

## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Credit for the successes of Leg 168 should go to a large number of individuals and institutions. All members of the Shipboard Scientific Party gratefully acknowledge these contributions. Planning for this program was based on a broad range of geophysical, geochemical, and oceanographic data collected by numerous investigators, many of whom would have liked to participate in this phase of studies on the eastern flank of the Juan de Fuca Ridge. Although space precludes listing the names of all who have contributed to our knowledge of this area, these persons should share the credit for the new level of understanding about the nature and consequences of hydrothermal circulation in mid-ocean ridge flanks that will result from this drilling leg.

Many people devoted long hours during the two months of the drilling leg itself and contributed greatly to making the shipboard operations proceed impressively smoothly, despite the complications created by the variety of tools used and the number of instrumented reentry holes established. The drillers and other members of the rig-floor crew were run ragged by preparations that were often carried out simultaneously with normal drilling and downhole operations. Flexibility with the order of operations and final siting of holes, provided by ODP Deputy Director Tim Francis and others on shore and by ODP Operations Manager Mike Storms and *JOIDES Resolution* Captain Tom Ribbens on the ship, saved a considerable amount of time, ultimately allowing us to complete an optimal transect of sites which, in theory, should not have been possible in the time provided by a single leg! Particularly creative solutions to potentially disastrous operational problems must also be credited to Sedco Rig Superintendent Bob Caldwell, Tool Pusher Scott Pederson, Core Technicians Bill Lee and Tim McCown, and the rest of the Sedco crew, Mike Storms, and ODP Special Tools Engineer Bill Reinhart. Their ideas and actions saved two holes from collapse, and they are congratulated for their tireless patience with the demands imposed by the challenging scientific program and by the difficulties associated with instabilities in sediments and basement. Similarly, the skilled and patient ODP technical support personnel kept laboratories and tools operating under difficult conditions and maintained good humor throughout the expedition.

We would also like to thank the Ocean Drilling Program for financial and engineering support for the leg. Costs associated with the casings, reentry cones, CORKs, and numerous additional hardware components deployed during this leg (followed by two more CORKs on Leg 169) were not insignificant, nor were the efforts contributed by Tom Pettigrew and many others at ODP for the construction and associated preparation and handling of this gear.

To all who were directly or remotely involved we extend our wholehearted thanks with this note, and with the summary that follows. It was worth the effort.

### FlankFlux Finale

It's time for another doggerel dose  
To sum up our trip, and say thanks to our hosts:  
The folks who agreed to pay for it all,  
The galley who fed us, and the hands, most of all,  
Who worked in the derrick, beneath the rig floor,  
On the bridge at the wheel, always ready for more.

We shanghai'd the ship 'neath the Golden Gate Bridge,  
Turned right on a course to the J de F Ridge,  
A place where we thought we could drill in a spot  
That would tell us how hot, and whether or not  
The whole of the ocean, the Pacific so great,  
Doth rush through the crust, and chaos create!

To do this we hatched a most dubious plan  
To leave on the seafloor more casings, cones than  
Neither time would allow, nor space in the hold;  
Spare freeboard on *JR*? To the gunwales we rode!  
More iron, in fact, would be thrown overboard  
Than tonnage of mud that's ever been cored!

The labor was constant in the Downhole Garage,  
Mechanics aplenty (even les gros fromages)  
Worked packers and probes, other gadgets galore,  
What a mess! Stuff was piled from ceiling to floor.  
They shifted CORK cables from box to the bench  
And fixed osmo-samplers with a Rube Goldberg wrench.

At last all was ready for deployment time:  
Start up the loggers, and lower the line.  
A little tape here and a little mud there  
Made the work easy... Ah, but chemists beware!  
The crust's now polluted; will it ever be the same?  
The uncertainty principle may strike us again!

One deck below, all was not quiet,  
With too little core there was almost a riot,  
The squeezers would squish all they were able,  
Leaving nothing but cement and sand on the table.  
But saponite veins and vesicular rock  
Saved the day, hip-hooray, and the unrest did stop!

The results? Most surprising! In a flash and a wink  
Right next to hot vents cold waters must sink!  
Alteration? "You betcha," the thin section says.  
Oxidation? Reduction? A challenging maze:  
Glassy rims tell one story, coarse matrix another.  
And the muds just above? Alas! They just smother!

That's right—they do stop seawater from leaking  
Down into the cellar, in a manner of speaking;  
'Till we fools came along and poked holes in the cover!  
... But just to plug them back up? Then why did we bother?  
"A hole is to dig"; "A mountain... to climb,"  
A simple matter for those to whom drilling's sublime!

Now time for the write-ups... Port call in one week?  
Zut alors! Quel damage! The co-chiefs did speak  
Of bribing the troops with venues exciting  
For the post-science meeting, just to speed up the writing.  
Page charges? They're free... if you're willing to wait...  
For how many months?? That's right! Forty-eight!

Then back to Victoria, that city so British;  
Back to families and friends. Shipboard life's, for now, finished.  
We'll look back to a fine time. New friends we must leave.  
Thanks again to the crew for your help with our scheme.  
"Dank u wel" to the Captain, please forgive our vacillations.  
Until next time, we wish y'all: "Adieu!" ... "Auf wiedersehen!"