our bike headlights.

At the hotel, the ride suddenly ended. As usual, we parked the bikes in the designated bike park area, but then removed all of our personal gear. That was the end of a wonderful, enjoyable, and interesting bike ride. The next morning those of us on the trip, about ten of us, were treated to our very own city tour. After that, we were on our own.

I remained in Budapest for five days, then flew to Prague for three, then by train to Vienna for a KLM flight home.

RUNNING WITH THE BULLS

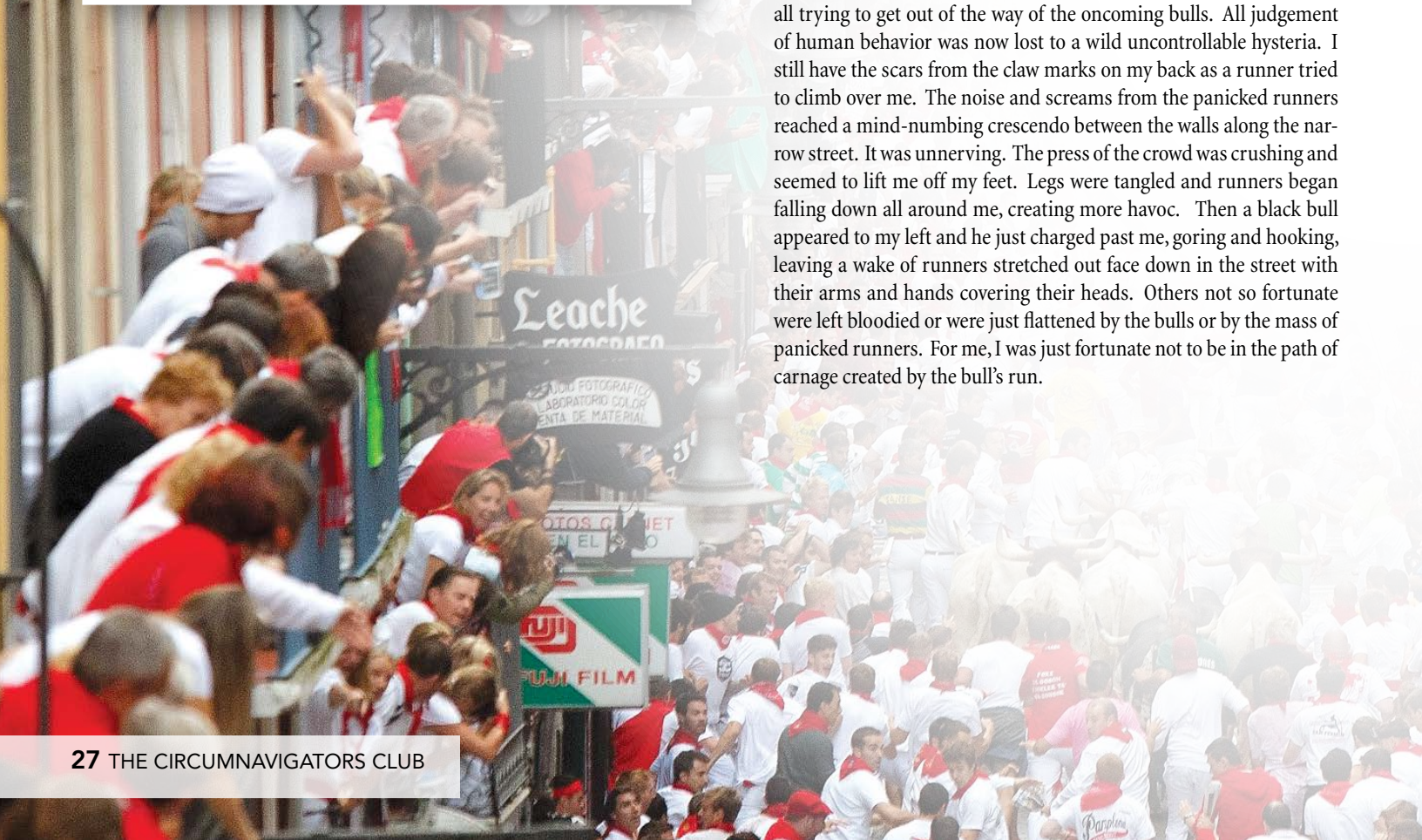
BY C. HENRY RESATRICK
CONTRIBUTING EDITOR

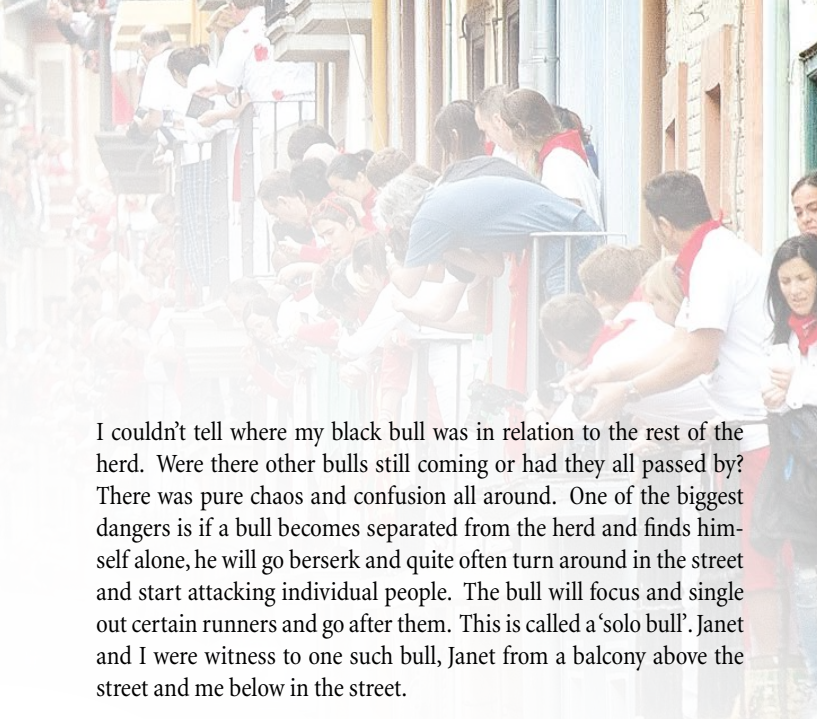
At 8 o'clock in the morning in Pamplona, Spain, on the seventh day of the seventh month, a rocket is launched into the sky over the city signaling that the corral gates were open and now six bulls and four steers were off and running through the narrow-walled streets of this old city. This was the start of the Encierro, running of the bulls, which began in Spain in the 16th century. The Encierro is part of the Fiesta De San Fermin and lasts nine days. Today was the first day of the run.

When the run started, Pamplona was paralyzed and there was an eerie silence in the streets. All the swaggering and arrogant banter from the runners was replaced with fear, terror, and primal emotions. Deep survival instincts and cold adrenalin kicked in. Then the silence was broken by the sounds of people running. At first the sound was soft, then I heard a low murmur of a distant crowd. I could not see the bulls approaching due to the huge mass of people in the street, but the increasing and swelling noise of the crowd and the start of a human stampede like a huge storm surge told me they were coming and they were coming fast.

There is no way you can run and stay ahead of the bulls. They can run with the speed of a thoroughbred horse and reach up to 40 mph, so at some point they will catch up to you and pass you in the street. The critical point in the run is when this herd of ten charging bulls, each weighing 10,000 pounds and running at top speed, catches up with you. This is the defining moment, the moment of truth. This fleeting moment will determine your fate.

As the bulls got closer, the mass of runners started to ram and squeeze into each other forming a massive plug of runners between the walls along the narrow street. The runners behind me were now trying to run faster than the runners ahead of them. The solid mass became a turmoil of panic and violence. Runners were frantic to escape the horns. People started fighting for their lives, pushing, shoving, hitting, all trying to get out of the way of the oncoming bulls. All judgement of human behavior was now lost to a wild uncontrollable hysteria. I still have the scars from the claw marks on my back as a runner tried to climb over me. The noise and screams from the panicked runners reached a mind-numbing crescendo between the walls along the narrow street. It was unnerving. The press of the crowd was crushing and seemed to lift me off my feet. Legs were tangled and runners began falling down all around me, creating more havoc. Then a black bull appeared to my left and he just charged past me, goring and hooking, leaving a wake of runners stretched out face down in the street with their arms and hands covering their heads. Others not so fortunate were left bloodied or were just flattened by the bulls or by the mass of panicked runners. For me, I was just fortunate not to be in the path of carnage created by the bull's run.





I couldn't tell where my black bull was in relation to the rest of the herd. Were there other bulls still coming or had they all passed by? There was pure chaos and confusion all around. One of the biggest dangers is if a bull becomes separated from the herd and finds himself alone, he will go berserk and quite often turn around in the street and start attacking individual people. The bull will focus and single out certain runners and go after them. This is called a 'solo bull'. Janet and I were witness to one such bull, Janet from a balcony above the street and me below in the street.

Just when everyone thought the danger had passed and the rush of euphoria replaced the feeling of terror, cries of, 'solo' - 'solo' could be heard down the street. It wasn't over yet. The rush of terror replaced the brief feeling of euphoria. Fear and primal emotions returned. Indeed, a bull had separated from his herd and had stopped running. The lost bull now turned around in the street and started attacking runners he had just passed. With his head tossing up and down, he turned around again and found several victims, which he gored against the barricades. Janet later told me what she saw and that it was very bad. Still, while salivating at the mouth he continued to attack more runners attempting to seek shelter in the small doorways along the street. The doorways allowed only two people at the most. It was a bad situation. The 'solo' twisted and turned and could swerve in a microsecond to gore a runner and carry him up the street on his horn and shake him loose without breaking stride. Again I was just fortunate not to be in this wild bull's path.

With help from the trailing shepherds, the bull was finally disengaged and distracted from his bloody slaughter. He was guided into the bull ring where he now belonged to Pamplona. Now it was over. Later we learned the 'solo bull's' name was 'Flamante'. 'Flamante' died that afternoon in the ring. He was a star. He was one of God's magnificent creatures.

After the run, Janet and I walked to the Plaza Del Castillo Square for coffee and churros. Churros are hot rounded sticks of fried dough covered with sugar. Delicious. It was now only a few minutes after 8 in the morning. The day was just getting started and we had seven more days to go.

The San Fermin Festival is an annual religious celebration enjoyed by thousands from all over the world. The most famous part of the festival is the Encierro, The Running of the Bulls. This is how the bulls are moved from their temporary holding corral to the Plaza De Toros in the center of Pamplona. As for the wisdom of actually running with the bulls, it can only be explained by our addiction to the adrenaline rush of chance and the lust we both share for adventure. And maybe, it is just our complete lack of any sanity.



PHOTOS BY JANET RESTARICK





THE BEST OF THE BAHAMAS

BY C. THOMAS AMBROSE - PALM BEACH CHAPTER

When Columbus landed on the Bahamian island of San Salvador in 1492, he was greeted by a friendly group of indigenous people known as the Lucayans which he termed Indians, since he thought he had reached India. While these natives are long gone, the Bahamians are still a friendly lot. Having visited the Bahamas over a hundred times since my first trip to Nassau in 1956, I believe I have earned my nickname "Tommy Bahama." I concur with the Bahama's public relations slogan -- "It's Better in the Bahamas" -- and the latest slogan "It Just Keeps Getting Better!"

In 1648 the British began settling the islands and founded Nassau on New Providence in 1670. Nassau later became a haven for pirates, outlaws, and ship-wreckers -- so to bring law and order to this outpost, the Bahamas was declared a Crown Colony of Great Britain in 1718. During World War II, the Colony became even more connected to the Empire when the Duke of Windsor (the former Edward VII who had abdicated his throne) was appointed the Royal Governor of the Bahamas. After the United States declared a travel ban on Cuba in 1963, the islands enjoyed a boom in tourism with one million visitors by 1970. After a peaceful independence movement, the Bahamas were granted full sovereignty in 1973.

The Bahamas is a large archipelago covering 180,000 sq. miles of ocean with over 3,000 islands and cays totaling 65,000 sq. miles -- the distance from Grand Bahama in the NW to Great Inagua in the SE is almost 700

miles. Only the southern islands are truly tropical with the Tropic of Cancer passing through Long Island. None of the Bahamas lie in the Caribbean as they are often advertised. The islands lie on a thick submarine limestone platform resulting in beautiful blue-green, gin-clear oceanic waters. Most islands have a rocky surface with little soil for agricultural crops, thus fishing provides the main food source, along with goat husbandry, especially on the out-islands.



Tommy Bahama

This West Indian country is the nearest island neighbor to the United States, with Ernest Hemmingway's favorite fishing destination -- Bimini Island -- lying only 50 miles away, with the glow of Miami's lights visible on clear nights. The distance between the Bahamas (Lobo Cay) and the north coast of Cuba is even less at 25 miles. This small cay has a historic 145-foot tall lighthouse built in 1869 -- one of 24 in the Bahamas.

Each island has its own special sites but they also have in common some of the best beaches in the world! Andros Island, the largest, is known for its Blue Holes (water-filled sinkholes) both on land and offshore, explored by famous oceanographer (and 1996 Magellan recipient) Captain Jacques Cousteau. The island's east coast drops off to 6,600 feet deep into the Tongue of the Ocean.

Grand Bahama is home to the 1960 planned city of Freeport/Lucaya which is the most populous city after Nassau and the only inland city in the Bahamas. The island is known for the Lucaya National Park which offers cave visits (as a professional geologist I have explored these ice-age Karst features) and kayak tours through dense mangrove lagoons. Freeport is the



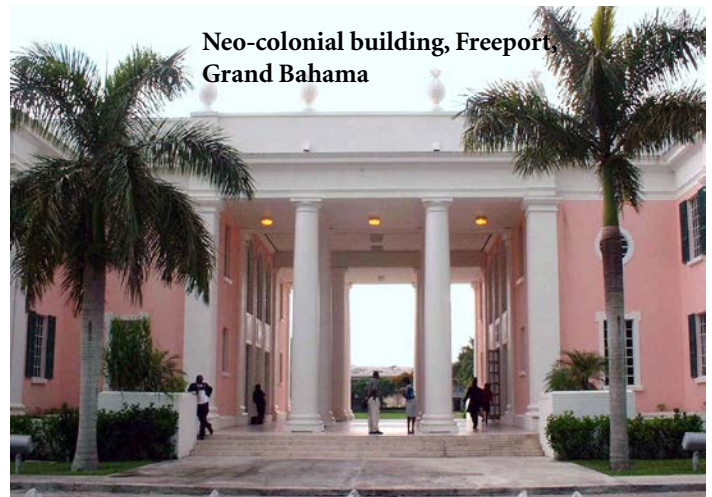
Bahamas Coat of Arms

largest deepwater port in the Bahamas and can handle Panamax class ships. The recent Disney movie "Pirates of the Caribbean" was filmed here.

In the Out Islands, the Abacos offer great yachting and include the much-visited Disney cruise island of Castaway Cay. Eleuthera is famous for the spectacular three-mile pink sand beach (disintegrated pink Queen conch shells) on adjacent Harbor Island. The Exumas island chain extends NW/SE some 170 miles -- these laid back islands are known for

the annual Out Island Boat Regatta along with the unique opportunity to "swim with pigs" on Big Major Cay! Long Island is known for the marine Dean's Blue Hole with a depth of 663 feet and deepest in the world until 2016 when the Dragon Hole (987 feet) was documented in the Paracel Islands, South China Sea by Chinese explorers. Great Inagua in the SE area of the Bahamian archipelago is the world's largest breeding colony of the West Indian Pink Flamingo, the Bahama's national bird (see Coat of Arms). Some 50,000 birds have been counted on this island. Cat Island has a hilly and lush landscape which reaches an elevation of 206 feet and is the highest point in the Bahamas. This is one of the most beautiful islands with many pristine and remote beaches to enjoy.

Tourism is on the increase with some 6 million annual arrivals, most from cruise ships. For 2017, it is estimated there will be 2,200 port stops by 64 ships from 15 cruise lines. Carnival signed an agreement in May 2017 to build the largest cruise port in the Bahamas on eastern Grand Bahama Island. The Bahamas with a population of 380,000 has the highest GDP in North America after the United States and Canada and accordingly costs for tourists are rather high compared to neighboring Cuba. New resort hotels including the 2,300-room Baha Mar Resort (financed for \$1.6 billion by Chinese banks) in Nassau are being added for non-cruisers. The One and Only Ocean Club Hotel next to the Hotel Atlantis on Paradise Island has a \$1,000 to \$2,000 nightly rate. The historic British Colonial Hotel (now a Hilton) built in 1924 is a great option to save some money and relive the bygone Crown Colony days. An event not to be missed is the annual Junkanoo Festival on January 1st which is replete with native costumes and music -- don't forget to try a refreshing Bahama Mama or a Goombay Punch before leaving the Bahamas after enjoying the sea, sun, and sand!



Neo-colonial building, Freeport,
Grand Bahama



Atlantis Resort, Paradise Island



Swimming pigs, Exuma Island



Dean's Blue Hole, Long Island



Flamingos, Great Inagua Island

chapter highlights

CHICAGO



Guest Peggy Simonsen, speakers Jane and Marc Adams, C. Don Blom

Chicago Chapter members and guests held their chapter meeting on October 18 at the Cliff Dwellers Club.

DESERT



C. Ray Olson (Washington, D.C. Chapter), Desert Chapter President Linda Gruber, C. Steve Smith (Washington, D.C. Chapter)

On November 12, the Desert Chapter held a lunch at the Arizona Country Club, Washington DC Chapter member C. Steve Smith gave a presentation on "Air Safety in Our Skies".

PACIFIC-NORTHWEST



New Members Geoffrey and Marilyn McGrath with Chapter President Charles Stotts.

On September 16, the Pacific NW Chapter gathered at the Devorah Creek Winery tasting room for a convivial get together. New members Geoffrey and Marilyn McGrath were introduced and presented with their membership certificates.

PALM BEACH



C. Brad Gary, Susan Gary, Chapter President Paulette Cooper Noble, C. Alexander Dreyfoos and Paul Noble

On Sunday, November 19, the Palm Beach Chapter gathered at Costa Palm Beach. C. Brad Gary his wife Susan, and C. Alexander Dreyfoos described their summer adventures in the Northwest Passage and Greenland.

SINGAPORE

Mr. Graham Bell, President of the Singapore Chapter, welcomed members to one of the most iconic "black and white" houses in Singapore for the Chapter's annual mid-year dinner. Members had a great evening of good food, great wines, beautiful music and great fellowship.



Circumnavigators Club, Singapore Chapter - Mid Year Dinner. 13 July 2017.

chapter highlights

WASHINGTON DC



On November 18, the Washington DC Chapter enjoyed dinner at the Cosmos Club with the local Explorers Club.

UNITED KINGDOM



On September 28, the United Kingdom Chapter held a lunch at the Oriental Club in London.

PACIFIC-SOUTHWEST



On September 21, the Pacific-Northwest Chapter gathered at the La Jolla Beach and Tennis Club for dinner and a presentation by Robert Kenyon on Vietnam, Cambodia and Laos.

MICHIGAN



On October 17, the Michigan Chapter held an event at the Courthouse Grill in Plymouth, MI. C. Ann Swinford gave an interesting presentation on Papua, New Guinea.



NAPLES

Members and guests of the Naples Chapter met on November 13 at the Naples Sailing and Yacht Club, for a delicious lunch. It was with sadness that the Chapter members said "Thank You and Goodbye" to the officers who led the Chapter so capably during the past four years, but they welcomed with joy the new board, which will lead them into the future.

Goodwill Connection....

The purpose of the Goodwill Connection is to bring together Circumnavigators as they globe-trot. Please consider adding your name to the list of greeters – those who will welcome members to their city. Contact Headquarters, Tracy Sancilio at (201) 612-9100 or e-mail: club@circumnavigators.org to sign up to serve on the Connection. Should you be planning a trip to a city where there is a member, please contact Tracy with your arrival and departure dates and the hotel where you will be staying. She will be happy to contact the member for you.

AUSTRALIA -Queensland, Brisbane

GREECE - Athens, Kifissia

CANADA - British Columbia/Vancouver

SINGAPORE - Singapore

THAILAND - Bangkok

UNITED KINGDOM- London

U.S.A.

ARIZONA - Scottsdale, Sedona

CALIFORNIA - La Jolla, San Francisco

FLORIDA - Palm Beach, Miami, Naples

ILLINOIS - Chicago,Elmhurst, Northbrook,Winnetka

MICHIGAN - Detroit

NEW MEXICO - Albuquerque, El Prado

NEW YORK - New York

PENNSYLVANIA - Philadelphia

SOUTH CAROLINA - Hilton Head

WASHINGTON DC

WASHINGTON- Seattle



On August 13, the Singapore Chapter welcomed Ms. Maryssa Pallis, Circumnavigators Club Foundation Grant recipient from Florida Gulf Coast University to a Chinese lunch.

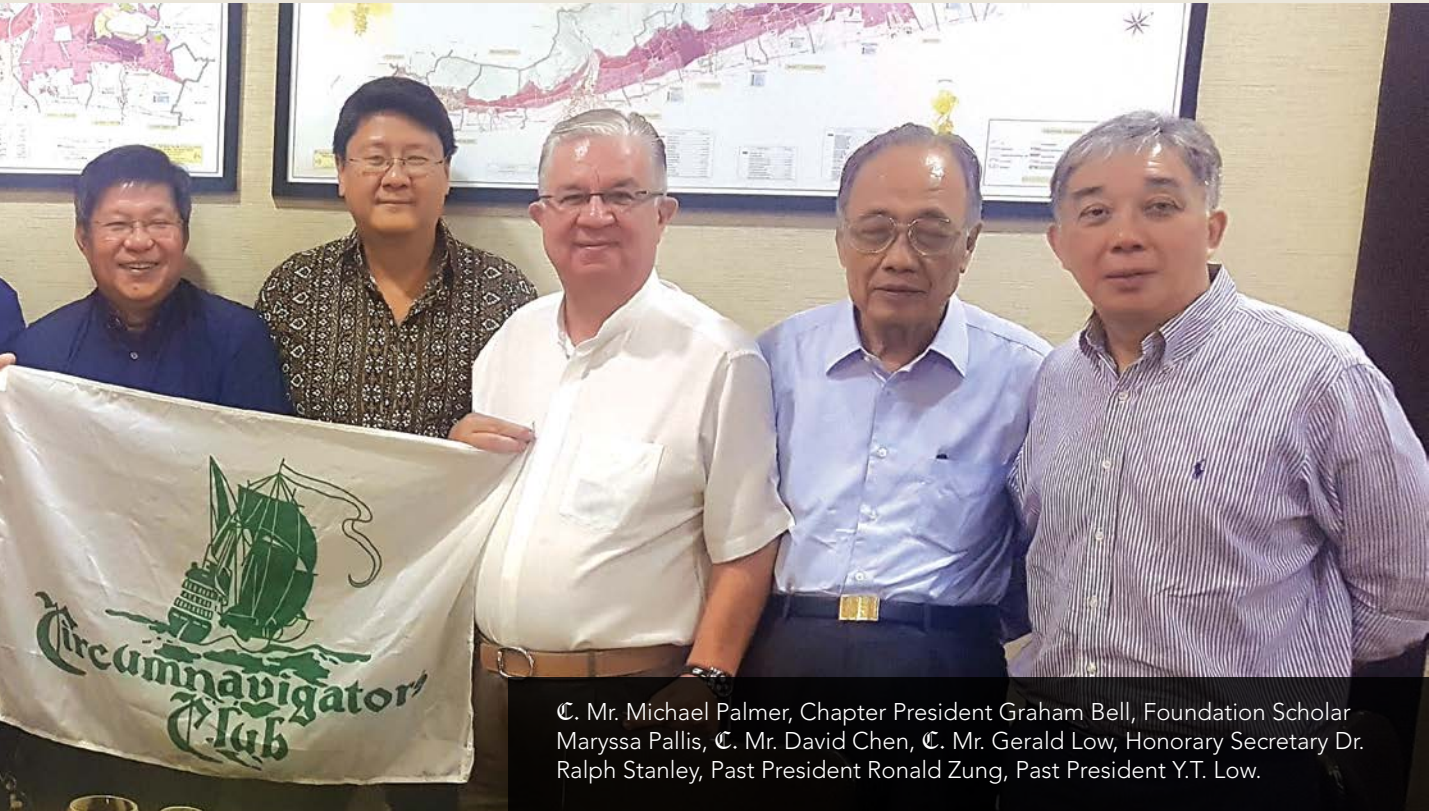


Ms. Jim and Barbara Franch, Mr. John Constable, Chapter President Helen Jenkins, C. Don Rees, Marlene Rees and C. Hywel Peterson

On September 16, UK Chapter President Helen Jenkins held a Goodwill reception at her home in Cardiff. Chicago Chapter members Jim and Barb Franch visited during their travels in Wales. Also in attendance were Mr. Don Rees and his wife Marlene, Mr. Hywel Peterson, Mr. John Constable with and his wife Lynda Constable. The dinner had a Welsh Culinary theme and John and Lynda provided the stunning array of Welsh cheese. It was a wonderful evening.



Around the World



☪ Mr. Michael Palmer, Chapter President Graham Bell, Foundation Scholar Maryssa Pallis, ☪ Mr. David Chen, ☪ Mr. Gerald Low, Honorary Secretary Dr. Ralph Stanley, Past President Ronald Zung, Past President Y.T. Low.



◀ ☪ Mr. Michael Palmer, Past President Terry Ng, UK Chapter member Gavin Shaw, Past President Ronald Zung, Honorary Secretary and host Dr. Ralph Stanley.

On October 27, the Singapore Chapter welcomed UK Chapter member Gavin Shaw to a delicious lunch.



WELCOME *aboard*s

THE FOLLOWING PEOPLE WERE ELECTED TO OUR "GREAT CIRCLE" BY OUR BOARD OF GOVERNORS



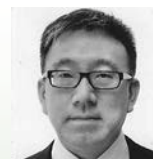
Darlene McCarthy Barnfield

Darlene is a freelance writer currently living in London and Boston after moving from Bermuda. She joins the UK Chapter. She has written for many publications and has served as a reporter and anchor for television stations. She also has hosted two radio talk shows in Boston.



Stephen Carmichael

Stephen lives in Rochester, Minnesota, where he is retired from the Mayo Clinic. He is Professor Emeritus of Anatomy & Orthopedic Surgery with 150 scientific publications. Along with his wife Susan Stoddard, he recently traveled across Russia on the Trans-Siberian Railway, part of their first circumnavigation.



Chew Kwee San

A resident of Singapore, Mr. Chew's profession in law has involved him in numerous professional, charitable and civic organizations. He is currently Executive Director of Tecity Group, an organization that, among other activities, is instrumental in philanthropic projects

Chew Sutat



Mr. Chew, who joins the Singapore Chapter, has had an illustrious banking career in senior management positions. He also chairs a charity, the Caregivers Alliance Limited, which supports caregivers in the social service sector. He has degrees from Oxford University in the UK.

Patrick Daniel



Mr. Daniel has held a number of high-ranking positions with Singapore Press Holdings, the national news agency of Singapore. With degrees from Oxford and Harvard, he has had a distinguished career in journalism. He is President of the Singapore Press Club and an official with the World Association of Newspapers. He joins the Singapore Chapter.

Matthew Devlen



Matthew is an independent film producer based in Dallas, Texas. Operating under the moniker Shine Squad, he has racked up more than a dozen film credits and a wide array of madcap publicity stunts. In this issue, readers will see his fondness for headgear.

Matthew Gallagher



A member of the British Helicopter Association, Matthew made a circumnavigation by helicopter. Trained as an accountant, he decided to make major career changes in the field of air travel. He has used his skills to contribute to conservation endeavors. He lives in Buckinghamshire and joins the UK Chapter.

Mark Greenberg



Mark has homes in Colorado and Miami Beach, Florida. He has extensive knowledge in all aspects of corporate and private enterprises and has taught business and ethics classes for professionals. He is an accomplished pilot, founding the non-profit Angel Flight in Colorado. He supports and volunteers for a number of charitable groups.

Thomas Higgins



Living in New York City, Tom is Chief Administrative Officer for First Data. He is the driving force behind First Data's Military and Veterans Affairs function that focuses on the employment of military members, their spouses and veterans who have sacrificed much to serve their country. He is a Navy veteran, serving on a wide array of charitable organizations, including chairman of the Navy League of the United States Foundation.



WELCOME *aboard*s

THE FOLLOWING PEOPLE WERE ELECTED TO OUR "GREAT CIRCLE" BY OUR BOARD OF GOVERNORS



Lisa Hunt

Lisa lives in New York City with a second residence in Ottawa, Canada. The daughter of a U.S. diplomat, she has traveled extensively since an early age. Although touring numerous countries over the years, she and her husband (a former Canadian pilot) made their first one-way circumnavigation in 2015.



Luke Lim

Mr. Lim is the Managing/ Executive Director of a well-established Singapore financial services company, Phillip Securities, with a global footprint and assets under management of US \$30 billion. He is concurrently the Deputy Chairman of the Securities Association of Singapore. He leads the Lim Foundation, which oversees large charitable projects in education across the region. He joins the Singapore Chapter.



Michael Maloney

A resident of Guilford, Connecticut, Michael is the founder and principal of Maloney & Company, which provides risk management and insurance brokerage to firms in the construction business. He is president of the Madison Land Conservation Trust and is active in the Boy Scouts of America as a scoutmaster.



Theresa McAllister

A native of Iowa, Theresa now lives in Naples, Florida where she will join the Naples Chapter. Retired as a realtor, she recently went around the world by private plane. She is involved in many civic and charitable activities.



Geoffrey McGrath

Retired after a career in transportation, Geoffrey lives in Bothell, Washington with his wife, Marilyn, who is also joining the Club. Both are now members of the Pacific Northwest Chapter. In addition to his passion for travel, he enjoys photography and reading.



Marilyn McGrath

Marilyn is retired after a career with The Boeing Company where she worked on a number of specialized projects, including the B-2 Stealth Bomber program. She and her husband are both members of the Royal Aeronautical Society, Seattle Chapter.



Watson Mills

A retired professor emeritus of Mercer University, Watson lives in Sharpsburg, Georgia. He is a biblical scholar who has authored or edited hundreds of books and articles on the subject of religion. He has visited all seven continents and 250 countries on the Travelers Century Club list.



Tara Mittelberg

Tara was the Chicago Chapter's 2016 Foundation Scholar. She traveled to Argentina, Brazil, South Africa, Ghana, Malaysia, and the Philippines researching the use of genetically modified crops ("GMOs") in developing countries. She recently graduated from Northwestern University and has spent the summer traveling throughout South America.



Caitlin Orzechowski

Caitlin is serving with the Peace Corps as a secondary school mathematics teacher in Burkina Faso, West Africa. Previously, she was a Business Administrator at Vanillaware, a software development company. She graduated from Hollins University in Roanoke, Virginia as a member of both Phi Beta Kappa and APO, a theatre honors society. She travels with a rubber ducky, who is featured in many of her photos.



WELCOME *aboard*s

THE FOLLOWING PEOPLE WERE ELECTED TO OUR "GREAT CIRCLE" BY OUR BOARD OF GOVERNORS

Samuel Orzechowski



Sam, brother of Caitlin, is a Public Affairs Consultant at the Department of Agriculture. He graduated from Grand Valley State University, where he was

involved in the Western Equestrian Riding Team. He enjoys film and photography, and has recently released a video he made of his trek up Machu Picchu. His favorite part of his circumnavigation trip was visiting the Cosmonaut Museum in Moscow, which has inspired him to visit other Air and Space Museums around the world.



Carole Phillips

Carole lives in Palm Beach, Florida, and spends the summer months in London. Her late husband,

Confrey, was an active member of the Palm Beach Chapter. She is active in several organizations in England.



Steven Pincus

Steven lives in Scottsdale, Arizona and joins the Desert Chapter. He has provided 40 years of

leadership and management experience to the Phoenix business community. He loves hiking and getting close to wildlife on his travels. Additionally, he is a Roman history buff.

Evan Rice



Evan is a writer living in Towson, Maryland. He graduated from Southern Methodist University with a double major in

Finance and Economics. He is the author of *The Wayfarer's Handbook*, *A Field Guide to Independent Travel*. A highly experienced traveler, he took his first solo international trip at the age of 13. Evan joins the Washington, DC Chapter.

Ellen Scordato



Living in New York City, Ellen has 30 years' experience in book publishing and ten years of teaching English grammar and punctuation. Since 2002,

she has been co-owner of Stonestrong Press, LLC, overseeing all aspects of design, editorial, scheduling, and production for 12-15 titles a year. She has authored several books. Ellen graduated magna cum laude from Wellesley College and is a member of Phi Beta.

Raymond Staffeldt



Raymond lives in Naples, Florida, where he joins the Naples Chapter. He is an art collector and enjoys classical music. He is involved in many

charitable and civic activities, including co-founding the Latchkey League. For 30 years he worked in the Pennsylvania Governor's Office of the Budget, ultimately holding the top career Budget Officer position, immediately under the Governor's Secretary of the Budget.

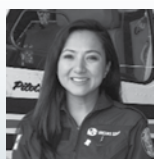
Henk Touw



Originally from the Netherlands, Henk is now retired in Naples, Florida and joins the Chapter there. His international business

career allowed him to travel extensively throughout the world. He lived overseas for many years before settling in the U.S. He and his wife Deborah have a summer home in Wayzata, Minnesota.

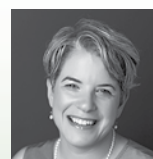
Shaesta Waiz



Shaesta made history this year when she became the youngest woman to fly solo around the world in a single-engine aircraft. Under her non-profit

organization Dreams Soar, she hopes to inspire the next generation to fulfill their dreams. It was quite an accomplishment for a girl born in an Afghan refugee camp. Look on the Internet for lots more about her. Go to www.dreamssoar.org to learn more about her.

Bethany Warburton



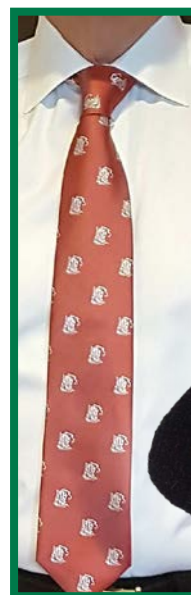
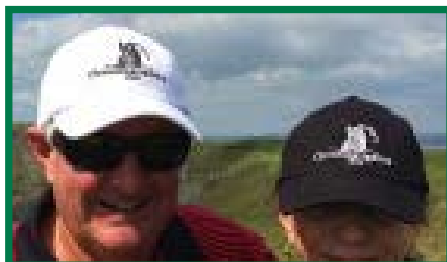
Bethany developed her passion for travel at a very early age and just kept going. In addition to her circumnavigation, she has visited and

spent time in many countries. She says she feels most grounded when experiencing new places, people, foods and culture. Living in East Greenwich, Rhode Island with her husband Brian and two children, she is passing on her love of travel to the whole family.



Club News

Club Merchandise is available for purchase!



Contact Executive Director Tracy Sancilio at club@circumnavigators.org or go to our website www.circumnavigators.com to purchase to following items:

Ladies Scarf - \$ 25 | Hat (Black or White) - \$20 | Red Tie - \$25 | Club Badge - \$50



CLUB HEADQUARTERS The Yale Club of New York City

50 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York, New York 10017



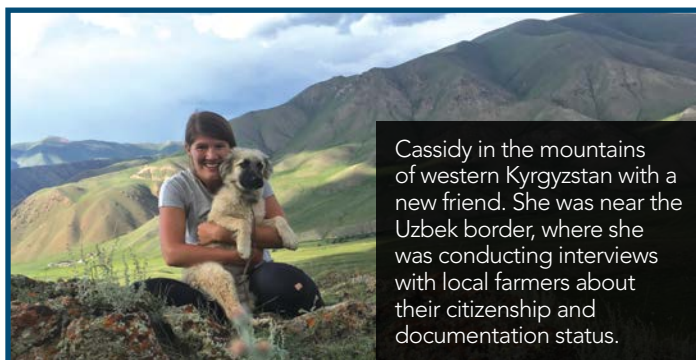
The Yale Club is International Headquarters for the Circumnavigators Club allowing members to utilize the facility for private dining, special events, cocktail receptions and meetings. The club offers three restaurants including the elegant Roof Dining Room, the pub-like Grill Room and the Yale-inspired Tap Room. Members will have access to these rooms by checking in at the front desk and letting the staff

know you are a Circumnavigator Club member. There are also well-appointed guest rooms available from studios to suites. When booking an overnight stay, guests have full access to the club including all three restaurants, a full-service library, and a fitness facility with a swimming pool, squash courts, cardio equipment and freeweights. Once a reservation is made, a personal credit card is required upon arrival. Reservations for overnight accommodations must be made through the Executive Director – please contact headquarters at 201-612-9100 or email at club@circumnavigators.org. Please do not call the Yale Club directly.



SCHOLARS REFLECT ON THEIR ADVENTURE

Our Foundation scholars tell us what they discovered on their amazing circumnavigations. We asked them about the countries they visited, highlights, favorite places, lowlights/surprises, dining experiences, and, most importantly, about friendship and what they learned about themselves.



Cassidy in the mountains of western Kyrgyzstan with a new friend. She was near the Uzbek border, where she was conducting interviews with local farmers about their citizenship and documentation status.

Cassidy Gasteiger
Georgetown University

Scholar Topic: Statelessness: A Comparative Study of Pathways to Citizenship for Stateless Populations.

What countries did you visit on the circumnavigation?

Dominican Republic, Cote d'Ivoire (Ivory Coast), Germany, Latvia, Kyrgyzstan, and Malaysia

Was there a highlight on the trip?

One of the highlights of the trip for me was taking a few days off to backpack in the mountains around Karakol in Kyrgyzstan. I am an avid backpacker, and I was thrilled to have the chance to explore such a beautiful place on foot! The academic highlight was a series of interviews I conducted in Santo Domingo, where I met a woman on a bus who by chance was a Haitian-Dominican from a mixed-status family. She introduced me to several stateless family members and it was amazing that such a serendipitous meeting turned into a key component of my research in the country!

Was there a favorite country or place?

I loved everywhere I visited, but Kyrgyzstan stood out for its breathtaking natural beauty, and Malaysia stood out for its incredible food and warm, friendly people. I loved visiting Georgetown, Penang, Malaysia, since I attend Georgetown University!

Were there any low lights, or surprises?

I definitely underestimated how hard it would be to navigate Cote d'Ivoire with limited French! However, I was overwhelmed by how kind and accommodating everyone was to me there in the face of my relative helplessness.

Was there a favorite food or dining experience? Any bad ones?

I stayed with a Muslim host in Abidjan during Ramadan, and he generously shared iftar (the breaking of the fast) with me every night. He asked his housekeeper to make an incredible sampling of Ivoirian and West African dishes during my stay there so I could try everything, and sharing meals cooked by an Ivoirian in a local person's home each night was really special (and delicious!) I loved getting to try everything from fermented mare's milk in a yurt in Kyrgyzstan to Latvian grey peas and bacon in an elderly Russian woman's kitchen this summer, and thankfully avoided food poisoning and bad food experiences.

Did you make friends with whom you will stay in touch?

My research was particularly fruitful in Malaysia, and I'm maintaining connections with some of the NGOs and people I met and worked with there because I'd like to someday go back to do this type of work again. Beyond that, I met a nice fellow traveler from Pakistan on a bus in Malaysia who still messages me regularly, encouraging me to visit him in Islamabad!

What did you learn about yourself?

This summer I learned a lot about my personal priorities and future goals. I spent a lot of time conducting interviews with people who lived with very little, some of whom had faced much hardship over the course of their lives as stateless people. It was difficult to reconcile these interviews with my time off, when I would visit tourist destinations with travelers who were simply on vacation. It helped me realize that I much prefer traveling with a purpose to simply wandering. I also learned that I want to continue working in the field of human rights long-term.

Maryssa Pallis
Florida Gulf Coast University

Scholar Topic: The Effects of Globalized Trade Policy on Regional Empowerment-Based Policies for Small-Scale Farmers.

What countries did you visit on the circumnavigation?

I traveled to Peru, Lithuania, Greece, Italy, Germany, Malaysia, and Singapore to research the effects of globalized trade policy on empowerment-based regional policy programs for small farmers.

Was there a highlight on the trip?

At one interview with a farmer in Peru, I shared a special moment that assured me the depths of human connection even between strangers. During the beginning of the interview, I explained to the farmer that I was interested in learning about his situation in the region. I wanted to understand his feelings of trade in relation to local policies. Before the meeting, the farmer sat down with me and offered me half a papaya. "Before we talk, we share breakfast", he said. A feeling of community overwhelmed me. This small gesture assured me that I can find support and care no matter where I go. Cultural exchange fosters deep mutual understanding and allows us to see ourselves in those who are most different from us.

Was there a favorite country or place?

While I visited a variety of places, the Greek culture, history, hospitality, and language captivates me. My time at The American Farm School (AFS) in Thessaloniki, Greece exceeded my expectations. AFS is committed to the empowerment of rural students through training in the agro-food sector. I was able to work with students and professors on their farm, picking tomatoes and peppers for the market. My interviews with experts in the area were coupled with field experience on the farm with students participating in the program. Interested in empowering those in my own community with vocational training in the agro-food sector, I learned a lot during my stay with AFS.

Were there any low lights, or surprises?

I learned how to be comfortable with the uncomfortable. For example, in Malaysia traveling from Penang to Kuala Lumpur, I missed the bus stop that I was supposed to get off at in order to meet with an interviewee. Due to a gap in language ability, I was not able to communicate with the bus driver on how to get back to the area of town I needed. Instead, the bus driver told me to leave the bus and pointed in the general area of a train station. I grabbed my belongings and felt the wave of being lost in a new place surround me. After a thirty-minute walk, I found the train station where I needed to be and worked my way back to my meeting. A simple story that every traveler probably identifies with, but it assured me that I did not have to be afraid when being lost. I also learned that many positive things come with being lost. I was able to walk an area of the city I had never been to and familiarized myself with public transportation on the way back to where I needed to be.

Was there a favorite food or dining experience? Any bad ones?

My favorite food experience had to be in Malaysia. In a homestay with a local Malaysian, I was given all the best tips to navigate the food markets. On a hot day I experienced the bliss of something called ais kacang. Translating to 'bean ice', this dessert is comprised of shaved ice, red beans, sweet corn, and jelly topped with coconut milk and red rose syrup. After walking in the heat of the sun, I took refuge in this treat as it cooled me off and prepared me for the rest of the day.

Did you make friends with whom you will stay in touch?

A deck of playing cards is an incredible tool for making friends, and I'm grateful that Barbara Roy of the Naples Chapter suggested I bring them on my journey. Each place I went I met people I will keep in touch with. The map I used to plan my trip now has a home on the wall above my bed. It reminds me of all the friendly people in each country I visited. Not only did I make close friends, I also met many experts working in the areas of trade policy and agriculture.

What did you learn about yourself?

Circumnavigating was a ripe time for personal transformation, transformative leadership, academic excellence, and cultural exchange. I have returned from this journey both changed as an individual but also as a young scholar working toward creative policy solutions in the field of political science. Traveling has also taught me that most people want to help rather than harm, assuring me that the world is safe for young women like myself. More practically, I gained the ability to pack all of my belongings into a backpack in under five minutes, how to utilize surplus time in the airport, how to crack open a Brazil nut, the best times to bathe in a river in the Amazon jungle to avoid mosquitoes, and how to use a cotton scarf in at least five ways.



Maryssa at Citizen Farm in Singapore.



FOUNDATION *news*



Margot co-conducting a cart at the Tsukiji Fish Market in Tokyo

Margot Zuckerman *Northwestern University*

Scholar Topic: From Local Farms to Urban Tables: The implications of local food systems on urban food security.

What countries did you visit on the circumnavigation?

Uganda, Italy, Hungary, Japan, Singapore, and Australia

Was there a highlight on the trip?

I had one particularly incredible day in Hungary. I had finished most of my interviews I wanted to conduct in Budapest, and I had an opportunity to do some comparative research on community gardens in a smaller city, about 70 km away. I thought I would just take the train and visit some gardens there, but the wonderful members and family members of Székesfehérvár's Community Garden Association made my day so much more! It began with a tour of Hungary's wine country, a stop at Irene's magical fairy garden-type home for a delicious homemade lunch, and then stops at two of the city's community gardens, where various community members (including a local reporter) came to discuss how local food impacts their city. While my day in Székesfehérvár was particularly memorable, other highlights of my trip also stemmed from unprompted generosity of people I met around the world.

Was there a favorite country or place?

Favorite country?... is a very difficult a question....

But speaking generally, I'd say my favorite places to visit in each country were cafes. If I'd had a side research project this summer, it would have been studying cafe culture and the influence of American cafe culture (wifi, work, and coffee--not espresso) on four continents. I learned that coffee with wifi in Uganda will cost you 4x the price of lunch, the only place to find cupcakes in Milan is at 'California Bakery,' and Australian cafes all close in the early afternoon.

That being said, I loved typing up interview notes or writing my blog in places where I could look up from my laptop screen and see locals enjoying their own coffee or espresso or noodle break. One of my favorite parts of traveling this summer was feeling like I was just living and learning--rather than explicitly touring--in each city. Spending hours in food/beverage establishments in each country I visited definitely solidified that adventurous yet at-home type of experience.

Were there any low lights, or surprises?

I broke my hand in Australia! However, I can happily report that I got excellent medical care at a private hospital in Brisbane (thanks, travel insurance) and now, three months later, my hand is almost back to fully functional...Furthermore, I've had a fun introduction at networking/professional events this fall, where I explain that I cannot shake hands because a bathtub full of plants crushed my hand in a community garden in Australia.

Was there a favorite food or dining experience? Any bad ones?

People often ask me what my favorite country I visited was, and that's too hard to choose. So, I normally say my favorite country was Singapore because of the food. While I loved the food everywhere I went, Singapore's street food (or "hawker center") dining experience was completely new to me, lots of fun, (very affordable) and very tasty. I literally ate about eight meals a day, working my way down the list of ~100 foods I wanted to try that I never had before! And that was definitely my favorite part--trying so many new dishes and flavors.

Did you make friends with whom you will stay in touch?

I stayed with a lovely host family in Uganda, and I hope to keep in touch with them, even if for now that simply means sending a few Facebook messages back and forth to my host sisters, as we've done over the past few months. I also plan to follow the research and accomplishments of many individuals and research institutes whom I met/visited this summer. I was so inspired by much of the work I learned about and maybe hope to one day become a part of.

What did you learn about yourself?

Traveling to four continents this summer was ridiculously incredible in itself--just to get to see all the different places and experience all the different cultures. So, I surprised myself when I realized that my favorite activities I did in each place were for my research. Basically, I learned that my favorite thing to do is to talk about food. To engage with passionate, interesting people--and talk about food.

Washington DC Chapter Foundation Lunch



The Washington DC Chapter held their Foundation Scholar lunch on September 30 at the Holiday Inn in Roslyn, Virginia.

Chapter President Kip Knudson, Scholar Cassidy Gasteiger, and Foundation Co-ordinator Jim Whalen.



FOUNDATION PRESIDENT'S *LETTER*

Dear fellow Circumnavigators:

As our 2017 returning grantees are busily preparing their scholarly research reports and the selection process is well underway for the 2018 grant recipients, I wanted to take a moment to express gratitude to the many people who make our grant program run smoothly year-in and year-out. As all of us who are passionate travelers know, successful trips on a global scale result from careful planning and flawless execution – and even then nimbleness and resourcefulness are required when the unforeseen arises *en route*. Our Foundation Chapter Coordinators and their selection committees dedicate countless hours to working with our participating universities to ensure the selection of the best possible grant recipients, and then to counsel and monitor their progress – and compliance with our grant guidelines – prior to, during, and following the completion of their circumnavigations. Executive Director Tracy Sancilio guides the grantees through their detailed itinerary planning, trip preparation, and post-trip follow-up. She also coordinates closely with the chapter selection committees to ensure the adherence to the grant-cycle timetable, and with the Foundation's officers in dealing with unforeseen issues which might arise. It's truly a team effort!

I wish to encourage any members who would like to become involved in the Foundation's grant program to do so, as, speaking from my own experience over the past four decades, it is a truly rewarding undertaking. Please contact your Foundation Chapter Coordinator, Chapter President, or me directly to learn how your volunteer efforts can help make your grant program an even bigger success.

Luck to You!

President

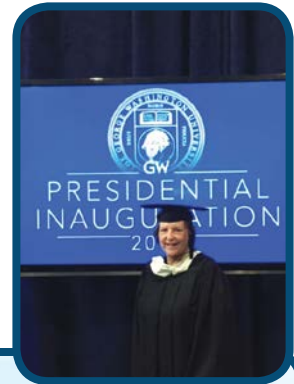
SCUTTLEBUTT



Congratulations to **☪. Cecilia Rokusek** (Miami Chapter), the new Provost and Executive Vice President for Academic Affairs at Larkin University in Miami, Florida.

Cecilia brings over 30 years of administrative experience in higher education and the health professions to the position. She was most recently Assistant Dean for Research and Innovation at Nova Southeastern University's College of Osteopathic Medicine in Fort Lauderdale.

Larkin University is the newest private not-for-profit university in the state of Florida, championing the needs of a diverse global society through its education programs, scholarly activity, and development of solutions that promote the common good of health and society.



President Ellen Parke was a delegate to the inauguration of the new President of George Washington University in Washington, DC, representing her alma mater, Hollins University. Ellen was excited to get to wear academic regalia (cap, gown, and hood) and march in the procession.

☪. Brad Vogel continues to delve into things historical, leading an effort to have poet Walt Whitman's former home in Brooklyn designated an official city landmark. He and the S.S. Columbia Project are also beating the drum to bring the 1902 steam vessel S.S. Columbia (original capacity of over 3,000 passengers) to run on the Hudson River.



OVER THE HORIZON

Robert C. Everett
Grosse Pointe Woods, MI
December 4, 2016

Gloria K. Maher
Naples, FL
June 30, 2017

Graham S. Hill
United Kingdom

Baxter Webb
Palm Beach, FL

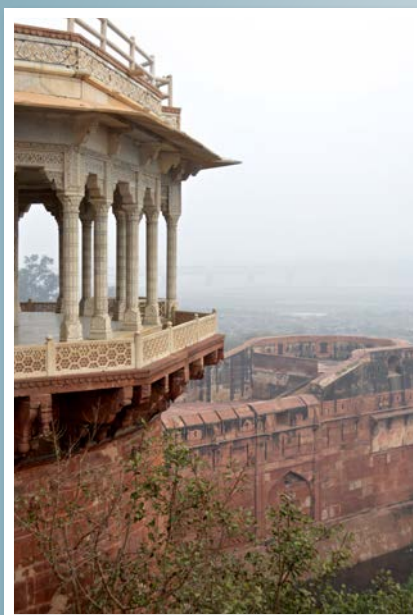


THE DEVIL IS IN THE DETAILS

THROUGH MY LENS

Tips from a travel photographer

By **C. Roger Weatherburn-Baker, Contributing Editor**
(Naples Chapter)



The world famous Taj Mahal in Agra was commissioned by the great Mugal Emperor Shah Jahan in the 17th century to memorialize the death of his beloved wife Mumtaz Mahal.

He treasured her memory so much and mourned her so deeply, he spent the equivalent of over \$800 million building the greatest testament to love the world has ever seen.

More than 20,000 workers labored for over a decade to build the monument, draining the Emperor's

Treasury so heavily his son had him held under house arrest for the rest of his life. He was imprisoned in Agra Fort less than two miles from his wife's tomb. High up in the imposing red brick fortress is an ornate balcony, which the sorrowing husband would visit daily to gaze upon her distant monument and reflect upon his lost love.

For me, just a glimpse of the balcony and a hint of the monument lost in the fog surrounding it capture the loneliness and sad emptiness of the Emperor's last days.

Another example of the communicative power of detail is shown in the two similar photos of the royal palace of Drottningholm near Stockholm. The smaller photo is more typical, showing the imposing full width of the rear of the palace centered in the image. There's nothing wrong with such a shot.



But the larger of the two photographs demonstrates what can be achieved sometimes by changing the point of view and closing in on a detail. Moving to the right and stepping closer to the fountain transforms the photo. Now the sculpture is in the foreground linking its own powerful imagery of strength and dominance with the palace behind, giving the building a greater sense of majesty.



Shifting your position from the obvious shot to a more unusual side view, even if you sacrifice the full image, can make for a more intriguing photo. Similarly, looking for a detail and emphasizing it can reveal surprising imagery. Try it and perhaps you, too, will find the devil is in the details.