

Antarctica for cal/val purposes was not supported by NSF. I'll have to find another excuse to visit Antarctica in the 21st century.

❖ Carl J. Bowser

I suppose that after 36 years on the department faculty it's not easy to retire and expect to slip out the back door without being noticed. This year's Spring Banquet was chosen as the moment when the department took note, and gave formal recognition of my retirement. The welcome presence of former grads and a few of the "older" faculty who actually started teaching here before me made the moment all the more worthwhile.

Prior to the banquet I had an opportunity to present some of my "new directions" by giving a seminar on photography, and a chance to show some of my favorite photographs to the attendees. Despite the attempt at a more left-brained lecture, some of the "rules of effective photography" seem to have penetrated the other side of the minds of those present. I continue to get favorable comments from students and faculty about the talk, and appreciation of the fact that simply pushing the shutter is not necessarily all there is to photography. John Magnuson, my longtime friend and research collaborator from the Center for Limnology, provided the introduction, with kindly comments and illustrations of some of my prior accomplishments while at Wisconsin.

Phil Brown continued the comments on my retirement at the banquet, with a somewhat warmer roasting fire, but all in good fun and deeply appreciated. He did an excellent job at "researching" my past without discovering (or telling about) some of the less savory chapters. Thanks Phil! He even stooped to the point of reviewing my graduate/undergraduate grades, and pointed out that I got a "B" in economic geology (of course, my only "B" in earth sciences courses). Had he been more familiar with the infinitely more rigorous demands of grads at UCLA and George Tunell's reputation for reserving the top grades only for himself, he wouldn't have ventured into this territory. But, now that he has, Phil can rest assured that a full investigation of his records at Carleton and Michigan is underway!

Last, but certainly not least, I was given a welcome gift certificate to one of my favorite stores in town. It provided a new lens for my growing collection of camera equipment that I continue to use regularly. I am deeply grateful. This retirement thing is not too bad!

(See a related article on page 40.)

❖ David L. Clark

The year 2000 was my first full year in retirement, but included a number of activities related to my tenure in

Madison. Our work on the possible Alpha Ridge bedrock was published, another paper on possible Lomonosov Ridge bedrock (with the USGS) was accepted for publication, I gave a lecture concerned with Arctic Ocean paleoclimatology at UC-Davis, and in November returned to Madison for the dissertation defense of my final PhD student, Jeff Kuglitsch. In April, I will give a couple of lectures on the history of the Arctic Ocean at the University of Alaska-Fairbanks, and in June I will be presented the R.C. Moore Medal for paleontology by the SEPM in Denver.

Inserted among these professional activities were monthly and sometimes weekly visits to the coast for invertebrate collecting, a number of trips around the country to visit family and friends, and the continuing saga of sampling the finest restaurants in the Sonoma and Napa valleys. I hope that some of you will visit us so we can share our knowledge of northern California cuisine!

❖ Cambell Craddock

During 2000 Dottie and I remained in good health, and we continued to live quietly in our fifth year of retirement. We both are active in our church. Most of our travels were visits to family in Illinois, Iowa, Minnesota and Michigan, but we did attend the Geological Society of America in Reno. All the children, their spouses, and grandchildren were here at Thanksgiving, making a total of 16 for Grandma's tasty dinner.

Much of the year was given to genealogy seminars and research trips. In September 1999, we first learned the identity of my birth mother, Alice M. Phillips, who passed away in 1995 and is buried in Houghton. Her twin brother Robert (my original name was Robert Phillips) is alive, and we attended his 90th birthday party last May up in International Falls, MN. We have been in correspondence with other Phillips family folks, and we have visited several of them. They have all helped us to learn about my "new" family, and to trace it back to its origins in western Cornwall, Great Britain. So far I am not the lost heir to the Phillips Petroleum fortune, or Phillips Milk of Magnesia either!

In September we enjoyed a tour of the Penwith district, western Cornwall, with one Howard Cornwall, a distant cousin. We worshipped one Sunday in Towednack (Ta-WED-nik) church where my great-great grandparents Francis Phillips and Jane Michell were married July 18, 1835. We found Trevalgan Farm where they lived in 1851 with their nine children before Francis died in an accident in an underground tin mine.

In 1872 their son William, also a tin miner, left for America. He settled in Houghton, MI, where he found work in the Atlantic Copper Mine. In 1880 he married