



# CIRCUMNAVIGATORS CLUB

FOUNDED IN 1902

YEAR 2020

NUMBER TWO

# THE LOG

**INSIDE:**  
Close-up look at tribal India







CIRCUMNAVIGATORS CLUB, INC.

FOUNDED 1902

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# The LOG

## THIS TIME AROUND

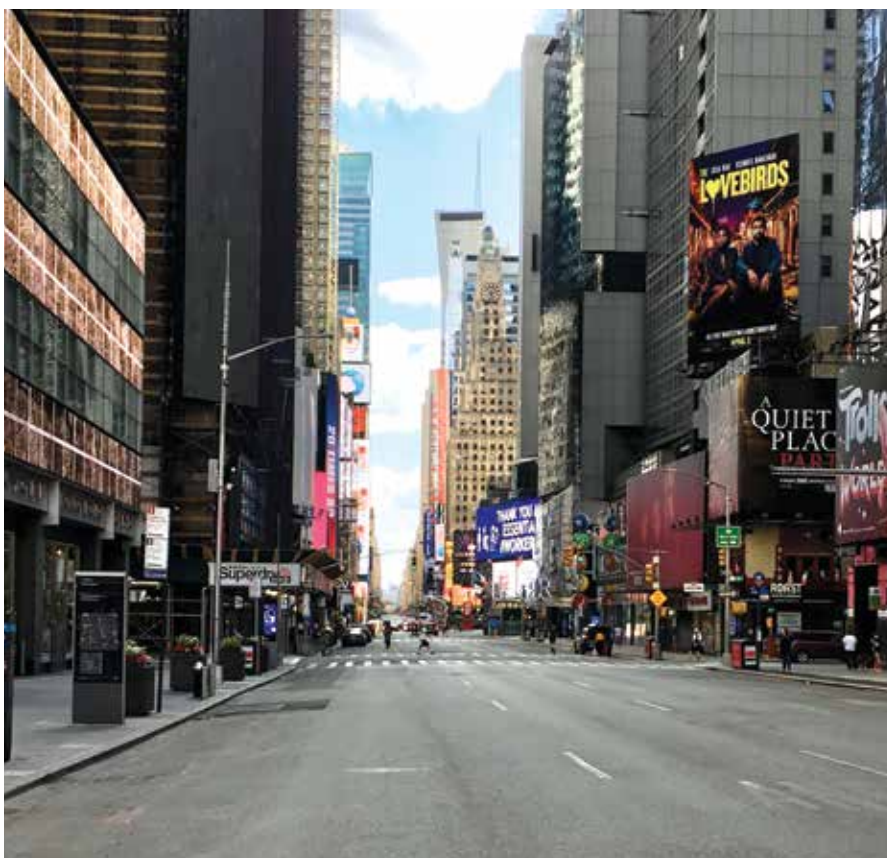
BY DAVID A. MINK - International President & Editorial Director

"It was the best of times, the worst of times", wrote Charles Dickens in *The Tale of Two Cities*. It seems like an apt phrase during these challenging days of the pandemic and other world problems. This issue of The LOG was long delayed in hopes that normality and travel would be restored. Alas, it is a very different issue with Circumnavigators hunkering down at home for the most part.

Our popular section **All Over the Map** has been left out since our members weren't "All Over the Map"

in the past months. Also, there are no Chapter highlights since Chapters have cancelled regular in-person events. Importantly, our Order of Magellan event to honor renowned film maker Ken Burns has been put on hold until the pandemic is resolved.

The good news is that we have some great stories in this issue. Among them are a beautifully photographed story on tribal India from Michigan Chapter's Lisa Brighton, and an amazing "historic" adventure by new member Brian Baum (Pacific

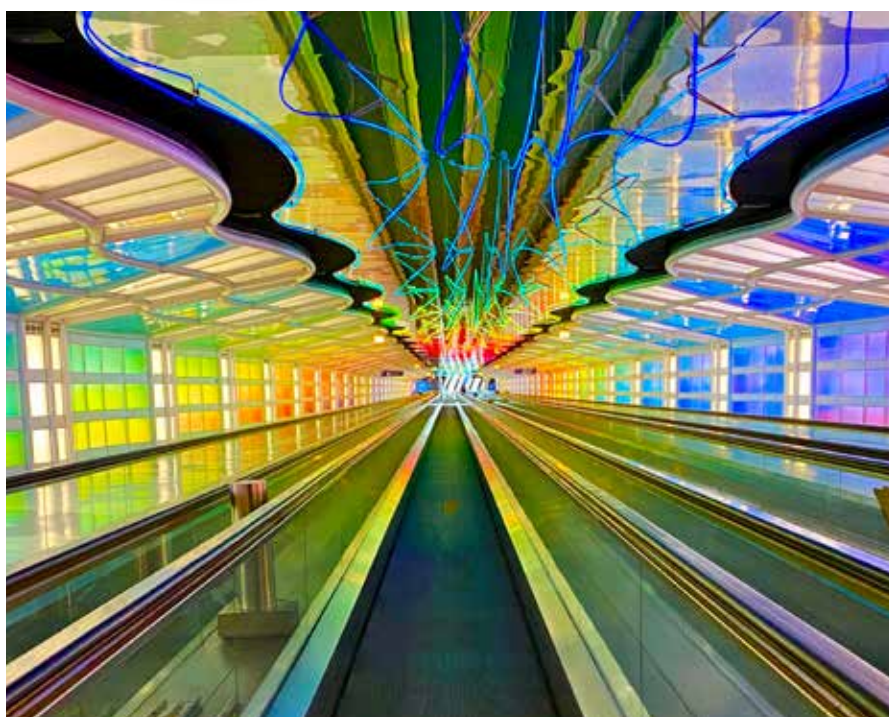


Deserted Broadway by Kristen Koontz



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*Empty terminal at O'Hare by Jennifer Teague*

Northwest), who circumnavigated as a teenager by going over both poles. With international travel restricted, Pacific Southwest Chapter's Michael Puldy made an epic road trip from Jax (Jacksonville, FL) to Lax (Los Angeles).



Circumnavigators are itching to get back to their travels, and we know the time will come. Meanwhile, we remain grateful for friendship and the world around us.

Luck to you,

*David*

David A. Mink

## The LOG Stories



The LOG wants your travel stories. Please note that we will not accept unsolicited stories. If you have a story idea, please contact Executive Director Tracy Sancilio at Club headquarters to discuss the story concept and length. You can reach Tracy at [club@circumnavigators.org](mailto:club@circumnavigators.org). The Circumnavigators Club is a "sharing" club and we want to pass on stories about personal experiences around the world.



# ZOOM BRINGS CIRCUMNAVIGATORS TOGETHER FOR THE CLUB'S *118<sup>th</sup> Annual Meeting*



*Tracy Sancilio opens meeting with historic gavel*

The Annual Meeting of the Circumnavigators Club was a unique event. About 100 members joined the meeting from Chapters around the world via Zoom conferencing, certainly something that our Founders could not have imagined. It was a great success with very positive feedback from participants.

International President David Mink welcomed everyone and called the meeting to order with a tap of the historic (1908) William Jennings Bryan whale tooth gavel. All of the obligatory Annual meeting agenda items were passed, including the approval of new Board of Governors members, Rick Jennewine (Naples Chapter) and William Mason (Pacific Northwest).

Magellan Committee Chair, Howard Matson, reported that legendary film maker Ken Burns will be honored for the next Magellan Award after he reviews his calendar when the pandemic is resolved, hopefully sometime in 2021.

The meeting was followed by a presentation **Circumnavigators Tales & Traditions** by Club President David Mink.



*New Governor Will Mason with wife Maria in SD Badlands*



*New Governor Rick Jennewine in Egypt*



# SHOTS



## AROUND THE WORLD

BY KATIE KOONTZ - New York Metro



Circumnavigator Stephen Carmichael and his wife Susan Stoddard may not be able to travel as much as they used to these days, but every time they look at their collection of souvenir shot glasses they are reminded of their past trips all over the world.

Years ago, Stephen and Susan started buying shot glasses as mementos from their travels.

"Neither my wife nor I recall when we started collecting shot glasses because it was so long ago, several decades ago," Stephen says.

"We think it started with buying a glass that caught our eye."

At first, they had no intention of starting a collection.

"We just bought a few and then realized this would be a fun way to be reminded of our many trips," Stephen says.

They have 163 glasses in their collection so far. And they certainly have many trips to

remember — all the way from Alcatraz (they escaped!) to South Georgia Island to the Trans-Siberian Railroad. Their most recent shot glass was collected on a February trip to St. Lucia.

"When you live in Minnesota it's great to visit the Caribbean in February!" Stephen says.

For years the collection sat largely unnoticed on a shelf in their guest room, but about three years ago Stephen built a display case for the dining room.

"Now we see it every day," he says. "Back when we could have parties, the display really caught the attention of our friends."

Take one look at the display case, and you'll see that glasses aren't the only things they collect. As frequent flyers, they have several miniature porcelain houses from KLM, which they keep below their glasses. They also have been to Africa many times (including climbing

Mt. Kilimanjaro three times!) and have bought small carvings from villages they've visited.

The shot glasses, however, offer some key advantages as items to collect. Stephen says they have never had difficulties buying or traveling with the glasses — just wrap them in a cloth or a sock and you're good to go.

"If we're not able to find an attractive glass during our visit, we can always buy one at a gift shop in the airport just before departing," he says.

Any tips for fellow travelers?

"Collecting shot glasses is easy, fun, colorful, not expensive, and a great way to be reminded of places you've visited," Stephen says.

Cheers!

# COVER GIRL

BY LISA BRIGHTON  
Michigan Chapter

Isolated from modern life and the influences of westernization are 62 tribes that live in far-removed villages near the peaks of rolling hills, or rooted in the vicinity of lush rice fields, in the Odisha region of India.

A southerly two-hour flight from Kolkata to Visakhapatnam, coupled with a five-hour drive west, will bring you to the heartland of this remote tribal area.

When I booked my trip to this part of India, I had no idea that I would be gifted with such picturesque scenery including dense, jungle-feeling forests, giving way to open fields, draped in the colors of India as fabric swayed on clotheslines.

For ten days, I felt like I had stepped back in time as I immersed myself into a lifestyle of traditions that offered a glimpse of a dwindling existence. In all, I met members of eleven tribes, each diverse from one another.

In the Gadaba tribe there are only 23 women who continue to wear the traditional attire including two eight-pound neck rings, given to them at a very early age. I was fortunate to meet and photograph four of them, all slight in frame, requiring a belt with weights in it to help them 'balance' the upper body heaviness.

The weekly Kakiriguma Market offered an opportunity to see a variety of tribeswomen selling lentils, pottery, textiles and produce. It was there that I met a Desia Kondh tribeswoman wearing a striking yellow sari, adorned with gold and jeweled nose piercings. A few days later I visited her village and saw where she lived. Everyone was very welcoming, including her neighbor and her teenage daughters. The older of the girls invited me into their home, and speaking English, curiously asked me questions about life in America. As we looked at the view of their farmland, she told me that it's her hope to visit the United States one day. She also complimented my hair color, complaining that her's was, 'so black' and that she wished

she'd been born with red hair like mine. I told her, "You're beautiful, just the way you are." With the internet and other worldly exposures soon to be within her young-adult reach, I didn't let her know about hair color for purchase, and visits to the beauty salon.

Being drawn to speaking with and photographing women all over the world, the favorite day of my journey started early with a 4:00 a.m. wake up call. That was followed by a three-hour drive which was necessary to get

a brief glimpse of some of the women in the elusive Bonda tribe.

Draped in metal neck bands, large brass earrings, and multiple layers of colorfully hand-sewn beads worn as head and torso coverings, these women woke long before I did to walk to the market where we met. Once a week their trek is made from atop a hillside where outsiders are not permitted to visit. Instead, the women walk 20 miles, roundtrip and bare-footed, to the weekly







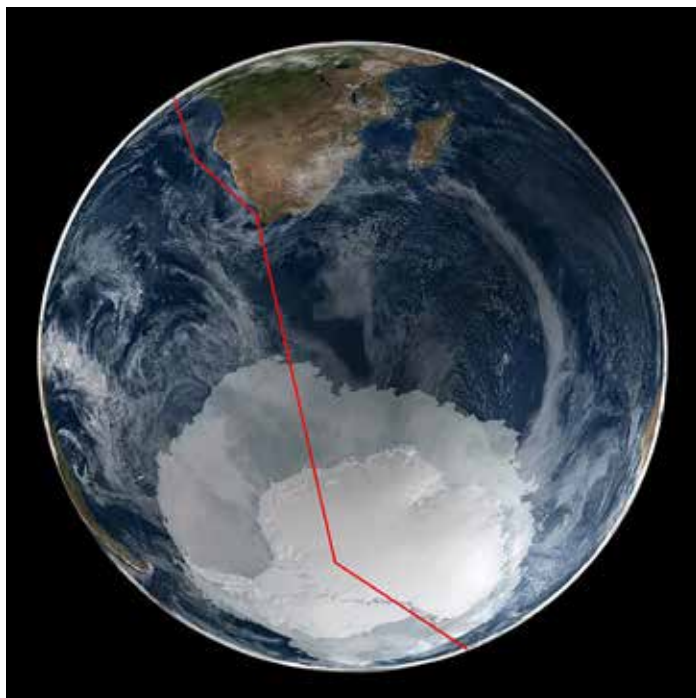
local market to sell their beads, earrings and arm bangles. Through an interpreter, I spoke with one of the women and purchased a few items from her. More importantly though, I was given the opportunity to photograph her as the cover image for this issue of The LOG. She seemed to enjoy the attention, but once a few “clicks” were taken, she’d had enough and walked away. Our encounter was over before I could even discover her name. That’s something that I always try to learn, especially when photographing a portrait. She is now simply known as, “Cover Girl” - a woman, who like the young girl, is uniquely beautiful just the way they are.

*More of Lisa’s dramatic tribal photos are on pages 24-25*



# OVER BOTH POLES

BY BRIAN BAUM  
Pacific Northwest Chapter



Circumnavigating the world over the geographic poles remains one of the most elusive challenges in aviation. Although it took just 21 years from the Wright brothers' first flight for an aircraft to circle the globe around the equator, flying over both poles took three times longer to achieve. To this day, far more people have flown in space than have completed a full polar circumnavigation.

In August 1977, I had just graduated from high school with plans to spend most of my savings on a three-week vacation to Hawaii. Thanks to some inspired advice from my father, I abruptly canceled that trip. "You should do this," my father suggested in all seriousness as he handed me a section of the morning newspaper. "You can always go to Hawaii, but you'll never be able to do anything like this again."

The headline of the article read, "Pan Am plans pole-to-pole party on 747." It described the goal for an ambitious flight from San Francisco via the North Pole to London, then to Cape Town, over the South Pole to Auckland, and back to San Francisco. If all went to plan, this flight would be the first to break the transpolar record established in 1965.

I was extremely fortunate to obtain one of the 120 available tickets for Pan Am's Flight 50, which departed 50 years to the day following the airline's first scheduled airmail flight from Key West, Florida to Havana, Cuba. It was also an opportunity for Pan Am to show off the long-range abilities of their new Boeing 747SP (Special Performance) airliner.

The journey began with a due north departure from San Francisco early on the afternoon of October 28, 1977. My fellow passengers and I spent the first hours of the flight with introductions, lunch, and watching a live Gucci fashion show. As we neared the North Pole, a countdown came over the PA from the flight deck at 100 miles, 50, 25, 10, and then each mile until the aircraft crossed over the top of the world. A Champagne toast marked the achievement, and our passports received a commemorative "North Pole" stamp to mark the occasion. Following a late dinner, most of us got some well-deserved sleep before the initial refueling stop.

Tailwinds pushed the plane along towards the sunrise, allowing Flight 50 to arrive in London five minutes ahead of schedule. On the ground for a short, 98-minute fuel and catering stop, the passengers had just enough time to leave the aircraft for a quick cup of English tea. Lifting off from Heathrow, the SP headed south over France, Spain, the Mediterranean, and then past vast stretches of the Sahara Desert on our way to South Africa. Headwinds caused a brief delay for the arrival in Cape Town, but despite the late hour, a lavish spread of local wines, cheeses, and fruits greeted everyone. The journey continued after another 98-minute stop.

The sun rose as we neared Antarctica, with its rugged mountains and expansive fields of ice and snow. Unlike the North Pole, which we crossed in total darkness, the entire Antarctic continent appeared below us in beautiful springtime sunlight. A second countdown heralded the South Pole, again celebrated with a toast and new passport stamp. The pilots kept in touch with the scientists at the Amundsen-Scott South Pole Station, who came out to see the rare sight of an aircraft passing overhead. As the SP again headed north, the setting sun cast the Transantarctic Mountains in beautiful warm shades of pinks and purples.



# AROUND THE WORLD IN A WEEKEND



Recent photo of Brian Baum



The only patch of turbulent weather on the journey was encountered on the way to New Zealand, slowing our arrival into Auckland. In the terminal, a group of Maori, the indigenous Polynesian people, entertained everyone with traditional chants, songs, and dances. Another vast spread of local delicacies awaited everyone already overfed from the exceptional meals served onboard the aircraft. This third and final refueling stop required one hour and 55-minutes.

One last sunrise welcomed what was probably the quietest leg of the flight. Most passengers rested, read, or enjoyed a movie or two while cruising over the Pacific on the way back to San Francisco.

Applause filled the cabin when the wheels touched down 54 hours, 7 minutes, and 12 seconds after our initial departure, just ten minutes behind the flight plan. The 747SP shattered the original speed record by eight hours and 20 minutes. This mark would survive for 31 years, until November 2008, when a Swiss-registered business jet set an elapsed time of 52 hours, 31 minutes. In July 2019, a Qatari business jet established the current record of 46 hours, 40 minutes.

The experience of crossing both poles, touching four continents, and overflying Antarctica—all in one weekend—made this the trip of a lifetime.

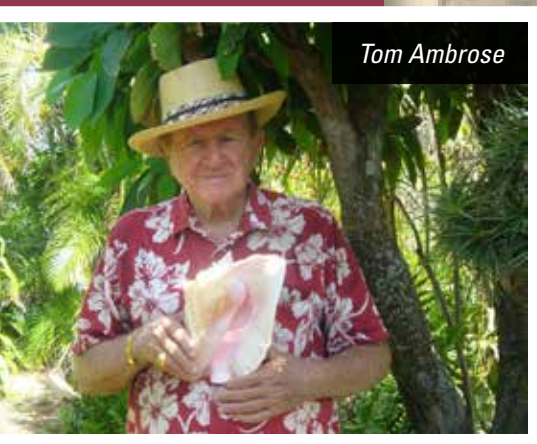
About the Author: Brian Baum is an author of aviation and maritime reference books. His most recent is *QE2: Her Final Crossing*, which documents the last transatlantic voyage of the ocean liner *Queen Elizabeth 2*. He is currently researching *Over Both Poles: Epic Flights Around the World* and is working on an updated second edition of his first book, *Boeing 747SP*.



# THE CARIBBEAN

## ICE AND SNOW WITH FIRE BELOW

BY TOM AMBROSE  
Palm Beach Chapter



*Tom Ambrose*

*Mt. Pelee volcano spine  
after eruption in 1902*



*Mt. Pelee above the beach  
in St. Pierre, Martinique*



I made my first trip to the Sierra Nevada de Santa Marta on the coast of Colombia in 1973 while the first road from Santa Marta east to the Venezuelan border was being cut through the thick tropical coastal forest. Following this primitive track in a jeep was a real Indiana Jones-style adventure and early one morning I experienced an amazing sight to the south --- a series of snowcapped peaks beyond the jungled foothills of the Sierra which happens to be the highest coastal mountain range in all the world. Guess I was lucky since afternoon cloud buildup usually cuts the view of this permanent glacial ice and snow only 25 miles from the beautiful white sands of the Caribbean beaches. Today, 47 years later, one would again be very lucky to view these snowcaps which have receded due to global warming. Climate scientists predict the Sierra may lose its snowcap by 2030. My wife Thora used to ski at about 14,000' on Mount Ruiz, a volcano in Central Colombia, but today no ski areas exist in Colombia due to snow melt.

The highest peak in this coastal massif (not part of the Andes) is Pico Christobal Colon at 18,958' ---also the highest elevation in Colombia. Climatic zones range from tropical to alpine, resulting in great biodiversity (area is now a UNESCO Biosphere Reserve). The Sierra was home to the pre-Colombian Tyrona people who built terraces and round houses of stone with thatched roofs on the steep mountain slopes. With gold present in the streams among granite rocks, they became experts in gold craft. By year 1600 the Spanish Conquistadores entered the Sierra, sacked the Tyrona villages and melted their beautiful gold ornaments into bars for shipment to Spain. The famous Gold Museum in Bogota has a collection of what the Spanish failed to loot.

Today the Tyrona descendants, the Kogi Tribe, live on the lower Sierra slopes and welcome visitors. In 1974 the so-called Ciudad Perdida (Lost City) of the Tyrona was discovered and today is a major destination for adventurous and hardy trekkers. The Sierra, along with the adjacent Caribbean beaches (the best in Colombia) is designated as the Tyrona National Park. The very hot tropical port city of Santa Marta, adjacent on the west to the Sierra, is the oldest settlement in Colombia, founded by the Spanish in 1525. Lacking an international airport, Sierra visitors can fly to Barranquilla and take a two-hour bus or taxi ride over to Santa Marta and the Park.

The only other Caribbean "cold spot" is the highest mountain in the Dominican Republic. Pico Duarte (red dot on map) which rises almost two miles high with an elevation of 10,165'. During winter, frost and ice are common on the upper slopes and occasional snowfalls happen.

When I visited the town of Constanza at an elevation of 4,200 feet below Pico Duarte I was surprised to find apple and peach trees along with strawberry fields. Night temperatures can drop to freezing and days are cool, permitting these crops to survive in the tropical Caribbean.

During later residence on the island of Trinidad in the oil exploration business, I visited all the islands of the Lesser

Antilles, eight of which are volcanic, with 19 active volcanos. This island arc, often called the "Arc of Fire" extends from Montserrat in the north down to Grenada. The highlight of my journey was the French island of Martinique. In 1902 the capital was St. Pierre (called the Paris of the Caribbean) situated at the foot of Mt. Pelee volcano (4,583') with a population of some 30,000. That same year Pelee erupted, sending a flaming (1800-degree F) pyroclastic flow for two minutes at 100 miles/hour into the town, taking the lives of all, except for two, one a prisoner in an underground cell, the other a very lucky resident. Later a black and bizarre lava spine rose over 1000' above the crater (photo). The 79 AD eruption of Vesuvius at Pompei, in comparison, killed only about 16,000. Today St. Pierre with a population of about 5,000 has a Volcano Tribute Museum which I visited. The bad news is that it can happen again, so the island capital was moved to Fort de France.

More recently, in 1995-97, Plymouth, the capital of Montserrat, was also buried by a hot pyroclastic flow which sent a plume of ash 40,000' into the sky. In 2001 an uncommon underwater volcano (or Seamount) rising 4,260' above the ocean floor just north of Grenada erupted causing a small tsunami. One never knows when a volcano will awaken from long hibernation. The islands of the Greater Antilles (Puerto Rico, Hispaniola, Cuba and Jamaica) have no recent volcanic activity. If one really wants a touch of French culture, I recommend the small upscale in-vogue isle of St. Barts, (I have been there, too). While underlain by volcanic rocks, the good news is none are active, so enjoy your visit without any ICE (except in your cocktail), SNOW or FIRE.





# EXPLORING THE AM

## FISHING FOR PIRANHA AND SEEING SHRUNKEN HEADS AND GIANT ANACONDAS

BY JANET & HENRY RESTARICK  
MANDEVILLE, LA



*Amatista, old Amazon River boat*



**The Amazon River is the world's largest river. It flows for more than 3,700 miles from the Andes Mountains in Peru to the Atlantic Ocean. Tributaries along the way feed from Bolivia, Ecuador, Colombia and Venezuela, forming a river system that drains the entire northern half of South America. The river runs through a hot, damp and insect-infested rainforest which is the home to more species of fish and other animals than any other area on earth.**

Our trip started in Iquitos, Peru, where we boarded the "Amatista", an old Amazon river boat. At first glance, the old river boat looked well-worn and in her last days, but once we got to know her, she was everything we had hoped for on the Amazon and Marañon Rivers. We would spend two exciting weeks on the river and exploring the rainforest aboard this great lady.

During our early morning fishing trips, we traveled by skiffs up the tiny tributaries that feed into the Amazon. The only sounds were of our whispers, our paddles, the occasional click of a camera lens, the toucans and macaws, and the monkey chatter from the majestic rainforest trees. As we went deeper into the jungle, the overhead canopy blocked the sunlight, then we would enter into an open lagoon with giant lily pads and water lilies of different colors. The lagoons were so calm it was hard to tell where the trees and their reflections on the water started and stopped. In these tranquil lagoons is where we fished for piranha. Our fishing poles were short bamboo sticks with various fish parts used for bait. The piranha

schooled right under our boat. Thoughts of falling overboard were always in our mind, hungry piranha can pick a human body to the bone in minutes. The piranhas hit our bait very hard, and were fun to catch. In no time we had a full bucket. Later, the fish were prepared and cooked by families living in bamboo huts along the river. The piranhas were served on a large palm leaf and we ate them with our fingers. For our taste, they were a little mushy.

On the Marañon River we stopped at a Jivaroan shaman's hut. The Jivaro people are famous for their head-hunting raids and shrinking the heads. These raids usually occur once a year in one particular Jivaro neighborhood. The raiding parties usually attack one homestead per raid, killing the men, spearing the older women to death, and taking younger women as brides. The shaman detailed the long process of creating a shrunken head starting with removing the skull. Very interesting.

Besides huge anacondas, vampire bats, giant tarantulas, and twelve-foot caimans, we saw



# AMAZON RAINFOREST



*Plenty of birds, snakes and shrunken heads*



the owl-faced monkeys, boas of all types and the lazy slow-moving sloths and manatees. Some strange and unique creatures were the world's largest ant, the bullet ant, with a bite to match and the world's largest fish bat with claws like an osprey. At night, the bats used sonar to swoop down on fish and pull them right out of the water. We saw the Pink Dolphin (the Amazon River dolphin). Amazon folklore says at night the pink dolphin becomes a handsome young man who seduces girls, impregnates them, and then returns to the river in the morning to become a pink dolphin again. We also saw the bright color poison dart frogs which are so extremely toxic that merely touching them can deliver a lethal dose.

One of the most spectacular sights occurred one evening when we drove the bow of the boat right on to the river bank and tied up to the trees. This was our way of docking for most nights, but this night was a selected special place. While standing on the bow as the boat was driven up on the bank, we plowed into the middle of a huge bird sanctuary which ran along the river. When we hit the bank, there were millions of birds shrieking loudly. Pandemonium broke out. Large bird gathering at night is a nature phenomenon. It ensures their safety and serves as a natural defense system against all predators. The sight was a kaleidoscope of rainbow colors with flocks of Purple Martins, bright blue Cotingas, scarlet yellow Tanagers and thousands of small colorful parrots. The birds accepted our intrusion and settled for the night. The quietness of the Amazon returned. But as daylight began to dawn, the birds awoke with beautiful melodies and flew away in groups according to species. It truly was an awesome sight.

Martini time on the Amazon while watching the crimson red sunset and its reflection on the vast river was special. Being only a few latitudes below the celestial equator, we could see many stars including the Big Dipper, the Southern Cross, Orion's Belt and that spectacular strip of light stretching across the sky, The Milky Way. It was a midnight spectrum which only a few will ever see in a lifetime.





On our last day, our boat doubled back to a small river town which had the only inland road back to Iquitos. The road trip was as scenic as the river itself, however this was not our last adventure. About half way back we found our road had been washed out by a torrential rainfall the night before. We were forced to stop at the washed-out section of the road, get off our bus, gather our own bags and walk through the jungle down the steep, muddy river bank to the raging river. Basically, we slid down the bank, with our bags in hand, and continued on in mud and muck up to our ankles to a very narrow wooden rickety foot bridge. The road repair crew had built this bridge with 2X4's tied together with jungle vines. We managed to get across the washed-out ravine only to have to climb back up to the top of the river bank. Once on the road again, completely exhausted, hot, out of breath and covered in mud, we had to find local transportation to get us to the airport. Thankfully, locals with trucks had heard about the stranded tourists and were there to offer us help. They all had smiles and were laughing at all the muddy worn out tourists. What an adventure to end a great adventure!



*River huts*



*Janet catches her first Piranha*



*Trekking through the jungle*



*Amazon crimson sunset*



# JAH TO LAH

## EPIC ROAD TRIP

BY MICHAEL PULDY  
Pacific Southwest Chapter



I love road trips. Even during pandemics.

I'm not sure why long, solo drives have always been one of my favorite pastimes. There's the beautiful scenery and the not-so-beautiful scenery; there are the connections I make with other people; the amazing places I eat, drink and visit; and there's the driving itself, where listening to the engine and the wind blowing across the car body becomes quite meditative. I also enjoy the solitude and the time to think.

A cross country, sea-to-sea road trip, or my own personal Jack Kerouac ***On the Road*** adventure has always been on my short-list. Driving an old car across the United States, seeing friends and making new ones just has that ever present hint of romantic nostalgia. Yet, like everything else, it's so easy to skip over an experience that's relatively easy to achieve.

Being a car enthusiast and the owner of a "mid-century," vintage 90 horsepower Porsche, there are two major car shows in the United States where Porsche owners meet every year. The Concours d'Elegance in Pebble Beach, California, which occurs in August, and the Amelia Island Concours d'Elegance which takes place in March just north of Jacksonville, Florida.

Being a native of Jacksonville, if there's an opportunity to return home to see my father and my childhood friends, I usually take it.

Sometime in 2019, I decided the time for my cross-country odyssey had arrived. The plan was simple: ship the Porsche to Jacksonville, spend a few days hanging out with my Dad and friends, overindulge on great cars, and then drive west for 3,000 miles.

As planned, the car shipped to Florida in late February, and arrived 24 hours before my flight landed in early March.

Coincidentally, in early March, with international travel headed to lockdown, I was about to embark on a 3,000-mile journey from the Atlantic Ocean (Jacksonville, FL) to the Pacific Ocean (Redondo Beach, CA) in a 1963 Porsche 356B T6 Super 90.

In the end, my trip lasted nine days. I stopped for gas 17 times, achieved 27 miles per gallon fuel efficiency, and the car reached a top speed of 94 mph while driving in New Mexico at 7,100 feet above sea level on some desolate road on an early Sunday morning.

I saw a few old friends, and I made a few new friends as I drove across the United States.

Looking back before I started my journey, when I would describe my trip to my friends, family and strangers, I would receive one of two responses. From my fellow car aficionados and adventurers, my trip was "EPIC!" From the non-drivers, I would receive



# JAK TO LAK



either a verbal or the facial equivalent of, “You’re crazy, why would you do that?”

I have to admit, the latter group does have some merit. Let’s face it, taking a cross-country road trip in a 57-year old car without air conditioning, cruise control, fuel injection, or reliable 21<sup>st</sup> century safety features is probably not my smartest move. Even my home mechanic, who told me my engine could

definitely make the trip, felt the transmission only had a 60% chance of getting to Los Angeles in one piece.

Would you take a 3,000-mile trip in a 57-year old car that had a 40% chance of turning into a case study in Murphy’s Law? But, hey, risks are meant to be taken, and the riskier the trip, the more epic!

Let’s jump to the punch line. My trip WAS totally epic!

No disasters. No transmission implosion. No engine fires. No running out of fuel on a lonely backroad in a bad neighborhood. Now, in full disclosure, with every day, the car was harder to start. The noise from the transmission grew louder with each mile. And, I was constantly tapping on my “mechanically repaired” oil and fuel gauge, making sure they were working, because I couldn’t trust them. And, with each pitstop, I literally used a thermometer to measure the oil temperature.

On top of all that, adding a little more excitement to the experience, the COVID-19 pandemic was metastasizing, as more hotels, restaurants and stores closed by the day. I half expected the State of California to close its border before I arrived.

Nevertheless, even with the news of the pandemic swirling around me, I took advantage of my travels to meet friends I hadn’t seen in many years, and to visit places of interest that are significantly out of the way.

I’m always amazed how, with some people, you can immediately reconnect, no matter how many years have gone by since the last meaningful conversation. Of my eight nights on the road, four were spent with old friends.



*The National Radio Astronomy Observatory in New Mexico.*



And then there were new friends. Traveling in my car was like traveling with a celebrity. Every place I went, people wanted a picture with my car.

The most fun emerged at the Prada art installation about 30 miles west of Marfa, Texas.

When I pulled up shortly after breakfast, dozens of people were walking around a small building that houses Prada products. They're on display, but not for sale. Immediately, parking in front of the "store," tourists admiring the building decided my car was more interesting. Everyone wanted a picture with my car, including a small boy who took a selfie while the Prada store was nowhere in the shot.

Regardless, there were other cool things I did along the way.

I spent a night in the New Orleans French Quarter, where I found the Hotel Monteleone, a great hotel in the center of the Quarter. Not only did the hotel have secure parking, where my car was literally watched for the 14 straight hours I was there, but the hotel had a great birds-eye view of the city and the Mississippi River.



And then there was Texas. Texas is really big. I spent five days and four nights driving across the state---Houston, Austin, Stonewall (the birthplace of Lyndon Johnson), La Grange (famous from the ZZ Top song of the same name), and the quirky, artsy town of Marfa.

Even though I can't completely explain it, the tiny town of Marfa, Texas (population 2,000),

has been on my U.S. visitation list for at least a decade. From a historical perspective, Marfa is where Rock Hudson, Elizabeth Taylor, and James Dean filmed *Giant*. At the Hotel Paisano, there's a small tribute to the film and to these Hollywood stars who stayed there while filming. The room where James Dean slept is highly featured.

Today, Marfa is an ultra-hip artist colony and foodie stop thanks to Donald Judd, a New York artist who lived there for many decades. Back in the 1970s, Judd decided Marfa was a great place for him to live and create, so he packed up his bags and moved to Marfa. Year after year more people followed to create this island of culture, art, food and passion. A single flashing red light at a four-way stop in the center of town regulates traffic.

Unfortunately, my timing was bad because the COVID-19 crisis closed most restaurants, art galleries and businesses.

And even though Hotel Paisano is a classy, period style hotel with great history, I opted for the newer, classier Hotel St. George. The façade of the Hotel St. George is quite dull when compared to Hotel Paisano. However, once inside, I found it is clearly the most elegant hotel in town. Hotel St. George reminded me more of a high-end hotel in Hollywood than the typical lodging I would find in a tiny town in the middle of nowhere.

And even though most restaurants were closed, there were a few exceptions. Luckily, I hit the jackpot with Marfa Burrito for breakfast and Food Shark for lunch.



*White Sands National Park, located in New Mexico, is the world's largest concentration of gypsum sand dunes.*



# JAX TO LAX



*Marfa Burrito in Marfa, Texas*



Located four blocks south of the center of town, Marfa Burrito is as local as local gets. Outside there are plenty of picnic tables plus sharpies so you can write a message on the building or the fence. Inside, pictures of celebrity visitors such as Matthew McConaughey and Anthony Bourdain grace the walls. And yes, the signature breakfast burrito exceeded expectations.

At the other end of town, seven blocks to the west, there's the Food Shark. Dining al fresco, this Mediterranean lunch place is actually a food truck with a repurposed school bus for those desiring inside dining (closed due to COVID-19). And, for the classic car lover, there are two Plymouth Valiants with restored interiors on display flanking the school bus.

Even though Marfa was quiet, the town did not disappoint.

Needless to say, my cross-country adventure was much, much more than seeing friends and wandering the small Texas town of Marfa.

As I traveled from east to west, I encountered the visual and verbal cues of the cultural diversity of the United States, especially during discussions of politics, gun control, race, the upcoming election, the economy, and the pandemic. While among old friends, I could freely talk about my opinions; however, being isolated in a slow and tiny German car left me feeling very exposed and choosing to

be very cautious in what felt like too many situations among strangers.

Let's just say the panhandle of Florida is metaphorically and literally a long way from Los Angeles.

On the very last day, after a cold night in a period-correct 1960s style, classic wood cabin on the edge of Joshua Tree National Park, I started to drive the last 130 miles to Redondo Beach on the Pacific Ocean. Literally minutes into my final day, my car stalled on a deserted dirt road next to a lone Joshua Tree. My immediate thought was, "Well, here's where it ends."

Fortunately, luck was with me. The car restarted almost immediately, and I was pulling into my home driveway in Redondo Beach, California, two hours later.

Successfully completing my trip across America in my vintage car without any personal harm or major incident was a great accomplishment that I can happily add to my list of fortunate global experiences. And while the trip may seem crazy to some people, my JAX to LAX adventure was a fun, memorable, and happy personal milestone.



*Even with the pandemic, no shortage of diners at Cafe Du Mont in New Orleans.*



# The Wrath of Vesuvius

BY JUDY SCHRAFFT  
Palm Beach Chapter

**EDITOR'S NOTE: CIRCUMLNAVIGATOR JUDY SCHRAFFT HAS SEEN MOST OF THE WORLD, BUT THE POMPEII AREA OF ITALY WAS ON HER BUCKET LIST. SHE VISITED POMPEII JUST BEFORE THE PANDEMIC PUT THE BRAKES ON INTERNATIONAL TRAVEL. JUDY IS ENTHUSIASTIC ABOUT THE JOURNEY AND WRITES HERE ABOUT THE IMPACT OF MOUNT VESUVIUS ON THE ANCIENT WORLD.**

When the subject of Campania first entered my consciousness, I didn't realize its significance in the early period of Roman history by occupying the southwestern portion of the Italian peninsula. Many of the familiar sites of Roman civilization are situated on the coastline below Campania's fertile plains and hills, all of which occupy the area around the Bay of Naples, which in itself claims a large swath of Roman history with other strategic bays, offshore islands of Capri and Ischia, and the celebrated Amalfi Coast.

*Judy in Italy*



The peaks of the Alburni mountains range along Campania's eastern edge rise to almost 5,000 feet, while the valleys between have always produced vast agricultural riches, especially wines, olives, and those apples of antiquity, pomegranates, represented in much art of the era.

The epicenter of early Roman occupation is located around the Bay of Naples, although the Greeks first appeared here in the 8th century B.C. Even the mysterious Etruscans, whose territory was known to be further north in Tuscany, founded the early settlement of Cumae, which survived until the Greeks, and later the conquering Roman Empire, pushed them back from whence they came.

The commanding yet horrific history of Roman occupation here is, of course, the saga of Pompeii, about which tons of literature and analyses have been produced. Thousands of humans are entombed in the lava flows of its legendary, but very real, Mount Vesuvius, and the numerous layers of volcanic debris that raced down its flanks following its cataclysmic eruption in the early hours of a mid-October morning in 79 A.D. A smaller eruption in 62 A.D. could never have predicted what was to come.

What is most widely recognized of Vesuvius' two-day assault on Pompeii's 15,000 citizens, and several other towns in the path of its westward winds, are the agonized concretized forms of Pompeians in their final moments, whether a small boy clutching his dog or a wealthy gentleman still covered in linens in his footed bed.

Pompeii was a thriving city, as ongoing discoveries and reconstructions make clear its demographics. Only one-third of it has been excavated but is enough to identify various areas and street signs. Its profusion of vast villas with incalculable riches are sometimes named for whatever artifact was found there -- for instance, the Villa of the Bracelet or the House of the Tragic Poet. There were marble-lined atrium pools, and frescoes bearing layers of the various eruptions can be read along the walls as the city was overtaken by the disastrous flows. Modest homes were equally destroyed as were the myriad taverns, inns, stables and such home industries as wineries, bakeries and early versions of food courts, gathering spots to share local lore and gossip.



# The Wrath of Vesuvius

On that cool October morning, the first of six explosions resulting in that many diverse flows issued from the mountain. Excavated family tombs outside the town arch at the entrance of Porta Nocera document the names of important families. Various excavation projects continued from the mid-18th century under the auspices of monied noblemen and semi-serious investors, but not until 1860, when General Giuseppe Garibaldi was appointed director of excavations by King Victor Emmanuel, did serious work begin.

Although the areas south of Naples were spared the volcano's full wrath, an upscale seaside retreat in the path of the westward wind was utterly destroyed. Formerly a Greek village named for the god Hercules, the smaller Herculaneum of perhaps 4,000 citizens, as opposed to several times that figure in Pompeii, received an equally devastating volcanic onslaught. Herculaneum was completely buried, with 100% loss of life of those who had not fled the early signs. Today only one-fourth of the town has been excavated and one has to wonder to where those millions of tons of lava, pumice, mud, ash and ruined structures have been displaced. In its brutal and all-consuming demise, seaside villas of the rich, shops, taverns, bath complexes, as well as lower echelon habitation were all similarly entombed in layers 50 to 60 feet thick.

Ten boatloads of citizens who set out to sea were also doomed, and those who hid in the empty boathouses shared the same fate, their bodies carbonized by the 500-degree Fahrenheit flows. No one remaining in Herculaneum survived the two days of successive blows from Vesuvius, and the brutal pyroclastic flow of fast-moving gases and volcanic matter that completely engulfed the town was the final nail in its coffin.

Of particular interest and an indication of the status of Herculaneum's population are stone and marble tablets listing the names of important citizens with, in many cases, the names duplicated several times, followed by, for instance, the word "Dama" indicating that this individual was from Damascus. This shows that the wealthy residents were served by slaves from elsewhere, who took the names of their patrons in much the same way that American slaves took the names of the families that enslaved them.

What is most significant now in view of the coastal megalopolis that extends north and south of Naples where all the early sites were affected to some extent is that all the seaside villas, now on heights of many hundreds of feet and far inland, were originally on the sea.

Terrestrial subsidence and siltation of rivers filled in the coastal meadows, and today elaborate mosaic floors pave the sandy sea bottom. Statuary and architectural fragments that once decorated those villas now litter the coastline and sea floor.

As viewed by Greek geographer and philosopher Strabo, "The whole gulf is quilted by cities, buildings and plantations, so united in each other that they seem to be a single metropolis."

Focal points of every excavated area are the villas of the rich whose glories have been painstakingly repaired and rebuilt. Villa Arianna so eloquently described by Pliny the Younger in his writings, and possibly belonging to Nero's wife, Poppea, is the best preserved, as its city of Stabiae was far enough below the devastation to retain strong colorful painted wall decorations and complicated architectural adornments. Villa San Marco, one of the largest villas in Stabiae, had impeccable genealogy, as its construction was started by Emperor Augustus, enlarged by Claudius, and boasts temples to Apollo, Venus, Jupiter and other revered deities, is even more lavish.

To be immersed in the mindset of the inhabitants of these evocative ruins is to experience lives close to our own, with all classes maintaining their preordained positions, their daily routines, jealousies, tribulations, personality conflicts and human emotions and failings, until all was homogenized by an impact beyond their imaginations and control. It is especially humbling to acknowledge their inability to prevent such enormous losses, whether by a geological event or by invasions of an enemy force, each determined to annihilate you and your life, however privileged or impoverished that may be.

To balance the horrors associated with Vesuvius, there are areas nearby that escaped its wrath, just far enough from the all-consuming cloud so that their present-day ruins are only the results of the ages. One such city, originally known as Posidiana, named for the Greek god of the ocean, Paestum is believed to be the first Greek city on land that had originally been occupied by

## Amalfi Coast







prehistoric peoples. Monumental temples are dedicated to the most important female deities, especially Athena and Hera, the latter in recognition of her strong devotion and as the consort to the dominant Greek god, Zeus. For seven hundred years, Paestum remained the most important Greek city until a force of Lucanians from the south besieged it, closely followed by the Romans in 270 B.C. Due to that prevalent, even then, genie of environmental destruction, the felling of forests, soil erosion and silting of nearby rivers, led to rampant malaria and gradual abandonment of the city in the first century A.D. For us, the glories of the temples, the colonnaded Roman forum, a nearly complete amphitheater and a grid of high and low residential housing remain to remind us of Paestum's position at that time.

Several miles south of Naples and completely isolated from the wrath of Vesuvius is the seaside pleasure dome of Baiae. As the true heart of Roman power and the epitome of licentiousness, emperors and rich politicians from Nero to Caligula to Claudius lived in unimaginable splendor. Along the deck of one of the many bathing pools, heated to various temperatures by sophisticated underground systems, a row of little bathhouse-style rooms housed the ladies who often visited.

The destruction of Baiae was not caused by the eruption itself but rather by the ongoing seismic activity of the entire region which resulted here in the subsidence of the seaside villas with the elaborate mosaic floors now under the sea, providing another level of viewing. The baths still occupy the entire hillside overlooking what once was the town. A temple to the goddess Diana remains high above, untouched by even the elements.

Considering the extent of the Roman Empire, encompassing large swaths of most European countries, this small corner of its vast territory represents a minuscule part of the whole. This microcosm of riches and hedonistic lifestyle appear today with such resort areas as the French Riviera and our own seaside enclaves and other less recognized resorts of great wealth of the pure pleasure dome of Las Vegas, for instance. The appeal represented by those little poolside rooms will always be with us, social or economic status notwithstanding.

However, there will never again be an entity with the force, dynamic, or program of ruthless acquisition as the great Roman empire, with its 500-year grip on the fortunes of the then known world.



A large photograph of Henri van Bentum, an elderly man with a white beard, wearing a blue cap and a blue and white checkered shirt. He is sitting at a restaurant table with white linens and glasses. In the background, a large painting of a group of men in historical Dutch attire is visible.

# A LIFE OF WANDERING AND CIRCUMNAVIGATING

BY HENRI VAN BENTUM  
Victoria, BC

**EDITOR'S NOTE: CANADIAN HENRI VAN BENTUM IS ONE OF OUR OLDEST AND MOST DISTINGUISHED CIRCUMNAVIGATORS. HAVING JUST TURNED 91, HE RELATES HERE THE PLEASURE OF BEING A MEMBER OF OUR HISTORIC CLUB.**

Being a Circumnavigators Club member is a joy. There are scores of highlights over nearly 50 years of membership. The camaraderie and common spirit of adventure gives us a common bond.

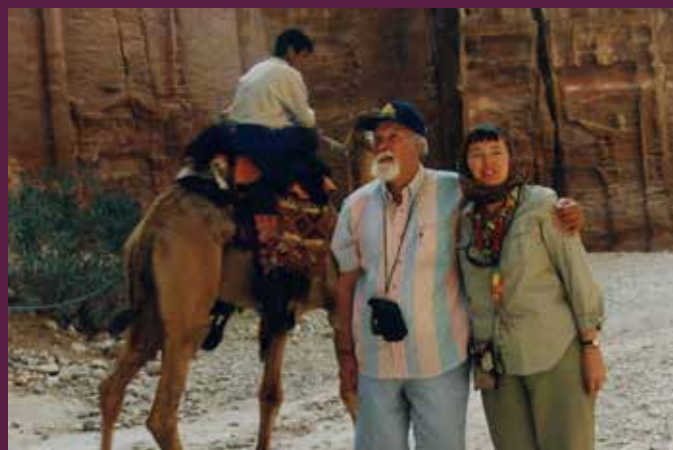
From early youth, a nomadic quest has led me to explore faraway places. Neither my wife Natasha nor I have ever owned a house or a car. We've survived by our wits, the sale of some paintings, Natasha's devotion to working for the environment, and good fortune. For many years we looked after people's homes or estates, long before the word 'house-sitting' became widely known. It's also helpful to speak six languages

Our mode of travel has ranged from foot, bicycle, donkey, camel, jeep, bus, train, freighter and passenger ship to dingy, dug-out canoe, dive boat and sailboat, to jet plane, Piper Cub and helicopter.

In my boyhood in the Dutch Lowlands, small bands of wandering Roma ("Gypsies") often came to our door, asking for water or if anything needed to be fixed. One day an organ grinder came by, accompanied by a monkey.

My mother gave me a penny to give to the monkey. Fascinated by the monkey, I simply followed it and somehow ended up in the caravan. I was gone for a long time, six months. Interpol intercepted the caravan as it was crossing the border between the Netherlands and Belgium. Today, I still ask if it was these

*Henri and Natasha trek around the world for decades. At top, Henri poses with a panorama of Great Dutch Masters.*





wanderers who transferred their nomadic spirit and nature to me, since I've had a great love of travel all my life. One thing for sure, I love Roma music.

My uncles were also an inspiration – one uncle, a photographer, made some of the first films of dancers in Bali and also the Mud People of New Guinea; another uncle was a sea captain. As a youngster I used to sit, spellbound, listening to their tales of faraway places.

Another uncle was posted as a scribe in Java, Indonesia. While there, he wrote my father long letters about the exotica the islands presented.

WWII ended my school days. From age ten onward, Life itself became my teacher. After the war, I worked as a waiter in a five-star Amsterdam hotel. The Amsterdam five-star hotel experience led to working as a 1st-class dining room steward with Holland America Line, and this eventually connected me with the Circumnavigators Club.

Most passengers were either old money or 'dubious' money, GI officers and their families, and movie stars. Barbara Stanwyck, Robert Taylor, and Claudette Colbert among others were all at my station at different times. On one sailing, the entire NY Philharmonic came aboard, with Maestro Leopold Stokowski. Maestro Stokowski and the concertmaster were at my station, giving me the privilege of serving them for eleven days.

This life at sea changed when I became very ill with tuberculosis at age 23. I spent three years in a pine forest sanatorium, where I began to paint.

Little did I know the two major arcs of my life so far, working at sea and painting, would converge many years later, and point my compass towards the Circumnavigators Club.

In 1974 when Natasha and I were guests aboard the inaugural world cruise of the legendary Royal Viking Line's "Royal Viking Sky". I was resident artist and lecturer, among the first professional artists to teach aboard ship. Destiny at full force: following the success of our program, we were invited back for the 1975 inaugural world cruise of sister-ship, "Royal Viking Sea". It was on this second circumnavigation that we were introduced to two members of the Circumnavigators Club.

Less than a month after the cruise ended, I became a member, receiving a handsome

Circumnavigators Club membership certificate, signed and dated May 22, 1975, complete with gold seal, black and green ribbons.

In 1978, I was in Singapore as an invited guest of the Singapore Chapter. It was the time of the full moon festival. I'll never forget a banquet held that night held at the home of Chapter President Wong. Extraordinary hospitality. Everyone dined outdoors. A giant moon rose up over the horizon, hovering over the edge of the Mr. Wong's garden.

Years before, a Circumnavigator told me about the historic Long Bar in Nairobi, saying if I ever returned to Africa, to be sure to visit. In 1978, remembering his advice, I headed for Nairobi and the famous Long Bar.

There was one fellow there. Turned out he was a safari photographer. Out of the blue he invited me to join him on a trip to the Maasai, via the "Tree Tops" and Great Rift Valley. The Maasai knew him well and respected him. So, five minutes after stepping off the train in Nairobi, I was all set to spend several days with the Maasai.

Throughout the years, the Club offered many opportunities to meet and visit other members. Natasha and I in turn welcomed members to our home in British Columbia.

For the Club's 75th anniversary in 1977, I was invited to be the Club's guest speaker in New York. The topic was "On the Evolution of Art". Afterwards I was presented with an engraved, silver plate.

In 2002 Natasha and I organized a major Circumnavigators Club event at the Planetarium in Vancouver. Liaising with the Canadian Space Agency, Natasha managed to get astronaut Colonel Chris Hadfield to fly all the way over from Star City, Russia (where he was then posted as NASA's lead representative) and give a public talk.

Later, Chris Hadfield became world-famous in 2013 when he served as Commander aboard the International Space Station. Club President Al Morasso and his wife Betty joined us. Chris was presented with an Honorary Membership certificate.

For this special occasion, I asked an award-winning goldsmith friend, Andrew Costen, if he'd be willing to create a pin with a meteorite for Hadfield. He agreed immediately and donated the pin. It was presented to the astronaut at the Planetarium event.

"I am honored to be a member of the Circumnavigators Club. And I have never

owned a meteorite!" Thus, Chris began his presentation by describing what his first shuttle launch felt like, aboard Atlantis: "It's as if eight people jumped up and down on your chest and then throw you over a cliff".

Colonel Hadfield gave a spellbinding talk. After his presentation, I asked Colonel Hadfield if it might be possible for a group of Circumnavigator Club members to visit Star City in Russia. Club President Morasso was thrilled and indeed a special goodwill trip to Russia the following year, in 2003, was arranged with a group of members travelling to Moscow and a private tour of the Star City facility.

When then-Chapter president Steve Barnett and I arranged a rendezvous between the British Columbia members and the Pacific Northwest Chapter, several of the Washington State members sailed up to Victoria in their boats. They docked right in front of the venerable Empress Hotel, where we enjoyed a lively lunch in the Bengal Lounge.

Primarily a professional artist, I also write children's stories. Over the past five years, Circumnavigator Phyllis (PJ) Heyliger (Desert Chapter) and I have collaborated on the creation of four children's books. PJ created the whimsical illustrations while I wrote the stories. All were written while I was recovering from my first bout of bladder cancer. A fifth book is now in the works, written during the recent pandemic lockdown.

Over the past 45 years, numerous articles I've written were published in The LOG. The LOG is the "glue" that holds us all together. Writing these pieces is something I always enjoy doing. Also, it's a pleasure to read accounts by other members of their adventures and seeing the exotic photos.







## IMAGES OF TRIBAL INDIA







ALL PHOTOS BY LISA BRIGHTON  
Michigan Chapter







## FOUNDATION PRESIDENT'S *LETTER*

Dear Fellow Circumnavigators:

You'll notice something different about this edition of The LOG: it doesn't include updates on our grantees following the completion of their summer circumnavigations. The travel planned by our 2019-2020 grantees, like that of all Circumnavigators, was curtailed by the global pandemic. For the first time since our around-the-world travel-study grant program began a half-century ago, the summer of 2020 found no young scholars reporting to us on their journeys of a lifetime, circumnavigations which, for virtually all of them, were life-shaping experiences. We missed seeing photos of them holding the Circumnavigators Club flag in faraway places and the fascinating narratives of their globe-circling research projects.

Fortunately, however, both of our two 2019-2020 grant recipients were receptive to the Foundation's offer to extend their grants by a year in the hope that global travel will be possible once again in the summer of 2021. Notwithstanding the fact that they will have graduated from college prior to undertaking their circumnavigations, both grantees have agreed to place their post-graduate plans on hold in order to embark upon their ten-week research projects. We are deeply gratified by their enthusiasm and the importance they place on their Foundation-funded research, and are keeping our fingers crossed that they will be able to carry out their projects next summer.

The same uncertainty about travel conditions and health safety affects the 2020-2021 grant program. Because of that uncertainty, together with the restrictions the pandemic has imposed on the academic world and Chapter activities, the Board has elected not to expand the grant program beyond existing participants for the coming year. Of those, only one university – Northwestern – has chosen to participate in the 2020-2021 program, and its selection process is underway as of this writing. Adapting to the current reality, the Chicago Chapter selection committee may, for the first time, interview the finalists via video conference.

The health and safety of our grantees has always been of paramount importance and we will closely monitor conditions in the months ahead accordingly. I know you join me in hoping that the next edition of The LOG will find both years' grantees embarking upon their circumnavigations, which we all may follow vicariously via their travel blogs.

Luck to them, and to you!

Gregory Rider  
President

**CHRISTOPHER CASSIDY**  
Georgetown University



Christopher at Olympic National Park in Port Angeles, WA.

**AMANDA DAVIS**  
Northwestern University



Mandy posing next to a saguaro cactus on the way up to Quartz Peak - a summit in the Sierra Estrella mountain range a short drive away from her home in Phoenix.

## OUR SCHOLARS

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



## FOUNDATION'S TRAVEL-STUDY FELLOWSHIPS REACH HALF-CENTURY MARK IN 2021

The Circumnavigators Club Foundation's signature Around-the-World Travel-Study Fellowship program turns 50 in 2021, and the Foundation plans to observe this milestone in a number of ways, from Chapter-level events to a multi-media retrospective featuring as many of our 140 Foundation Scholars as possible.

Following its establishment in 1964, the Foundation – the godchild of a handful of forward-looking Circumnavigators led by the indomitable George Pierrot of the Michigan Chapter and Ray Dinsmore of New York Metro – focused its charitable giving on relatively small but meaningful literacy and health projects in India and elsewhere, including a donation for cryosurgery equipment for the floating ship of Project Hope.

Then, in late 1970, the Foundation's board, acknowledging that there were many other ways in which Circumnavigators could support such activities, conceived of a channel for its giving which was unique: the idea of providing fellowships to enable young Americans (later students of other nationalities as well) with an opportunity to undertake academic research projects on a global scale, projects which entailed a complete circumnavigation of the globe. The intent, in Ray Dinsmore's words, was to "permit a student in his junior year to experience first-hand knowledge of world conditions. He will be expected to observe, formulate opinions and communicate his knowledge to his fellow students. In effect,

the trip is to be a laboratory study of international situations. Every Circumnavigator can participate in this exciting new venture and in the club's contribution to better international understanding by donating to the Foundation." A committee led by Club President Charlie Blaisdell and Foundation President Dinsmore, together with the Dean of Georgetown University's School of Foreign School, Peter Krogh, set in motion a program which has endured to this day.

Over time, the Foundation's Around-the-World Travel-Study Fellowships have been awarded to 140 college juniors at 15 different universities. The fellowships have become highly competitive, prestigious grants which are showcased in the universities' recruitment materials and other publicity. Foundation Scholars, as the fellowship recipients are designated after they've successfully completed their projects, have gone on to serve with distinction in academia, government, business, media and communications, medicine, science, diplomacy, international relations, and many other fields. Many of them have also served as officers, directors, and governors of the Club and Foundation.

Watch for updates on observances of the Foundation's half-century of making educational grants in upcoming installments of Circumbits, the Foundation pages in the Club's website, and the next LOG.

## OVER THE HORIZON

Lawrence Brown  
Stratford, CT  
April 12, 2020

John Maxwell  
Richmond, VA  
January 1, 2020

Douglas Nickson  
Bellevue, WA  
June 25, 2020

Grady Kelly-Post  
Bothell, WA  
August 23, 2020

Donald Rees  
United Kingdom  
April, 23, 2020

John G. Russell  
Fairfield, CT  
April 21, 2020

Dyanne C. Tosi  
Palm Beach, FL  
July 27, 2019







# WELCOME *aboard*s

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

## JANICE AARON



Jan lives in Chicago with her husband Richard, also a new Circumnavigator. She is an avid quilter and since retirement from the

field of marketing communications, she has been actively involved in quilt guilds. Jan also has a passion for music. During her travels, she enjoys attending operas and concerts of all types. Jan joins the **Chicago Chapter**.

## RICHARD AARON



Richard is a retired stock trader with a lifelong interest in theater, rail mass transit and travel. In his urban rail mass transit interest, he is a member of associations

and museums in London, New York, Pittsburgh and Chicago. Most prominently, he has been a 60-year member of Central Electric Railfans' Association in Chicago. He served on its Board of Directors for six years and edited its publication, "The Chicago & West Towns Railways." This 248-page book was published in 2006. Rich joins the **Chicago Chapter**.

## BRIAN BAUM



Brian is a professional travel writer, living in Seattle with his wife Una Wilson. Brian and Una have a second home in Kilkenny,

Ireland. One of his great adventures was circumnavigating the globe over both poles, a story that is featured in this issue of The LOG. He is a Life member of the Old Antarctic Explorers Association and also a member of the Museum of Flight and the Pan Am Historical Foundation. Brian joins the **Pacific Northwest Chapter**.

## IAIN GRIST



Iain lives in Cornwall, UK, with additional homes in Cyprus, Koh Samui and Dubai, giving him lots of opportunity to continue to travel the world. He is retired after a long career in the alcoholic beverage business in

which he worked for some of the largest liquor producers in the world. We expect that many Circumnavigators have sampled the famous brands he represented. He recently participated in the Clipper Round The World yacht race, racing from New York to London, and was part of the crew of the winning boat. Iain is currently researching a round-the-world trip on cargo ships. He joins the **UK Chapter**.

## ROBERT GUILER



A hospitality consultant, Robert lives in Chandler, Arizona and joins the **Desert Chapter**. The son of two career military officers, he started

his extensive traveling at an early age, including living as a child in Germany and the Netherlands. His career keeps him on the road much of the time, allowing him to embrace his passion for travel. He has visited all 50 states and 50 countries in six continents.

## ABUNDIO (BOJO) MACARAIG



A Filipino living in metropolitan Manila, Bojo caught the world travel "bug" back in 2007, when he watched a video program about the "New Seven Wonders" of

the world: the Great Wall of China, Taj Mahal, Petra, Colosseum of Rome, Chichen Itza, Machu Picchu, and Christ the Redeemer. Despite at that point having never left his home country of the **Philippines**, he started what turned out to be a successful ten-year quest to visit all seven of these! He is an accountant and a member of the newly organized Philippine Global Explorer Club.

## BENJAMIN MARTIN



Having a distinguished career in ophthalmology and the U.S. Navy, Benjamin now lives in

Naples, Florida with his wife Suzi, also a new Circumnavigator. He is a retired Colonel who flew fighter jets and served on numerous medical missions. His vitality is evidenced by his returning to college and completing a Bachelor of Arts in Philosophy at 80 years of age. Benjamin joins the **Naples Chapter**.

## CAROLINE (SUZI) MARTIN



With a Ph.D. in administration, Suzi has served on a number of boards of civic organizations. A staunch advocate

for education and medicine, Dr. Martin helped organize a million-dollar endowment for the nursing school of Florida Gulf Coast University where she remains on the college's Nursing Advisory Board. Along with her husband Benjamin and several of her children, she participated in medical missions around the world. She was named Florida woman of the year. Caroline joins the **Naples Chapter**.

## BARBARA McPHERSON



Barbara joins her husband Gene, a longtime Circumnavigator, in the club. She says her

marriage to Gene began her travel adventures. They made an extensive circumnavigation last year. The McPhersons spend the winters in Punta Gorda, Florida and the summers in Sturgis, South Dakota. Barbara joins the **Naples Chapter**.

## JUAN NIETO



An Ecuadorian, Juan lives in **Quito** where he works as a mechatronics engineer. His business takes

him to many countries where he enjoys meeting people and embracing the culture. He notes, "I leave every country with mixed feelings but with a heart full of warmth." He made his circumnavigation at the age of 26.



# WELCOME *aboard*

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

## MARK PROSS



Mark is an Assistant Director with the U.S. Government Accountability Office's (GAO) Defense Capabilities and Management (DCM) Team at GAO Headquarters in Washington, D.C. Currently, Mark is a congressional auditor responsible for leading reviews in the Homeland Defense and Emerging Threats and in the Strategic Warfare and Intelligence issue areas. He has received many awards and honors from the GAO and other federal agencies. He lives in Warrenton, Virginia with his wife Marty, and joins the **Washington DC Chapter**.

## MARK RUSSELL



A financial advisor, Mark lives in **Houston** with his wife, Sylvia, also a new Circumnavigator.

The Russells have visited 150 countries and all seven continents. His love of travel began as a youth when his family moved to Germany. From there he traveled extensively through western Europe. He is active in efforts to prevent domestic abuse.

## SYLVIA HANNA-RUSSELL



Born in Kansas, Sylvia had a long career as a flight attendant with Braniff International. Her mother told her that her first sentence was "See the plane."

She met her future husband Mark at the University of Houston and they became a traveling couple. On a trip to Japan, Sylvia became interested in the Ikenobo (or Ikebana) school of Japanese flower arrangement which she has now studied for over 20 years. She is a member of Ikebana International and a past president of this club. She currently resides in **Houston**.

## SANDY SCHOPBACH



A translator and interpreter, Sandy lives in Ann Arbor, Michigan. She has a second

residence in Paris, France, where she has worked and lived. She has created custom tours of Paris and France for English-speaking tourists. She speaks four languages and has published a photo book about Paris. She joins the **Michigan Chapter**.

## ELLEN STEPHENS



Ellen lives in Naples, Florida, with her husband Richard Weise, also a new Circumnavigator. Ellen and Richard have been married for four years during which they have traveled extensively, including their circumnavigation. Ellen is on the board of the English-Speaking Union for which she serves as the coordinator for the Shakespeare Competition. She is an avid photographer. Ellen joins the **Naples Chapter**.

## NANCY STONES



Nancy lives in Naples, Florida with a summer home in Webster, NY, near Lake Ontario. She is retired after a long career at Eastman Kodak.

She is a past board member of the Naples Philharmonic League for which she chaired several fund-raisers. She loves art and playing golf. Nancy joins the **Naples Chapter**.

## MARIE WAITE



Marie lives in Visalia, California, where she is director of the Kings County Department of Child Support Services.

She completed her circumnavigation in a "Semester at Sea" in 1999. The 110-day adventure began her passion for travel. She joins the **Pacific Southwest Chapter**.

## DAVID WARING



Born in New York's Finger Lake region and a graduate of Cornell University, David had a distinguished business career. He now works as a financial advisor and lives in N. Barrington, Illinois. He is deeply involved with the Rotary organization. His Rotary highlights include a four-week mission in which he led a team to do humanitarian projects in the Indian states of Kerala and Tamil Nadu. Among the activities were immunizing children against polio. David joins the **Chicago Chapter**.

## RICHARD WEISE



Married to Circumnavigator Ellen Stephens, Richard lives in Naples, Florida, and joins the **Naples Chapter**. A

human resources professional, Richard has served on a number of civic organizations, including campaign director and president of United Way and the International Men's Club. He is an avid photographer.





# THROUGH MY LENS

TIPS FOR A TRAVELING PHOTOGRAPHER

## THANKS FOR THE MEMORIES!

BY  
CONTRIBUTING  
EDITOR

ROGER  
WEATHERBURN-BAKER  
Naples Chapter



After months of lockdown, most of us are about ready for a vacation. But, if you're thinking you don't want to risk such an adventure just yet, it might lift your spirits a little to pull out a few old albums, sit down and fasten your seat belt for an armchair trip through some of your happiest memories.

We asked a few of our members to send us photos that best stirred their memorable vacation moments. Some of them and their stories are shown elsewhere in these pages. Perhaps they'll lift your spirits and get your feet itching.

If my wife Paula and I could be transported anywhere right now it would be to Bali, the westernmost of Indonesia's Lesser Sunda islands. Ubud, located among lush rice paddies and steep ravines, is the arts and culture center of the island, which is where we bought the painting from an artist conducting a master class in an open-air gallery in town.







*Katie Koontz loved a semester in Morocco.*



*Cynthia Basset enjoyed the excitement of the Lihang Horse Festival in China.*



*Justine Kirby was fascinated by children in Benin.*



*Paul Buescher partying with students in Quangxi, China.*



*Ann Swinford watched her husband Mo enjoy a safari in Madagascar. Here he is with a new friend, a brown lemur.*



*Michael Pully visited Dai Dao Temple in Vietnam.*



*Pat Buescher shared an adventure in the Galapagos with her grandsons.*



*Larry Glick got this close up in Uganda. "Nothing beats staring in the eyes of a huge mountain gorilla."*





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Contact Executive Director Tracy Sancilio at  
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go to our website [www.circumnavigators.com](http://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](mailto:club@circumnavigators.org). Please do not call the Yale Club directly.