

CARLTON M. CAVES  
(505) 350-8963

KAREN L. KAHN  
(505) 235-8619

JEREMY K. CAVES  
(505) 263-1241

ELEANOR M. CAVES  
(505) 239-5931

22 EAGLE NEST COURT NE  
ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO 87122-2025

kahncaves@info.phys.unm.edu  
(505) 856-6522

2008 September 1

## A New Mexico Diary

*Tuesday, 2007 February 6:* Eleanor wins first place in the New Mexico section of the 2007 National High School Essay Contest sponsored by the United Nations Association. Her essay, on the required, but unwieldy topic, "What should the United States do to improve maternal health and ensure that Millennium Development Goal Five can be reached by 2015?," was written over the Winter Break, when she could receive gratuitous advice from Karen, Carl, and Jeremy. Her essay becomes the New Mexico entrant in the national competition.

*Thursday, 2007 February 8:* Jeremy attends a speech by Bill Clinton at Autry Court on the Rice campus. Rice's Baker Institute sponsors the address, and members of the Baker Institute Student Forum, one of whom is Jeremy, are authorized to ask Clinton questions after the talk. One provocative question is, "Since we're at the Baker Institute, and you're sitting next to Jim Baker, what do you think of his role in stealing the 2000 election?" Jeremy reports that after some hesitation, Clinton whispers the response, "Life's greatest curses are answered prayers." Curse indeed.

*Friday, 2007 February 9:* Eleanor is named a National Merit Scholar.

*Saturday, 2007 February 24:* Karen, Carl, and Eleanor celebrate Eleanor's eighteenth birthday—she can vote now, and her Facebook entry says she's a Liberal—with dinner at *The Indigo Crow*, a low-key restaurant located in an old home in Corrales, a quaint village of winding roads and big cottonwoods, positioned just north of Albuquerque on the west side of the Rio Grande. Pepper sirloin, New York strip, and piñon and pesto pasta—try saying that last one ten times in a row—are the entrees. Upon returning home after dinner, they discover a phone message from Jeremy, calling to wish his sister a Happy Birthday and to promise to put two gifts in the mail on Monday. Her gift from Mom and Dad is a MacBook Pro laptop.

*Tuesday, 2007 March 6:* Jeremy is in the middle of an eight-day field trip to Big Bend National Park with his Rice Geological Mapping class. The Park has examples of all the primary rock types: igneous, metamorphic, and sedimentary. The purpose of the trip is to learn how to recognize, characterize, and map rock formations. Today the group travels from their campsite at the base of the Mariscal Mountains to the Rio Grande Hot Springs for a refreshing swim. Jeremy and three other students take the opportunity to swim to the Mexican side of the Rio Grande. After skipping rocks toward the American side—rock skipping is reputed to be one of the few traits encoded on the highly truncated Y chromosome—they return to the USA just in time, moments before a park ranger arrives on the scene.

*Saturday, March 24:* Jeremy and fellow student Karen Leu organize the Rice Environmental Club's annual conference, this year called *Whose Earth Is It?: People, Petrochemicals, and Environmental Justice*. Held at the Wiess Commons today from 9:00 am to 4:30 pm, the conference attracts 175 attendees, who listen to seventeen prominent speakers from government, industry, nonprofits, academia, law, and religion talk about promoting social and environmental sustainability in greater Houston.

*Sunday, 2007 April 8:* Jeremy is notified that he has been awarded a 2007 National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration Hollings Scholarship. The scholarship is aimed at training students for academic and government careers in oceanic and atmospheric sciences. Jeremy will receive \$16k for his junior and senior years at Rice and will be a paid intern at a NOAA facility in the summer of 2008, after his junior year at Rice.

*Sunday, 2007 May 13:* Eleanor graduates from La Cueva High School in a ceremony at The Pit, UNM's basketball arena. Eleanor ranks tenth in her class, the only salutatorian, just a hair below the nine valedictorians. Carl's mother, Mary, and sister, Linda Archer, attend the ceremony with Karen and Carl. Mary is nearly immobile after a serious decline over the last year, but the Pit turns out to be quite accommodating to those with special needs. Tomorrow Linda, Karen, Carl, and Mary begin a long drive to Wisconsin to attend niece and granddaughter Josie Caves's graduation from the University of Wisconsin next Sunday.

*Tuesday, 2007 May 15:* It's the evening of Jeremy's third day in Spain, where he is participating in a sixteen-day Rice field geology course that focuses on the geologic structure of mountains, the sedimentology of shallow and deep seas, the limestone deposits of modern reefs, and the geochemistry of mantle rock. The group has just completed their first two days in the Pyrenees, where they have been examining the geologic structures of a typical orogeny. This evening they return to their hotel in the small town of Pobla de Segur to partake of the typical, late Spanish dinner, served between 10 and midnight. The entree is pork, and Jeremy, deciding to remain true to his vegetarian principles, has his Spanish-speaking friends describe those principles to the waiters. They nod in understanding and return, ten minutes later, with a whole roasted chicken.

*Saturday, 2007 May 19:* Eleanor and boyfriend Chase Morgan, Karen, and Carl are enjoying several days in Wisconsin, at the river house of Carl's brother Doug and sister-in-law Sherry, which is situated right on Wisconsin River near the hamlet of Spring Green. Doug and Sherry have just moved to the river house as construction of their new town house commences on two lots on the west shore of Madison's Lake Mendota. Having survived the long auto trip from Albuquerque, Mary says little, but seems to be following others' conversation and enjoying the opportunity to get together with a good fraction of her descendants. Today is devoted to water skiing on Lake Mendota. The water is too icy for more than a few seconds immersion, but wet suits permit a chilly afternoon of water skiing.

*Saturday, 2007 May 26:* Jeremy's field geology class has spent a week exploring the Pyrenees, where they identified the remains of ancient underwater avalanches, and three days on Majorca, where they saw modern coral-reef deposits. The daily schedule is intense: up at 6:30 am, breakfast at 7:30 am, field work beginning by 8:30 am, back to accommodations by 9:00 pm, a late dinner in the Spanish style, and then the bar till 2:00 am.

Today the expedition pulls into Ronda, to begin four days exploring the Betic Cordillera of southern Spain. Thin crust here has been sheared away to reveal the underlying mantle rock. This is the largest section of exposed mantle rock on Earth, the only other example being the Atlas Mountains in Morocco and Algeria. Mantle rock weathers easily, so the mountains are very steep and intricately carved by erosion. The rock reminds Jeremy of New Mexico's red-or-green state question: the rock is rusted red on the surface, but when broken open, reveals the bright green of the mineral olivine, characteristic of the mantle.

*Sunday, 2007 June 24:* Karen, Eleanor, Karen's brother Wally, and Rachel Grey are in Tackley, a small town near Oxford, where Karen's brother Ken and wife Mary live. On a sunny English summer day, they all walk along a canal that runs through Tackley to a nearby farm that serves high tea on Sundays. Along the way Wally helps to open and close a lock so a houseboat can continue its journey down the canal. At the farm they retire to a tidy garden to enjoy tea, homemade ice cream, and freshly baked scones served with strawberry jam made from the farm's strawberries and clotted cream from the farm's cows. It's English coziness at its best, including a Victrola that they wind up to listen to music from the record collection. Karen, Eleanor, Wally, and Rachel will be off to Paris on the Eurostar on Thursday.

*Monday, 2007 June 25:* Remodeling/greening of the house commences. The plans include a major extension of the back deck and a new sliding-glass door that opens directly from the breakfast nook onto the new portion of the deck; re-roofing the entire house, except a small piece of roof above the kitchen, done two years ago; and roof installation of solar panels for domestic hot water, forced-air winter heating, and direct production of electricity from photovoltaic (pv) cells. Simpler projects already completed include replacing (almost) all incandescent lights with compact fluorescents, installation of three Australian dual-flush toilets, and purchase of a high-efficiency front-loading washing machine and accompanying electric dryer. The goals are to reduce water usage by half, use of LP gas for winter heating by half, and net use of electricity from the grid to nearly zero.

*Sunday, 2007 July 1:* Jeremy and research partner Brook Brouwer work on their summer research project, part of a National Science Foundation Research Experience for Undergraduates (REU), based at the Flathead Lake Biological Station in northwestern Montana. Jeremy and Brook are exploring nitrogen cycling in the floodplain of the Middle Fork of the Flathead River, at the point where Nyack Creek, ending its journey through Glacier National Park, empties into the Middle Fork. The research project involves monitoring fifteen sites, through soil tests and ground-water sampling, and is part of a larger research effort to understand a floodplain fully, from its physical characteristics to its nutrient cycling and wildlife.

Having earlier selected sites on the west side of the Middle Fork, Jeremy and Brook, accompanied by fellow student Polly Gibson, raft across the Middle Fork to search for a site within Glacier National Park. It's a pretty day in the Montana Rockies, the sun glinting off the water as they raft past large gravel bars, magnificent stands of cottonwoods, and dense forests of spruce. The water, fresh from snow melt, is at a bracing mid-40s F and invites

only the briefest of swims.

*Sunday, 2007 July 1:* The Paris party goes underground. Taking a break from the high culture of the many art and history museums, Karen, Eleanor, and Rachel tour the sewer system. Fortunately, the health insurer for Karen's law firm has recently distributed packaged hand wipes that are both large and fragrant. With one of these plastered over nose and mouth, our party manages to enjoy the numerous exhibits and views of the sewer, wondering all the while how the characters in Victor Hugo's *Les Misérables* could possibly live here. Rachel and Eleanor send sewer postcards to their 12th-grade literature teacher, who introduced them to the sewers in Hugo's novel. As they emerge into the light, they are all pleased to have seen the underside of Paris, but considerably more pleased not to have to spend the night there.

*Friday, 2007 July 6:* As Eleanor, Karen, and Carl sit in the breakfast nook eating dinner, Eleanor notices a bobcat in the back yard. As it saunters down the backyard path toward the bird feeders, the ground-feeding birds take no heed. Just as Carl exclaims, "Those birds had better wake up," the bobcat rounds the big rock in the path. The birds scatter, and the bobcat tries to follow, launching itself into a six-foot, twisting leap that comes up just short.

*Thursday, 2007 August 2:* Eleanor bursts into the house at 3:30 pm waving a letter and a check. She won first place—out of a field of 93—in the 2007 Gerald Crawford First Amendment Essay Contest, sponsored by the New Mexico Foundation for Open Government. Carl asks her what the letter says, and she replies, "I don't know, but I know I won because I have a check for \$500."

*Saturday, 2007 August 4:* The Caves family gathers at the First United Methodist Church in Muskogee, Oklahoma, for Mary Caves's memorial service. Linda, Carl, and Doug deliver eulogies that center on their mother's dedication to her kids and grandkids. She died early in the morning on July 16, having suffered a further rapid decline after her recent trip to Albuquerque and Wisconsin. It's hard to say exactly what caused her decline and death; perhaps, at 82, she had just had enough.

Jeremy is awarded the \$5k Morris K. Udall Scholarship at a ceremony in Tucson. He is one of 81 recipients, 20 sophomores and 61 juniors, selected to recognize leadership on environmental or Native American issues.

*Thursday, 2007 August 9:* Jeremy and Brook give the final report on their summer research project to an audience of about 40 people, including Flathead Lake research staff, other REU students, and Karen and Eleanor, who flew to Montana last Sunday for some vacationing and to accompany Jeremy home in his pickup truck. Jeremy and Brook report on the findings from their fifteen sites, which had ten wells and three new pits, dug by them, for ground-water sampling. Their tentative conclusion is that cottonwoods might be obtaining a significant and unexpectedly large portion of their nitrogen from groundwater instead of from the soil.

*Saturday, 2007 August 11:* As Eleanor, Karen, and Jeremy hike up the trail to Iceberg Lake in Glacier National Park, they encounter a fellow hiker who, camera and bear spray at the ready, draws their attention to some bushes above the trail. "There's a grizzly behind them bushes," he says laconically. Our party stops and waits, no wiser course of action suggesting itself, and sure enough, after a few minutes, Eleanor shouts, "There he is!" as the grizzly emerges from behind the bushes, running toward the trail below them. Karen and Eleanor walk deliberately up the trail away from the grizzly, Eleanor snapping pictures furiously all the while. Jeremy stays put to see the grizzly pause to survey the scene and then amble away.

*Sunday, 2007 August 12:* Now in Waterton National Park in Canada, Jeremy, Eleanor, and Karen take the boat across Waterton Lake to Crypt Landing, where they embark on the hike to Crypt Lake, a large glacial lake just across the border in Glacier National Park. The initial five miles ascend 3,000 feet up a canyon to a 600-foot vertical wall that impounds the lake. At the top of the wall, they climb a ladder, crouch through a hundred-foot tunnel, creep along an exposed ledge facing a 600-foot drop, and then emerge at Crypt Lake. Regrettably, the sweeping views are obscured by the smoke from persistent fires in Montana. On the way down, Jeremy takes a side trail to view the hole through which the lake drains, thence to a lookout for a view of the waterfall that cascades to the valley floor 600 feet below. The party returns to Waterton Lake to catch the boat to Waterton and then begins the long drive to Helena for the night.

*Friday, 2007 August 24:* For the last six months, Carl has devoted much of his time to heading an eight-member faculty/staff committee, the Research Study Group (RSG), which has evaluated research administration at UNM. The RSG's forty-page report, completed earlier this month, makes numerous recommendations for change. This afternoon Carl delivers a PowerPoint summary to an overflow audience of faculty and staff, after which he walks away to freedom from administrative responsibilities, beginning a year of sabbatical leave.

*Saturday, 2007 August 25:* This is a long-anticipated, signal day for the Kahn-Caves household. Jeremy leaves

at 4:45 am to catch a plane that will take him to Houston for his junior year at Rice. Always dilatory, Carl finally finishes packing by 10:00 am, and he and Eleanor get in the Subaru Forester for the drive to Los Angeles, where Eleanor will begin her freshman year at Pomona College. The Subaru, which will remain with Eleanor at Pomona (partly because pack rats would eat its wiring were it to stay in the home driveway), is stuffed to the gills. There is a tearful scene in the driveway as Karen bids Eleanor goodbye.

*Sunday, 2007 August 26:* Carl and Eleanor move all of Eleanor's belongings into her room in the back hall of Blaisdell Residence Hall at Pomona and then spend the day meeting other parents and students, listening to welcoming speeches, and setting up Eleanor's space in the room. At 4:30 pm, Carl and Eleanor reluctantly part. Eleanor begins the experiences that will be the central part of her life for the next four years. Carl has dinner at a local sandwich shop, makes his way to LAX on a Prime Time Shuttle, and as midnight approaches, boards a Qantas flight to Brisbane, where he will spend the the next ten months, interrupted only by a seven-week interlude at home next winter.

The New Mexico nest has emptied, leaving only Karen to enjoy the improvements made this summer. Regrettably but predictably, the remodeling/greening is not quite finished. Re-stuccoing and the last bits of work to hook up the pv's still need to be done, and Karen will have to supervise these final details.

*Monday, 2007 September 24:* A month after leaving Albuquerque, Carl is settled in Brisbane, occupying a rented house in Auchenflower, a neighborhood just southwest of downtown Brisbane. Skype allows him to communicate with the family as much as he ever did when he was at home. His commute to work—at least until he acquires a bicycle later this week—involves a 20-minute walk, first along residential streets and then along the Brisbane River, followed by a 10-minute ride on the City Cat to the University of Queensland. The City Cats are large catamarans that skim up and down the winding Brisbane River. They are one of the few modes of public transportation that draws more riders on weekends than weekdays, for what could be better than a boat ride on a Sunday afternoon. This evening Carl walks home along a street lined with flowering trees, their white and pink flowers perfuming the early spring air.

*Thursday, 2007 September 27:* One day after acquiring a new bicycle, Carl cycles into the office along a path that winds through side streets as it approaches the University. Suddenly, his helmet is blasted from the rear, and he turns to see a pied butcherbird retreating to its perch after a vigorous defense of its territory. He has heard stories about such attacks—and that cyclists especially attract them—but it is nonetheless a surprise to be assaulted on his first ride to work.

*Monday, 2007 October 8:* As evening falls, an impressive display of lightning and thunder presages a thunderstorm. As the storm approaches, it extends wraithlike fingers that seem to pull it over a distant ridge, sending it racing over the intervening valley and up the slope below. The storm announces its arrival with a barrage of golf-ball-sized hail, the din magnified by tin roofs, then builds to a torrential downpour, and ends with the first orgy of Carl's sabbatical. What draws Carl to the orgy is the racket. He finds a small pool where several dozen light green frogs sing insistently into the night air. A frog takes a deep breath, doubling its size, inflates its neck pouch like a balloon, and then lets fly with a croak that can be heard a hundred yards away. For reasons not entirely clear, this performance often leads to coupling with another frog. This is the last act of four days at O'Reilly's Rainforest Guesthouse, in Lamington National Park fifty miles southwest of Brisbane, where Carl has hiked the trails and renewed acquaintance with the birds unique to this subtropical rainforest.

*Sunday, 2007 October 14:* Jeremy's class on Reefs and Global Change has traveled to Belize for Rice's Fall Break. They are staying on South Water Cay, a small, 50 × 500 m<sup>2</sup> island. Today the group ventures beyond Belize's barrier reef to explore Glover's Atoll, one of only four atolls in the Caribbean. Small sections of the reef are still spectacular, with barracudas, large elkhorn corals, and Caribbean lobsters, striped black, orange, and white, but most of the reef is dying as a result of overfishing and global warming.

A strong cold front arrived with the group three days ago. Birds migrating south for the winter are so stressed that they are forced to land on islands such as South Water Cay. This leads to spectacular bird watching, as one can almost walk up to the exhausted birds and pick them up.

*Wednesday, 2007 October 24:* A three-meter-long salt-water crocodile launches itself out of the water, a large fish squirming in its jaws. Chomping, jerking, rolling, ripping, the croc makes a quick breakfast of the fish, leaving only the jawbones. Just as the croc recedes underwater, a white-bellied sea eagle snatches a fish from the surface of the billabong. The eagle flies away to its perch, the fish dangling from its talons, its pure white head and breast, contrasting with slate-grey wings, flashing in the early morning sun. The excitement occurs at the Yellow Waters billabong in the Northern Territory's Kakadu National Park, just as Carl finishes a two-hour birthday cruise through

the billabong and along the South Alligator River, one of the world's premier wetlands. Now at the very end of the Dry, with muggy afternoons and brief thunderstorms providing a reminder of the approaching Wet, the birds, fish, and crocs are concentrated in astonishing numbers along the river and in the remaining billabongs. During last summer's Wet, the water was six meters deeper here, the lodge where Carl is staying had to be evacuated, and the room he is occupying sat in a meter of muddy water. Carl retreats to Darwin in the afternoon to prepare for a day of shopping for aboriginal art on Thursday, before returning to Brisbane on the red-eye early Friday morning.

*Saturday, 2007 October 27:* After washing his Tilley hat in the morning, Carl looks for something to waterproof it with during his regular shopping expedition to the Coles grocery store in Toowong Village. Unable to find anything, he enquires at the Customer Service desk, where two friendly representatives take an interest in his case. The three of them look among the stain removers, but without success. During a discussion of where Carl might find a suitable product, a dark-haired lady shopping in the area joins in. The three Aussies agree that Carl should look in a shoe store, most of which carry waterproofing for suede shoes, or perhaps at the nearby sporting-goods store. Minutes later, as Carl is checking out, one of the customer-service reps comes by with a Kiwi waterproofer for suede and fabric, which he found in the footwear section, and just after that, the dark-haired lady, having taken up Carl's case independently, shows up with the same product. This is life in the big city, in this case a city of over 2 million people, Australian-style.

*Sunday, 2007 October 28:* Brisbane lies at roughly the same latitude in the South as Miami does in the North—it's like a Miami with hills—and is full of tropical flowers, bougainvillea, frangipani, poinciana, and jacaranda. This is the month of the jacaranda. The city's big hills are dotted with the delicate purple of jacaranda in full bloom, and the ground on campus is carpeted with purple flowers. Students at UQ call jacaranda the exam tree, because by the time it finishes blooming in November, they must be ready for the exams that end the spring semester.

Eleanor and three other scuba divers from the Claremont Colleges Diving Club dive near Anacapa Island. Anacapa is a small, rugged island, the easternmost of California's Channel Islands, which serves mainly as a rookery for birds, including the rare Xantus's murrelet. The dives are much like Eleanor's previous diving experiences at nearby Catalina Island, except for the second dive. As the divers kneel on the sand about 30 feet underwater, forty or so California sea lions swirl around them, swimming directly at them before veering away just before collision. Eleanor uses air much more rapidly than usual in the excitement. As the divers surface, the sea lions continue the chase, following them right back to the boat.

*Saturday, 2007 November 17:* Jeremy is on geology field trip to central Texas. Today the class is kayaking down the Llano River, through class-2 rapids, to view outcroppings of Cambrian stromatolites. When Jeremy and partner Casey Langwith arrive to pick out a kayak, they discover the truth of the old saying that the early bird gets the kayak, and the late one gets a canoe. Recalling his experience canoeing on the placid Wisconsin River, Jeremy volunteers to take the stern and to steer through the rapids. Alas, after taking on a boatful of water in one rapid, the canoe slowly sinks as it emerges into a small pool at the bottom of the rapid. Scrambling to recover their lunches, Casey and Jeremy drag the canoe to shore, right it, and successfully complete the rest of the rapids.

*Sunday, 2007 November 18:* Carl and two colleagues from UQ hike to the top of Mt. Barney, the highest point in southeast Queensland. The trail ascends from a parking lot at 275 meters to East Peak at 1,351 meters, a gain of over 3,500 feet. The trail dawdles along a creek bed for the first 4 km, scarcely ascending at all. Then it gets serious, ascending at a rate of 240 m/km or 1,250 feet/mile for the last 4 km. Though this might not seem so steep—it's a slope of 24%—it is more than twice as steep as trails that most people find quite steep enough. The party struggles onto the summit at 2:15 pm, after a five-and-a-half-hour climb, having bulled through thick bush for the last kilometer without much benefit of a trail. After enjoying grand views on a day of sunshine, blue skies, and white clouds, the party descends, the steep trail nearly as hard to go down as to it was to go up. The sun sets on the final, flat four kilometers. Eastern grey kangaroos bound away from the trailside meadows as dusk settles in. The party arrives at the car just as it gets too dark to walk without headlamp or flashlight. It's the toughest hike Carl has done in a long time—and this on the flattest continent in the world.

*Thursday, 2007 December 27:* Jeremy, Carl, and Lee Walsh enjoy a day of skiing at Ski Santa Fe. The usual holiday crowds are thinned by severe cold—temperatures hover in the Fahrenheit single digits—and a persistent snowfall that deposits about eight inches over the course of the day. The snow intensifies in the early afternoon; as the party skis away from one mid-afternoon lift ride, they shake off a half inch of snow that accumulated during the fifteen-minute ascent. Jeremy and Carl are both trying to get in as much skiing as possible during their breaks from warmer climes. Jeremy has been home a week from Houston and departs on New Year's Day for nearly five months in independent Samoa, where he will monitor the ecological impact of invasive yellow crazy ants. Carl is

taking a seven-week “summer break” from Brisbane and departs for five more months in Australia at the end of January.

*Tuesday, 2008 January 1:* The new year brings bitter cold to Albuquerque. The day starts at 10° F and tops out at 28° F in late afternoon, but the sun shines brightly all day in a cloudless sky. The solar panels provide all necessary hot water, passive solar heating and the forced-air solar panels bring the living areas to nearly 70° F by late afternoon, and the pv’s produce 13.1 kW-hours of electricity.

*Thursday, 2008 January 3:* Jeremy is living in a rented house in Salelologa, a village at the southeast tip of Savai’i, the larger, but less populated of the two Samoan islands. The largest village on Savai’i, Salelologa is the point of departure for ferry trips to and from Mulifanua Wharf on Upolu, the more populated island. Like everything on Savai’i, Salelologa sits on basalt, which though fairly recent, is generally old enough to have accumulated sufficient soil to support dense tropical vegetation. Regrettably the house is over a mile from the ocean, leaving it to swelter in the heat without the benefit of cooling sea breezes. The immediate neighbors are immediate indeed: they live right outside the house in fale, the traditional open-sided, thatched-roof Samoan dwellings. They keep an eagle eye on the house, and very little escapes their attention.

Today Jeremy begins work on the crazy-ant project. At five sites on Savai’i, the project manipulates the mutualism between the ants and the nonu plant, whose fruit is used to make a health-food drink that epitomizes the maxim that equates healthfulness with a nasty taste. Jeremy will be maintaining the treatments that manipulate the ants’ access to nectar and recording data detailing arthropod populations.

*Saturday, 2008 January 6:* Eleanor, Carl, Steve Rogers, and Anthony Chen attack the slopes at Ski Santa Fe on a perfect alpine day of abundant fresh snow beneath cloudless blue skies. They end the day by threading their way through the firs beneath the new Millennium Lift. Eleanor contemplates her departure, two days hence, for two weeks in Israel, from which she will return directly to Claremont to begin her second semester at Pomona College.

*Monday, 2008 January 14:* Eleanor is participating in a Taglit-Birthright Israel tour of Israel. This afternoon she and her companions stand atop Mt. Arbel, taking in the sweeping views of the Sea of Galilee and the Golan Heights. The view combines the scrubby chaparral of Southern California with the clarity of the sky in New Mexico. As the group descends the mountain, the boulder-hopping reminds Eleanor of hiking into the Sandia canyons behind our house, but the call to prayer from mosques in nearby villages dispels any notion that she is in New Mexico.

*Tuesday, 2008 January 15:* The Birthright Israel group sees the Golan Heights by jeep. Eleanor experiences very directly the difficult problems faced by this part of the world. The existential threat to Israel is made disturbingly real by the barbed wire lining the road, which is plastered with signs in three languages reading, “Danger–Land Mines.” The abyss that separates Israelis and Palestinians is made disturbingly clear when the driver of her jeep repeats a local joke: the signs read “Danger–Land Mines” in Hebrew and English, but “Picnic Area” in Arabic.

*Wednesday, 2008 January 16:* Jeremy turns 21 as the rainy season sets in with muggy earnest in Samoa. His birthday present is the largest spider he’s ever seen, sitting squarely in the middle of the shower and hugging a huge egg case tightly to its abdomen. After he recovers from an attack of arachnophobia, the day brings no cake, only a beer at Lusia’s on the beach, with Tongan flying foxes circling above the surrounding trees as the tropical night sets in.

*Friday, 2008 January 18:* Eleanor and friend Ariel Gandolfo are spending a few days with the Ben-Yehudas, friends from our early days in Albuquerque, at their home in Karme Yosef, a small community outside Tel Aviv. Located on two hills, Karme Yosef is not a kibbutz, but it is more closely knit than a typical American neighborhood. On one side of the Ben-Yehudas’ hill is a forest, which is protected by the community, and on the other side is the site of the ancient city of Tel Gezer, where pieces of ancient pottery and other artifacts litter the ground. Eleanor is amazed to find the remains of an ancient city more or less in the backyard and to realize that such sites are so common that they’re not all active archaeological sites.

While the Ben Yehudas attend to work and school today, Eleanor and Ariel spend a day on their own. They visit the Palmach Museum, which Eleanor describes as what would happen if Disneyland had a World War II theme. Apparently the religious-school Hebrew wasn’t enough, because Eleanor and Ariel wander around Tel Aviv looking for English menus and English-speaking taxi drivers.

*Sunday, 2008 January 20:* One of the five plots at which Jeremy works belongs to Malo and Ulu’i Levao, who live near Sale’aula on the northeast coast of Savai’i. Today Jeremy attends services at the Assembly of God church in Sale’aula, where the Levaos are members. The church is a large, high-ceilinged single room, with windows open on two sides, as befits the tropical climate. Malo, who is assistant pastor, leads the service today. Afterward Jeremy is

invited to lunch at the Levaos' establishment, which is situated at the edge of the lava flow from the 1906 eruption of Mt. Matavanu and which consists of a small Western-style house and several fales of various sizes. He gets to know Malo and Lui and their seven children and gets his first taste of palusami, a scrumptious patty of coconut cream wrapped in a taro leaf.

*Wednesday, 2008 January 30:* Eleanor shows Carl her favorite spots on the Pomona campus. Like the Sunday last August, Carl ends the day by boarding a flight to Brisbane just before midnight. Otherwise today is quite different. Eleanor is now master of her environment. There are no tearful good-byes.

*Monday, 2008 February 4:* Karen departs for Australia, leaving Eleanor as the family's sole representative in North America. Even she clings tenuously to the West Coast; a good strong earthquake on the San Andreas might dump her into the Pacific.

*Friday, 2008 February 8:* Carl and Karen stroll through Melbourne's Royal Botanical Garden, accompanied by Doug and Sherry. Karen arrived in Melbourne on Wednesday and found Carl waiting for her at baggage claim. Since then, they have been enjoying the sights of Melbourne, Australia's second-largest city, with about 4.5 million people, a city with a lively downtown of broad avenues and wide sidewalks chock full of people. Doug and Sherry arrived in Melbourne today, after having spent a few days at Carl's Brisbane house to facilitate recovery from jet lag, and tomorrow the group flies to Devonport on the north coast of Tasmania, where they will be joined by David Thompson and Liz McBride of Madison, to begin three and a half weeks of vacationing in Tassie.

*Saturday, 2008 February 9:* Just after dark at Lilloco Beach west of Devonport, tiny fairy penguins emerge from Bass Strait and waddle up the beach into the scrub vegetation, where they run a gauntlet of juveniles anxious to extract their daily rations. The babies are seven weeks old now, as big as the adults, and within a week of striking out on their own. The adults will soon face a perilous two-week period of moulting, cowering defenseless under the bushes, unable to go to sea till they grow new feathers.

*Sunday, 2008 February 10:* "There he is!"—the cry is heard again and again as a platypus forages in front of us along the Mersey River. In mid-morning we drive into the Warrawee Forest Reserve, known for platypus sightings, receive friendly instructions from a Tassie couple enjoying brunch beside the river, search fruitlessly up and down the river, and finally sight a platypus—duh!—from the platypus viewing platform. It swims upriver through a sequence of about ten dives, showing its bluish bill and broad tail when it surfaces for ten seconds between dives of 30 seconds. Then it reverses course to swim downriver for a repeat performance before disappearing among the bushes on the far bank.

*Thursday, 2008 February 14:* On Valentine's Day, Karen, Carl, Doug, and David stand atop Mt. Jerusalem, surveying central Tasmania in all directions from the 1,459-meter summit. Monday saw the party ascend Mt. Roland, which rises to 1,234 meters behind the Silver Ridge Retreat, where we're spending the week. On Tuesday we visited Cradle Mountain National Park, walking around Dove Lake to the foot of the iconic Cradle Mountain. As rain squalls swept through the valley, the mountain was dressed and undressed repeatedly by the iconic Cradle Valley mists. Today we hike through Walls of Jerusalem National Park on a day of cloudless skies, with just enough breeze to keep things cool and to chase the flies away. The Park is a stunning landscape of sheer rock walls rising above lakes and tarns set amid low heath and scattered woodlands of snow gum and pencil pine. Pencil pine, endemic to high-elevation Tasmania, looks like a big juniper, but with stubbier foliage, about the size of a pencil, and a primness that gives a pencil-pine stand the look of a well-tended garden. The summit of Mt. Jerusalem, at 4,768 feet, would be buried beneath downtown Albuquerque, but the Park's terrain and vegetation look like that at 10,000 feet in the southern Rockies. The day comes to a perfect close when Karen and Carl, near the end of the seventeen-mile hike, spot an echidna just off the trail. Their approach prompts it to lumber to a nearby rock, against which it buries its ant-eating snout, leaving exposed only its back, which is covered with bright yellow spines set in rich brown fur.

*Tuesday, 2008 February 19:* A Pacific gull, handsome in crisp black and white, pries a corkscrew shell off the rocks, rises into the air, and hovering at about ten feet in the strong wind, drops the shell onto the rocks. After five drops, the shell is sufficiently weakened that the gull can extract the morsel of mollusk inside. Karen, Carl, and Doug, along with guide Karen, watch the show from the base of the Painted Cliffs in Maria Island National Park. Our party of six is nearing the end of the third day of the Maria Island Walk, which sets a standard of style for camping, without losing the sense of being in the middle of Nature far away from everything, as is more than appropriate on this isolated island off the coast of Tasmania, itself an isolated island off the coast of the most isolated continent in the world. Guides Karen and Brad prepare three scrumptious meals each day and keep the group moving from the southern end of the island to Darlington, the only settlement, on the northern tip. Only park personnel live in Darlington now, but the village is rich in the history and ruins of a 19th Century penal settlement

and a harebrained, late 19th century resort scheme of an Italian entrepreneur named Diego Bernacchi. We spend the night in one of the several houses Bernacchi built in Darlington.

*Wednesday, 2008 February 20:* A tiny ball of fire flits from the trail to a dead log nearby as Karen, Carl, and Doug, accompanied by guide Brad, begin the ascent to the top of Bishop and Clerk at the northeast tip of Maria Island. The ball is a male flame robin, its bright orange breast shining like an incandescent bulb. Rain overnight and the succeeding cloud cover have brought out Bennett's wallabies and pademelons, which graze beside the trail and bound away to hide in the bush at our approach. The trail steepens as the party approaches the summit, where the clouds give way to brilliant sunshine. The group stands on the tallest of several dolerite pillars that rise with dizzying abruptness out of the Tasman Sea 620 meters (2,034 feet) below. The view of Maria Island and the Tasmanian coast is stunning. The entire group reunites in mid-afternoon for champagne and lemon tarts, served by Karen and Brad in the picturesque sandstone ruins of Bernacchi's first house, after which all board the ferry for the short trip to the mainland.

*Monday, 2008 February 25:* Karen, Carl, Doug, and Sherry, with guides Tim and Matt, sit on the rocks at the southern end of Hazard's Beach on the Freycinet Peninsula, enjoying a camp dinner of curried chicken over couscous. The wide expanse of Great Oyster Bay and 50 miles of rugged Tasmanian coast are spread in front of us as the setting sun lights up a cloud-spangled sky. The group is in the third evening of a four-day sea kayaking trip along the Freycinet Peninsula, one of Tasmania's prime scenic sites. The first two days brought gale-force winds, which prompted Tim and Matt to keep the group off the ocean, substituting on the first day a walk to the white-sand beach at the exquisite Wineglass Bay and on the second an inland bird-watching kayak along the estuary of the Swan and Apples Rivers. Today's calm brings a kayaking adventure of thirteen kilometers down the west side of the Peninsula, followed by a lazy afternoon of bird watching and walking and the evening's dinner and light show.

*Thursday, 2008 February 28:* The Tasmania party journeys from Hobart, Tassie's capital city, to the Tasman Peninsula to trek from Fortescue Bay to the narrow tip of Cape Hauy. The day makes good on the Tassie promise of four seasons in a day. Periods of blue sky dotted with puffy white clouds alternate with violent winds, rain squalls, and hail. The party lunches at Cape Hauy, where high cliffs plunge directly into the sea. The dramatic seascape, where the Tasman Sea meets the cliffs of the Tasman Peninsula, mutates with every shift in the weather, changing from the gaiety of bright sunshine to somber grey behind a veil of rain.

*Friday, 2008 February 29:* Four seasons in a day indeed! Late morning brings blowing snow and a temperature barely above freezing at the summit of 1,270-meter Mt. Wellington, on the western fringe of Hobart. In the evening, sunny skies and mild temperatures invite a stroll along Salamanca Place, Hobart's main shopping area. The anticipated live music does not materialize, but dinners of exceptionally tender steak at the Ball and Chain Grill compensate.

*Sunday, 2008 March 2:* The Tasmania party finishes the day at the Cape Bruny Light Station. Situated on the tip of South Bruny Island south of Hobart, at 43°30' S, it marks the farthest southern penetration of our Tasmanian adventure. This latitude is nearly identical to the northern latitude of Doug and Sherry's river house in southern Wisconsin (43°10' N), but the differences are striking and instructive. Cows and sheep graze on Bruny Island's pastures, in scenes not so different from Wisconsin, but flocks of sulphur-crested cockatoos peck at the same pastures, which are dotted by eucalypts instead of conifers. South of Cape Bruny, instead of a land mass like Canada, there is only the wind-tossed and storm-ravaged Southern Ocean extending to the shores of Antarctica, 1,560 miles away. No Canada to invite polar cold fronts into a continent that extends far into the tropics—there you have a neat summary of the climatic differences between Australia and the similarly sized contiguous states of the US.

*Monday, 2008 March 3:* Karen and Carl walk along the Tall Trees Circuit in Mt. Field National Park northwest of Hobart. At ground level the huge trunks and dense undergrowth of ferns, bushes, and small trees are reminiscent of a northern temperate rain forest, but bending backwards to look straight up to the crowns, 60–80 meters (200–260 feet) above, one sees that the big trees are gigantic eucalypts—*eucalyptus regnans*, commonly known as Tasmanian swamp gum—and the birds squawking loudly in the canopy are sulphur-crested and yellow-tailed black cockatoos.

*Tuesday, 2008 March 4:* Carl drops David at his new lodgings in downtown Hobart, where he will spend another couple of days, takes Karen, Doug, Sherry, and Liz to the Hobart Airport to begin their return to America, and heads to the Domain, a large tract of natural vegetation just north of downtown Hobart, to find eastern rosellas. The birds oblige, their crimson heads, bright yellow breasts, and blue wings and tails flashing in the sunlight. As



a bonus, he also sights several musk lorikeets, whose lush green plumage contrasts sharply with a dash of scarlet on the bill and around the eye. After a quick lunch, Carl decamps to the airport for a return to Brisbane, where he will spend most of the next four months.

Tasmania, with a population just under half a million, is by far the smallest Australian state in area, small even by US standards, with a land area about that of West Virginia. Yet it has an extraordinary diversity of landscapes, from expansive white-sand beaches and dramatic seascapes to pastoral idylls, crystalline lakes, and alpine grandeur. We sampled only parts of this in our 25 days, and we leave with regret.

*Wednesday, 2008 March 5:* Eleanor welcomes Jeremy and Karen to the Pomona campus. Karen is on her way home from Australia, and Jeremy has flown to the US from Samoa for a scholarship interview in Phoenix. Eleanor gives them a tour of the lab she works in. The lab maintains a collection of hydra collected from locations around the world. The research project consists of growing the hydra, extracting and cloning their DNA, sending it away for sequencing, and then analyzing the sequences to construct a global family tree for hydra. Eleanor participates in all aspects of the lab's work, but her main job, three to four days a week, is to maintain, clean, and feed the hydra before they are slaughtered for their DNA.

*Monday, 2008 March 10:* While Karen was in Tasmania, most of the interior of the house was repainted in subdued, but more varied colors. The highlight is a new Snoopy mural in the master bedroom. Today Karen supervises the installation of new carpet throughout the house. It's a big job, but the carpet nicely complements the paint job.

*Friday, 2008 March 21:* Carl has joined Jeremy in Samoa for ten days, staying with Jeremy and co-worker Kevin Dougherty at their house in Salelologa. Kevin, Jeremy, and Carl arise at 5:30 am and set off at 6:00 for the hour-long drive to Sale'aula to attend Good Friday services at the Levao's church. They are carefully dressed in the white shirts and white pants that are obligatory for Samoan church services. As they enter the church, they discover their mistake: Good Friday is the only day when Samoans wear black outfits to church. The service is a cultural experience: a very long alternation of skits and hymns, parts in Samoan and parts in English. The hymns are led by a singer and a band, whose combined amplified output fills the sanctuary to bursting. Our party is invited to the pastor's nearby house for post-service refreshments, the highlight of which is a Samoan drink called vi, made from the fruit of the same name and reminiscent of an orange julius. They then proceed to the Levao's for an ample lunch.

After lunch, Jeremy and Carl walk the half mile to the ocean over the cracked and tortured surface of a nearly barren lava field. The 1906 eruption added this half-mile to the northeast coast of Savai'i, destroying a coral lagoon in the process. At the ocean, enormous blue breakers crash against thirty-foot-high cliffs, sending up geysers of white spray that salt the top of the cliffs.

*Saturday, 2008 March 22:* Jeremy, Kevin, and Carl are in Falealupo-tai, at the westernmost tip of Savai'i. Jeremy and Kevin spend the day working a nearby plot, and Carl rests in a beach fale, enjoying an occasional swim in the coral lagoon. The scene screams tropical island: a beach of blindingly white sand, dotted with palms and thatched huts, fronts a deep blue coral lagoon, demarked by tongues of black basalt and a barrier reef, all set beneath a stunningly blue sky. In late afternoon, a huge thunderhead piles up above the central massif to the east, finally bursting forth in a violent thunderstorm that lights up the skies and growls with distant thunder, but only produces strong winds and a few big drops of rain at the beach. As evening approaches, Jeremy and Carl venture to Cape Mulinu'u, where jagged volcanic rocks extend into the ocean to mark the westernmost point of Samoa, the last place to see the sun every day. The ocean surges and swirls around submerged extensions of the basalt, exhaling and inhaling like a gigantic beast.

*Sunday, 2008 May 11:* Jeremy, new co-worker Rebecca Sandidge, and Samoan neighbor Elaine approach the Alofa'aga Blowholes, which line an unoccupied stretch of coast west of the village of Taga. The coastline here is a bare slab of basalt, riddled with holes. As each big wave encounters the slab, it surges through the holes and produces sudden spouts up to 20 meters high. The group wanders along the basalt, the blowholes mewling, growling, and puffing all around them. They turn around after two miles, at a point that assaults the eye with typical tropical intensity: the deep black strip of basalt extends as far as the eye can see, white spouts puffing regularly from numerous blowholes, blue-green ocean on one side and the bright greens of tropical forest on the other, all underneath a deep blue sky dotted with pure white clouds.

*Friday, 2008 May 17:* Four days before his scheduled departure from Samoa, Jeremy and co-worker Rebecca awaken near the top of Savai'i. The top, Mt. Silisili, at 1,866 meters (6,086 feet) is high indeed, and they are camped just below at Mt. Mata O le Afi. Yesterday Jeremy and Rebecca, accompanied by guide Tiavalu and his

son Ka'avalu, hiked up the steep, tortuous trail from Tiavalu's village. The trail ascends through dense tropical forest and emerges suddenly on the island's central spine, the Tuasivi Ridge. The ridge is a chain of hundreds of craters, all products of the island's persistent volcanism, and is covered by a scrub of cushion mosses and blueberry bushes. This morning the party awakens to intense cold, the temperature hovering in the low 40s F. It's the first time Jeremy has felt cold in Samoa.

*Friday, 2008 May 23:* Carl and several UQ graduate students throw a surprise 50th birthday party for Carl's UQ host, Gerard Milburn, at Carl's Auchenflower house. The ruse to attract Gerard is an antipodean Thanksgiving dinner, and Gerard is completely taken in. Fifty guests hide as Gerard enters the house and then jump out in a cacaphony of streamers and whistles and balloons. The promised Thanksgiving dinner does materialize, with free-range turkey, dressing, and sweet potatoes, supplemented by silverbeet (chard) and leeks, fruit salad, sausage on the barbie, and plenty of beer and wine.

*Monday, 2008 June 16:* Jeremy has traveled from Seattle to Savannah, Georgia, to replace the CO<sub>2</sub> monitor on a weather buoy seventeen miles off the Georgia coast in Gray's Reef National Marine Sanctuary. The job is part of his NOAA summer internship with Chris Sabine of the Pacific Marine Environmental Laboratory, which is located at NOAA's Western Regional Center in Seattle. The buoy provides data for a long-term research project to analyze and understand the global ocean carbon cycle, with a focus on near-coastal aspects of the cycle. On arrival at the buoy, Jeremy and Yong Chen, a University of Georgia researcher, jump from their boat to the three-meter-wide buoy for a five-hour ride. The buoy bucks and rolls like a wild horse, and about half-way through the replacement procedure, Jeremy loses it—his breakfast, that is—contributing it to the barracuda that patrol around the buoy. He didn't heed the warnings of fellow NOAA employees to obtain some ginger pills, but it is not clear that anything would have helped.

*Friday, 2008 June 20:* On an idyllic day, Carl takes his daily walk to the University of Queensland's big pond to observe the bird life. Although the sun shines brightly, it hangs low in the sky, casting the long shadows that remind you this is the first day of winter, just in case the 70° F temperature fooled you. A flock of 50 pure white little corellas feeds noisily in a maple tree, their gnawing producing a steady rain of seeds. All the regulars are in attendance at the pond: Australian magpies, magpie larks, noisy miners, willie wagtails, Torresian crows, Pacific black ducks, Australian wood ducks, white ibises, Eurasian coots, purple swamphens, dusky moorhens, pied cormorants, little black cormorants, and welcome swallows, plus a meter-long eel swimming just below the surface and a turtle the size of a dinner plate. Now, as winter sets in, there are some additions to the regular crew: three massive black-and-white Australian pelicans, floating majestically in the shallows and gobbling up something off the bottom of the pond; a couple of darters (anhingas), showing only the head above water between regular dives and sunning for long periods on the bank, wings spread wide to catch some rays; many blue-billed ducks, painfully identified after a long period of indecision; and the newest visitor, a JC bird, the comb-crested jacana. Supported on its absurdly long toes, the jacana walks jauntily across the lily pads, poking for food, before flying a short distance, legs and toes trailing far behind its eight-inch body.

*Wednesday, 2008 July 2:* Carl snorkels lazily along a patch of the Agincourt Reef, on the outer fringe of the Great Barrier Reef off the coast at Port Douglas in northeast Queensland. The tide is so low that the uppermost parts of the big bommie stick six inches above the surface, restricting snorkeling to the side canyons. In one narrow canyon hundreds of iridescent, blue-green fish dance above the outer branches of a piece of coral shaped like a gigantic piece of cauliflower. The slightest movement sends them diving into the coral, from which they slowly emerge to resume their entrancing dance. As he snorkels back to the ship after his last foray to the canyons, Carl notices a dozen or so foot-long fish swimming ahead of him. They don't seem quite right, apparently swimming backwards, with large eyes in the rear and a tiny, skirt-like fin at the front, which waves occasionally to no apparent effect. Ahh! They're squid, not fish, using jet propulsion and not that comically ineffectual fin. Carl accelerates to swim with them for a couple of minutes for the pure joy of seeing them in action. Snorkeling is a dangerous activity, because it teaches that one can get enormous rewards for almost no effort.

*Friday, 2008 July 4:* Eleanor is spending the summer in Albuquerque, taking two semesters of Spanish at UNM and diving in pursuit of a Dive Master certificate. She uses the semester break to visit her Pomona roommate, Liz Denison, at Liz's home in Newport Beach, California. This evening she and Liz and two other Pomona friends join their Pomona sophomore sponsor, Dan Helmy, at Dan's family's Pacific Palisades beach club for a spectacular Fourth of July fireworks show.

*Sunday, 2008 July 13:* At mid-day Jeremy and three friends stand on the summit of Mt. Adams, at 12,277 feet the third-highest Cascade peak, located near the southern border of Washington, northeast of Portland. They

started the day at a campground 7,000 feet below, and the last 5,000 feet of gain was in slushy snow, up a boot ladder left by previous hikers. As they survey the other nearby Cascade volcanoes—the Three Sisters, Jefferson, Hood, St. Helens, and majestic Rainier—Jeremy notices that the slender plume of light-gray smoke from a small fire near their campsite has suddenly grown and blackened as hundreds of trees explode in flames. They hurriedly slip and slide down the snowfield, fearful that their belongings and car have been torched. The fire grows to 500 acres, filling the sky with billowing smoke that ascends to the stratosphere, leading some Seattleites to think Adams has erupted. They reach a rocky island amidst the snow where dozens of hikers are gathered, uncertain how to proceed as the fire burns out of control. Finally word comes from the Forest Service that the campground has been saved. They retrieve their belongings and car and retreat to a Portland micro-brewery for dinner.

*Thursday, 2008 July 17:* As Karen prepares for her morning walk at 6:30 am, her hiking partner, Kate Fry, calls to say she is unwilling to leave her house because a bear is rummaging around her back deck. Karen and Carl (home from Oz for a week now) hurry across the street to find a small black bear—it's actually honey-colored—chewing on a trash can, dragging the grill around the deck, and rearing up against the sliding glass door as Kate, Karen, and Carl stand nervously on the other side.

On a day when monsoonal thunderheads boil up by late afternoon, the solar hot water heats to 160° F, and the pv's pump out 16.2kW-hours, not far from the maximum they can produce. The pv's have made net power every month since March, and it is now clear that their annual production will be very close to our annual usage, at least until we get a plug-in electric car.

*Monday, 2008 August 4:* Eleanor, Karen, and Carl are at Doug and Sherry's Spring Green river house for a few days of Wisconsin River life. Today they, along with Doug and his son Kevin and daughter Josie, enjoy a session of water skiing on Lake Mendota. There are two big changes from a similar water-skiing venture a year ago in May: Doug and Sherry's house is within weeks of being finished, and the water temperature in Mendota is comfortable, indeed nearly warm. The skiing is refreshing and invigorating.

Jeremy is again awarded a Udall scholarship in Tucson.

*Friday, 2008 August 8:* Eleanor carries a small common map turtle, caught yesterday in Cynthia's Slough on the Wisconsin River, through airport security at O'Hare and onto an American Airlines flight to Albuquerque. She asks the TSA not to X-ray the turtle, to which they readily agree, but discretion suggests that what American Airlines doesn't know doesn't hurt it. On arrival at home, she plops her new turtle into the tank with the one turtle remaining from her previous collection, a Mississippi map turtle.

*Saturday, 2008 August 16:* Eleanor and friend Rachel Grey get in their last day of diving at the Blue Hole, a deep, exceptionally clear, spring-fed lake, on the plains about two hours east of Albuquerque. The Blue Hole is New Mexico's premier diving site—who would have thought you could put New Mexico and diving in the same sentence? Eleanor and Rachel have done enough dives to obtain Dive Master certificates.

*Sunday, 2008 September 1:* It's a fine Labor Day in Albuquerque, cooler than average, Mt. Taylor perched on the western horizon, the city spread out beneath a big blue dome spangled with perfect fluffy, white clouds. Jeremy is back at Rice, Eleanor is at Pomona, and Karen and Carl are beginning a year of sharing the empty nest. We have had many adventures in many places over the last nineteen months, but it's hard to beat our home in New Mexico.

Best Wishes,

Eleanor

Jeremy

Karen

Carl

CMC/T<sub>E</sub>X

P.S. The photos show Jeremy surveying the spectacular scenery along the Grinnell Glacier Trail in Glacier National Park, Jeremy in a lavalava with Selai and Foga Levao in Samoa, Eleanor in her element, Eleanor with her just captured turtle, and Karen and Carl at the narrow neck that connects North and South Bruny Islands.