TRAVELS WITH PEGGY

Peggy has been a world traveler from the age of five, when she journeyed with her family by steamship to Southampton and thence by the steam yacht Iolanda to visit her grandmother in Marakesh, Morocco. Holiday trips to Bermuda after the war were followed by a trip to Brazil and one to Europe. After Mason, Evans, and Taylor were born and had grown sufficiently, travel began in earnest—yearly trips to Aspen for Christmas and Easter vacations, ski holidays in Austria and Switzerland; sojourns during the Paris Air Shows in connection with her husband Mason’s aircraft business; trekking adventures in the Himalayas and in Peru; safaris in the national parks of Africa; also, a jaunt that touched on Japan, Australia, Bali, and Bora Bora. Peggy also traveled to England and Ireland to watch Mason Jr. compete in international equestrian events.

Peggy initiated an art travel program for the Fellows of Contemporary Art, a support group for the Pasadena Art Museum, and led several European tours. When she was on her own, she lived in London and traveled from there, continuing the program she had initiated for the Fellows. Another group, the Pasadena Art Alliance, took her to India and Morocco. It is not surprising that travel has been a significant component of our life together, especially since I had also been indulging in a peripatetic existence for some years.

1991-1992

The initial travel in 1991 consisted of my visits to Pasadena, first to the Roberts’ home and then to Peggy’s little house on California Terrace, and to Aspen/Snowmass where we converged for skiing and an Aspynyl Conference. Aspen had been a skiing destination for Peggy since 1951 and for the Leonard family from 1960. Incidentally, in one year or another, both families had stayed at Hillside Lodge in Aspen, which was the converted village jail. When Peggy was in Chicago participating in an art tour in the Spring of 1991, I joined her at the end and brought her down to Urbana-Champaign to show her a cross-section of university life and to
introduce her to my good friends. Earlier in Chicago or, more specifically Lake Forest, a dozen of her friends had provided a luncheon to greet Peggy and her new “gentleman friend,” so I was just reciprocating the process in a milder way.

By June of 1991, we felt that we knew each other well enough to travel together to Switzerland with the Fellows of Contemporary Art. Our decision astonished but pleased Edith Roberts. I would be meeting another dozen of Peggy’s art-loving friends, and in Zürich, we would have dinner with my great chemistry friends, Professor Vlado Prelog and Albert Eschenmoser, together with Elizabeth Eschenmoser. The art tour was superbly organized to include museums, galleries, private collections, and visits to artists’ studios. Suzanne Paulson of Laguna, California, and Clarisse Gagnebin of Zürich were the organizers of the very smooth-running experience, complete with gourmet meals in Zürich and Basel and surroundings. Within the familiar territory (for me), there were exceptional treats, e.g., the Hallen für neue Kunst in Zürich, now one of the world’s premier contemporary destinations, and the Basel Art Fair. When we visited the world famous Galerie Beyeler in Basel, Herr Beyeler perceived that members of the group were knowledgeable and appreciative of both modern and contemporary art. He guided us to a well-protected warehouse where his “excess” paintings were stored, and he rolled them out one by one for our viewing. It was an unimaginably lucky experience. Many of those paintings are now hung in the Beyeler Museum that he later created. Two funny incidents in Basel are worth relating. When we were visiting the 14th century square that had withstood Basel’s great earthquake, I sat on the edge of the central fountain while listening to an historical exposition. Unbeknownst to me, the back of my coat, which was dipping in the water, acted like a wick and became practically saturated, much to the amusement of my fellow travelers. What amused me in the second incident was the Californians’ reaction to riding in the same elevator with Elizabeth Taylor, the movie actress, at the Hotel der Drei Könige, where we stayed in Basel. For some of those movie fans, it was the highlight of the trip.

The highlight of my summer, 1991, resulted after a drive from Dunewood, Manistee, to Desbarats, Ontario, Canada, where Peggy’s forebears had bought part of an island, Campement d’Ours (Home of the Bears) in 1904. A variety of living structures had been built on the island and sporadically improved over the subsequent years. The island is one of the group in the North Channel that flows out of Lake Superior, through the locks at Sault Ste. Marie, into Georgian Bay and Lake Huron. It is a boat-dependent community—outboard motor boats, sailboats, and
Sunfish, canoes, and kayaks. The isolation and natural beauty, actually rather wild beauty, make the setting and the living there unique. My introduction to the island was via Peggy’s outboard motor boat, the *Lady Di*, after we had met by arrangement at Holder’s Marine on the mainland, where I parked the trusty Toyota for my period of stay. We were met on the island by son Taylor, and his partner Gary Sanders. Taylor, “everybody’s best friend,” had been the moving spirit behind the building of most of the structures at Campement d’Ours West, as the compound came to be called. I was treated to exploratory walks and boat rides to appreciate the marvelous scenery and to meet the many friends—since-childhood and relatives of Peggy. I was attracted to swimming in the cool "vater, which consisted mainly of diving off the boat dock and floating with the current that sweeps past the island. I felt it was truly a place for renewal of the spirit, much as Dunewood was on a smaller and more limited scale. I felt at home and was made to feel at home, and I hoped to be invited to return.

A more immediate invitation had come from the Chemistry and Chemical Engineering Division of the California Institute of Technology in Pasadena for me to be a Fairchild Scholar during the fall semester, 1991, which I gratefully accepted. The appointment would provide me with an office and the opportunities to attend seminars, to confer with the faculty members, to write, and to use the library and other facilities on campus. In anticipation of our being together and among chemists as well as art and music lovers, I had convinced Peggy to accompany me to an American Chemical Society meeting in Atlanta, Georgia. She would thereby have a sampling of the chemists who attended the meeting, including my friends and former students. I must say that the rather large sampling of chemists was uniformly pleased to see me in the company of the lovely lady, and Elkan and Gail Blout in particular. On September 1, 1991, Peggy helped me celebrate my 75th birthday with all the children, spouses, and grandchildren during a weekend on Mission Bay, San Diego.

In the spring of my first year at Caltech, 1991-1992, we skied in Vail, Colorado, with Stan and Barbara Cristol and in Snowmass at an Aspenyl Chemistry meeting with the Büchis (MIT), Whitesides (Harvard), Crams (UCLA), Ōkis (Japan) and Roberts (Caltech). I was invited to visit Desbarats again in the summer after I had returned from various conferences and had spent enough time in Urbana to guarantee that my research was on track. It was five years since Nell had died. As I stood in the room on the first floor of the addition to the house that had been constructed in 1962, I pondered the question of my future. In a serious
final conversation, I told Nell that it would be impossible for me to marry anyone else. She thought it would be possible; moreover, it would be a younger woman who would “qualify.” Peggy is 10 years younger than I. Did I have further obligation to Nell? Did I have further obligation to the family home? What would my children think if I married again? I concluded that if I found someone who would make me happy and whom I loved and could make reasonably happy, they would approve and they would welcome her. All of them had told me how much they liked Peggy at the birthday party the year before. I resolved to propose to Peggy, and I knew just where I would do it.

I started out (July 1992) in the Toyota from Manistee early in the morning, driving east on M55. In the excitement of meeting Peggy in 200 miles, that is, just the other side of the Mackinaw Bridge on the upper peninsula where she would be delivered by speedboat by Taylor and one of his friends, my foot depressed the gas pedal too hard. I was going about 65 miles (or more) per hour when a police car, driving west, the only other car on the road, was obviously checking my speed by a radar gun. We passed each other. I slowed down, pulled over, and stopped when I saw that he was turning around. He lifted my license but gave me a receipt and a lecture. I would be able to pick it up again within two weeks in Manistee when I paid my fine. He was not interested in learning why I was driving so fast or how inconvenient the license bit could be since I was going to Canada. The speed limit on a two-lane Michigan state highway was 55 miles per hour (enforceable)!

Well, Peggy and I met in St. Ignace, MI, as planned, although I was a bit late, which was more understandable to me than to Peggy and Taylor.

Desbarats and the island were just as I had remembered. On the third morning, weather was conducive to an early paddle. When we circled around and drifted silently toward our favorite beaver house, I said, “Oh, Peggy, I’ve been meaning to ask you: will you marry me?” Her answer surprised me, “I’ll have to think about it.” We paddled back to the dock (about 100 yards), hopped out of the canoe, and she announced, “I’ve thought about it!” What exhilaration and relief! The rest of the day was spent in making arrangements for the wedding, but we did not tell others until we had alerted our families as to what was occurring. Was our inner happiness showing during that time in Desbarats? Probably. Now we were aiming at an important date, November 14, 1992, with Rev. George Regas officiating. In our only counseling session, he asked me to describe my first wife and seemed satisfied, after my lengthy answer, that Peggy would be marrying a worthy character, who had known what love and marriage were about.
There were other trips to be taken between the proposal in July and the wedding in November. In fact, we combined them in one major adventure that started in Switzerland, where Arnold and Hanni Brossi were our hosts in Laax in the Graubunden for nearly a week of chemistry and hiking/sightseeing. We had chemistry talks in the morning, hiking, sightseeing, and mushroom-gathering in the afternoon, and feasting in the evening. Jack and Edith Roberts were there, also Bernard Witkop, who had been my mentor—along with Arnold—when I was the National Institutes of Health, Jerszy Wrobel from Poland, Miroslav and Ludmilla Protiva from the Czech Republic, and Yoshio Ban from Japan. The weather was perfect, and Peggy obtained some beautiful pictures from the top of the funicular at Flims-Laax, the dahlia farm down valley, the church at Fellers, and during a day trip to Lugano. The big surprise was a 76th birthday party on September 1st at Tegia Larnags, complete with fondue and a birthday cake, and only possibly surpassed by the farewell dinner at Flims at the Sagogn Restaurant Da Veraguth Carnatg. These restaurants will last long after I am gone; their names and locations will still serve as strong recommendations.

Marriage

Of course, the best event of 1992 was the wedding of Peggy Phelps and Nelson Leonard on November 14. Both families were 100% in attendance. Peggy found houses of friends that they could occupy. Taylor Phelps thought the children and grandchildren should get to know each other, and this was accomplished by a pool party at the home of Richard and Mary Alice Frank, old neighbors and longtime friends. In the meantime, Elkan and Gail Blout and I enjoyed a relaxing time pool-side at the Ritz Carlton Huntington Hotel in Pasadena. We all gathered for the family service, and that it was. Reverend George Regas, Peggy and I were surrounded—at his encouragement—by all of the grandchildren so that they would have the feeling of participating in the ceremony. No
invitations were sent out to Peggy's friends, but five of her closest buddies crashed the ceremony after telling her that they could not be excluded. The bride of course looked beautiful! The groom became uncharacteristically a bit teary when he gazed into her eyes while he was saying his assigned words. The bells and the organ kept the children happy and singing—at least some of them. A reception was catered in the patio of 389 California Terrace. Paul Renardel de Lavalette, Nell's nephew, represented the Dutch side of the family, and many Pasadena friends were there. They made a real dent in the wine cellar when it was discovered what vintages Peggy was serving. Emmie, a stray black cat with emerald eyes, made an appearance on the roof to survey the party in progress. I tossed her a shrimp. From that time, she became a frequent visitor, deigned to eat cat food that we placed on the roof for her, and even allowed me to pet her once in a while. Sallie and Harry Colmery and KB and Chris Schwarzenbach jointly hosted a party for us on the following day, when we were greeted by a huge and joyous crowd of friends. Then, I left to attend a symposium at the National Institutes of Health in Bethesda, Maryland, that I had been asked to organize. What, no honeymoon? Oh, yes, that followed in New York City where I met Peggy, and we indulged ourselves in good food, plays, and visits to our favorite museums. Then, it was back to Pasadena to catch up with normal living.

More Travels—1993

The summers of 1993 and beyond produced a pattern of travel that included a stay in Desbarats, Canada, and, for me, a visit to Dunewood, Manistee, Michigan, to catch up with my families.
In late October of 1993, Peggy and I flew to Hong Kong, where we stayed at the Grand Hyatt Hotel and enjoyed the pleasures of the city recommended by my Caltech colleague, Sunney Chan. After three days on our own, we joined an Eastern and Oriental Express Tour sponsored by the Illinois Alumni Association. It was well organized by Jim and Dorothy Diorio, but we really did not become well acquainted with anyone else on the trip. We flew from Hong Kong to Bangkok and directly to Chaing Mai, Thailand. From Chaing Mai, we toured the countryside, observing the temples, an orchid farm, a furniture-building installation, and, most enjoyably, an elephant farm where we watched the elephants being trained to haul timber, being washed and scrubbed, and finally giving tourists a ride. I have been told by recent tourists that the particular farm we visited is no longer in existence, alas.

After two days, we flew back to Bangkok, where we stayed in the Oriental Hotel, not the old one of fame but the new luxurious version, also directly on the river. The river traffic was fascinating; we never tired of watching the barges and native craft of all sizes. We were treated to a tour of the canals (kungs) of Bangkok in one of the long boats, from which we could see how the people lived and could view the Grand Palace and the Buddhist towers (Wats) rising on the skyline. We saw the house of Jim Thompson, an American architect and designer, who had settled in Thailand after the Second World War and had revived the craft of the hand weaving of silk cloth. The most amusing furniture in the structure was, in fact, the mouse house. We spent two nights on the Eastern and Orient Express in elegance and comfort en route from Bangkok through Malaysia to Singapore. The rate of speed was slow enough to provide a smooth ride and to permit viewing of people and scenery, whether from our bedroom or from the open observation area. Singapore is a very special city-state, worthy of a visit for the old and the new. When we were visiting the beautiful Anglican Cathedral in Singapore, we seemed to get involved in a sumptuous Chinese wedding. I am sure there will be some unrecognized “relatives” in the occasional snapshots that were taken. Our final dinner, a delicious one, was in the famous Raffles Hotel.

1994

Peggy, who had been on the Fellows of Contemporary Art Hudson River Art Tour in 1990, was delighted when it was scheduled to be repeated in April 1994 and that I could have essentially the same experience. The 1994 tour included museums in New York City: Whitney, Guggenheim,
and in TriBeCa, a collection of the huge concentric cylinders of Richard Serra. Tours of private residences and commercial galleries were interrupted in timely fashion by excellent lunches and dinners in carefully selected restaurants. The greatest treat was going up the Hudson River to Nyack on the yacht that Jack Kennedy had owned when he was President. A new world (for me) emerged as we saw the estates of Rockefeller, Vanderbilt, and Roosevelt, and the Storm King Sculpture Park, with a collection featuring the work of master sculptors such as Calder, di Suvero, Nevelson, Noguchi, and David Smith. In a visit to the studio and home of George Rickey in East Chatham, New York, we were most delighted with his metal installations, all shining and delicately balanced, moving in even the slightest breeze. [They become friends when one discovers them around the world and as far away as New Zealand.] The trip ended in territory that was familiar to me, namely, Katonah, New York, at the home of an art scholar and historian. Katonah and, more specifically, Lake Katonah was where my Aunt Kate and Uncle George had a cottage ("camp") and I used to spend many happy weekends when I was growing up in Mount Vernon, 35 miles away. I had not been back to the area since 1947, although I did inherit the little house and held it briefly when my aunts later died. Daughter Marcia appeared in Katonah—now in 1994—to drive us to Maplewood, New Jersey, for a brief stay. Then it was home to Pasadena, California.

England is at its most beautiful in October, and so it was during October 1-15, 1994, for our ARTexpress London Art Tour. Our London abode during this period was the Four Seasons Regent Hotel, a beautifully restored Victorian building that had originally housed the offices of British Railroads. Other historic buildings were viewed during a full-day tour by bus, guided by the architectural historian Victoria Thornton and including a visit to the studio and home of Richard Rogers, one of Britain’s foremost architects. For my readers and for reminders to myself, it is probably sufficient to list the museums and galleries, the sculpture exhibits, and the studios that were on our itinerary.

Museums and Public Galleries

*Design Museum (Butler’s Wharf)*
*Dulwich Picture Gallery*
*National Gallery (Sainsbury Wing) (Artist in Residence—Peter Blake)*
*Royal Academy (Dinner and Private Viewing)*
*Serpentine Gallery*
*Tate Gallery*
*Whitechapel Gallery*
In addition to the sites visited, we went to the galleries of dealers and to fabulous private collections. Visits to the Greenwich Observatory and to Oxford were included in the tour. The new venues for me in Oxford were the Christ Church Picture Gallery, the Museum of Modern Art, and the refurbished Ashmolean Museum. We were treated to lunch in the Senior Common Room of Magdalen College with my ex-colleague Robert Denning and to tea at my old friend Rodney Parsons' home, returning to London speedily with Michael Parsons.

On an art tour of our own over Thanksgiving in 1994, Peggy and I stayed at the Inn on the Alameda in Santa Fe, New Mexico. We ate well at the highly recommended restaurants and inspected the many galleries on Canyon Road. We spent quality time in the Museum of New Mexico, the American Indian Art Museum, and the Folk Art Museum as we walked all over this postcard town. Our rented car took us out to the Frauenfelders' new house in Taos and to the villa of the famous (or infamous) Mabel Luhan. Her full name was Mabel Ganson Evans Dodge Sterne Luhan, "a name that duly honors her four husbands but slight her lovers" (Jack Smith, LA Times, August, 1988). Mabel's first husband was Peggy's grandfather's brother and her last was a full-blooded Taos Indian, Tony Luhan. Mabel established a salon in Taos that supported art and literature, and she was most noted for her cultivation of D.H. Lawrence and, unfortunately for Mabel, his accompanying wife, Frieda.

1995

Peggy had not recovered fully from breaking her leg skiing in Aspen in February but when K.B. and Chris Schwarzenbach encouraged us to join them on a National Parks tour of Montana by Private Rail scheduled for June 20-28, 1995, we anticipated that Peggy would be able to manage it.
That she did, with some assistance. The National Parks Limited consisted of seven luxurious passenger cars, built between 1942 and 1955, privately owned and completely refurbished. Most appropriately, our guide and lecturer was Alfred ("Al") Runte, author of a number of books about the National Parks and, especially, the Western railroads. One of the representatives for the National Parks and Conservation Association was Jessie Brinkley, with whom we became good friends.

The initial tours by bus out of Billings took us to the Little Bighorn Battlefield National Monument and to Pompeys Pillar, a great rock formation overlooking the Yellowstone River and a stopping point for William Clark's exploration up the Yellowstone River. We entered Yellowstone National Park over the spectacular Beartooth Highway, stayed overnight in Canyon Lodge, and exited to the north to Livingston after viewing geysers, waterfalls, and abundant wild life. The fabled train was waiting in the Livingston Depot which has an adjoining Train Museum that displayed (oh, joy!) the legacy of the Northern Pacific Railroad. From Livingston, the N.P. Limited took us over the Bozeman Pass, a major feat of railroading, for Bozeman in the morning and Helena in the afternoon. Along the way, we were treated to two side trips that commemorated the Lewis and Clark Expedition. One was the Missouri River Headwaters, situated at the confluence of the Jefferson, Madison, and Gallatin Rivers, "here Lewis and Clark spent several days searching the three rivers for the best route west. The other was the Gates of the Mountains, so-named by Lewis, the section of the Missouri River that runs through a deep gorge. We were in a motor launch. Looking upstream, huge walls of mountain seemed to block our passage until we steered to the south side of the river and could see that there was indeed a continuing passage through the cliffs. It must have been a dramatic moment for Lewis and Clark if it was for us!

In Helena, the state capitol and home to the Montana Historical Society Museum, we viewed original art of C.M. Russell and F.J. Hayes' photographs of the early Northern Pacific Railroad days. In Garrison, a stop at the site of the 1853 Grant-Kohrs Ranch was especially memorable because K.B. Schwarzenbach had spent some summers there when she was young (in the 20th century!) and the train then continued to Missoula for an overnight. Peggy returned to Pasadena because of obligations, but I stayed with the group bound, after a tour of the Smokejumper Training Center of the U.S. Forest Service, for Glacier National Park and the Glacier Park Lodge. "Jammers," the old, traditional park vehicles took us on a full day tour of the park. I was finally able to travel the Going-to-the-Sun Highway east to west through the heart of the park.
and to see Marias Pass, the lowest mountain pass between Canada and Mexico and the route of the Great Northern Railway across the Continental Divide. Mountain goats joined me in inspection of the area. Home was reached by motor coach to Kalispell and airplane to Los Angeles. I believe one could never tire of the experiences and beauties of Glacier Park.

1996

Packed into 1996 were trips that would have been satisfying for a lifetime. Even the first of our journeys (May) was wish-fulfilling: French Polynesia, and even the first leg of the first journey satisfied a desire: Air France, in first-class beds, with comfortable colorful pajamas provided, to Papeete. There we were given further time to rest at the Tahiti Beachcomber Hotel, which merits a return, and an opportunity to tour the port. The WIND SONG was to be our home at sea for a week, a three-masted sailing ship with three diesel electric auxiliaries. Our ports-of-call were the islands of Huahine, Raiatea, Bora Bora, and Moorea. The sailing was smooth, thanks to stabilizers and anti-heeling ballast tanks that limited leaning. We encountered “large” (20-foot) waves only during the final night’s journey form Moorea to Papeete. The main focus of the tour involved cultural aspects of the islands and sporting adventures in the shallow sheltered lagoons. Peggy was already a pro at snorkeling, but I needed instruction. The WIND SONG furnished the gear, and outriggers brought us into the lagoons and inlets. The early exhilaration reached exultation as we progressed in our at-ease floating among the coral and tropical fish, then circling black-tipped sharks (being fed), and finally gentle sting rays (being fed) that we could stroke. Island tours at will provided unforgettable views of mountains; plantations of vanilla, tropical fruits, and flowers; and Polynesian Tiki and temples—a happily-remembered journey.

At the beginning of June, we flew to the home country, more specifically the Côte d’Azur with the Fellows of Contemporary art. Our “home” in France was an enchanting villa hotel, Le Mas Candille, near the village of Mougins. Under the guidance of Suzanne Paulson, Connie Glenn, and Clarisse Gagnebin of Zürich and with transport in a small bus, we visited every art site within range. We saw these treasures of Provence:

The Maight Foundation and the restaurant Colombe d’Or in Saint Paul de Vence. I was happy to walk around St.
Paul de Vence because my father-in-law Henri Vermey and Jacqueline, his second wife, used to spend winters there. The Matisse Chapel and the home of Marianne and Pierre Nahon in Vence
The Museum of Modern and Contemporary Art in Nice
The Matisse Museum
The Chagall Museum
The home and studio of Ben, the artist (a clutter of found objects)
The home of Bernard Venet, sculptor
Villa Ephrussi de Rothschild in Cap Ferrat
Chapelle Saint-Pierre in Villefranche
The Musée nationale Picasso in Vallauris

That part of the trip ended with the best meal of all time in Le Moulin de Mougins. Peggy then rented a car and drove fearlessly along the spectacular road on the cliffs along the Ligurian Sea to Portofino, Italy, where we stayed one night (we could afford one) in the Hotel Splendido. The name of the hotel says it all, and we now compare all hotels to this magnificent one. The next goal was to drive to Florence and to treat Nelson to his first Florentine experience. Our hotel was the Tournabuoni Beacci, or, simply, the Beacci. Our room, which was air-conditioned, faced the Ferragamo Palazzo. It was but a short walk to the Piazza Antinori, where, in the Palazzo Antinori, Peggy could introduce me to some of her very special relatives. The rental car was turned in, and we walked everywhere, making it a habit to be at the museums, etc., at opening time, or at least early, and take a siesta after lunch, gather strength, and be appreciative tourists again. Am I going to tell you what we saw? No. Am I going to tell you the affect Florence had on me? No. It is now part of my conscious being, enriched by the young wife who led me around and watched my reactions. My advice to everyone is to go to Florence! Did I tell you that we met friends of Peggy's there? We did. Don't we always in the most artistic venues in the world?

During August 25-September 1, 1996, the 17 members of the family gathered at Wilderness Trails Ranch, Durango, Colorado, in the "Four Corners" area. The decision to celebrate my 80th birthday at a dude ranch was by vote of the family. Barbara Leonard did the research that resulted in the selection of WTR, run by Gene and Jan Roberts. We all arrived in Durango on August 24, stayed in the Durango Lodge, and rode the Durango and Silverton Narrow Gauge Railway that follows the Animas River. The train ride provided a spectacular introduction to our Colorado week, with its legacy of mountain railroading that dates back over 120
years. After a walk around Silverton, we returned by bus to Durango in time to be picked up and transported to the Ranch, where we were distributed, by individual families, in separate log cabins. Boots were rented, horses were assigned (mine was Satan) on the basis of stated and observed riding skills, from "Sidekicks," to "Trailhands," and up to Trailblazers. Peggy and I had done some practice riding in Aspen during the previous week, so that we could rank among the "Trailblazers." The main purpose of being at a dude ranch is to ride, and that we did! The youngest members of the clan received instruction and had close supervision each entire day.

The length of the trail was balanced according to each person's riding skill. The Trailblazers had one all-day ride that took them through the forest to a promontory high above the Pine River. The Sidekicks could be observed frequently, filing through the Ranch grounds, following their leader and chatting all the time. I was thrilled to see their joyful commitment to riding and to recognize the skills, developing or achieved, of all the family members. There were also hikes and jeep trips to be enjoyed. A visit to Chimney Rock Archeological Area brought us into the history—as much as is known—of the Anasazi people. The grandchildren had the opportunity to learn about general woods sense, arts, and crafts, and there was a swimming pool. At the nourishing Western meals, Jack, Jamie, and Julianna ate with their leader; Corinne, Michael, Valerie, and Zena ate with other teenagers. The adults distributed themselves however they wished. A variety of evening entertainment graced the evenings: campfires, sing-a-longs, western dancing, hayrides, and a staff show. On the last night, there was a surprise birthday cake for the 80-year-old. The rocket candles were hard to quench. The enthusiasm of the clan couldn't be quenched as they sang—in a separate cabin set aside for us—their "Nelson Leonard's 80th Birthday Round-Up Song," reproduced here for posterity at the children's request.
Nelson Leonard's 80th Birthday Round-up Song

All sing: Come gather round folks and listen to our tale of a man turning 80 here at Wilderness Trails.

All sing: Born in 1916, on September first, Newark, New Jersey, is the place of his birth

All sing: Come a ti yi yippie yippie yay yippie yay
Come a ti yi yippie yippie yay

All sing: At five years old he started in school.
He was pretty darn smart, he was nobody's fool.

Ken: Now here's something special I'll tell you about.
Dad made it all the way to Eagle Scout.

All sing: {Chorus}

Marcia: After Lehigh U. he gave Oxford a whirl
He studied and rowed and he met a special girl.

All sing: After World War II, he took Nell for his wife and they loved each other for the rest of her life.

All sing: (Chorus)

K, M, J, D: They had four kids who were pushy and rude,
Kids: But their grandchildren are a might fine brood.

Jim: Somewhere along the way Dad had to pick between his singing and his chemistry schtick.

All sing: (Chorus)

Dave: He was fond of Ben Gay and used Brylcream
He snorted Vicks so he could sleep and dream.

All sing: He spent 44 years at the U. of I.
Where the land's so flat and the corn's so high
All sing: (Chorus)

4 women: He’s a double Gugenheimer with a passel of degrees, and he’s published more papers than the Rockies have trees

4 men: He’s a handsome man but the women all know looks don’t count [it’s the fluorescent probe.] (spoken)

All sing: (Chorus)

All sing: He’s traveled the world from east to west from the Great Wall of China to Budapest

7 kids: He goes by car, by boat and plane, but his favorite way to travel is choo choo train

All sing: (Chorus)

Adults: You never have to wonder just where the man goes, He sends itineraries to everyone he knows.

K, M, J, D: He collected ticket stubs from hither and yon. He put ’em in our pockets and said, [“Pass it on!”] (spoken)

All sing: (Chorus)

Jim, Dave: Well, subtle humor really isn’t his thing His puns are as bad as his best golf swing.

All sing: He hikes and he bikes and he does it with ease. He’s a fish in the water and a devil on skis.

All sing: (Chorus)

Ken, Marcia: So if you’re on the Burn and hear a yodel call, it’s just Dad shushing down a double diamond wall.

7 kids: But after lunch, don’t yell, don’t yap. ’Cause Opa’s gotta have his afternoon nap.

All sing: (Chorus)
All sing: He can’t eat onions or peppers or cukes. If you serve them to him, he just might puke.

Jim’s family: He’s the kindest man you ever could meet. He’s loved by all—one two or four feet.

All sing: (Chorus)

Dave’s family: Well, there isn’t very much that makes Opa irate. Don’t call him Leonard Nelson and you’ll get along great.

Marcia’s family: The only other thing that makes Opa blow is when young people say, [“Like, you know”] (spoken)

All sing: (Chorus)

Ken’s family: Now he’s married to Peg and they live in Pasadena in the most art-filled house that you ever have seen-a.

Barb: Modern art doesn’t make Nelson pale. He likes Matisse, Stuart Davis, and Nikki St. Phalle.

All sing: (Chorus)

T, M, J, D: When it came to fashion, Dad wasn’t really dapper. Peggy took one look and threw his clothes in the crapper.

All sing: Now he’s riding Satan and taking in the scenes, looking mighty fine in his first pair of jeans.

All sing: (Chorus)

All sing: He’s gathered his family from across the nation to come to Colorado for his birthday celebration.

All sing: So raise your glass to Nelson there—he’s got most of his wits and all of his hair.

All sing: (Chorus)

*Guitar Accompaniment—Jonathan*
A Chicago Art Tour with the Fellows of Contemporary Art occupied us happily during October 2-6, 1996. Highlights of the tour included visits to the new Chicago Museum of Contemporary Art, the Chicago Cultural Center, the Art Institute of Chicago, and the Frank Lloyd Wright studio and home, together with a bus tour of the houses in Oak Park that he designed. We were appreciative guests in a number of private homes and studios where we could see a variety of contemporary art and sculpture collections. A walking tour of commercial galleries was interspersed with gastronomic delights in Chicago’s most representative ethnic restaurants.

A bit later in October, we treated ourselves to a weekend in Carmel and San Francisco by airline and rental car. The Monterey Bay Aquarium, the most spectacular I have seen, has galleries that front on the Bay, showcasing the life of the Pacific Ocean in an ever-moving, ever-changing tableau. Exhibits of sea otters, creatures who inhabit the kelp beds, sharks, hypnotizing jellyfish of great beauty and intricate design, turtles, and sea snakes combine to make the hours rush by. There are fish from the seven seas. And in San Francisco we ate fish to our palates’ content in between walks and sessions with modern and contemporary art.

It was a Peggy-sponsored family trip to Kauai in the Hawaiian Islands for Thanksgiving that rounded out the peripatetic year. After landing at the Lihua Airport, we traveled by rental car north along the Royal Coconut Coast through Kapaa, Anahola, Kilahuea, and Hanaki to Haena, on the north shore. For lodging, we were distributed between a rented private house on the beach and Hanelei Colony resort. Makua Beach is known as “Tunnels Beach” by the surfers, and the surf, especially out at the first break, is impressive. We were satisfied with the smaller waves breaking on the steep coral beach. We hiked the Kalalau Trail, a dramatic up-and-down exercise along the NaPali Coast. It must be said that the older family members did not keep up when the coastal ascents became too steep and slippery. We could do double-kayaking in the river nearby, touring by yacht into the shore caves and alongside the cliffs, viewing mountain falls, canyons, and craters from helicopters, and visiting plantations,
botanical gardens and wildlife preserves. For some reason the predominant snapshots of Nelson on this holiday seem to be those where he was sleeping in a hammock on the beach. What happened to all the reading material he brought along? Thanksgiving dinner appeared by feminine magic for the very congenial and happy assembly. Next time on Kauai, we shall inspect the southern and southwestern areas of the island, more populated but providing a different beauty.

1997

I have been omitting descriptions of various international trips that I took to attend chemistry meetings and symposia that were due in part to my profession and in part to my membership in the International Union of Pure and Applied Chemistry and past offices therein. A meeting in June, 1997, however, seemed rather special because it was scheduled for Biarritz, France: the IVth International Symposium on Bioorganic Chemistry. It was in a series that I had helped to initiate and for which I still felt some responsibility. Almost all air travel to France proceeds through Paris, which is where I met my old friend Elkan Blout for a fancy lunch and some quick sightseeing along the Seine that included l’Hotel Dieux, which is now a teaching hospital that dates from Napoleon’s time. Elkan's friend, and the father of one of his former postdoctorates, Professor Gilbert DiMaria, drove us to his country house about 50 km. east of Paris for a fabulous picnic supper. The taxi driver then took me on the back roads to Paris-De Gaulle so that I could view the old battlefield area of the first World War along the Marne River, which is now peaceful farm land and a piece of forgotten ugly history. I reached rainy Biarritz late at night on the same day I had arrived in Paris. In Biarritz, I absorbed chemistry along with delicious food and wine, and I enjoyed walking the beach, musing about how it all might have been at the height of its popularity in the 19th century.

Peggy and I converged on the Allentown-Bethlehem (PA) airport from Paris via Washington, D.C., and from Los Angeles via Washington. We were guests for three nights at the home of (Professor) Jack and Debbie Haight in Bethlehem while we attended the Lehigh Reunion with my class of 1937. I could show Peggy my favorite haunts of 1933 to 1937, and we participated in the usual—or unusual—events of a college reunion. In this case, they included a parade, a general luncheon with an address by outgoing president Peter Likens, a guided campus bus tour, and a class dinner, 18 members in attendance. We spent a very agreeable time with Jack and Debbie, he being a Professor of History and she being on the
board and a docent of the Allentown Art museum among her many activities in the community. I had a interview with a student, Barbara S. Lee, who wrote in the Lehigh Alumni Bulletin, Reunion Edition, 1997, a gracious article entitled “A Lifetime of the Right Chemistry.”

September 24, 1997, found us in Istanbul, Turkey, for a 7-day trip to the Greek Isles on the WIND STAR, sister ship of the WIND SONG that had been our sailing home in 1996 in French Polynesia. We arrived in Istanbul three days early in order to adjust to the time difference and to see the wonders of Istanbul past and present. The private tour of the capital, which had been arranged by our hotel, the Istanbul Conrad International, and was comprehensive, received a demerit or two for the final apparently obligatory stops. (1) In answer to our reply, “Yes, we would like to stop for an apple tea,” we suddenly found ourselves in a rug merchant’s shop, where we were provided with that refreshment. We had to view acres of rugs despite our insistence that we did not want to purchase a rug. The merchants were not charmed with our appreciation without purchase. (2) In answer to our reply, “Yes, we would like to view the open market,” we were led to the guide’s cousin’s shop, where we felt more comfortable after I had purchased a small piece of gold jewelry, a ring for Peggy. Be prepared for a hard sell in Istanbul! A boat tour of the Bosporus was more instructive and more relaxing.

We boarded the WIND STAR on Saturday, September 27, and spent Sunday at sea, passing through the Marmora Sea, past Gallipoli, the site of ancient Troy, and the Island of Lesbos, to awake Monday morning at the Turkish port of Kusadasi. There we saw the most-often photographed structures of the ancient Greek city of Ephesus and had a great walking day along the marble streets and among the ruins, in part reconstructed. The next port-of-call was Turkish Bodrum, the ancient Halicarnassus, where our itinerary included a walk around the harbor and visits to a mausoleum and a castle that is now home to the Museum of Underwater Archeology. We crossed to Rhodes, the capital of Greece’s Dodecanese Islands, where there are ancient and medieval archeological areas of interest. From here on, the sun was always with us, but the waves were high as a result of an earlier storm pushing them down from the north of the Aegean Sea. In Santorini, we anchored in the harbor, which is really the caldera of a volcano that blew up. Fable has it that the island was Atlantis, the ancient “continent” and civilization that was destroyed. On land, we could explore the ruins of the Minoan city Akritiri and “climb” by cable car to the island’s mountain-top capital, Thira. My favorite experience, however, was swimming and floating about off the stern of the ship, reveling in the clear, dark blue water and thinking about the uniqueness of being inside a volcano’s old caldera.
The waves became smaller, with the result that we could sail north to Mykonos in the Cyclades Islands and proceed by smaller craft to the sacred island of Delos, birthplace of Apollo, with its countless temples, shrines, and artifacts. The island of Mykonos, where every building is painted blue and white, is spectacular and makes the most lasting impression. Fortunately it doesn't have to be described in detail because one sees photographic representations on all posters and in all flyers urging travel to the Greek Isles. The final leg of the journey took us to Piraeus, where we disembarked and transferred to our hotel in Athens, the Athenaeum Intercontinental, for a final day of sightseeing that included the Parthenon and Acropolis, the Museum, plus everything else we had the energy left to visit.

Home for a month, we were on the move again in November with the Fellows of Contemporary Art, organized by Suzanne Paulson. The target: New York! New York! We viewed private collections and private galleries: C and M Arts, PS 1 on Long Island, and the Dia Center for the Arts. A visit to the Museum of Modern Art was especially meaningful because our tour of the Egon Schiele Exhibition (dates 1890-1918) was guided by Patterson Sims, Director of Education and Research, following an introduction by Curator Magdalene Dabrowski. At the Whitney Museum, we were met by director David Ross, and we toured the Diebenkorn Exhibition and the new museum staff offices. At the Guggenheim Museum, we toured the show representative of five decades of a defining force in contemporary art: Robert Rauschenberg: A Retrospective, which was continued in the Guggenheim Museum SoHo. Add to these adventures visits to artists' and sculptors' studios, inspection of commercial galleries on West Broadway and in Chelsea, plus lunches and dinners in ethnic restaurants for a complete record of our busy week. Of additional personal pleasure was a dinner with Marcia and Tom at a favorite restaurant, Aureole. Peggy had the special experience of climbing up to watch our friend Robert Duerr play the carillon at St. Thomas' Church.

1998

The Fellows of Contemporary Art were off to Spain in May, 1998, for a spectacular compression of centuries of art and architecture. The starting point of our trip was Santiago de Compostela, which was reached via Miami, Madrid, then back to Santiago via Iberia Air Lines accompanied by our tour leader, Consuelo Gallego, and our contemporary art lecturer, Mar Estrada. We were given time to relax and then assemble in the courtyard
of our Hotel de los Reyes Catolicos, on the same square as the famed Cathedral. A lecture on the Pilgrimage Way to Santiago reminded us that during the Middle Ages it was the third most important city for pilgrimages because it housed the bones of St. James. We were also reminded, by the folk dancers and musicians who entertained us, that Galicia in the Northwestern corner of Spain, was Celtic. The Romans had not been able to subjugate them, as they had not the Celts of Ireland and Scotland. Bagpipes and jigs provided the reminder of the early origins of the inhabitants. After a special Galician dinner, we were treated to minstrel singers and songs of the troubadours, bringing us up to the Middle Ages. The Parador, the Cathedral, the Library of the University of Santiago de Compostela, and the courtyards in the city gave us a Renaissance experience, and the Contemporary Art Museum brought us back to the 20th century. The lack of any discussion of the Inquisition caused me to buy (when we returned home) a definitive history of the Spanish Inquisition, which was actually centered more on political power than on religion.

Our pilgrimage took us, via Iberia and "bookend” bus rides, to Bilbao and its defining Guggenheim Museoa Bilbao designed by Frank Gehry. It is the first structure in a general rejuvenation plan for the river-front of Bilbao. Outside, it is fascinating when viewed from any direction and in any light. Inside, the space, the curves, and the layers of the building combine to provide new visual experiences that are unequaled anywhere, past or present. The space soars. The installations on display in our time in the museum included the shuttlecock of Claus Oldenburg and a huge snake of Richard Serra.

A bus ride took us to Guernica, notorious in history because this central Basque market city was bombed by the German Air Force in support of General Franco on April 26, 1937 during the Spanish Civil War. The carnage of man and animals in the civilian market place has been symbolized by Picasso’s painting, “Guernica,” for us all to remember the fascist brutality experienced during that war and thereafter. The site has been transformed into a peace park with sculptures by Henry Moore and Eduardo Chillida. Remains of a famous oak tree indicate where the ancient Basque Parliament met. A nearby 14th century church that escaped destruction offered a place and time for quiet reflection. San Sebastian was our goal on the following day. This charming seaside town was the summer residence of the Spanish royal family during the 19th century and up until 1930. It is now a town of spas. A walk around the old quarter brought us to our destination, San Telmo, a former monastery and church now converted to a museum. Eleven huge canvases by Jose Maria Sert
depict the life and history of the Basque people, including their activities, deeds, and beliefs. Along the beach there were wind sculptures, the Wind Combs, of Eduardo Chillida, who had also converted a 16th century farmhouse in the countryside into a family museum, Chillida Leku (Chillida Space), that is scheduled to become public in time. On the way to our final four days of the tour to be spent in Madrid, we stopped in Vitoria, the political capital of the Basque territory, to visit the square designed by (again) Eduardo Chillida, a collection of Spanish contemporary art, a private collection, and the new Cultural Center of Montehermoso devoted to contemporary art. In Madrid, we checked into the marvelous old Ritz Hotel. What were the highlights of my first time in Madrid, the capital and heart of Spanish life and culture? The Reina Sofia Art Center, the Juan March Foundation, the Caixa Foundation, the Royal Monastery of San Lorenzo de el Escorial, the Thyssen Collection, galleries, private collections, and artists’ studios: all these; however, away from the modern and contemporary, we found the Prado to offer the most profound artistic experience. The Prado remains the jewel! The return to Los Angeles via Paris and New York was psychologically abrupt while physically lengthy.

The agreeable summer pattern of Desbarats, Dunewood, Aspen, St. Malo was followed in October by an NPCA tour of Yosemite for the Board of Trustees and Special Guests. Any visit to Yosemite is memorable, but this—my first—was special because the National Parks Conservation Association was going to show us how they were planning new restoration and visitor implementation. We were on an inside track that also included stops at the Ansel Adams sighting spots (via an electric shuttle bus within the park):

South entrance and the Mariposa Grove of giant sequoia
Pioneer Heritage Center
Glacier Point
Wawona Hotel (1879)
Yosemite Valley—West and East
Cathedral Picnic Area
Half Dome
Yosemite Lodge
Ahwanee Hotel—dinner, lectures and overnight stay (luxurious)

I found a diffident rattlesnake in the garden.

The Art Institute of Chicago sponsored a Journey to History’s Lost Cities by private jet, October 27-November 20, 1998, and Peggy and I were aboard the Boeing 757 converted to roomy first-class seating. T.C.
Schwarz, the owner of TCS Expeditions and the organizer of this one, was with us for a good part of the journey. Some benefits attended us throughout. Excellent luncheons were served as we flew between countries. These were prepared by a great chef and his helpers in airport facilities along the way and were served by an attentive crew. During the flying hours, there were comprehensive lectures transmitted on the Air 2000 screens by brilliant scholars and professionals. These talks supplemented the printed literature that we were given in advance, magically amended during the night to accommodate any change in schedule. Nightly presents appeared on our pillows. Spending money (ca. $10) in a new country's currency also appeared. This usually went for postcards and souvenirs, with any residual being distributed to the grandchildren. At each location, we received expedited clearance at immigration and customs. Ground transportation was efficient; luggage handling, hotel room assignments, departures, etc., occurred seamlessly. We became spoiled for normal travel while we remained appreciative of all the amenities. When we were touring on land, we used audio receivers, which allowed us to hear the guide speaking into his transmitter, no matter what our relative positions or directions would be. We now think of this as the only way to organize a walking or museum tour. No member of the tour then has to miss anything that the guide is saying, and no jostling is necessary to take up a position near the guide. Our evening meals were "of the country" and were usually accompanied by entertainment—native dancing and singing. What about the postcards that we bought to send to grandchildren and friends? No problem. They were stamped and mailed by our guides. No wonder the grandchildren received so much mail!

These were the cities and countries that we saw, with our major observations and impressions.

**Petra, Jordan**—reached by a flight from London to Aqaba and motor coach from the Gulf into the mountains. The main attraction is the mysterious desert city that was founded by the Nabataeans some 2,000 years ago at the crossroads of caravan routes linking Egypt, Arabia, and Mesopotamia. The entrance is a slim crack in the huge sandstone cliffs. The narrow, twisting siq guarded the site for hundreds of years. It is best traversed by walking. Rainwater was brought in through the siq by a channel that had been chiseled into the cliff side flanking the passage. At its city end, one faces the Treasury Building (function assigned) that so often appears in travel pamphlets. There were other facades of buildings built into the cliffs, including burial vaults. An early Christian church was being
excavated and restored. The coach ride back to Aqaba followed the Desert Highway, with stops along the way to view the vast wilderness area.

**Muscat, Oman**—After the flight from Aqaba over miles and miles of desert, we finally saw irrigated landscape and the beauties of the capital of Oman. Following an excellent highway system, buses brought us from the Muscat Airport to the spectacular Al Bustan Palace Inter-Continental Hotel on the coast. We were welcomed into the 150-foot high lobby with swinging censers of frankincense. In this hotel surrounded by cliffs and the Arabian Sea, we had a large room with a balcony and an adjacent marble bath with more amenities than one could ever use. After a long night of rest and breakfast on the outside terrace, we were treated to a sightseeing tour of the clean, clean city with its buildings in white with blue trim. We saw many examples of modern Omani architecture, the Natural History Museum, the old Portuguese forts, the imposing royal palace of Sultan Qaboos, the Bait al Zubair Museum of traditional Omani objects and treasures, and the U.S. embassy (with lunch). I went for a swim in the Gulf of Oman. After all, when would I have another chance to claim that?

**Agra, India**—This stop in India provided us with a single day’s opportunity of seeing the Taj Mahal, the world famous and everlasting tribute of Shah Jahan to his wife. We also had time to see a marble factory.

**Jodhpur, India**—Our residence was a palace, the Umaid Bhawan Palace, built in 1929 by the same British architect who designed Buckingham Palace; our room, a three-room suite. Rural Rajasthan offered us the opportunity of visiting villages of the Bishnoi people, who, as early as the 15th century, made protection of nature a “religion,” and of seeing (and purchasing) local handcrafts: rugs, pottery, saris. Dinner was served on the parapet of the 16th century Meherangarh Fort. Turbans were provided for the men, long silk scarves for the women. The beauty of the scene on the parapet—the warm night under a full moon—was enhanced by native dancing and music.

**Vientiane, Laos**—In a land of agriculture and Buddhism, we enjoyed most seeing the famous stupas, including Wat Pha That Luang, Wat Si Saket, and Wat Pha Keo. We also saw the Patuxai, or Victory Monument, that commemorates the 1953 victory over the French.

**Luang Prabang, Laos**—A charter flight on Lao Aviation took us to Luang Prabang, a World Heritage site, for a tour of wats, including Wat Xiengtong.
and the former Royal Palace. Along the way we saw Kuang Si Falls. A visit to Ban Sang Haei, a village on the Mekong River (used for all functions) where rice wine is the traditional product, provided the greatest contrast to life as we know it. The villagers’ needs and wants were remarkably few or, at least, seemed to be. A trip up the Mekong River in long river boats brought us to the mouth of the Ou River to view the Pak Ou Caves filled with thousands of Buddhist statues. It was truly a different world. I felt that we were intruding on religious history, but appreciatively.

Siem Reap, Cambodia—After flying from Vientane to Phenom Penh, we boarded Royal Air Cambodia for the short flight to Siem Reap and were lodged in the Grand Hotel d’Angkor, another really grand hotel. Our room was adjacent to the swimming pool. Peggy swam this time while I napped. We had dinner with Ed Horner of the Chicago Art Institute and John Sanday of Cornwall, U.K., Kathmandu, and Siam Reap. John works for the World Monuments Fund and is guiding the preservation and restoration of Angkor. He had a great store of experiences and anecdotes, which he shared with us as we toured Angkor Thom, with its huge temple, the Bayon. An extra little guide, Huit, age 8, attached herself to me and, tiny hand in mine, guided my footsteps over tree roots and up and down stone steps. Her fee, “One dollar, please,” was smilingly and happily paid. [We were wisely told to bring along some crisp U.S. one dollar bills.] We followed our assigned guide, Sam, to other temples, but by noon we were in need of a cold shower, refreshments, and a rest or massage.

Back on the minibus at 3:15 p.m., we toured Angkor Wat, the largest—and most photographed—of all the ruins. Huit appeared on cue to look after us again. Her mother had brought her on a bicycle so that the family could benefit from the tourists’ usual schedule and the resulting distribution of a few dollars. Huit appeared at every turn, to laugh, smile, fan us, and “assist” me in climbing and descending. We were amused at the wit of the children and their delight in each other, along with their canny ability to show up wherever tourists appeared. Children now constitute 47% of the population of Cambodia. The adult population was decimated by a series of events: U.S. bombing during the Vietnam War, slaughter by the Khmer Rouge, and violent losses with every regime change. John Sanday was on hand to show us how the Cambodians were learning to do the reconstruction work on Angkor Wat. For us, the evening was as rewarding as the day had been: a long, leisurely swim in the pool; cocktails and torchlit buffet dinner by the pool; and a performance of classical Cambodian dancing—with gorgeous costumes.
Kathmandu, Nepal—It was then back to Phnom Penh for the reboarding of our own *Explorer I*. The flight to Kathmandu brought us through brilliant blue sky and gorgeous clouds and into a huge, crowded modern airport. We were whisked through immigration and customs, taken on an introductory drive through Kathmandu, and then bused to our hotel, the Soaltee Crown Plaza, where we were greeted with trumpets and cymbals, marigold leis, and the red-dotting of our foreheads. We did some exploring on our own. Peggy, who had started out from Kathmandu on some vigorous treks in years past, did not recognize much in the contemporary city. We had dinner with Kent and Barbara Manning of Michigan, who became good friends during this trip. We were up early to wander the grounds of this old pagoda-style hotel and then to visit the nearby town of Bhadgaon, replete with temples, prayer wheels, and many children.

Tiger Tops, Nepal—From the Kathmandu Airport, we flew to the Meghauli Airport at the edge of the Royal Chitwan National Park for transfer by jeep, small boat, and jeep again to Tiger Tops—and its Jungle Lodge, with all rooms one story above the ground. After watching elephants bathing and being scrubbed in the river, we were loaded on the elephants’ backs in howdahs, along with the mahout, for a walk through the jungle. The sightings included languorously bathing rhinos, a one-horned mother rhino leading her baby through the tall grass very close to us, monkeys, an antelope, and a variety of birds. A local, very knowledgeable guide led us on a morning jungle walk, identifying the flora and fauna and the birds, including the meanings of their calls, and showing us the tracks of a tiger that had dragged off some bait that had been left for him. No sighting, just the evidence of a satisfied departure. Lumbini air charters returned us to Kathmandu, flying low over the hills so that we could enjoy the incredibly intricate terracing for the growing of rice.

Lhasa, Tibet—After a combined three-night stay in Kathmandu and Tiger Tops, we were ready for the China Southwest Airline flight over the Himalayas to Tibet. We were then loaded into minivans for the drive to the city of Lhasa across the high Tibetan plateau. Stops along the highway provided the opportunity for photo shots: Tibetan women with children, yaks, mountains, and the pass over which the Dalai Lama had escaped on horseback with his followers to India, where he was welcomed and has since lived. We were welcomed at the Lhasa Hotel with traditional white scarves, a ceremonial water-and-seed ritual, dancers in yak costumes, and drumming. Then we rested in order for our bodies to adjust to the altitude (ca. 11,000 ft.) It took Peggy longer than me to feel up to intense sightseeing, but both of us adjusted.
How is it to see the famous Potala Palace, the former home of the Dalai Lama, in reality? Pictures of it are abundant, but to take in its massive proportions from close by is breathtaking. After a climbing walk of about 100 yards, we entered the rear of the palace and were guided through the hallways, rooms, food preparation area, and temples at different levels. Thousands of yak-butter candles illuminated the hallways and rooms; after the lengthy tour, we smelled like yak butter—at least our hair and clothing did. Most of the monasteries of Tibet were destroyed when the Republic of China officially annexed Tibet, but representative ones still exist. We visited the Sera and Derprung Monasteries, a most revered religious structure: the Jokang or Tsuglaghlang, the New Summer Palace or Norbulingka, the Barkehor Market, and a Tibetan carpet factory.

We had Cantonese dim sum lunches and a wonderful Chinese dinner followed by a Tibetan folklore show in which I was embraced by a yeti, a mythical white, hairy creature. Since the Chinese moved into Tibet, many yaks have been slaughtered for food. One reflects on the two cultures (1) the Tibetan, which depends upon the yak and will be forever changed if the animal disappears, and (2) the Native American, which—in the West, at least—depended upon the buffalo and was lost. A particular visit that thrilled me during our days in Lhasa was the one we paid to the Tibetan Medical Center. We saw some of the original pages of a pharmacological compilation dating back to the 7th century A.D. describing the herbal remedies for some of the chronic diseases, along with a large collection of herbs. A video of medicine as practiced today in Tibet indicated that, while people turned to herbal medicine for chronic ailments, they turned to Western medicine for acute ills. The drive back to the airport for Lhasa before dawn and as the rising sun lit up the high plateau was a “pinch me, I'm really here” experience. A chartered China Southwest airlines returned us to Kathmandu, where we boarded our Explorer I for the rather long flight to Beijing.
Beijing, China—One of our efficient hostesses came to my seat on the 757 to take me up to the cockpit, acting on a surprise gift request of Peggy for our wedding anniversary. As we flew a route parallel to Everest and the whole chain of the Himalayas, closely visible in the clear blue sky, I had another “pinch me” experience. The pilot, co-pilot, and first officer were so busy reaching over me to take photographs that no one was actually flying the plane. It was on auto pilot. The Palace Hotel was our impressive home in Beijing. The city had become a bustling, well-lighted metropolis in the approximately 15 years since I had last seen it. Still a dusty city, construction was going on at a rapid pace. There were many more automobiles, and the Chinese women were dressed more colorfully. We had quality time to talk with Henry Chu, the *LA Times* correspondent in the Republic of China, who was enlightening on any phase of the vast country that was his territory. Our tours took us to the less touristy section of the Great Wall on which we could walk for some length. We borrowed (were given) a cell phone from three Englishmen on a business trip to call Marcia and wish her Happy Birthday from the Wall in the middle of her night. We also had an escorted tour of the Imperial Palace and Forbidden City while in Beijing, and Peggy and Barbara Manning toured Silk Alley (one mile of stalls) for impressive purchases, including a duffle bag to carry them all.

Xian, China—The intended trip to Ulan Bator was canceled due to heavy snows in Mongolia. TCS arranged for a day's outing for Barbara and Kent Manning, Margery and Harold Margoles, and Peggy and me. The buried terra cotta army had increased in size (since I had seen it) by continuing excavation, and a new section had been prepared that seemed to be the high command unit. The huge surrounding plain is thought to contain more warriors, chariots in numbers (thousands), sufficient to protect the Emperor Qin in his afterlife. Our favorite tour also included the city itself, a museum, and a walk in the old city wall. We felt very special when we returned to Beijing.

Samarkand, Uzbekistan—On our way back to London, our last stop was Samarkand. When I was in Uzbekistan in 1975 with a biochemistry team from the USA, we were denied a stop in Samarkand although we did visit Tashkent and Bukhara. On the ancient Silk Route, this famed capital of Tamarlane in the 15th century, is home to the Bibi Khayym Mosque (collapsed, with a legend), Ulugbeg’s ancient observatory of the sun and planets, the Shash-i-Zinoba complex of madresahs and mausoleums (13th century), the Afrosiab Museum, the mausoleum cave with the remains of
Tamarlane, Registan square, the Museum of History and Arts of Uzbekistan, and the market place.

London, England—On the 7+ hours’ flight from Samarkand, we were treated to a wrap-up discussion by our lecture team as we reviewed the experiences of our fulfilling journey.

1998-1999

A “Voyage Through the Sea of Cortez” aboard the M.V. SEA LION was our treat for the New Year. It was considered an expedition (Lindblad/Betchert) and was sponsored by the American Association for the Advancement of Science and Sigma Xi, two science organizations of which I have been a member for many years. I had never been south of the border, so that everything I saw in Baha California and in the Gulf of California was a surprise. Peggy had been fishing off Cabo San Lucas in an earlier year. After flying into Cabo San Lucas from Burbank via Phoenix, we were welcomed aboard the SEA LION (152 ft., 95 tons) by Captain Pat Nimburg, the officers, crews, and the natural history guides and lecturers for a tour around the cape, with its spectacular rock formations and wildlife, and to enjoy the sunset. Via SEA LION, we toured up (and down) the eastern coast of Baha: The Gorda Banks, and the islands: Los Islottes, San Francisco, Espiritu Santo, Santa Catalina, San Jose, Partida, and del Carmen. The sailing schedule was flexible enough for us to follow gray and pilot whales, bottle-nose and common dolphins, and sea lions. In the clear water of inlets, we saw sergeant majors and cornet fish in great numbers. We did not try to fill in our given bird-watchers charts, but we saw, on land or in the air, blue-footed boobies, yellow-legged gulls, ibis, egrets, Peregrine falcons, cormorants, pelicans, osprey, frigate birds. At least, these were the birds we could identify easily and liked the most. On land, we learned to identify the many varieties of cactus, and we found tarantulas and large grasshoppers. Inspection of the tide pools revealed starfish, urchins, worms, hermit crabs, and—near the shore—Sally Lightfoot crabs, poised daintily to inspect us and all possible sources of food. Zodiacs were aboard to take us to inlets, beaches, and hiking trails on selected islands. The most exciting cruise was through the very shallow mangrove channels on Isla San Jose, where we could also see the ancient shell mounds or middens that reveal traces of the Perique Indians. The most entertaining evening was New Year’s Eve, when, together with “explorers” from our sister ship, the MV SEA BIRD, we celebrated with a beach barbecue.
feast, fireworks, flares, and cheers. Timing did not matter; we were celebrating the arrival of 1999 somewhere in the world. At the end of the voyage, we flew back from La Paz via Phoenix to Burbank.

1999

We joined a trip of the Fellows of Contemporary Art to Rome and Tuscany May 28 to June 8, but arrived two days early in order to combat jet lag and to sample classical Rome a bit for our own orientation. I had never been there before; somehow, the Anglo-Saxon spirit had never been ready for the ultimate Latin/Italian experience. This time, the spirit was ready. The most convenient and comfortable route for us was via Frankfurt on Lufthansa flights. The selected Crowne Plaza Minerva Hotel, a converted 17th century palace, was also convenient, right in the heart of Rome and within easy walking distance of innumerable historic sights. Some of the one-way streets are so narrow that a pedestrian must be alert to crowd against a building and to duck so as not to be clobbered by a passing bus with its protruding mirrors. The Pantheon which was close by became a favorite stop on our walks, as did the towers, fountains, squares, and churches nearby. We learned which structures or ruins were to be found on which of four of the seven hills of Rome and that the Roman Forum was located between Colle Capitolino and Colle Palatino; the Circus Maximus, between Colle Palatino and Colle Aventinol. With the Fellows, we had special tours of the Colosseum and of Vatican City: St. Peter's Basilica, including the Vatican Grottoes ad St. Peter's tomb, Castle of the Holy Angel, the Vatican Gardens, St. Peter's Square, the Musei Vaticani, and the Sistine Chapel, newly restored.

Special treats were the inside looks at the American Academy in Rome and the French Academy at the Villa Medici. Great restorations could be appreciated in the Palazzo Altemps, Galleria Borghese, Palazzo Massimo, and Palazzo Doria Pamphili. Contemporary art and sculpture were viewed in many galleries and artists' studios, converted industrial space, and private collections. We visited spectacular sites in Umbria and Tuscany, including Niki de St. Phalle's "Giardino dei Tarocchi," her crowning work; the sculpture garden of Daniel Spoerri, the Swiss artist and former U. of Penn professor; Todi, in Umbria and the Todi residence of Al Held, the American painter; and, most notably, the Fattoria di Celle, the private sculpture collection of Giuliano Gori on his large estate located outside Pistola. Our final night, including a farewell dinner, was spent in La Posta Vecchia by the sea in Ladipoli. It was formerly J. Paul Getty's villa. The
story of Rome and Tuscany is not complete, however, until I tell you that we met friends of Peggy’s for dinner in Rome: Deborah and D. Paul Thomas (he is an actor and playwright), Hope and Eddie Connors (he is a teacher and tour guide), Sheila Taylor and Ilaria Antinori (first and second cousins).

My friends were in Japan, where I went without Peggy later in June of 1999 to help Michinori Oki celebrate his retirement from Okayama University. He and his wife Fusae met me on arrival at Narita Airport to take me to the Hilltop Hotel on Surugadai, one of Tokyo’s highest hills, for a brief rest, then dinner. The party was arranged for the following evening. I had been invited to attend by one of Michi’s former students, Mikio Nakamura, Professor of Chemistry at Tohu University School of medicine, whom I had met some 10 years before, but it was not obvious that I would be not only an honored guest but a possible speaker at the celebration. Nevertheless, I considered that this might happen, so I had a talk prepared—about 1½ pages in large type that I could read easily if necessary, in which I traced our interactions during 50 years: in chemistry, publishing, travel, skiing, teaching, and international chemical organizations. It was easy to congratulate him because he has been such a fine internationally-appreciated role model.

I convinced Michi and Fusae that we should inspect the new Tokyo Cultural Center (Opera City), which they had not yet seen. Designed by the architect Yana Gisawa, it is a marvelous collection of buildings, including an opera house, an orchestra hall, and theaters for drama and experimental presentations. A tall building within the huge complex houses offices, practice rooms, and conservatory classrooms. We listened to a new opera, “Crime and Punishment” (Dostoevsky) by Kazuko Hara, and determined that she is a fine composer and that the acoustics of the hall were perfect, really spectacular. Still on a culture binge, Michi and Fusae showed me through the Tokyo National Museum complex on the following, my last, day. In all, I have made five visits to Japan. I have been on all of the major islands, and, at one time, there were professors on all the islands who had worked with me at the University of Illinois.

In the first week of November, Peggy and I joined the Fellows of Contemporary Art again for a tour of Pittsburgh, which has had a renaissance as an art center. The central attraction was the 1999 Carnegie International Exhibition of Contemporary Art. First, there was a gala opening reception at the Carnegie Music Hall and, two days later, the official opening, to which we were allowed early entry. The theme was conceptually-oriented realism, to which 40 artists from around the world had contributed screen videos to installations to wall paintings, giving us the opportunity of
MORE THAN A MEMOIR

discovering and revisiting favorites. The Mattress Factory (It was a defunct mattress factory) also provides invited international artists the opportunity to live and work in Pittsburgh long enough to create specific installation pieces. Those we saw in November were a combination of unusual and amusing. The most gratifying thing we saw on our tour was Fallingwater, Frank Lloyd Wright’s impressive house built for the Kaufmann family and situated over a waterfall. The house and grounds have been entrusted to the Western Pennsylvania Conservancy, the only major Wright work to come into the public domain with its setting, original furnishings, and artwork intact. Another Wright house, Kentuck Knob, which is owned by Peter Palumbo of the U.K., a collector of modern domestic architecture, was especially attractive for me to see because it is based on a hexagonal modular grid and is nestled (north side) into the brow of a hill. The home of Damian and Terri Soffer, across the Allegheny River in Fox Chapel, was designed by a Spanish architect and is a contemporary masterpiece. On the crest of a hill, it features walls of glass and smooth reflecting pools, with imaginative use of smooth concrete surfaces. By contrast, Henry Clay Frick’s Mansion, “Clayton” on “Millionaire’s Row” in Pittsburgh, locked with all its content in 1915 and only opened to the public in 1990, is an example of Queen Anne style architecture. The adjacent Car and Carriage Museum had marvelous examples of the best in old American private transport. One would have to be in New York City to see, in the Frick Collection, the results of the Frick’s accumulation of French impressionists.

The Carnegie Museum in Pittsburgh features rotating exhibitions: the Carnegie’s Heinz Center for Architecture was showing “The Pritzker Architecture Prize 1979-1999” sponsored by the Chicago Art Institute; and the Andy Warhol Museum, seven stories tall, was packed with his drawings, prints, paintings, sculptures, film, audio and video tape, plus archives relating to the Pittsburgh-born prolific artist. Private collections, galleries, and artist studios were also open, as customary, to the Fellows on this trip.

2000

Peggy and I celebrated the New Year in London. Our direct flight from Los Angeles departed in the early evening of Christmas Day and arrived at Heathrow in the early afternoon of Boxing Day, an obvious rest day because of the national holiday. From our London abode, the Basil Street Hotel, we explored favorite haunts, visited museums, listened to
music, attended theater productions, ate at recommended restaurants, and walked and walked. The Museum of the History of London and the round Library of the British Museum offered special treats. St. Paul's Cathedral service generated awe, while window shopping provided holiday cheer. Michael Parsons drove us to Oxfordshire to visit Rodney and family for a Christmas-style feast. Taxis and tubes in London still provide the finest service.

Later in January, actually January 20 to February 8, we joined a second TCS Expedition, this one to South America. It was organized in the same way and was as special as our first Expedition across Asia. We added eight new countries to our travel roster, plus fabulous sights and experiences that remain vivid in our memories. It all started in Miami, where we stayed two nights with Mason Phelps, Jr., in order to prepare ourselves for the rigorous expedition. In all, Explorer I would fly 38.5 hours and travel 15,140 nautical miles (17,410 statute miles). At the Miami Airport Hilton, where we met for a reception and dinner, there were introductions and short talks about what we might expect en route. The first stop was Manaus, Amazonas, in Brazil.

**Ariau Amazon Towers Hotel**

From the Manaus Airport, we transferred directly to the Tropical Hotel Pier to board boats for a trip up the Amazon and Rio Negro Rivers to the site of the jungle hotel which consisted of a series of towers overlooking the rainforest canopy and all connected by boardwalks high in the air. We were in the realm of monkeys and parrots, a new "camping" experience. We were also treated, after a canoe trip, to a jungle trek and instruction in basic jungle survival, including illustration of which plants can be eaten and which are poisonous, and how to use palm fronds for thatching shelter. We also indulged in guide-assisted piranha fishing in the Rio Negro, using pieces of meat as bait. One of the more courageous members of the group was swimming (very slowly and smoothly) on one side of the canoe while we fished on the other side. Brazilian dancers entertained in the evening. Eventually, everyone joined in. A boat ride returned us to Manaus and a bus transfer, to the neoclassical opera house where we heard a recital of chamber music of Vivaldi and Brazilian composers. During the late 19th century boom in rubber latex extraction and rubber production, Manaus was a prosperous city. The port is still the collecting point for everything that the vast Amazon area produces.
Iguazú Falls, Brazil

This site is the collecting point for all the water in the Rio Iguazú, where it widens to two miles just before it falls almost 200 feet. Walking tours with local guides and biologists on both the Brazilian side and the Argentinian side, together with a helicopter ride above the Brazilian territory, allowed us to absorb the size and beauty of the largest falls in the world, all surrounded by rainforest. On one of the walks, I watched a large snake in the act of stealing eggs while the nesting birds attempted noisy but futile protection. Who says one cannot choose sides when watching one of life’s phenomena? Another walk through a bird sanctuary reassured me that there were birds in sufficient number and variety to keep Brazil and its flyways well populated.

Port Stanley, Falkland Islands

We flew over water to these islands whose ownership had been hotly contested by the Argentinians (1982) but successfully defended by the British. Our Malvina House Hotel was very comfy (Peggy’s description). We walked to the Anglican Cathedral and went to tea at the home of the Governor General, feeling very Empirish. Tours on Stanley also included visits to a museum, war memorials, cemeteries, battlefields, Gypsy Point to see the Magellanic penguins, and a sheep station for a sheep-shearing demonstration and lunch (not lamb). In many sections of the island, it is imperative to stay on the walking paths because of indiscriminate landmine laying by the Argentinian Army during the Falklands War. Some of our fellow travelers flew in small planes to Port Howard, Pebble Island, or Sea Lion Island, but we missed the draw. We left with major remembrance of the ubiquitous yellow gorse and the strong, unceasing wind.

Puerto Natales, Chile

From our landing at the Punta Arenas Airport, we took a charter flight to Puerto Natales. A large crowd greeted our arrival. The reason did not reside in our persons. The aircraft, a Boeing 737, was simply the largest one that had ever landed at this gateway to the Torres del Paine National Park of Chile. I suppose the people had gathered to find out whether the
runway was long enough! It was. There was much to see, and the Park beckons us to return. Excavation of the Cueva del Milodon began in the late 19th century and has revealed three distinctive layers. The uppermost shows remains of human settlement; the middle, bones of an extinct American horse; the bottom, bones of the milodon, a giant ground sloth that lived approximately 10,000 years ago. The mountains are spectacular—in color, height, volcanic origin, cragginess, snow and glaciers, lakes and forests. We saw guanaco, rheas, and Andean deer. One of our walks took us to the Salto Grande waterfall. Another excursion gave us a chance to see a cattle ranch where they also had llamas and alpacas and where we were treated to horseback riding, a lamb barbecue, and music.

Bariloche, Argentina

After the charter flight to Puenta Arenas and the Explorer I flight to Bariloche, we were lodged in the luxurious Llao Llao Hotel and Resort, with a view over Lake Nahuel Huapi and set in the huge National Park. Aboard the Modesta Victoria, we toured the lake and enjoyed nature walks on the Quetrihue Peninsula (arrayanes trees) and Isla Victoria (red deer running free). By about this time on the trip, we had sorted out the majority of our fellow passengers and had found particular friends in Ted and Iva Hockstim of Dallas, Texas, Dr. Kurt Mach and his opera-singer wife, Olive Moorefield, from Vienna, Austria, and Ann Taylor of Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. A trip to San Carlos de Bariloche on the southern shore of Lake Nahuel Huapi, an Austrian-style village, included time to stroll around the village and to ride a cable car up Cerro Campanario. The magnificent 360°-view from the top of the hill included the lake district, snow-covered peaks, glaciers, cascading rivers, forests, and bare mountains, all in brilliant sun. The National Geographic describes is as one of the eight best views in the world.

Easter Island, Chile

Rapa Nui was the furthest island reached by the Polynesians in their migration southeastward. It took us more than 5 hours to fly there from Bariloche, and there is no firm indication that the early Easter Islanders ever traveled the great distance to the South American continent. We listened to lectures about attempts to unravel the secrets of the Easter
Islanders and their demise, and we marveled at the giant statues (moai) that had been sculpted out of lava and dragged or rolled about the island. Part of the fascination of Easter Island is certainly imagining what was going on with the statues and the cults when the resources of the island could no longer maintain the population. Accommodations on the island have improved with a new addition to Hanga Roa Hotel.

San Cristobal, Galápagos

Island-hopping in the Pacific off South America takes time because of the distances, in this case from Easter Island to the Galápagos (4½ hours flight time to Puerto Baquerizo Moreno, the capital). After clearing Ecuadorian customs and immigration, we boarded MV Explorer II, which was to be our comfortable home for three days. One can never be satisfied with one visit to the Galápagos Islands! The experience of sharing space in the water and on land with other creatures, who are in their natural habitat, is a treasure. One is not supposed to communicate with those other “creatures”; the guides make that clear from the start of any walk or swim. What, then, was memorable for us, for me? Gardner Bay on Española—I was swimming off the beach in deep water. I saw a rock, or what appeared to be a rock; I put a foot down to see if I could reach it. The “rock” moved, and the very large sea lion swam alongside me as I swam toward the beach. I think he was a “lifeguard” sea lion because he swam away when he saw that I had reached shallow water safely. I was thrilled. On the beach, someone had left a towel laid out while that person had gone into the water. A baby sea lion had appropriated it and was basking in the sun just as a small child might do. On the cliffs above Punta Suarez, we encountered colonies of sea birds: albatross, blue-footed boobies, and masked boobies among them. One hitchhiking blue-footed booby landed on the hat of one of the men in the group and had a free lift. We had to watch where we stepped as we walked in order to avoid the marine iguanas and lava lizards. Floreana Island—The palo santo trees and the flamingos were most interesting. We watched for the famed Darwin finches wherever we were. Santa Cruz Island—We received some education at the Galápagos National Park Headquarters and the Charles Darwin Research Station and then crossed the island to see the Giant Tortoise Reserve in the highlands. The huge tortoises move very steadily! They were not interested in us—only in other tortoises. They had very wise-looking faces and, although old, were still interested in mating.
After our return to San Cristobal, Explorer I flew us to Lima, Peru, where we transferred to the domestic terminal for a short flight over the Andes to Cuzco on a Lan Peru jet. We were given lunch and some time to rest in the Hotel Liberatador (altitude 11,000 feet). Those of us who were reasonably acclimated to the altitude explored the city with very knowledgeable guides. Everything in the 17th century was built over the original Inca structures. The trip to Cuzco was actually a 3½-hour narrow-gauge-railway journey. The train first climbs out of Cuzco by a series of four back-and-forth zigzags. There is not even space for a turn as it climbs the mountain face. After traversing the Urumbamba Valley, the train arrives in Aguas Calientes, where one shifts to a motorcoach for a dramatic ride to one of the most dramatic sites in the world. Peggy had been to Machu Picchu earlier in her travels, but she had trekked there via the sheer mountainside Machu Picchu trail, some accomplishment! In rain with final clearing on February 6 of 2000, we climbed the stairways, explored the House of the Sun, watchtower, temples, houses, baths, and the aqueduct that brought water from mountain springs. We marveled at the Inca stone construction. Travel back to Cuzco was by bus across the high, fertile plateaus, over two 13,000-foot passes, with stops at two very special Inca sites: Ollantaytambo and Sacsayhuaman (pronounced “sexy woman” but meaning “satisfied falcon”). The farewell dinner of the tour was a buffet in the archeological museum, Museo Inka, in Cuzco, where we had the opportunity of visiting some of the rooms before dinner. The short flight to Lima and a change to our private jet for the 5-hour flight back to Miami completed our South American expedition. On the final flight, I asked for the microphone after the final wrap-up lecture by the pros so that I could thank the organizers and staff for the new life experiences they had provided and for making us better South Americans. I had not told Peggy what I was going to do; I believe she was a bit nervous when I strode to the mike. I flew back home, but Peggy lingered in Wellington, Florida, to attend “Denim and Diamonds,” the magnificent fund-raising party that Mason put on for the benefit of the U.S. Equestrian Team.

One is never tired of London. The city is comfortably the same, yet it accommodates changes, absorbs them, and declares them part of the venerable, pleasing fabric. Peggy and I were pleased to join the Fellows of Contemporary Art Tour of London and Basel, June 15-23, 2000. We saw both old and new. Visits to the Serpentine Gallery and the Saatchi
Gallery were balanced with a trip to Sculpture at Goodwood, an outdoor sculpture garden with wooded walks and grassy areas that exhibits British sculptors. It is an effective, altruistic, long-term project. We were guided by the owners and by some of the artists themselves. We were also welcomed in London’s well-known galleries and artists’ studios, and we saw “Give and Take,” a collection of art works that were to be given to various museums by Britain’s Contemporary Art Society. We visited the Tate Britain, which now is considered to be exhibition space for British art from 1500 to the present, and we were overwhelmed by the new Tate Modern, converted from the old power plant. Turbine Hall itself, at 500 feet long and 115 feet tall, can house contemporary installations of all sizes and complexity. In addition, there are seven floors devoted to exhibit galleries, an education center, bookstores, restaurant, and small rest-and-reflection centers. From the excellent restaurant on the top floor, there are magnificent views of St. Paul’s Cathedral and the new Millennium Bridge (only recently reconstructed so that it does not swing). Other new and worthy restaurants, appropriately tested, include The Pharmacy, launched by three artists, and Asia de Cuba, where a Chinese meal was the favorite. At night, there were new plays to see: “Copenhagen” and “The Lady in the Van,” with Maggie Smith.

We visited the famous Basel Art Fair, by bus and train, from our hotel in Zürich, the St. Gotthard. The 250 galleries at the Fair were sufficient to occupy our senses while we returned again and again to favorites. In Basel, we toured the Foundation Beyeler, in a building that had been constructed since the Fellows’ earlier visit to Basel. The Foundation, established for the purpose of advancing and displaying the arts, was showing installations based on the theme “From Dark to Light.” The Beyeler Gallery in Old Basel was showing works from Dr. Beyeler’s own collection, some of which we had been privileged to view in his private storage facility in 1992. Lunch in the Kunsthalle Restaurant, adjacent to the huge, mechanical Tinguely fountain, was followed by a walk through the Basel Kunstmuseum’s exhibit of Cy Twombly sculptures, where they were exhibited for the first time. In the Kunsthaus Zürich, Clarisse Gagnebin arranged for an early opening so that we could see the Cézanne exhibition entitled “Finished/Unfinished” and addressing the issue of when a work of art is really finished. In the Vitra Design Museum at Weil am Rhein in Germany, we toured the diverse buildings that make up the Vitra Campus, a functioning architectural and design center. The concluding visit of our tour was to the Tinguely Museum, designed by the Swiss architect Mario Botta and containing 100 drawings and 50 sculptures donated by Tinguely’s longtime companion Niki de St. Phalle. The
motorized sculptures, "mad" machines, and more fountains added the final joyful notes to the tour.

2001

Where should we have a celebration of a grandfather's 85th birthday? That is, to what place could Opa attract his children and grandchildren so that they would want to celebrate his birthday in 2001? After Peggy and I had talked with friends who had enjoyed touring the Inside Passage of Alaska by boat and we had done research on transportation available, we checked with my four families to learn when they would have one week free or, more specifically, whether the week of July 2-9 would be a possibility for an Alaska tour.

We had learned of a Smithsonian Study Tour aboard the M/V Wilderness Adventurer out of Juneau that would accept our family of 17 for that period. All said "OK" enthusiastically. Good! Now, how to pay for the adventure? Good luck! Some Oracle stock that I had bought earlier had appreciated sufficiently that, if sold before its value slid down again, would pay for the week. Sold! The families would have to take themselves to Juneau, Alaska. The remaining cost could be met by Opa. We all stayed one night at the Baranof Hotel, saw the sights of Juneau, and then boarded the Alaskan-native-owned Wilderness Adventurer to find our eight staterooms. We journeyed out of Juneau through Gastineau Channel and past the northern tip of Admiralty Island, on to Point Adolphus and Icy Straight, Glacier Bay, Chichagof and Baranof Islands, Admiralty Island, Tracy Arm Fjord, disembarking at Juneau and heading to homes in all directions. It rained on and off six of the seven days, but I heard no complaints. We dressed for it, and it did not interfere with any of the activities.

What were the most memorable events of the week according to the birthday person?
The waterfalls cascading down 1000-2000 feet
The eagles soaring, screaming, or diving for fish
The glaciers calving
The brown bear foraging in the tidal pools
The dolphins, orcas, and sea lions
The harbor seals riding on ice floes
Coming upon a huge moose on a woodland nature walk
Seeing family members exploring in ocean kayaks
Seeing family members enjoying meals together in all
configurations or with fellow passengers
Seeing the younger grandchildren involved in various group
activities on board
Appreciating the birthday party and the memory book put
together by the grandchildren and children
Seeing smiles and wonderment in young faces.

But, now, let us read what
the grandchildren appreciated.
I can give you a representative
sample, the following short
article written by young James
R. Leonard.

A “Cool” Gift

To a family of seventeen, a
gift was given—a journey to “the
Last Frontier.” Throughout
the year before my grandfather’s
eighty-fifth birthday, my father and his three siblings had been conjuring
ideas about what to give him as a special gift. “How about this? How
about that?” they would debate. Instead, he gave us a gift. My grandfather
took us on a seventy-passenger Smithsonian cruise through 600 miles of
Alaska’s Inside Passage. We kayaked through iceberg-filled waters and
hiked in the rain forests. The trip represented many of his values:
education, family, science, and nature. My grandfather told us, “I want to
give the gift with a warm hand.” He wanted to see the satisfaction of the
gift being received and enjoyed, rather than leave money in his will.

After a family gathering in the capital city, Juneau, we boarded our
boat, the “Wilderness Adventurer.” Being reunited with cousins, aunts,
uncles, and grandparents was very remarkable since we live in different cities and see each other only two weeks a year. Therefore, every laugh, hug and kiss was a gift in itself. The trip was also a gift of adventure—an excursion to a natural “zoo.” We saw creatures in three habitats: birds, such as puffins and eagles in the sky; orcas, humpback whales, and sea lions in the water; and bear and moose on land. Our guides, a native Tlingit culturist, a geologist, a naturalist, and an Olympic kayaker on board answered every question we had. Our ship was extremely cozy. It was about one third the size of a commercial cruise liner and had a kayak launch deck at the stern. Its small size enabled us to travel through narrow straights, between icebergs, and near pristine hiking areas. The ship had no entertainment centers, no video games, and no pool. Thankfully, none of those common cruise ship distractions got between us and Alaska’s natural beauty.

Before the trip, Alaska was no more than a few “Eyewitness” videos and some pamphlets. Neither videos nor pamphlets could capture Alaska’s vastness and wonder. The voyage gave me a totally new perspective on life and the United States. I no longer think of the United States as the forty-eight contiguous states. I am now aware of our largest state; home of the highest mountain in North America, home to only one human to every square mile, and home to the most wildlife of any state. The knowledge I carry with me now of the wildlife, culture, and people of Alaska has made me a more interesting and appreciative person. I pray that Alaska will be preserved and protected. While we were on land I noticed that there were no billboards, no mini malls, no Starbucks, and no WalMarts. I hope that Alaska remains that way. Industrialization and commercialization of such a sacred place could ruin the native culture, pollute the surroundings, and destroy the habitat of animal species. I truly hope that what has happened to the world’s tropical rain forests does not happen to Alaska. I feel that I have also given a gift to Alaska. By educating myself about its resources, I potentially protect it in years to come. If politicians or major companies start destroying this sanctuary, I will speak out against it.

By the end of the trip, I came to the conclusion that adventures are the best and most appreciated gifts. I feel that I grew over the course of the trip. I formed a new bond with my family members and created recollections of the good times spent together. Some of my new experiences on the trip could not have occurred anywhere else. Very few people are able to experience things such as seeing whales in a place other than Sea World or kayaking among natural blue ice sculptures. The memories created in the trip were timeless. Now, when I have trouble falling asleep or am feeling restless, thoughts of Alaska calm my mind and bring back the great experience. They are gifts that won’t break or wear
out. I can't grow out of them. I can't lose them. These memories will stay with me for a lifetime. A famous quote in Simon & Garfunkle's "Bookends Theme" represents the memories made in Alaska. "Time it was. And what a time it was. It was. [. . . ] Preserve your memories. They're all that's left you." Thanks to Alaska I also look at the world differently. All in all, I feel that my voyage to Alaska was given with not just a warm hand, but also with a warm heart. It has been the most memorable and meaningful gift that I have ever received.

2002

At the end of May, we were once again on tour with the Fellows of Contemporary Art, this time to Sweden and Denmark. We continued on our own to Norway and the Netherlands. Peggy and I flew to London and on to Stockholm, where we stayed in the Nordic Light Hotel. This very modern hotel can be recommended for its comfort, convenient location, and interesting design. Artistic decoration in the private and public rooms is accomplished by means of light—reflections and shadows. The geography and architecture of Stockholm are still notable, no matter how many times one visits the city. Our guided tour also took us to art locations; e.g., works from the permanent collection of the Moderna Museet lodged temporarily downtown; Index—an independent art space, offices and galleries of young designers, the Bonnier Collection on Djurgården Island, and Tensta Kunsthalle in one of the suburbs. An early afternoon flight to Malmö, Sweden, gave us time to go to the Roseum Centre for Contemporary Art and to have studio visits with outstanding young artists. As a special treat, we were welcomed in the home of Lars Thulin in nearby Lund to view a collection of his contemporary art. Our bus returned to Malmö to pass over the newly opened bridge/tunnel from Sweden to Denmark—very impressive (16 kilometers).

The SAS Royal Hotel in Copenhagen is worth a revisit because of its comfort and convenient location for walks around that beautiful city. The National Museum of Modern Art and the Danish Center for the Arts intrigued us, but the Louisiana Museum of Modern Art in Humlebæk, easily reached by suburban rail, is most impressive for its setting, collection, and exhibits, and two visits were barely enough to satisfy Peggy and me.

We parted from the other Fellows (of Contemporary Art) on June 6. They were en route to Germany, and we took the overnight ferry (Five Stars of Scandinavia, Inc.) to Oslo, Norway. The ferry serves as a duty-free shopping mall, complete with shopping carts. We went to sleep in our
stateroom in brilliant sunlight and arrived in Oslo in warmth and sunshine. Visits to the Industrial Arts Museum and the Resistance Museum filled our first day, which was concluded with dinner on the waterfront with Ted Warren. Ted is an old-time family friend who was living and working in Oslo and had been teaching there earlier. On the second morning, we took a wonderful three-hour city bus tour with a very good guide, making four stops: the Viglund Sculpture Park, the Holmenkollen Ski Jump, the Viking Ships Museum, and the ship "Fram" in which Roald Amundson set out for the North Pole in 1910. When we traveled on our own, we tended to take naps in the early afternoon, but that still allowed us time to visit a museum in the late afternoon. In Oslo, our favorite was the Munch Museum. The awesome collection of Edvard Munch paintings is displayed in large, modern space. We had become acquainted well enough with the metro ("T") that we could always find our way back to our Oslo "home", the Bristol Hotel.

Our next step was Bergen, reached in 6 ½ hours via the Oslo-Bergen express that crossed the Norwegian mountains, with Finse at its highest rail station. About two hours out of Oslo and through a few tunnels, the spectacular scenery began to reveal itself: evergreen forests, melting snow fields, rushing rivers and streams, an occasional mountain cabin, and craggy peaks. Hiking trails and ski lifts indicated a seasonal human presence. An easy taxi ride from the Bergen railway station brought us to our Hotel Strand, where we occupied a two-floor suite with entrance on the seventh floor. It was breezy and cool, with an all-encompassing view of the harbor, the wharf, and the daily markets. For orientation on our first full day, we joined a walking tour that included three nearby museums. Bergen is an ideal town for strolling. The next adventure was an 8-minute ascent by funicular (Flolbanen) to an observation point and restaurant from which one had a spectacular view of Bergen and its surroundings. A day of rain—our first—directed us to more museums, the major ones being located next to the lake and beyond the train station. The Bergen Museum of Art had a wonderful show of "The Oceans" over the ages. The Contemporary Museum was showing four major artists. A short ferry boat ride took us to the Bergen Aquarium—penguins, seals, and many specimens from Norwegian waters, plus a movie. We stayed for the feeding of the seals and penguins. The best dinner in Bergen was at a table beside the window of the Pelican Restaurant overlooking the harbor. The road to Bergen airport is spectacular, passing through tunnels past rhododendron groves and lakes, and the airport is colossal.

The flight to Amsterdam on KLM traversed broad stretches of the North Sea (surprisingly few ships) and Dutch islands. Our lodging in Amsterdam was the Hotel Estheréa, on the Singel, convenient for walking
and for dinner at a nearby French restaurant, d’Theeboom. After breakfast in the hotel lobby, we were off to the Rijksmuseum, where we enjoyed the Albert Cuyp exhibit (cows and landscape), the Vermeers, the “Nightwatch” of Rembrandt (newly restored), a van Gogh self portrait, and beautiful porcelain. A trolley ride brought us back to the hotel and a meeting with sister-in-law Els, whom we took to a lengthy lunch at d’Theeboom (well worth the second visit). Extending the gustatory experience after more walking, we had a very special dinner in d’Vijf Vlieghen (The Five Flies) in a 17th century setting. Friends Larissa and Eric came to the hotel for our final breakfast, and Larissa Roelofs drove us to the airport for our flight home via Washington, D.C.

During our 2002 summer in Desbarats, David and Georgia Welles described a Royal Canadian Pacific rail trip that they had taken in the spring. Peggy and I were well pleased to learn of their enthusiasm because we had already signed up to take the same luxurious railway adventure in the fall. Together with Chris and K.B. Schwarzenbach who had initiated our participation, we flew via Air Canada from Los Angeles to Calgary on September 26 for the start. Met by limousine at the Calgary Airport, we were whisked to the Fairmont Palliser Hotel for check-in, welcoming reception, and dinner. After breakfast the following morning, we departed from the Canadian Pacific Railway Pavilion with its entrance directly from the Hotel, Boulevard Level. The Royal Canadian Pacific consists of an elite fleet of CPR business and parlor rail cars, built between 1917 and 1930 and refurbished in the original style of the period. Our train was composed of two engines, one service car, and five Pullman-style steel cars. Peggy and I were assigned to the “N. R. Crump,” named after a Westerner who had started working for the CPR in 1920 and had risen to the top job. This car had been built in 1930 as a parlor car with two rows of 15 swivel armchairs and had been refurbished to contain six staterooms, each complete with toilet and shower. As a railroad enthusiast, I also have to tell you that it has six axles, is 84 feet long, and weighs 100 tons. Our quarters were indeed luxurious as were the 22 other staterooms on the RCP occupied by guests and staff. Three meals per day were served in the observation car “Mount Stephen” and business car “Royal Wentworth” and were provided by two chefs, both French-trained, who posted astonishing menus each day. Drinks and snacks were served at all hours according to the desire and need of the passengers. There was local musical entertainment at night after dinner when the train was at rest on a siding. The air-conditioning (or heating) also functioned during the night.

On the following page is a map I have included for ease in following our travels.
Thus, you realize that our creature comforts were amply, even excessively, satisfied. Now, what did we see?

[Reprinted with permission of the Manager of Passenger Rail Operations, Canadian Pacific Railway, Royal Canadian Pacific, for non-commercial use, March 21, 2005]
Over 600 miles of the Canadian Rockies
Bow River Valley
Banff and Lake Louise
The Spiral Tunnels of the CPR (actually, we saw only the entrance and exit)
At Golden, the junction of the transcontinental main line and the old “coal route”
The Columbia River Gorge
“The Rocky Mountain Trench,” the continent’s largest natural wetland
Ivermere, first overnight stop
Cranbrook and the Canadian Museum of Rail Travel
Old Fort Steele, lunch and a historic tour
Crowsnest Lake, for a windy overnight stop at Crowsnest Pass
Fort McLeod for a motorcoach ride to Head-Smashed-In Buffalo Jump (a World Heritage site) and a tour of the site that provided the native tribes with food and clothing for the winter. A 10-minute film features a re-enactment of a buffalo hunt.
Lathbridge—“the tallest railway bridge in the world.” We had the opportunity to see the high level bridge from below by motor coach, to walk out on it, and to travel across it on the train.
Okotoks, for a motor coach excursion to Spruce Meadows, site of the foremost International Show Jumping Facility. We were given a private exhibition of equestrian skills. We stayed overnight on a siding in Okotoks, where some of us took the opportunity of touring the train, from primary engine to the observation car.
Conclusion of the rail tour through rolling ranch country and into Calgary, a walk downtown, and a final overnight at the Palliser Hotel.

The week of October 24-30 found us in England again, with all arrangements made efficiently by Peggy on the computer. Upon arrival at Heathrow Airport, we took a limousine directly to Oxford and our very convenient Old Bank Hotel in the High Street. One never tires of walking around that university town. The primary reason for our visit on this occasion was to see granddaughter Megan in her college, Harris Manchester, where she was spending her year abroad from Middlebury College, Vermont. Although she was having tutorials, she managed time
for us. One event was a dinner in Harris Manchester when we met her friends and, afterward, heard one of them, Amir Satuat, play the piano in the chapel. Amazingly, Megan’s “digs” were very near the rooms in Manchester Road that my best Oxford friend, David Harris, had occupied during 1937-1939. Peggy, Megan and I had lunch in the senior Common Room of Lincoln College with Rector Paul Langford and Development Director Alice Gosling following a tour of old and newly refurbished facilities in my college. The restaurant in the Old Bank Hotel is very popular, especially on a Saturday night, with the young people of town. That is where we treated Megan and her friends to a very noisy dinner. Although we were probably the only grandparents in the bar and dining area, we had a good time and could enjoy conversation with our nearest neighbor. Amir, who is a young financial expert and also a hopeful composer, appeared to enjoy himself, as did the Middlebury classmates. Peggy had one shopping excursion with Megan, during which I was meeting with the Drickamers’ son Kurt, who has become a Professor in the Glycobiology Institute of the University of Oxford. We talked about his new book, “Introduction to Glycobiology,” his late father, and his intension, by now realized, to become a British subject. Harry was always reticent to talk about the accomplishments of his children. Kurt is a terrific scientist!

On the weekend, it was arranged that we would have a reunion with Rodney Parsons in Wallingford at the home of daughter Susan (De’Ath) who had prepared an elaborate dinner and had included Megan as a guest. Various family members provided us with transportation: Megan from Oxford and return, Peggy and I from Oxford and to London, where we stayed at our favorite Basil Street Hotel. The notable things that we did in London were to roam the bookstores, visit the New Tate again, cross the Millennium Bridge, attend a play, and take Michael and Jillie Parsons to dinner at the Tante Claire Restaurant in the Barclay Hotel. This Parsons pair had looked after Megan’s possessions when she had first arrived in England and had not yet settled down. Alas, that model of gourmet excellence in the Barclay is no more. We were tired when we returned home from London; our visiting had been rather intense.

The American Association for the Advancement of Science (AAAS) and the honorary scientific society Sigma Xi advertised a 17-day expedition to New Zealand for an introduction to the flora, fauna, geology, and Maori culture. Peggy and I decided to join the expedition and were on our way on November 8, 2002. Upgrades were not available on United Airlines from Economy to Business Class, so we bit the bullet and were upgraded from Business to First Class for the long, overnight flight. The reclining
comfort was worth it. We arrived with sufficient energy to roam around the area of Auckland that was devoted to the boat houses where there were exhibits of the contestants for the America’s Cup. While we were in Auckland, competition was continuing for the Vuitton Cup that would decide who could challenge Team New Zealand. A general feeling of excitement pervaded America’s Cup Village and especially the bars and restaurants near the wharves, where the crews were eating their lunches and dinners. After a partial day and a full night of rest, we were ready for further Auckland sightseeing, including Sky City, an entertainment center, and Sky Tower. It was somewhat disconcerting for us, while enjoying the view from the observation and dining level at least 600 feet high, to see a body go hurtling past, part of an organized bungee jumping opportunity. Somehow, we did not avail ourselves of the opportunity. From the highest level of the tower accessible by elevator, it is possible to see the city and surroundings of Auckland, including the harbor, Hauraki Gulf and the many islands, and the volcanoes—now extinct—that surround the area.

When the tour began on the following day, we met the other twelve members plus our delightful guide and leader, Ron Cometti, a foremost naturalist, artist, and author, who made the expedition a very special experience for all of us. A bus ride around Auckland included stops at the Auckland Museum, the Albert Park, Auckland University, and old Government House, and terminated at our hotel for dinner and further orientation. An all-day catamaran excursion to Tiri Tiri Matangi was one of the highlights of the tour. The island is a nature preserve where indigenous plant and bird species exist or have been reintroduced. All predatory mammals have been removed; accordingly, New Zealand’s rare, endangered bird species roam freely in the rain forest. Our recognition of the birds and bird calls did not come up to Ron Cometti’s expectations, but Peggy and I gradually accumulated some favorites, either seen or heard. The birds paid little attention to us human invaders of their territory. Our checklist included the bellbird (small, with a tuneful loud song), stitchbird, parakeets, kokako (has blue wattles), whitehead, grey warbler, tomtit, weka (walks about, very inquisitive), and kakapo (large and flightless). Our identification of trees also disappointed Ron, but we could finally come up with a few names upon repeated request: Kouri and Kahikatea (very tall), matai and totara (very bushy), red beach, rimu (the young tree has weeping foliage), cabbage tree, pukatea (buttressed and breathing roots), and many tree ferns. The many mosses defeated us. We could not leave the island from the bay where we had arrived because the surf was too strong. This required a diversion: a trek to the leeward side of Tiri Tiri Matangi and a walk/slide down a cliff face to the beach. The
small dinghies were lowered down the cliff by rope to join us on the beach. Then, we were rowed into the fairly calm bay to clamber onto the yacht that had brought us out to the island. The rough water had caused cancellation of the Vuitton Cup competition that day. We were shown only the general course that was set, and we had to be satisfied with television coverage (much better) of the later trials.

The bus route from Auckland to Rotorua passes through Rainbow Springs, where New Zealand’s wildlife is exhibited in natural bush settings. There we could view the nocturnal kiwi in a black-lighted enclosure and the tuatara, a “living dinosaur,” who follows the dictum, “the less motion, the better.” Trout are also being raised in the springs for the sport fishing for which New Zealand is famous. Further along on the journey, we were treated to a guided tour of the Whakarewaruva Thermal Reserve and the Maori Arts and Crafts Institute. We departed our Roturua hotel in the early evening for a traditional Maori hangi dinner at a Maori marae. The word “hangi” means welcoming and refers to butting foreheads and rubbing noses. The marae is the communal living area. We were joined by a Maori guide, who described what the meeting, the dinner, and the celebration would be like. We would have to elect a “chief.” As the oldest member of the group, I was “elected.” We (especially the chief) would have to behave in an attentive but non-aggressive manner when threatened by the village chief, and we would have to sing a song in response to the Maoris’ song of greeting. I resurrected the following from early Boy Scout days:

Hello, hello, hello, hello
We’re glad to meet you
We’re glad to greet you
Hello, honored Maori, hello

We practiced on the bus. When it became our turn to perform, I sang it through once, and then my team joined me in enthusiastic unison. I overheard the chief say to his neighbor, “Well, that was different! No ‘Row, Row, Row Your Boat’ or ‘Three Blind Mice’.” The feast was a good one. We returned to the hotel amused and satisfied. I remained the “chieftain” of the tour, but I accepted no further duties and was offered no further rewards.

After a flight from Rotorua to Christchurch on the South Island, we toured the city, including the Canterbury Museum and the Botanic Gardens. We enjoyed a superior dinner at the Sign of the Takahe with our guests Murray and Mary Munro, whom I had not seen in 20 years, i.e.,
since my first visit to New Zealand. Murray is a Professor of Chemistry at
the University of Canterbury who spent some research time at the
University of Illinois with my colleague, Kenneth Rinehart. Additional
sights in Christchurch were the fascinating Antarctic Centre, which
included the opportunity of experiencing (briefly) the extreme cold, and
the gardens of Mona Vale, where we had lunch in the Homestead. Add
the Arts Centre and the McDougall Art Gallery. A bus trip took us through
Arthur’s Pass and the Southern Alps. At times, the road is parallel to the
narrow gauge rail line that crosses the Alps and provides an alternative
method of seeing the gorges and mountains. In Arthur’s Pass National
Park, we took a short bushwalk to look and listen for birds again, including
the mountain kea, and then we continued to the West Coast, where we
viewed the Pancake Rocks, fascinating limestone formations, and geyser
blowholes in the Paparoa National Park. We stayed in a hotel on the quay.
It was either in Greymouth or in Franz Joseph Glacier that I made a
surprising personal discovery. Ron Cometti and our bus driver, who had
only divulged his first name, Roger, asked me whether I had known any
New Zealanders professionally. I responded that I had known some
chemists, and one in particular, Ian Coop, who was my lab partner in the
Dyson Perrins Laboratory, Oxford, during 1937-1939. I elaborated on his
career: he had done exceptional physical chemical (Ph.D.) research at
Oxford following a three-year bachelor’s degree at Cambridge in
biochemistry and animal nutrition. Since he was born and bred on a sheep
farm in New Zealand, he knew how to manage such a farm when he left
high school. He had returned to New Zealand in 1939, just when I returned
to the U.S., and had volunteered for the army, but was whisked out of it to
join a small group being assembled to develop radar. He helped build the
first radar in New Zealand by October of 1941, and within six weeks of
that, he was on his way to London to be Scientific Liaison Officer to keep
New Zealand informed on all the science and technology of warfare being
developed in Britain. He married an English girl he had first met in Oxford
in 1938, and they returned to New Zealand in 1946, where he became
Professor in Animal Nutrition and was offered a research farm of 1500
sheep. His “meet before and marry after the war” experience was parallel
to mine.

I might not have had all of Ian Coop’s facts correct at the time, but, in
a letter I received in January of this year, he kindly provided accuracy.
But, to go on with my description to Ron and Roger, who were listening
attentively. The result of his research on sheep breeding was the
Coopworth Sheep. About seven million of them roam the high country,
and the ewes are special in that they can take care of themselves in birthing
and they can even take care of twin births. When I had finished my praise of Ian Coop, Roger, our bus driver, said somewhat dryly, “Yes, he is my second cousin.” Roger’s second name, which had not been obvious to us, was Coop. The upshot of this denouement was that I telephoned Ian for a long and satisfactory talk and then convinced Roger to renew his contact with his 88-year-old, now-fairly-inactive cousin. The other conclusion to be drawn from this story and reaffirmed is that New Zealand has a small population (of people).

The trip continued to Franz Josef Glacier, Fox Glacier, the face of which we could reach by a hike, then back to Franz Josef Glacier (the town) for our overnight. Our drive continued along the beach to Haast, named for the Austrian who had discovered and named Franz Josef Glacier, where the Visitors Center treats one to well-presented views and exhibitions. As a matter of fact, the New Zealanders have created wonderful centers throughout the islands for the education of their own youngsters as well as tourists. We interrupted our trip on the transalpine highway with a short walk to Thunder Creek Falls, where the tree ferns and giant trees are covered with epiphytes, and we had lunch at a working sheep station, Glen Dene, overlooking Lake Hawea. The beautiful house and garden, which constitute the headquarters of the station of 20,000 acres that is home to 8,000 sheep and 200-400 deer, is also a fabulous B and B. We resolved to spend time there if ever we travel to New Zealand again. We continued past Lake Wanaka, a popular holiday location and the fruit-growing region of Cromwell, to reach Queenstown on Lake Wakatipu. This is a favorite tourist stop, as I had recalled from 20 years ago. A short ride on the Lake on the “Earnslaw” took us to a working sheep farm where we had lunch.

It was not so much the sheep-shearing demonstration or the dog roundup of the sheep that I think of when Queenstown is mentioned as it is my holding of a very young lamb in my arms. I scratched its neck, held it tight against my chest, and told it that I had never held such a beautiful lamb before this. Gradually, the lamb closed its eyes and then licked my face. I also achieved the closed-eye response by talking to and stroking the neck of an antelope that was in an enclosure on that farm. My fellow travelers had only been staring at it. What animal communication! From Queenstown, the road to Te Anau took us through sheep-farming country, and Te Anau was our starting point for the trip to Milford Sound. Bright sunny weather prevailed, so that we saw the fjord under the best possible conditions. Our experience was unique in comparison with that of many friends who had journeyed to Milford Sound, only to be sequestered in fog and rain. A cruise to the mouth of the sound provided us with continually
changing vistas, and a stop at the underwater observatory gave us spectacular views of the sea life at various depths.

The return trip to port and bus return to Te Anau brought us to the Te Anau Wildlife Centre, where we could see the rare and once-endangered flightless bird, the takahē. At Invercargill, New Zealand’s southernmost city, in the Southland Museum, we learned more about the tuatara, the ancient lizard, from an experienced naturalist who believes that all infants’ survival and health are related to early exposure to sunlight. It is a short flight from Invercargill to Stewart Island, where Half Moon Bay is the only permanent settlement. At the very simple South Seas Hotel where we stayed, another naturalist, also a “Ron,” lectured us on the flora and fauna of the small, southernmost islands. By this time, I was suffering from a steadily more severe chest cold. I elected to stay close to our Stewart Island “home,” while Peggy joined the chilly day cruise to Ulva Island for some great and easy birding. She saw and/or heard practically all of the species indigenous to that part of the world.

The road from Invercargill to Dunedin included the Catlins Coast Forest Park, with stops to view the spectacular caves en route. At Nugget Point, the Australian gannet, southern blackbacked gulls, spotted shags, and New Zealand fur seals could be spotted. In Dunedin, a visit to the Marine Studies Centre of Portobello on the Otago Peninsula gave us a final opportunity to learn about the ecology of local species, supplemented by a talk on conservation issues. We missed seeing royal albatross and yellow-eyed penguins that I had seen 20 years earlier because I was really unwell by this time, and Peggy was a dutiful wife, looking after me and reading while I slept and slept after we returned by cab to the hotel in Dunedin. We said goodbye to Roger, our driver and story-teller, at the Dunedin Airport and to Ron, our knowledgeable guide, at the Auckland Airport, where we took off on the long flight to Los Angeles and home, feeling very lucky (and wise) that we had opted for first class tickets.

2003

A voyage on the M/V Sea Bird along the Columbia and Snake Rivers in the wake of Lewis and Clark served to celebrate the anniversary of that remarkable Corps of Discovery. Our ship covered nearly 1000 miles: Portland to Clearwater River in Idaho to Mouth of the Columbia River at the Pacific Ocean, and back to Portland, Oregon. The trip capped our dozen years together.