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2010 July 1

A New Mexico Diary

Monday, 2008 September 9: Hurricane Ike roars through Houston shortly after midnight as a Category 2 hurricane. The eye went right over Galveston, saving it and Houston from the worst destruction, but condemning the Bolivar Peninsula, on the east side of Galveston Bay, to devastation. Between 8:00 pm and 11:00 pm yesterday evening, Jeremy watched as transformers and power lines near Wiess College went down, hissing and spitting, and then, along with the rest of the residents of Wiess, he retreated to the Wiess servery for the night. Dawn reveals a Rice campus of downed trees and branches, but no major damage.

Saturday, 2008 October 18: Carl is visiting Rice as he returns from giving a colloquium at LSU. Today Jeremy organizes a birding trip to prime sites south of Houston near the Gulf in the company of expert birders Cin-Ty Lee, Rice professor of Earth Science, and Blake Dyer, Rice junior. At the tiny Quintana Neotropical Bird Sanctuary, they spot a couple of common ground-doves, a dickcissel, a white-tailed kite, and a white-tailed hawk, but the best birding turns out to be in the vast wetland at the San Bernard National Wildlife Refuge, not far west of the tip of Galveston Island. For Carl, the most memorable sightings are an American bittern and a crested caracara, neither of which he has seen before, but there is also a smug satisfaction when the experts get excited over a distant pink shape, speculating about a roseate spoonbill, only to discover it is an errant pink balloon.

Monday, 2008 October 20: Eleanor and ten companions take advantage of Pomona's Fall Break to spend a long weekend camping and exploring in Death Valley. Today the group hikes into the low mountains on the east side of the Valley, past several abandoned mines and ending at Zabriskie Point, where they have a grand view of nearby badlands, the Valley, and the high Panamint Range that bounds the Valley on the west. After the hike the group freshens up by sneaking into the Furnace Creek Inn for a dip in the pool.

Saturday, 2008 October 25: Karen and Carl attend an evening Obama rally at UNM's Johnson Field. They shuffle forward in a line that stretches around the south and west sides of the campus and enter the site not long before Obama appears. Though they can see and hear Obama, who is dressed in a suit like nearly nobody else present, they are at the far end of the field from the speakers' stand, behind most of the other 40,000 in attendance, and binoculars certainly help in getting a clear view of the candidate. Spirits are high, and the rally contrasts markedly with a McCain event at the State Fairgrounds this morning, which attracted about 1,000 people. A stark contrast, and it suggests that the presidential election in New Mexico is pretty much over.

Saturday, 2008 November 8: After giving talks at James Madison University and the University of Virginia, Carl spends today with nephew Kevin and his wife Meredid in Washington. Kevin, Meredid, and Carl ramble through the city, stopping first at the Lincoln Memorial, where they read the two great, passionate speeches, which define a canonical American way of speaking. They leave messages on the Obama wall at the foot of the steps to the Memorial, and then it's on to the Korean War Memorial, the FDR Memorial, and the Jefferson Memorial, all on a gorgeous autumn day. The red, yellow, orange, and gold of autumn, dripping from the trees, are set off against a gentle blue sky.

Monday, 2008 November 10: Jeremy is attending the three-day meeting of the Association for the Advancement of Sustainability in Higher Education in Raleigh, North Carolina. Today he presents a poster on his Student Carbon Calculator, an Excel-based spreadsheet that allows on-campus students to determine their CO₂ emissions without needing any utility bills. The Calculator is available on the Rice sustainability web site; ten other colleges and universities have modified and adopted it for their own use.

Thursday, 2008 November 13: *Rice News* reports on Jeremy's activities as the EcoRep for Wiess College. His chief focus has been promoting exchange of incandescent bulbs for compact fluorescents; he and other volunteers have given out 170 cfl's at Wiess. Other projects include educating students on how to use their thermostats, making sure each room has its own small recycling bin, ensuring that the larger bins for collecting recyclables are well labeled, and collecting such recyclables as batteries, DVDs, CDs, and printer cartridges.

Friday, 2008 November 14: Eleanor is searching through bird poop, as she has done on Tuesdays and Fridays all this semester. She looks for otoliths, small discs, 1 to 2.5 mm in diameter, from the bones in the ears of fish; different species can be distinguished by surface features on the otolith. This poop is from two kinds of skuas, the south polar and the brown, both found only in the southern arctic, and the otoliths are almost entirely from two small fish species, *electrona antarctica* and *pleurogramma antarctica*, which are the mainstays of the skuas' diet. The project, sponsored by Pomona Biology Professor Nina Karnovsky, has been going on for fifteen years, with the goal of tracking the diet of the two skuas. Till now Eleanor has sorted through one season of poop, recovered from the nests of 20 pairs of birds and covering four periods, incubation, early chick rearing, late chick rearing, and the empty nest, all of which occur during the Antarctic summer, December to March.

Friday, 2008 November 21: Eleanor is introduced to bird netting at the Bernard Field Station, an undeveloped area across Foothill Boulevard from the campuses of the Claremont Colleges, which is available to all five colleges for biological field studies. Today a group of students, led by Professor Karnovsky, nets and bands white-crowned sparrows, Audubon's warblers, spotted towhees, scrub jays, bushtits, and Anna's and Allen's hummingbirds. The students set up a mistnet, twelve feet long, six feet high, and about three feet off the ground, which funnels birds into a catch area. They remove each bird, weigh and measure it, check feathers for wear, measure body fat, band the bird, and finally release it.

Monday, 2008 December 1: Carl opens a letter informing him that he has been made a Fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. He is recognized for "advances in understanding the physical laws governing information and in quantum information theory."

Wednesday, 2008 December 10: Jeremy and Bill Hockaday, Earth Science postdoc at Rice, plus three advisors, win the City of Houston's Recycle Ike contest. At a news conference today at Houston's City Hall, Jeremy accepts the prize of \$10,000 from Houston Mayor Bill White and answers questions from assembled reporters. The Rice team proposed to load the Ike debris into a high-temperature, low-oxygen chamber where it undergoes slow pyrolysis to produce synfuels and biochar. By using the biochar as fertilizer, the carbon can be locked up in soil for an extended period, making the technique a way of removing greenhouse gases from the atmosphere. The technique could be used on a regular basis to recycle the 90,000 tons of green waste Houston generates every year. The team plans to use a portion of the prize money to build a pyrolysis pilot reactor at Rice for further research.

Friday, 2008 December 19: Jeremy is in San Francisco to participate in the annual meeting of the American Geophysical Union, which is being held at the Moscone Center. Today is the last day of the meeting; Jeremy will spend the weekend visiting friends before flying to Albuquerque. He presented a poster on the NOAA work he carried out while based in Seattle last summer. Entitled "Large Temporal Variations in Air-Sea CO₂ Flux off the Coast of Georgia," the poster describes how the CO₂ going into and coming out of the ocean can change dramatically from year to year in near-coastal environments, mainly as a consequence of terrestrial influences. He also heard many interesting talks. The most intriguing was about a possible meteorite impact that might have caused the sudden and short-lived Younger Dryas cooling at the end of the last Ice Age, with implications for the demise of Clovis civilization and the extinction of North America's megafauna.

Thursday, 2009 January 1: Jeremy, Eleanor, and Carl join the Doug and Sherry Caves family—Doug and Sherry, Kevin, Jeff and Diane, Josie, and AJ Godar and Ryan Tallant—for their traditional winter-break skiing at Steamboat Springs. As the short first day of the year dwindles toward another delicate Colorado sunset, Eleanor, Jeremy, Jeff, Kevin, and Carl ski the longest run on the mountain, plunging nonstop from 10,372-foot Storm Peak to the base at 6,900 feet.

Monday, 2009 January 5: Karen is named one of the Best Lawyers in America for Employee Benefits Law.

Wednesday, 2009 March 18: New Mexico Governor Bill Richardson signs a bill repealing the death penalty, making New Mexico the fifteenth US state without a death penalty. New Mexico is a different sort of place. The differences often do not reflect well on us, emphasizing mainly that we are a poor state, but sometimes, as in this case, the differences are striking, making us an oasis of good sense. We border two states, Texas and Oklahoma, that rank first and third in number of executions since 1976, when the Supreme Court reinstated the death penalty in the US. Every other state in the Mountain and Pacific West has the death penalty. The nearest state without it is Iowa.

Sunday, 2009 April 19: Carl stands five feet from a cassowary, a very large, nearly six-foot-tall, flightless bird, which is tricked out in sleek black feathers, a long neck, bright red in the rear at the base, with two red wattles dangling from the front, and otherwise light blue up onto the head, a prominent spongy grey crest (called a casque), powerful legs, and three-toed feet, on which the inner toe has a wicked, five-inch-long claw that can be used to rip

out your jugular. It's a little disconcerting, but Carl's hosts, Phil and Sue Gregory of Cassowary House, assure him there is nothing to fear. Those feet and the tall crest give Carl the feeling of being in a time machine, peering back 75 million years into the age of the dinosaurs.

Carl is in Australia for all of April, based in Brisbane. He flew to Cairns last Thursday for a three-day weekend and is staying at Cassowary House, which is in the rain forest above Cairns, not far from the village of Kuranda. He engaged Phil Gregory to give him guided birding tours of the area on Friday and today, and he spent yesterday snorkeling at Michaelmas Cay on the Great Barrier Reef. Part of the attraction of Cassowary House is the near guarantee of getting very close to a cassowary, one of the two flightless birds in Oz: the emu is tatty and relatively common; the cassowary is elegant and rare, with perhaps a thousand or so remaining in northeast Queensland.

By the end of today's birding tour, Carl has increased his Australian bird count by 40. A personal triumph is the sighting of a pair of Australian bustards, large ground-dwelling, but not flightless birds of the Australian bush. Carl is convinced he caught a glimpse of a bustard flying low across a grassy field in 2004, as the family approached Broome near the end of a tour of western Australia, but Jeremy has generally heaped scorn on this claim.

Monday, 2009 May 4: Jeremy and a group of Rice students explore ruins of the Mogollon civilization above the West Fork of the Gila River in southwestern New Mexico. Jeremy and fellow Rice student Blake Dyer organized a Wiess College course, entitled *Introduction to Backpacking*, with one chief requirement: a week-long backpacking trip in the Gila Mountains. The two instructors and ten students hiked up the Middle Fork of the Gila, over a high plateau, and back down the Gila's West Fork. The hike down the West Fork yesterday was as pretty as it gets in New Mexico, as the group walked alongside the rushing waters and spring bounty of the West Fork through a narrow canyon bounded by 1000-foot cliffs.

Friday, 2009 May 8: Back in Houston since Tuesday, Jeremy leads a family birding expedition to Brazos Bend State Park, in advance of his graduation from Rice tomorrow. The party includes Karen, Carl, Carl's brother Doug, his wife Sherry and son Jeff, and Jeremy's friend Kelly Liao. The birding is rich, with a walk around a small lake yielding anhingas, great egrets, purple gallinules, yellow-crowned night herons, great blue, little blue, and tricolored herons, roseate spoonbills, white and glossy ibises, Mississippi kites, and a stunning prothonotary warbler that defines the color yellow, plus several alligators and turtles for spice.

Saturday, 2009 May 9: The Rice commencement ceremony is held this morning behind Lovett Hall, the oldest building on the campus, with the audience seated among the low hedges in the academic quadrangle. To the left is the physics building and behind is Fondren Library, both of which saw plenty of Carl 40 years ago, before he graduated in a similar ceremony on the other side of Lovett Hall in 1972. Witnessing today's ceremony on Jeremy's behalf are Karen and Carl, Doug and Sherry, Jeff and wife Diane, both Rice alumni, and Carl's sister Linda and her husband Tom. Jeremy marches briskly across the stage with the other graduates from Wiess College, receiving his diploma as a Bachelor of Science in Earth Science. The day is hotter and more humid than might be desired, but it is Houston, and occasional clouds and a fitful breeze temper the heat.

At the Class of 2009 Convocation yesterday evening, Jeremy received the Hugh Scott Cameron Service Award for his environmental activities at Rice. After today's ceremony, the Earth Science Department hosts a joyful reception in honor of its graduating majors, followed by an informal ceremony at which Jeremy receives the Torkild Rieber Award in Geology in recognition of his outstanding performance as an Earth Science major.

Sunday, 2009 May 10: As we partake of a leisurely breakfast in the gazebo of the Lovett Inn, Doug announces that we can better appreciate the new *Star Trek* movie, which we all saw last night, in the light of new information he acquired from reading a review in *The New York Times* this morning: the movie is a prequel.

After some frantic, last-minute packing in the morning, Jeremy leaves on a two-week Rice field geology trip to Morocco, to be followed by five-day postludes in Paris and in England with Uncle Ken, Aunt Mary, and cousin David.

Saturday, 2009 May 30: At the end of a day-long outing to Santa Fe and environs, Eleanor and Carl lure Karen to the Chuck Jones Gallery. The gallery's director, Michael Bundy, draws Karen's attention to a Tom Everhart painting, hanging in his office, which shows Snoopy lounging on a bean bag. Michael takes the picture off the wall, ostensibly to show Karen the title, "Pig Out," on the back; she is surprised to read that it is her 25th anniversary present.

Thursday, 2009 June 4: Hard to keep track of everyone. Yesterday (the actual 25th anniversary) Jeremy returned from his travels in Morocco and Europe; delayed in transit, he missed the anniversary dinner. Today Eleanor and Karen fly to Oakland and proceed to Petaluma in preparation for Eleanor's taking up an eight-week research internship on the Farallon Islands. Tomorrow Carl departs for a week-long conference in Zakopane, Poland, with the upcoming weekend reserved for fighting jet lag by hiking in the Tatra Mountains. Jeremy is to leave for Alaska next Tuesday.

Friday, 2009 June 5: Eleanor meets fellow research intern Jordan Casey as they check in at the Point Reyes Bird Observatory (PRBO) in Petaluma. Tomorrow they will hitch a ride on the *Brite Future* for the two-hour voyage to Southeast Farallon Island. The Farallons, consisting of three isolated groups of small, rocky islands, are located off the coast at San Francisco. The South Farallon group, 27 miles west of the Golden Gate and 20 miles south of Point Reyes, has the biggest islands, and of these, Southeast Farallon Island is by far the largest. Yet it is only a tiny dot in the ocean, about 500 by 600 meters, though quite rugged, rising to 109 meters at Lighthouse Hill. Technically part of San Francisco, the Farallons are administered as a National Wildlife Refuge by the Fish and Wildlife Service. PRBO Conservation Science runs long-term research programs that study and record the habits of the large seabird populations that use the South Farallons as a rookery. There are two houses on Southeast Farallon Island, left over from the days when lighthouse keepers lived on the island. One of these structures houses the two resident field biologists, Russ Bradley and Pete Warzybok, and up to six research interns, and the other, called the Coast Guard House, contains the rec room and a shower.

After checking in, Eleanor and Jordan are handed a five-page grocery list to supply the researchers for the next two weeks. With stalwart help from Karen, they shop till they drop, staggering out of the Safeway in Marin after three hours with three carts of groceries, a receipt as long as Eleanor is tall, and a bill of nearly \$1,000 to be turned over to PRBO Conservation Science.

Saturday, 2009 June 6: After weeks of warnings about bad weather and rough seas between the mainland and the Farallons, Eleanor makes the passage on a sunny day of seas as smooth as glass. As the *Brite Future* approaches East Landing on Southeast Farallon Island, a gray whale surfaces about a hundred feet away, and a pod of Risso's dolphins frolics near the boat.

Getting onto the island is not just a matter of hopping off the boat, there being no place for the boat to dock on the rocky shore. Instead, the boat anchors off-shore, Russ shows up in the island's Zodiac, Eleanor and Jordan clamber in, and a crane lifts the Zodiac onto the landing. Four such trips are required to get everybody and everything unloaded, and then Eleanor and Jordan are escorted to the house, where they will share a room. After lunch, a quick tour of the island introduces them to the usual seabirds, plus some elephant seals and a tufted puffin.

Tuesday, 2009 June 9: Eleanor spends the day counting common murrelets at their rookery and peering at Brandt's cormorants through a spotting scope to record the band numbers attached to their legs, and she then returns to the house to prepare for a shower. The main residence doesn't have hot running water, so to shower, she has to suit up—work clothes, boots, guano protection, and hard hat for protection against angry gulls—for the short walk to the Coast Guard house, where the shower is. Nuisance though this is, it could be worse: water being at a premium, she only has to do this once every four days at the most.

Thursday, 2009 June 11: Jeremy arrived in Fairbanks, Alaska, yesterday after two days of travel from Albuquerque. Today he climbs into a Ford F350 heavy-duty pickup, driven by a laconic character named Shubb, for the 350-mile slog to Toolik Field Station, where he and fellow passenger Gabe McGowan will be serving as research assistants for the summer. The road, following the Alaska pipeline, traverses the 200 miles of the Yukon flats and then ascends and descends the Brooks Range, emerging into the vast, treeless tundra of the North Slope, where the Field Station lies at the foot of the Brooks Range.

Monday, 2009 June 15: After a dessert of Eleanor's chocolate-chip-cookie pie, Russ, Pete, two other interns, and Eleanor head out at 10:30 pm to glue time-depth recorders (TDRs) to the breasts of ten adult Cassin's auklets. The TDRs will record the time and depth of the birds' dives as they forage far out at sea during the day. Eleanor helps out with all the work on the island, but this project, begun last summer by Professor Karnovsky and to be continued into the indefinite future, is her baby. She plans to analyze whatever data is available by the fall of 2010 for her senior thesis at Pomona College.

It's not hard to find the auklets, because they nest mainly in 402 man-made boxes, which are monitored on a regular basis for other studies. The group needs to work at night, however, while the adult auklets are at the nest. In the dark—well, they have headlamps—they must find nests with young (downy) chicks, to ensure that the chicks don't fledge, with the nest abandoned, before Eleanor wants to recover the TDRs. The group works steadily, whittling the time for handling a single bird from six minutes down to four. The job is finished around midnight, allowing all to call it quits for the night.

Thursday, 2009 June 24: It's a long, but not atypical day for Eleanor. Up around 6:30 am for a quick breakfast, she spends from 7:00 to 9:00 am peering through the fog at tiny pigeon guillemots as they zoom in and out of their nest crevices, trying to identify the yet tinier fish they are bringing to their young. From 9:00 am till 12:30 pm, she counts common murrelets. After a quick lunch, she does her daily check of Cassin's auklet chicks and then takes a short break before dinner.

At 9:30 pm, everybody participates in a new endeavor, mistnetting rhinoceros auklets, a project that will continue for four nights in a row, with the objectives of measuring the auklets and monitoring their diet, since they drop whatever fish they are carrying when they encounter the net. The most interesting fish this evening is a myctophid, a deep-sea species with blue, lantern-like eyes and rows of golden photophores on its belly, glowing in the dark. With the rhino netting finished quickly, by 10:00 pm, the group decides to take advantage of the excellent mistnetting conditions—dark and calm—to initiate mistnetting of ashy stormy petrels. Conditions deteriorate as the netting proceeds: the wind freshens, dense fog rolls in, and everyone and everything gets dripping wet. The job is finished at 2:00 am, and everyone goes to bed.

Sunday, 2009 June 28: Jeremy and three companions set out for a day hike in the Brooks Range. As they drive south to the starting point, Jeremy spots a white shape on the shore of Galbraith Lake, which soon resolves into an arctic wolf. In quick succession, the group spots a musk ox and two grizzly bears. After this excitement, the party begins hiking the 3,500 vertical feet of a gentle south-facing slope that culminates in the peak of Mount Dalton. It's a windy day—and that means windy enough to blow the mosquitoes away. Attaining the ridge, they peer down the north slope, which plunges precipitously to a valley 3,000 feet below. Clouds swirl up from the valley, and they see glories—circular rainbows—around their shadows on the clouds (a common sight on airplanes if you know to look, but rarely seen from the ground). Continuing up the ridge, they summit Mount Dalton, where they can survey the majesty of the Brooks Range in all directions.

Wednesday, 2009 July 1: About 25 Toolik scientists, given a modicum of instruction by a former dancer turned PhD student in physical limnology, give the northernmost dance performance of *Thriller*, to honor the memory of Michael Jackson. The video, available on YouTube under *Arctic Thriller*, shows 25 incompetents, plus the one expert, dancing through a cloud of mosquitoes. It received 50,000 hits within the first week.

Sunday, 2009 July 5: Karen and Carl are in the Cascades east of Seattle for the wedding of Johanna Kalmus and Eron Jacobson. The wedding ceremony, performed yesterday evening at a ranch west of Leavenworth, Washington, and officiated by Johanna's brother Ted and his wife Julie, was a perfect combination of anecdote, humor, and solemnity. Karen and Carl have stayed on in Leavenworth after the wedding, and this afternoon, they rest on the bank of Icicle Creek after a day of hiking in excessive heat. As they cool their feet in the icy waters, a black bear crashes down the steep, opposite bank and plunges into the creek for a full-body cooling. Karen, viewing the bear through binoculars, expresses alarm that the bear is getting too close, but Carl assures her that, sans binoculars, it is still too far away to worry about. The bear eventually clambers out of the creek and disappears into the thick vegetation on the opposite bank, leaving us to cool our heels.

Monday, 2009 July 6: On a cool day of fitful sunshine, Karen and Carl hike the trail to Colchuck Lake, a blue-green jewel tucked beneath the wildly rococo, aptly named Dragontail Peak. Jagged spires jutting in all directions, patches of snow, and a small glacier combine to make Dragontail one of the most arresting mountains we have ever seen.

Wednesday, 2009 July 8: As the Farallons crane undergoes routine maintenance, Eleanor scrambles into the person-sized box that is suspended from the crane. She is lifted off the island, dipped into the ocean, and finally lifted back onto the shore. Nobody can say she was never allowed a break from the island.

Thursday, 2009 July 9: The Farallons crew watched Hitchcock's *The Birds* last night, and today they experience it as they try to band as many Western gull chicks as they can. As the parent gulls dive bomb them, always aiming for the head, a group corners a chick, throws a wadded-up towel at it, tackles it while it's off balance, covers its head with the towel, and attaches two bands, a metal band with an identification number on the left leg and a green year-of-birth band on the right. The crew devotes six hours to this contact sport before declaring the task done.

Sunday, 2009 July 19: Starting about an hour south of Toolik, not far from the starting point for the Dalton hike, Jeremy and four companions hike a grueling 4,500 vertical feet up the steep north face of an unnamed ridge to the top of an unnamed peak. From the top, the Brooks Range becomes the whole world, receding, bare peak after bare peak, in all directions as far as the eye can see. Descending 2,500 feet down the south side of the ridge, the party proceeds to their objective, Lake Poco a Poco, which has the turquoise hue characteristic of glacial flour. They take a brief dip in the icy waters just as a crack opens in the leaden skies to let bright sunshine through. Retracing their steps, they return by the same route, getting back to the station as the midnight sun dips below the horizon.

Tuesday, 2009 July 28: New Zealand spinach, sometimes grown in vegetable gardens as a warm-weather alternative to regular spinach, is the scourge of the Farallons. An invasive plant, it grows in dense mats that interfere with the burrowing birds' ability to make their nest burrows. Today the entire Farallons crew declares war on a

patch of New Zealand spinach—in strict accordance with Fish and Wildlife Service rules—in an isolated, usually off-limits part of Southeast Farallon Island. The route to the site takes them up over Lighthouse Hill and then over further steep ridges covered with scree. After several hours of pulling spinach, they have accumulated eighteen, forty-pound trash bags of spinach, which have to be hauled out over the same treacherous route. Eleanor sleeps well tonight.

Saturday, 2009 August 1: Eleanor returns to the mainland on the 42-foot sailboat *Mi Vida* out of Oakland. She returns as a field-tested, battle-ready biologist, having demonstrated the ability and the willingness to work in the field under conditions both good and bad. She will fly to Albuquerque on Monday and then spend five days with Karen and Carl in Munster visiting Karen's Rothschild cousins and in Spring Green, Wisconsin, with the Caves clan. Two weeks from now she will return to Pomona College to begin her junior year.

Friday, 2009 August 7: Jeremy takes a 40-mile helicopter flight north from Toolik to the largest recorded burn in the tundra. The fire burned about 1,000 square kilometers from July to September 2007; the resulting destruction is clearly visible on satellite photos. Prevented from landing at the burn by the sudden appearance of a thick fog bank, the party decides to chase down three grizzly bears the pilot saw earlier in the day. Flying low over the Itkillik River, they spot the grizzlies clambering up a small rise on the east side of the river. Circling four times to get a good look, the helicopter succeeds in spooking the bears thoroughly and then flies back to the station just in time for lunch.

Sunday, 2009 August 30: Jeremy departs Toolik in a blizzard, retracing his steps to Fairbanks. Subtler signs of the end of summer include the almost palpable shortening of the days, the absence of mosquitoes, and the tundra's turning bright shades of red, yellow, and orange. Jeremy will miss the food prepared by the station's five full-time chefs. He plans to meet Karen a week from now in Anchorage.

Thursday, 2009 September 10: Today is the last of three days Jeremy and Karen are spending deep inside Denali National Park, staying at the Denali Back Country Lodges in Kantishna. They have been very lucky to have beautiful weather, with clear views of Denali every day. Yesterday afternoon they hiked to Wickersham Dome for spectacular views of Denali, the Alaska Range, and a good part of central Alaska. Today they hike the 2,300 feet of gain along Camp Ridge Trail for yet more views of Denali, and this evening they take the bus to Wonder Lake to witness the classic dusk alpenglow on the lake and the snow-covered Alaska Range.

Sunday, 2009 September 13: Having taken the train from Denali station to Anchorage and thence to Seward, Karen and Jeremy take a cruise today to Kenai Fjords National Park, with excellent commentary by a National Park Service ranger. Tidewater glaciers calve several times as they watch—one calving is so large the boat must turn to face the resulting wave head-on. They see puffins, Stellar's sea lions, jellyfish, sea otters, and cormorants, but no whales, and they enjoy virgin margaritas made from glacial ice recovered from an ice floe that is floating next to the boat.

Monday, 2009 September 14: On a cold and rainy day, Jeremy and Karen look out across the vast expanse of the Harding Icefield, a stiff wind off the ice prompting them to bundle up in all the cold-weather gear they have with them. The trail to Harding is the only one in Kenai Fjords that is accessible by car. They have teamed up with British tourist Cheryl Avery, who provided the rental car to get to the trailhead, for the steep (1,000 feet per mile, about a 20% grade), 3.7-mile hike to the icefield overlook. The trail winds through cottonwood and alder forests and heather-filled meadows, with occasional glimpses of the terminus of Exit Glacier coming off the icefield, before ascending to the expansive view of a world of ice.

Monday, 2009 September 21: After two further days in Seward, with hikes to Lost Lake (Karen's favorite hike) and Mount Marathon, Jeremy and Karen proceeded to Anchorage by bus for a busy four-day schedule. They saw *The Big One*, the play about the Exxon Valdez oil spill, and met famous oil-spill activist Riki Ott.* They hiked to Crow's Pass from Girdwood, trekked to Rendezvous Peak, toured the Aviation Museum, and walked along the Turnagain Arm of Cook Inlet. Today, their final day, they visit the Alaska Zoo and the Alaska Botanical Gardens. Tonight they board separate red-eyes to the Lower 48, with arrivals in Albuquerque scheduled for tomorrow morning.

*As of this letter's date, Ott is again involved in oil-spill organizing, this time on the Gulf Coast.

Friday, 2009 October 2: Jeremy leaves Albuquerque on an epic, seven-week trip to visit friends and relatives throughout the eastern half of the United States. His special interest is to take the train as much as possible.

Wednesday, 2009 October 21: Karen's brother Wally, on being informed that Jeremy plans to visit him in Baldwinsville replied, "Why would he do that?" Jeremy, ever resourceful, finds no dearth of things to do with Wally, the most memorable of which is a day at Niagara Falls, which they explore from both the US and Canadian sides. They take the *Lady of the Mist* into the center of Horseshoe Falls, where they are enveloped by water.

Tuesday, 2009 October 27: Jeremy visits Doug and Sherry in Wisconsin. Doug, just returned from tree-climbing school in Atlanta, gives Jeremy a lesson in tree climbing in the riparian forest surrounding his house on the Wisconsin River. Jeremy climbs twin oaks, ascending to about 40 feet off the ground.

Tuesday, 2009 November 17: Jeremy returns to Albuquerque, having traveled 2,428 air miles, 326 inter-city auto miles, 1,280 inter-city bus miles, and 3,611 inter-city train miles over a period of 47 days. He visited 21 cities, and he saw 53 friends and relatives before reaching Houston near the end of the trip, where he saw so many Rice friends that he lost count.

Sunday, 2009 November 22: The meter on the side of the house reports that as of 10:20 this morning, the sixteen panels of photocells on the roof have pumped out 10,000 kW-hr of solar electricity since they went operational in October of 2007.

In the afternoon, Karen, Carl, and Jeremy journey to Bosque del Apache National Wildlife Refuge, 100 miles south of Albuquerque, to take in the sandhill cranes and snow geese as they settle in to the refuge for the winter. The highlight of the day is the sighting of an aplomado falcon, one of a very small population found in southern and central New Mexico. A volunteer at the visitors' center indicates where the bird has been spotted, and as we arrive at the site, a number of dedicated birders are pointing their scopes directly at it. Jeremy and Carl nonetheless carefully survey a vast field through their binoculars, while Karen waits patiently, before realizing that the falcon is right in front of them, about 30 yards away on the side of a low dike.

Thursday, 2009 November 26: We all enjoy Thanksgiving Day and Thanksgiving dinner in Albuquerque. Jeremy and Eleanor see each other for the fifth and last day this year. Jeremy leaves tomorrow for six months in Australia, to work on a paleoclimatology project—quantifying ocean carbon content since the Cretaceous—at Australian National University in Canberra.

Sunday, 2009 December 6: After fortifying himself with a double latte, Carl sets off on the eighteen-mile, uphill bike ride from the river to the house, hoping there is enough time to make it before sunset. It's a beautiful, but chilly afternoon. Battleship clouds move ponderously across a sky that is the translucent blue of winter. The edges of the big clouds are frayed by strong winds; curtains of snow, leaking from their undersides, sublimate before reaching the ground. The ride begins in the silvery light of a winter afternoon, the light so brittle, the shadows so sharp, that the air threatens to shatter and crash to the ground. As Carl ascends through the Sandia Pueblo's reservation and the Sun sinks behind him, the brittle edge dulls, replaced by the mellow light that marks the end of a New Mexico winter day. The surrounding grasslands and the granite face of the Sandias turn golden in the waning light, glowing in defiance of the coming night. As Carl pedals into the driveway, the Sun sinks out of sight. The dark and cold of a desert winter night descend abruptly, chasing him into the house.

Tuesday, 2009 December 8: Jeremy has been posted for his first three weeks in Australia to Heron Island, a resort and research station on the Great Barrier Reef. This evening he snorkels in the reef surrounding the island as the corals undergo their annual synchronous spawning, spraying tiny pink balls until the water is thick with their zygotes.

Friday, 2010 January 1: Jeremy is aboard the Ghan, the Australian train that bifurcates the country, running from Darwin in the north to Adelaide in the south via Alice Springs. As the new year arrives in central Australia, the train glides across the wastes on the southwestern fringe of the enormous Simpson Desert, about three-quarters of the way across the continent.

Tuesday, 2010 January 12: Hundreds of magnificent frigatebirds float above the narrow spine of Isla Contoy, a small island off the northeast tip of Mexico's Yucatán peninsula, which serves as the birds' breeding ground. Their thin, black forms, long wings, and forked tails make them look like so many vampires hanging above the island. Magnificent frigatebirds, found throughout the tropical Americas, are usually seen high above the ocean, never landing on the surface, or even approaching it, except to catch fish on the fly or to steal fish from other birds. Here on Isla Contoy, their breeding site is small lagoon surrounded by mangroves. Juveniles click their bills noisily, and occasionally a male inflates the big red balloon in its throat.

Eleanor, Karen, and Carl are in the last day of a week-long trip to the Yucatán. We are staying at Karen's brother Wally's time-share in Playacar, about 60 miles south of Cancún. Karen's brother Jay is also in residence, and brother Ken was here for the beginning of the week. The time has been filled with shopping, snorkeling and diving, bird watching, touring Mayan ruins, and swimming in cenotes, the deep, underground pools that are part of the unique underground drainage system of the Yucatán.

Today's tour ends with an idyllic hour spent wandering the streets of Isla Mujeres, a small resort island off the coast at Cancún, where Karen spent several days with her mother and friend Vicki Wurman 35 years ago. On arrival

at Isla Mujeres, we buy a *marquesita* nutella, a Yucatecan crepe filled with banana and nutella, prepared by a street vendor near the dock. Returning to the dock for the short voyage to the mainland, we can't resist buying another. As we enjoy our second *marquesita*, Carl's nephew Jeff in Atlanta exchanges e-mail with his wife Diane, who is staying at the Hotel Montana in Port-au-Prince. Diane, a policy analyst for the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention (CDC), is on a three-week assignment in Port-au-Prince, working on the President's Emergency Plan for AIDS Relief. Thirty minutes later, as we disembark on the mainland and buy Eleanor a bright green pandanus hat, woven during our carefree voyage to tropical islands, a devastating earthquake strikes Haiti, and the Hotel Montana collapses.

Sunday, 2010 January 24: A brisk west wind pushes Carl up Tramway Road on the final leg of a 35-mile bike ride. The Sandias, covered with snow from last week's storms, extend across the eastern horizon, marking unmistakably how much farther he has to ride. Beneath a dome of bright blue sky, a cap of cloud perches persistently atop the mountains, leaving the top half of the range in gloomy shadow; the bottom half, gleaming in the late afternoon sunshine, is a dazzling quilt of white snow, dark green conifers, and pink-grey Sandia granite.

Saturday, 2010 January 30: Two weeks of El Niño snows leave the Sandia Peak Ski Area with a respectable 53-inch base. Eleanor and Carl spend the day cruising down the long, easy runs, putting in about three runs an hour till the lifts close at 4:00 pm.

Monday, 2010 February 1: Jeremy, with two fellow Rice graduates, kayaks through Milford Sound, one of the world's most impressive fiords, located at the heart of Fiordland National Park on the southwest coast of New Zealand's South Island. Sheer grey walls rise 1,600 meters above the water, with peaks even higher at 2,500 meters, making these the highest sea cliffs in the world. Seals swim right up to the boats as the group kayaks along the fjord, enjoying their second sunny day in a row, a rare occurrence in this perennially cloudy place.

Thursday, 2010 February 4: Eleanor departs for three-and-a-half months of study abroad at the Estación Biológica in Monteverde, Costa Rica. The station is located high in the Cordillera de Tilarán, at about 5,000 feet, and the local ecosystem is the famous Costa Rican cloud forest. The program, called CIEE, focuses on tropical ecology and conservation.

Sunday, 2010 February 7: The long wait is over: the CDC reports that Diane's remains have been recovered from the ruins of the Hotel Montana; it is likely she died as the hotel collapsed in the initial shock. Immediately after the quake, there were days of frantic effort by Jeff and the families to get news of what was happening at the Hotel Montana and of whether Diane might be rescued from the rubble, as some were. For us in Albuquerque, those were days of hungering for, but also dreading, every e-mail and every phone call for the news it might bring. Those frenetic early days eventually faded to the numbness of knowing there would be no rescue. With Diane's remains on the way home, all can begin the long process of adjusting to the loss.

Humans look for purpose in everything. The traditional purpose assigned to natural disasters is that of a wrathful God expressing dissatisfaction—and, sure enough, that sentiment has been attached to Haiti's earthquake. There is much to be dissatisfied with, to be sure, so one does hope that God shares that dissatisfaction, but a God of the Haiti earthquake would be a God of nearly perfect inarticulateness, not to be bothered with making His message even partly clear, and of astonishing incompetence, far worse even than us humans at avoiding collateral damage. We can send that God packing. There's no God behind this or any earthquake—or anything else for that matter. Earthquakes are caused by the imperceptible motion of the earth's tectonic plates. They lash out without malice, heedless of our existence, yet the absence of malice does not prevent devastating consequences for those unlucky enough to get in the way.

If there's no malice here, nothing but bad luck, where do we find the purpose and meaning we crave? We are thrown back onto our own resources; we can only look within ourselves and within our families and communities. We can celebrate the 31 years, 116 days, that Diane had and shared with us, yet we can never be persuaded that her being snatched away was anything but grossly unfair—and an incomprehensible tragedy. Time heals all wounds, they say, and so, too, this wound will heal, but scar tissue will remain as long as we live. We could be angry, we could rage—and some of that is healthy and inevitable—but rage at what? Tectonic processes pay no attention to our anger; they have no attention to pay.

We can, instead, draw inspiration from Diane's life: her goodness, her effervescent enthusiasm, her freshness, her vitality, her unfailing helpfulness and good cheer, her warm and welcoming smile, which enveloped all around her, her passion for books, her delight in adventure, her love and care for Jeff, her love and concern for family and friends, her willingness to tackle any ski slope on her father-in-law's doubtful, but oft-repeated assurance, "I think you can do it, Diane," her belief that government service can make a difference, her gentle, never insistent example that what we eat and how we eat matter, both to ourselves and to the world.

We would be less had we not known Diane. We would be more could we know her still. But that is not to be. Period. Full stop. Hard, bitter, unavoidable truth. She's gone. It remains to us to renew our own sense of purpose, honoring Diane's memory by making her passions a part of our own.

Thursday, 2010 February 11: Eleanor's Costa Rica program begins with a survey of the country's regions and ecosystems. Today Eleanor is in the far southeast, on the Península del Osa in the Parque Nacional Corcovado. The group has been camping for four days on the beach at San Pedrillo Ranger Station, which doesn't generally allow overnight camping, but where Eleanor's program has a long history and special camping privileges. Classes are conducted on the beach or in the rainforest. The group has explored caves behind waterfalls, hiked through the pristine rainforest, cooled off in the ocean, and boated to Isla del Caño, a small island to the west, in the Bahía de Coronado, to learn about island biogeography.

Saturday, 2010 February 13: Eleanor is in the Parque Nacional Santa Rosa, which occupies nearly the entirety of the Península de Santa Elena in the northwest corner of Costa Rica. The ecosystem here is tropical dry forest, quite different from the rainforest of Corcovado. Birding this morning with Professor Anjali Kumar, teaching assistant Yimen Araya, and fellow students Elise Nishikawa and Robert Niese, Eleanor extends her life list by eleven. Highlights are the appropriately named spectacled owl, the orange and black streak-backed oriole, which looks a lot like a Bullock's oriole, but doesn't feel the need to visit us in North America every summer, and the spectacular turquoise-browed motmot, its long tail feathers tipped with turquoise and black.

Monday, 2010 March 1: Last Saturday afternoon, Karen and Carl participated in a family-sponsored memorial service for Diane at the Carter Center in Atlanta. The 300 attendees heard six eulogies that eloquently remembered and celebrated Diane's zest for life. This morning the CDC holds a memorial service at its main campus. Hundreds of staff are in attendance; thousands more watch via video. There are heartfelt remembrances from co-workers, public condolences from the Surgeon General of the United States, Regina Benjamin, and the Director of the CDC, Thomas Frieden, presentation of flags flown over the US Capitol, a glory maple planted on the grounds in Diane's memory, and the unveiling of a fourth name on the monument that lists those who have died in the CDC's service. DIANE BERRY CAVES—that name inscribed in stone at the center of the CDC campus, the deeply incised, timeless letters contrasting sharply with the busy world of Atlanta rushing by on all sides—it is an appropriate memorial, to be sure, and it speaks with massive finality.

Monday, 2010 March 16: Karen and Carl are in the Bay Area visiting Nancy Hom and Steve Honda, old friends from our days in Southern California and fellow empty nesters, with both kids at UCSD. Yesterday we all toured Point Reyes National Seashore, which was decked out in the bright greens of Northern California spring. We were joined for the day by Karen's nephew David and his girlfriend, Sarah Jane, who live in San Francisco. Today is topped off by an outstanding dinner of elk, which Nancy was given by a neighbor, Berkeley-Bowl sweet potatoes, and an unexpected combination, beet-avocado salad, which turns out to be a keeper.

Wednesday, 2010 March 24: Carl is attending a Gordon Conference on Mechanical Systems in the Quantum Regime in Galveston. This afternoon he does some shore birding on the eastern tip of Galveston Island and is rewarded with two American avocets, two black-necked stilts, a greater yellowlegs, and a long-billed curlew. Yesterday afternoon he spotted a crested caracara west of Galveston.

Friday, 2010 March 26: It's snorkeling day in Panama, and Eleanor spends the whole of it—eight hours—at it. The entire Costa Rica group is staying on the unpopulated side of Isla Colón, the northernmost and main island in the Archipiélago de Bocas del Toro. Today is marine diversity day: the group snorkels at four different sites, including inside a mangrove swamp and on the edge of a deep coral shelf, stopping only for lunch at a restaurant built on stilts over the crystal clear turquoise water. Almost everyone is sunburned by day's end, but it's well worth it to view the incredible variety of colorful fish and corals, numerous eels, comb jellies, and cuttlefish.

Wednesday, 2010 March 31: Eleanor, in Monteverde, is notified that she has won one of the 2010 Barry M. Goldwater Scholarships. A Goldwater Scholarship is the most prestigious merit award for undergraduates in the sciences and engineering—278 were awarded this year—and provides an annual contribution of \$7,500 toward expenses of undergraduate education.

Tuesday, 2010 April 13: It's the home-stay period for Eleanor's Costa Rica program. She is staying with Licho and Danis Arguedas-Villalobos in Santa Elena, a village just northwest of Monteverde. Danis and Licho are wood-working artisans, who carve fallen pieces of rosewood, or cocolobo, into bowls, plates, and jewelry. Eleanor is staying with them for a full month while working on her independent project. They speak nary a word of English, which has a very positive effect on Eleanor's Spanish. Every night after dinner—the best food Eleanor has had in Costa Rica—they all sit and talk about all sorts of topics, or they play cards. Today Licho and Danis host eight

of Eleanor's fellow students, who are living in nearby Cañitas, for a cooking lesson: they learn to cook arepas, a sweet, traditional Costa Rican snack similar in shape and consistency to a pancake.

Thursday, 2010 April 22: In a country where pumpkin is an everyday vegetable, Jeremy has successfully introduced pumpkin muffins, modifying our family recipe to employ the readily available fresh pumpkin in place of the canned product generally used in America. A few days ago, he taught his German housemate how to make these tasty treats. She took the resulting tin of muffins to the German embassy as an initial offering on starting work there. Today the housemate receives an enthusiastic e-mail from the German ambassador to Australia: "Die Muffins sind phantastisch—vielen Dank!" ("The muffins are fantastic. Many thanks!")

Sunday, 2010 April 25: Jewish Family Service of New Mexico holds its annual fund-raising dinner at Albuquerque's Balloon Museum. As Past President, Karen has been the chief organizer of the event, heading up a team of dedicated volunteers. For the past month, much of the house has served as a staging area, but life proceeds pretty much normally in what is left unoccupied, that being the kitchen and the master bedroom and bathroom. The fund-raiser is a rousing success, netting nearly \$100,000 to support JFS's community services. In the live auction, Karen and Carl buy a birding/photography tour of Bosque del Apache, to be led by photographer Jerry Gough, and sell a geology hike, to be led by a certified earth scientist, aka Jeremy.

Saturday, 2010 May 1: Jeremy and nine companions are in the midst of a nine-day student geology field trip through the Australian states of Victoria and South Australia. Today they view the famous Twelve Apostles, a set of headland stacks that stand splendidly off the ocean cliffs along the Great Ocean Road west of Melbourne.

In Albuquerque, the day brings a breezy, brawny spring afternoon, equal parts summer sunshine and winter shadow. Big clouds crawl across the sky, dangling pendulous breasts above the thirsty ground. The last snowflakes of the season chase Carl away from the house on his regular 35-mile bike ride to fetch a double latte. Popcorn snow pelts him as he returns home three-and-a-half hours later.

Sunday, 2010 May 2: Not quite the last snowflakes after all. A late afternoon thunderstorm brings hail, followed by 30 minutes of wet snow, which blankets the ground to two inches deep. We've never before seen May snow at our house.

Wednesday, 2010 May 5: Jeremy's Australian geology tour is in its last day. Today the group visits Glen Rowan, the site of the famous last stand of the Ned Kelly gang. The town is small, with perhaps a hundred buildings, but there is 20-foot-tall statue of Ned himself, arrayed in the homemade armor that the gang thought would save them. A walking track through the town supposedly follows the activities of the gang's last days, but instead mainly proffers random observations on poster boards scattered along the trail. One of Jeremy's Aussie companions is moved to remark, "Australian history recapitulates world history in cartoonish form."

Tuesday, 2010 May 11: Eleanor presents a summary of her independent study project at the symposium held annually by CIEE. Her project dealt with the relationship between frugivorous bats in the family *Phyllostomidae* and a plant in the tomato family, *Solanum umbellatum*. She worked with Dr. Richard LaVal, a local mammologist who has lived in Costa Rica for almost 50 years. Following her presentation, Richard offers to help her publish the findings. It's a happy day for Eleanor, shadowed only by the prospect, one week hence, of leaving Costa Rica and all of her new and very close friends.

Friday, 2010 May 28: Eleanor arrived in Albuquerque from Costa Rica on May 17 and Jeremy from Australia on May 26. They will overlap here for five days before the summer scattering commences.

This evening, after a dinner of gallo pinto, the Costa Rican national dish of rice and beans, all four of us, plus Eleanor's boyfriend, Nick Kramer from San Diego, gather round the kitchen table to sample a bottle of Dark Lord Russian Style Imperial Stout. Dark Lord, sought by thousands, is sold, one bottle at a time, on the last Saturday in April at Three Floyds microbrewery in Munster, Indiana. Fortunately we have a mole with influence, Karen's cousin Debbie Rothschild, who procured a bottle through back channels she prefers to leave obscure. The beer itself is stout indeed, sweet and bitter at the same time, with hints of coffee and vanilla. Karen labels it distinctive, Jeremy is not entirely sold, Eleanor finds it filling, but quite special, and Nick and Carl clearly love it.

Wednesday, 2010 June 2: Eleanor arrives in Guam after 24 hours of travel from Albuquerque. She is one of two undergraduates, funded by an NSF Research Experience for Undergraduates (REU) program at the University of Washington, who will participate this summer in the long-running Ecology of Bird Loss Project, which studies what happens when an island loses all its birds. The resident bird species on Guam were extirpated by the brown tree snake, which was inadvertently introduced to the island shortly after World War II, most likely in military cargo. Comparison can be made with the nearby islands of the Marianas group, Rota, Tinian, and Saipan, where the snake has been carefully excluded, allowing native birds to survive.

Thursday, 2010 June 10: Erin Morrison, Roque Sanchez, and Jeremy set off from Albuquerque for a month-long trek along the Pacific Crest Trail through the southern Sierra Nevada range in California. Karen is driving them to the trailhead at Walker Pass, outside Ridgecrest, California, and will return to Albuquerque next week with our friend Abby Hellwarth of Santa Monica.

Saturday, 2010 June 12: Funny how the mind works. Carl, stripping Eleanor's bed in anticipation of Abby's visit next week, notices Eleanor's pandanus hat, now faded to grey tinged only faintly with green, hanging next to the bed. Diane suddenly appears, flashing that winning smile, inviting conversation about her latest book, ever ready to ski down a slope too steep or to canoe down the Wisconsin River on a lazy summer day. Then she is gone. The loss is real. So are the memories. Carl returns to the kitchen to contemplate tiny baby quail scurrying to keep up with their parents.

Sunday, 2010 June 20: Sunday morning in the tropics. Time to kick back and relax. After dropping off fellow REU student, Summer Jennings, at her last dive class, Eleanor stumbles on Barista Blends, a coffee shop on the beach in Hagåtña. She sits on the large covered veranda, sipping an iced coffee. In front of her, palm trees sway in a gentle breeze, and a white-sand beach extends to the clear, calm waters of Agana Bay. At the horizon, the turquoise water of the bay meets an azure sky dotted with the soft-edged clouds of the tropics. Hot and humid Guam may be, but who's complaining?

Thursday, 2010 June 24: Erin, Roque, and Jeremy summit Mount Whitney, standing, at 14,505 feet, higher than anyone else in the Lower 48 and enjoying a grand view over a good piece of our beloved western North America. They descend to the camp they occupied last night, a bit above Crabtree Meadow along the John Muir Trail west of Whitney.

Sunday, 2010 June 27: Eleanor, on Saipan since Wednesday, dives at Wing Beach, on the northern tip of the island, with Summer and diving guide Harry. They enter the water from the beach and descend through a trench to about 95 feet, where they drift along a wall of richly colored coral, surveying clownfish, urchins, gobies, and a myriad of brightly colored fish, plus a moray eel and a lionfish. Eleanor declares it one of the top dives of her extensive diving career.

New life. Kevin and Meredid Caves are the proud parents of Elise Diane Caves, born this evening at 10:11 pm EDT. Doug and Sherry ascend to grand status.

Thursday, 2010 July 1: Carl rides his bike from UNM up the long hill to the house. An initially innocuous cloud over the Sandias thickens threateningly, and as he approaches the mountains and makes the turn onto Tramway Boulevard, with 35 minutes to go, it begins to pour. The rest of the ride, considerably wetter than desirable, is redeemed by the Sun. Refusing to hide behind the scattered clouds in the west, it shines undimmed through the thunderstorm, making for a vivid rainbow arching high above the Sandias, all the way home.

The summer scattering continues tomorrow. Jeremy is on the Pacific Crest Trail, Eleanor is in Guam, and Carl leaves for five weeks in Brisbane and a week in Singapore. Karen will hold down the fort in Albuquerque.

Best Wishes,

Eleanor

Jeremy

Karen

Carl

CMC/TEX

P.S. The photos show Eleanor under attack on the Farallons—you knew there was a reason for that hard hat—and taking advantage of the diving in Guam, Jeremy with fellow birder and Rice professor Cin-Ty Lee at the Rice commencement, Karen and Jeremy packing up after commencement, Karen with her pal at the Charles Schultz Museum in Santa Rosa, and in lieu of a picture of Carl, the considerably handsomer cassowary he met at Cassowary House.