

LIVING ON THE SIO CAMPUS
IN THE 1940s AND '50s

— Sam Hinton —

Leslie and I moved into Cottage 5, on the Scripps campus, in early October, 1946, with our daughter Leanne, 4 years old, and son Matt, about 6 months old. After about a year, we were moved to Cottage 27 up on the hill (where the Hydraulics Lab now stands) and lived there until 1958, when we built our home at Scripps Estates Associate, where we still live.

Both our kids went through elementary and high school in La Jolla, and Leanne came back here to UCSD to earn her PhD in Linguistics. When we arrived at SIO, Leslie and I were among the youngest staff members, but there were lots of kids around for ours to play with and grow up with. Marston and Peter Sargent, who lived next door to our 27 Discovery Way, had Jeanne Ann and Tommy (we had a dog named Tommy, which led to a necessary conversational distinguishing, among the Sargents and ourselves, between "Boy Tommy" and "Dog Tommy"): the Denis Fox family had four kids, I think--three of them boys; the Rakestraws had two, and Dr. George Bien had three girls, the youngest of whom (Margaret) went through school along with Matt. The Raitt's daughter Martha was close to Leanne's age, and they were good friends; Bob Arthur's daughter was a good friend of Matt's. Several graduate students, some of whom lived in the Cottages, had youngsters whose ages paralleled those of one of our two—especially J. Bennett ("Ben") and Dorothy Olson whose daughter Chrissie was perhaps Leanne's best friend for years. Ben was working under Martin Johnson, preparing his PhD thesis on harpacticoid copepods. (Ben left here to be a professor at Santa Rosa State, then went to Purdue to

pursue a long and distinguished faculty career. Both he and Dorothy died in recent years.) There were also Billy and Sarah Hutton, off-campus, whose Dad was a student of Claude ZoBell's. Ken Norris, with Carl Hubbs as his chief professor, was still a bachelor then but he babysat for our kids and became a lifelong friend of the family. In fact, both our children, as young adults, worked for Ken later — Matt helping to train dolphins in Hawaii, and Leanne acting as an assistant during a whale-seeking trip in Chile. After helping set up and operate Marineland of the Pacific near Los Angeles, doing the same sort of thing in Hawaii, and teaching at UCLA for a few years, he became a well known and much loved professor at UC Santa Cruz. He died in Santa Cruz in 1998, his final sick-bed surrounded by family and friends, all (including Ken) singing the songs that Ken had loved and taught them.

The Director of SIO when we arrived was Dr. Harald Sverdrup. He and his wife Gudrun lived in the Director's House (Cottage 16) on the lower campus. Harald's secretary was Tillie Genter, who did more than any one person in running the Institution. Tillie held the petty cash purse strings, and one of the first things I learned from my predecessor at the Aquarium, "Barny" Barnhart, was a way of stretching University rules without Tillie's having to approve it, in order to be reimbursed for a certain petty cash expenditure of a nickel every week. "Every Tuesday, when you pick up frozen mackerel at the People's Fish Company in San Diego, to feed our fish, you'll have to put a nickel in the parking meter. But you tell Tillie that parking cost a dime, and she'll refund it to you. That extra nickel buys a cigar for Augie at the market, 'cause he always gives us a real good buy on the mackerel. But Tillie would have to say that University rules would not allow the gift of a cigar."

Tillie, born and raised in La Jolla, did all the work later done by the Secretarial Pool, the Business Office, the Purchasing Department, the Personnel Office, the Accounting Office, any number of Admini-

strative Assistants, and the telephone switchboard. Her brother Ben was a skin-diver, surfer and boat-builder, and built several skiffs for SIO before WW II. Genter Street in La Jolla is named for the family.

Before the switchboard, there were only two telephones on the campus — one on Tillie's desk, and the other in the Museum room in the Library building. There was a primitive doorbell system reaching into several offices, so Tillie could call certain staff members to the phone during working hours; on weekends, the phone in the Museum was manned when the Museum was open, and I took many a message there. When the Museum was closed, there was nobody to answer the phone. One Sunday night it rang while the janitor was near it, and he answered. The caller was a newspaper reporter, who said a strange fish had been caught that day on a party boat, and he wanted to know what kind it was. He gave a description, and the custodian, Ben Green, said he couldn't identify it, although if he had raised his eyes a bit, he could have seen a lifelike plaster cast of a fish of that species — *Icosteus aenigmaticus*, the Spotted Ragfish — hanging on the wall. The next day, the San Diego morning paper had a story with a headline: "Strange Fish Baffles Scripps Scientists."

Answering such questions was a regular part of the duties of the Curator of the Aquarium and Museum. Percy Barnhart, my predecessor at the Aquarium and Museum, kept a file of newspaper articles quoting him as the source of such information. One of his prizes was a cartoon from a British Columbia newspaper, relating to a "sea monster" that had washed up on the beach near Victoria. A reporter from one of the big news syndicates called Barny to ask for an identification of the monster, and gave a description. Barny replied that the description of the two long "tusks" sounded like the jawbones of a decaying baleen whale, so maybe it wasn't really a hitherto-unknown monster. This was duly reported widely by the syndicate, and a Canadian newspaper published

the cartoon showing a map of the Pacific Coast, with a horrible sea monster stretching its neck from Vancouver Island to "The Scripps Institute." and snarling "Mind your own business!" This newspaper clipping was not filed away, but decorated the wall above Barny's desk in the Library basement. (The Museum was on the ground floor of the Library.)

After Roger Revelle became Director, before the T. Wayland Vaughan Aquarium-Museum was built, Roger's wife, Ellen, had to call me on that phone several times; Roger was often late for some appointment at home, and Ellen thought he was probably upstairs in the Library, bemused as he often was by any piece of printed information. She was usually right, and Roger never objected to being reminded that Ellen was expecting him.

At the time when Carl Hubbs had joined the faculty, there was no empty cottage for him and Laura except for the one known as the Community House, the site of which is now occupied by IGPP, so the Hubbses moved into that house for a while. In 1948, the Sverdrups returned to their native Norway, where Harald was to head up the new Polar Institut. Carl Eckart and Roger Revelle were co-directors of SIO for a while, although at first it was Dr. Eckart who was most visible in that position. When Carl decided he had had enough of administration, Roger was named Director—but he and Ellen decided to remain in their La Jolla home, and Cottage 16 was left vacant. So Carl and Laura Hubbs moved into No. 16, and the Community House became just that again.

That building was pretty important in the social life of the SIO community. Somewhat isolated as we were from La Jolla proper, we had to find much of our own social lives right on campus. We had a weekly songfest there, with Dr. Norris Rakestraw of Marine Chemistry as one of the most active participants, along with Hazel, his wife. He taught us all a lot of the old college songs that had been important to him. One of his

favorites was "Gaudeamus Igitur," in Latin, which he said ought to be known to every college and university person throughout the world. Marston Sargent coached us in a few songs in German: "Mus I' Denn" and "Du, Du, Liegst Mir Im Herzen" were among the favorites. Martin Johnson came often, and when we could persuade him to do so, he brought and played his mandolin — which he had made himself, from scratch. I prepared song sheets for everybody, using the old purple-ink Ditto™ duplicator.

Beach parties were often held during the summer months. I remember one that was drowned out by a high tide, and the spectacle of some of the world's greatest oceanographers being thus surprised by a maritime phenomenon that should have been predictable was exploited by the *New Yorker* magazine. The Institution was mentioned another time in that magazine: Gene LaFond was studying average breaker heights near shore, and he got tall Roger Revelle (before he became Director) to act as a measuring device. Roger donned swimming trunks and painted metric markings on his chest. He waded into the surf, with Gene on the pier observing wave heights in relation to these markings. The *New Yorker* thought this worth mentioning in a shortpoice headed something like "M<odern Dscience In Action."

General parties were often held in the Community House, as when Harald and Gudrun were about to leave for Norway. The farewell party for them was a real big bash. As the designer and executor of Museum exhibits, I was put in charge of decorations. One large picture was a caricature of Carl Hubbs, composed of outline drawings of fish and other marine life put together so as to form the portrait. Later, Carl had this reduced and printed as a Christmas card. Another picture that received a lot of comment was entitled "Oath of Fealty," and showed a generic professor with his right hand raised and his left on a copy of *The Oceans* by Sverdrup, Johnson, and Fleming. (This was early in the period of the

House Unamerican Activities Committee's anti-Communist Loyalty Oath controversy. Roger Revelle bravely stuck his neck out after he became Director, insisting that the idea of discharging any faculty member who refused to sign such an oath was an infringement of academic freedom.)

The Community House was often the site of party games, especially following each of the fairly frequent potluck suppers. Carl Hubbs had recently been to Japan, and he taught us several Japanese parlor games that everyone enjoyed hugely. Carl loved kids, and his boisterous good-natured play with them was often so stimulating that it was hard to get our two to sleep after such a gathering.

SIO was a grand place for kids. Matt, with his sharp and retentive mind, seemed to absorb knowledge from every side. By the time he was six, he could conduct aquarium tours as well as I could. And when he joined the Coast Guard as a young man, he went to their school to learn to be a Sonar operator, and finished the course and passed the exams with no problems. Then he confounded his superiors by taking—and passing—the test for Oceanography specialists, without having taken the required courses!

Matt, by the way, as a very young child bestowed names on some of the special fishes in the Aquarium. One was "Sergeant Thompson," a large California Sheephead (*Pimelometopn pulchrum*); another was "Harvey," a big Broomtail Grouper (*Mycteroperca xenarcha*). Many years after I had left Scripps and gone to work on the Upper Campus (UCSD), I learned that Harvey's name had been passed on to a succession of groupers, and Dr. Ned Smith, the Director of the new Birch Aquarium, didn't know where it had come from. Matt had given the name in honor of Harvey, the invisible "pooka" rabbit in the 1950 movie "Harvey," starring James Stewart.

La Jolla was a pretty rich and conservative community in those pre-UCSD days. Leanne reported that she was the only Democrat in her

class at La Jolla Elementary School, and that she was also the only one who didn't own a horse!

In our house at No. 27, we had a regular Art Night, with people bringing examples of art work, as well as making drawings on the spot. Visiting scientists were often included in this gathering, and that's how we first got to know Michael Longuet-Higgins, the mathematician from England. Children were welcome, and Michael became good friends with our son Matt, who was then about 7 years old. Michael later designed and constructed some space-filling geometric solids, using simple tetrahedra plus some other hybrid polyhedra. He called them "Matty Blocks," and sent Matt a set of them which he had constructed of carefully painted cardboard.

Leslie and Leanne were always among the most accomplished artists at these get-togethers, and I'm glad to say that Leanne, now a full Professor of Linguistics at UC Berkeley, still carries on the Art Night tradition in her home there. (By the way, Doug, the older Rakestraw boy, also became a linguist, and the last time I heard of him he was a University professor in the Netherlands.)

Helen Raitt was also an artist and craftsperson, and she founded "La Jolla Handmades", a cooperative group of artisans in leather work; Leslie was a contributing member of that group.

I remember one particular party, held at the LaFond's cottage. A grunion run had been predicted for about midnight, so the LaFonds served drinks and canapés until that time, when we all repaired to the beach to watch the grunions come in.

One of Carl Hubbs's graduate students, Boyd W. Walker, was researching grunion habits and populations by marking (with clipped fins) as many grunions (*Leuresthes tenuis*) as he could get hold of, and practically everyone living on campus helped him out through a period of several years. I'll never forget how Boyd would sit in regal state, high

up on the beach, counting and marking grunions, and identifying those that had been previously marked, by the light of a gasoline lantern, while a steady procession of professors, other staff members, buildings and grounds personnel, and kids brought him bucket after bucket of the slippery little fish. At his request, I made a Certificate of Gratitude, a copy of which, signed by Boyd, was given to every participant in his multiyear study. This certificate, reproduced on the old Ozalid ammonia-fume machine, gave the bearer the right to "spawn on the beach at high tide." Boyd left SIO to become a full Professor at UCLA.

(By the way, when folksinger Pete Seeger was in town for a concert, he stayed with us in Cottage 27, and we took him to see a grunion run. Pete's exuberance is usually reserved for the stage, while his private demeanor is reserved and somewhat taciturn. That night, however, he overcame his suspicions that the "Grunion Run" was a version of the widespread "snipe hunt," an elaborate practical joke, and became quite visibly and volubly excited by the running of the grunion.

The Librarian at that time was Ruth Ragan. As Librarian, she was knowledgeable and helpful, but she did have a sharp tongue that brought fear into the hearts of many of her customers. The old Museum, which was under my jurisdiction, was on the ground floor of the library building, and they made me an *ex officio* member of the Library Committee. Ms. Ragan, of course, was also a member, and attended most of the meetings of this committee. On one occasion a question arose about the possibility of installing a mezzanine floor in the high Museum room, to help accommodate the ever-growing shelves of periodicals and books. Ms. Ragan, somehow offended by the idea, jumped on the Committee Chairman for his pronunciation of the word "mezzanine." She wanted it said in the Italian style, with the "zz" sound of "pizza," and said "Well, if you must talk about such a travesty, please at least pronounce it correctly. It's 'METzaneen! METzaneen!' The Chairman

apologized, and thereafter tried his best to emulate her pronunciation. He apparently knew there was a "T" in there somewhere, but couldn't remember where, and from then on he said "MEZanteen." (It finally was installed, but never pronounced "correctly" by anyone but Miss Ragan.)

When her retirement was imminent, this same Chairman told her that the Committee had found a replacement librarian in the person of W. Roy Holleman, whom he described as a real "Crackerjack." Ms. Ragan took that word and played with it much as Shakespeare had Mark Antony play with "honorable," and at subsequent meetings often said things like "Well, when your 'CRACKERJACK' arrives. I hope he'll be aware of" or "Surely your 'CRACKERJACK' will know how to...."

Dr. Eckart, as SIO Director, gave me permission to do a daily live early-morning radio program, "A Calendar of Folk Songs" on Radio Station KSDJ, which later changed its call letters to KOGO. This meant that I got to work half an hour late on every week-day (having already checked water-flow in the aquarium at 6:00 AM, before leaving for the radio station), and his permission was contingent upon my making up the time in the late afternoon. Miss Ragan stopped me one day and asked if it was true that I was doing a radio program. When I proudly said "Yes!" she responded

"How do you get away with it?"

Ruth Ragan, by the way, was a Shakespeare scholar in her spare time, and was invited from her retirement home at Casa de Mañana to attend the ceremony celebrating the attaining of the 500 thousandth volume at the new UCSD Library. Appropriately, that volume was a Shakespeare folio. Miss Ragan was by then in poor health, and quite feeble, but she managed to attend, and to uphold her reputation by making a few acerbic remarks about the "un-library-like" architecture of

the new building, recently rededicated as the Geisel Library (for Ted Geisel, better known as "Doctor Suess.").

One of the great joys of working at SIO was was meeting visiting students and researchers from all over the world. Sometimes their arrival was marked by informality, as when Jean Filloux and a friend arrived on a Sunday afternoon, having sailed their two-man sloop all the way from France. Jean was expected here, but no one was around that day to welcome him or tell him where to go. I was on duty at the Museum — the only open building on campus at the time —and took the two of them home to supper in Cottage 27, where we identified and telephoned their intended hosts. The limited English of these intrepid sailors and my even more-limited French proved not to be a hindrance to communication and to the beginning of a long friendship with Jean.

Colm oHeocha was a graduate student from Ireland, and we became good friends: he even taught me to sing a song or two in Gaelic. That was his first language, and he laughingly told how he had written his Master's thesis, on the physiology of certain European seaweeds, in the good hard Gaelic, much to the consternation of the officials at his Irish University—which I think may have been Trinity College in Dublin. He said Irish was the official language of the country, so his thesis could not be dismissed out of hand just because it was written in that language, but the authorities had a hard time finding a reputable algal physiologist who could read it well enough to pass judgment. At SIO, Colm wrote his PhD thesis in English, obtained his degree and went back to Ireland. There he entered academia, and worked his way up to the Presidency of University College, Galway. He retired from that position a year or two ago.

Douglas P. Wilson, biologist and photographer from the Plymouth Marine Laboratories in England, was here for a month or more, and had Thanksgiving dinner with us. Leslie cooked a wonderful turkey, coated

with a mustard paste, in our backyard barbecue at 27 Discovery way, and D. P. was most impressed not only with the meal but with the fact that we could comfortably eat it out-of-doors, in November.

Gunnar Thorson was a likable marine biologist from Denmark. He was a young man of enormous energy, and did everything rapidly -- including talking: several people here gave him the nickname "Machine-Gunnar." I took him to visit the tidepools north of the pier, pointing out that these pools had been worked by several generations of biologists, and he probably wouldn't see anything new. Nevertheless, on that short trip, he found, and later formally described, two undescribed species, and observed the first known case of a shelled gastropod living a parasitic life! (This was a well-known and fairly common species of the mollusk *Epitonium*— but no one before had noticed that it lived as a parasite on the stalks of the large Green Anemone, *Anthopleura xanthogrammica*.)

Alfred Eide Paar was a distinguished oceanographer from Norway, staying with Gifford Ewing and his family in their off-campus home. Prof. Paar, it was noticed, had a habit of expressing displeasure or disappointment with the terse expletive "shit!", even when ladies were present. Gif thought that perhaps someone had played a joke on him by giving a false explanation of the English word, so he took Dr. Paar aside and told him what the word really meant. "Ya," said Dr. Paar: "It means the same thing in Norwegian!"

(It isn't unusual for people to play jokes by suggesting that a stranger to their language use some embarrassing phrase. Once, probably in 1952 or '53, we had some distinguished visitors from Mexico, including an Admiral, and my assignment was to show them around the then-new Aquarium. So I asked a graduate student from Mexico how one should greet a Mexican Admiral in his own language, and the student, whose parents had been expelled from Franco's Spain as

undesirable liberals, said "You bow like this, and you say 'Chinga tu madre, Almirante!'" He relented, and told me I shouldn't really say that, but it wasn't necessary; I knew just enough Spanish not to follow his advice....)

Gif Ewing was an amateur oceanographer in the best sense, the sense of someone doing something for the love of it, and he did it well. He had independent means of a sufficiency to allow him to buy his own airplane, and was a well-trained pilot. Once he took Carl Hubbs on a whale-counting flight above the Gulf of California and while circling low over a pod of whales, out of sight of land, he suddenly realized that with his single-engine plane they were in a dangerous situation. Gif later told me that he had prayed, and promised the Lord that if he and Carl got safely back to land, he would buy a two-engine job. They did, and he did: he bought a twin-engined Widgeon.

Adriano Buzzatti-Traverso was a visiting scientist from Italy. SIO then was formally a sort of branch of UCLA, and advanced degrees were bestowed by that "parent" campus. It was the custom for SIO students to go to UCLA to receive their PhDs formally, and many of our SIO professors attended the commencement ceremony and took their places in the Academic Procession. Ancient custom had the attending professors ranked by the age of the institutions in which they had earned their degrees, with those from the oldest ones marching at the front, Adriano, having earned his doctorate in Milan, for several years was at the head of this group. There was an abortive joking movement among some of our faculty to wangle an honorary degree for an SIO member from a University in Portugal, which is a few years older than the one in Milan, so as to have someone ahead of Adriano in the procession. This never came to pass, but if it had, I think Adriano would have found it very funny.

Adriano once addressed the staff at the informal weekly "Skipper's Mess" meeting, where staff members dined from their brown bags and listened to a student or professor give an informal account of work in progress. Adriano was working with sea urchins, but it was obvious to him that we didn't understand what genus he was talking about until he wrote its name — *Strongylocentrotus*—on the blackboard. "I am sorry," he apologized, "that I have never learned to pronounce Latin and Greek in English!"

We had a whole procession of graduate students from Japan, and I learned several Japanese children's songs from them. The learning process was fraught with difficulty, for, to a man, they were too polite to criticize my pronunciations even when I knew I didn't have it right!

The T. Waylaid Vaughan Aquarium-Museum was opened in 1951, and shortly thereafter, the Sales Desk there became the campus bookstore for the grad students. I well remember one of these, whose fiancée was coming from the home country to marry him. He confessed to me that he knew very little about "the physical aspects of marriage," and asked if I could get him a book on the subject. The only thing available then was Van der Velde's *Theory and Technique of Marriage*, a dry-as-dust sex manual that never even hinted that there might be some fun connected with the subject. The book was ordered and delivered, the bride arrived and a successful marriage ceremony was performed. A few weeks later, the new husband came shyly to me again, wanting to know if I could recommend another book— a more advanced one.

That book store had an interesting background. I wanted to sell postcards and books and seashells at the new aquarium in order to defray our expenses, My annual budget wasn't nearly enough for the developing of museum exhibits, as practically all our money was spent on buying fresh mackerel to feed the aquarium inhabitants. (They also had a weekly "free" feeding of sand crabs and red worms, which I collected

from the beach.) University rules, however, stipulated that any money earned by a department could not be kept by that department, but had to go into the General Universitywide funds. President Sproul said that if anyone could find one exception anywhere in the University, he would be justified in suggesting to the Regents that the Aquarium-Museum be granted a special dispensation, and John Isaacs, bless his heart, found the required exception. At Berkeley, he noted, there was an elevator in the Campanile, and a fee of 20¢ was charged to sightseers who rode in it. This fee did not go into the General Funds, but paid the salary of the elevator operator, and that was enough for the Regents. They not only gave me permission to keep the profits of a sales desk, but lent me \$12,000 to get it started!

An unforeseen outcome of this took place on the Davis campus. There was a large creamery there, operated by the Department of Animal Husbandry. Milk, cream, and other dairy products were produced in the course of teaching agricultural students how to produce them, and they were sold with no fanfare or publicity. Following the rule, all proceeds went into the general fund. When someone there heard of our breakthrough, however, the Davis people petitioned the Regents for a similar exception to the rules, and the Regents felt forced into granting it. Therefore, with the prospect of earning money to augment the departmental funds, Davis beefed up the operation, and advertised, quickly becoming a going retail concern. Non-University dairies in the area, however, complained to the Regents about this unfair competition, and in the interest of public relations, it was decided that the Creamery must halt all retail sales, and that its products must be used only for University on-campus purposes in the dining halls.

As Scripps started growing by leaps and bounds, we became more and more enmeshed in rules and regulations. SIO Grad Students lived a financially precarious life, and I wanted to set up a charge account

system to help them buy their expensive textbooks. My requests for such a system, however, were repeatedly turned down by the new Business Office. In desperation, I set up my own simple system, and at the next audit of our cash-box and ledger, the IOUs were discovered, and I was castigated by the Business Manager, who said "I've told you over and over you can't have a charge account!" I finally said "John, I've never understood why we can't have a charge account."

And he replied "It's because you don't have an Accounts Receivable Ledger!"

Well," says I, "Couldn't we set up such a ledger?"

John thought about it for a second, and said "Sure. I don't see why not!" And we thereupon had an official Charge Account system.

For those of us living on the Scripps campus, the buildings and grounds personnel were just as important as the academic and support personnel; after all, those were the fellows who did necessary maintenance and repairs around our cottages. Most of them lived on campus, too, and participated in social activities. Carl Johnson was the Chief Superintendent, but we often went directly to some of his subordinates to get things done. Probably the most knowing, and best-loved, member of that crew was John Stackelberg. John lived in one of the cottages on the lower campus, and was very partial to cats; he said he had 20 House Cats and an indeterminate number of Yard Cats. John knew where every pipe on campus was buried, and did every sort of job you could imagine. Salt-water delivery from the end of the pier to the storage tank was by way of a three-inch pipe made of soft lead, and John was the only person around who knew how to burn in a mending plate when a leak developed, as it often did. John was also an amateur astronomer, and in his spare time made several excellent reflecting telescopes, grinding the mirrors by hand. He invited me to his cottage one night to observe his using the Foucault knife-edge test to check the

parabolicity of one of his mirrors. John was full of philosophical musing about the implications of using several everyday objects to set up this simple test—which was accurate, he said, to a thousandth of a millimeter!

Carl Johnson, Superintendent of Buildings and Grounds, used to write out a daily list of jobs for John to do, and John usually perforated these slips of paper and buttoned them onto his top shirt button. He had one slip that he highly prized, and carried in his wallet for years. It was in typical brief format, and had only two chores listed:

“JS,” it read.

1. Bury dead seal on beach.
2. Place flag at half-staff.”

Floyd Nyhus was a large, quiet gardener and handyman. It was always a comfort to have him around. When John Stackelberg died, Floyd organized the funeral, and I was honored to be one of the pallbearers.

Another gardener, whose name I have forgotten, had been born in Kenya, Africa, and reared there by his missionary parents. Before coming to Scripps, he had been a circus acrobat, and he sometimes practiced handstands on a reinforced table in the front yard at his cottage.

There were two campus policemen who guarded the premises at night and on weekends. One of them was “Mac” McKelvey, a genial ex-bartender who could juggle ice cubes while tossing them into a glass, and who could tell Irish stories for hours on end. His alternate, known only as “Mr. Jordan,” was more dour and unapproachable. My chief memory of him is the verbal dressing-down he gave to Ted Folsom’s daughter Polly for what he saw as the unforgivable sin of riding her horse onto campus on a Sunday morning.

In 1947, the SIO fleet consisted of one ship — the *E. W. Scripps*. Her skipper, Earl Hammond, had gone into the Navy temporarily, and his

place was taken by Gus Brandl. Expeditions then were pretty short — I think two trips I was on to Guadalupe Island were about as long as any of her voyages of exploration around that time. There was no rigid separation of crew and scientists on her trips, and everyone was expected to assist in wheel-watches and anchor watches. I was quite familiar with the old ship, having worked on her frequently during my two wartime years as Editor/Illustrator for the University of California Division of War Research (UCDWR), but I had never learned to steer her properly. On one of the SIO expeditions, I was permitted to take the helm in the middle of one night, and my inexperience at the wheel was sufficiently evident to bring Captain Gus Brandl out of sleep and up to the wheelhouse. When he saw that a real crewman was standing by, ready to take over from me if necessary, he went back to his bunk without a word.

The President of the University of California, Robert Gordon Sproul, visited us on one occasion, and was taken on a tour that included walking through the *E. W. Scripps*. In the course of this activity, the ship's cook stopped the entourage, looked sternly at the President and said "Are you Sproul?" Upon receiving an affirmative answer, he said "Well, why the hell can't we get decent coffee on this ship?" President Sproul was well known for the loudness of his voice — especially his laugh, which on that occasion lived up to its reputation, reverberating all through the old vessel.

We left our SIO cottage in October, 1958, having lived there for 11 years, and moved to the house we had built at SEA. One year later, to the day — on the day that Leanne left home for Reed College in Oregon — the house at 27 Discovery Way burned to the ground.

