

MS about 1977
for La Jolla Historical
Society

LATE N DAYS
MY YESTERYEARS AND ~~UP TO NOW~~ IN LA JOLLA, CALIFORNIA

by Denis L. Fox.

These recollections are excerpted, and expanded in some degree, from my somewhat rambling, episodic autobiography which I have called "Again the Scene". This is being done at the suggestion of my friend Dr. Clifford Graves, currently President of the La Jolla Historical Society.

When, in the summer of 1931, I was nearing completion of all requirements for the Ph.D. degree in the School of Biological Sciences, wherein I was specializing in biochemistry, from Stanford University, it was strongly suggested to me, by my major, supervising professor Dr. J. Murray Luck, and by Dr. T. Wayland Vaughan, Director of the University of California's Scripps Institution of Oceanography in La Jolla, that I attend ⁱⁿ the coming June the National meetings of The American Association for the Advancement of Science, to be held in Pasadena at the California Institute of Technology. The expressed purpose of this suggestion was that I should meet Dr. Vaughan in Pasadena for a preliminary interview and, after the A.A.A.S. meeting period, proceed down to La Jolla ~~by bus~~ for a visit to the Scripps Institution, where there was need and a billet for a new staff member whose special training should be allied to studies of the biochemistry and physiology of marine organisms.

I well remember formally meeting Dr. Vaughan, whom I had seen earlier only once and very briefly, at a meeting of the Western Society of Naturalists at the Hopkins Marine Station, in Pacific Grove, near the end of 1929.

A southern aristocratic type, eagle-eyed he was, of medium height, bald as an egg, with white moustache and goatee. When introduced ^{by Dr. Luck,} he seemed already to have learned enough about me to suit his own template. For there had been ^{earlier} correspondence between himself and Dr. Luck, who had seen me earlier that morning, and had told me that Dr. Vaughan, with whom he had taken breakfast, was going to offer me a job. At the introduction, Dr. Vaughan's sharp blue eyes scrutinized my own with renewed ^{focus} ~~my own~~ as he heard my name. He greeted me cordially but formally, without a smile, and offered me at once an instructorship in Physiology of

Marine Organisms at \$2200 per annum, on a 12-month appointment, including ^{of} 4 weeks/yearly vacation. He instructed me to come down to La Jolla by bus following the end of the meetings, to take a room at La Valencia Hotel, telephone to be fetched by car in the morning for a visit to the Institution and eventually to submit my bill for travel and subsistence connected with the La Jolla visit.

These instructions I followed, meeting again my future friend and colleague ~~Glaude ZoBell~~ ~~Glaude~~ Claude ZoBell, to whom Dr. Vaughan had introduced me briefly at Pasadena. Each of us accepted our respective instructorships, mine to begin September 1, 1931, and his January 1, 1932.

In latter August, 1931, I took sad leave of Rosemary (my first wife) who had by then been a bed patient at Stanford University Hospital in San Francisco for 10 months with actinomycosis, which had ruptured her appendix and infected other internal areas, and for which there was then no successful treatment. I drove my old 1925 Model T Ford coupe through the hot Salinas Valley in a steady southward direction. The little old 4-cylinder car travelled well, and fast enough for those days. I had to ^{determine} ~~measure~~ the fuel level with a ^{measuring} ~~meter~~-stick inserted into the tank through the opening situated in a capped condition ~~but~~ under the seat. The mileage ^{was} good, however, and the Ruxtell axle served usefully for ascending the few long, high grades that had to be traversed at the alternative risk of boiling the water in the radiator.

I stopped over briefly, visiting my two brothers en route: Jack in Pasadena, where he was working in the Y.M.C.A, and Arthur in Los Angeles, who fortunately had a job of sorts. considering that we were in the depths of the Great Depression of the thirties, when many well qualified, even professional men could find no work save occasional menial jobs. Art and his wife were expecting their second child on any day, and John Arthur Fox arrived on his father's 35th birthday, September 5, 1931, as I heard in La Jolla by mail the following week.

On reaching La Jolla, I was put up at the Vaughan's home on the SIO campus for the first night or two. then located a room ~~in town~~ in the home of Mrs. Dora Copeland, over in La Jolla. Her daughters Connie, Frankie and Dorothy lived in the home on Herschel Street; also a carpenter friend Phil Burke (whom Mrs. Copeland later married) and a young plumber Karl ~~Kain~~, who later married Connie Copeland.

In mid-December of that year the sadly expected/^{end}came to Rosemary's life in Stanford Hospital. I had been warned of the gravity of her condition, and was there at the time.....

I lived at the Copelands' until the following August, 1932. when Miriam (nee Verdew, a former student-nurse at Stanford Hospital) and I were married at the family's home in Boulder Creek, California, her father, ^aMethodist minister, officiating. We returned to La Jolla, where we first lived in an upstairs, single-room facility in the Terrace Apartments, with bathroom and little kitchenette, on South Coast Boulevard, facing the shore.

La Jolla was in those days a beautiful village, where life was leisurely and quiet, even a bit sleepy, as some people described it. There were about 4500 residents during most of the year in those days, a number that increased somewhat during the summer vacation period. There was much level ground immediately north, south and even east of the village completely undeveloped... O! Tempora! O! Mores!

La Jolla had then only one elementary school. which still stands, now considerably enlarged, and supplemented by other such schools in various locations. There also was, and still is, one public high school, likewise much expanded. The Bishop's School, a private institution originally for girls, still stands too, and has now become coeducational.

All four of our children ^{were born at the Scripps Memorial Hospital on Scripps Street, and, in their turns,} went to the La Jolla Elementary School, and ultimately graduated from the La Jolla High School ~~in their turns~~. Alan, the youngest, spent some early years in a private school (La Jolla Country Day) before transferring into the public school system, a change

which was to afford him great relief. Faculties everywhere seem to comprise a sort of mixed bag, of course. There are some great, dedicated teachers, and others rather or very poor at their jobs, some unbelievably so, unfortunately. We and our children came to know both kinds..... Still, I believe that one's overall attitudes and sense of relative values derive to the greatest extent from the home, and from certain teachers to a secondary extent. Young people are very able to discriminate between greatness and the real lack of it in adults, and often tend to emulate those other people who seem to resemble most closely their own (the children's) parents in attitude and demeanor. Each of us can remember, even after many years, the faces and voices of fine teachers of long ago, as well as the qualities of the less felicitous ones (more's the pity!). I sometimes felt that I had to reply to my children, following some comment about the behavior of an adult in authority, "That was an example of how not to behave when you are adult". Somehow, this advice, plus the invaluable training from their Mother must have served most successfully, and we are proud of all our children, now long grown.

La Jolla had a movie house, The Granada, several churches, a post office, a few banks and a main street, Girard Avenue, now a bustling site among many others. It was a silent village indeed in other days, when one walked the safe, darkish streets at night.

Retrospective glimpses of La Jolla → #
The Scripps Institution, situated a couple of miles up the coast from downtown La Jolla had a library-building-cum-museum dating back to 1916; Scripps Hall and laboratory ^{had been} were erected in 1909; Ritter Hall was just being completed in 1931 when I arrived. It was named after the first Director, William E. Ritter, whom I came to know well, visiting him in his home and office in Berkeley, back in the '30's. A small aquarium across the way from Ritter Hall, whence my office faced the sea, was demolished many years ago, on completion of our great new combined aquarium and museum, which indeed also have outgrown their capacity to house all exhibits. The original Library-and-museum building was demolished, alas,

early in 1977, after the new SIO Library had been completed and occupied.

The thousand-foot pier had been constructed in 1916, as had the library-museum and a couple of dozen cottages which housed numerous staff members, graduate students and maintenance personnel. Most of those are now long gone save for a few which have become temporary laboratories and/or storage sites.

An alfalfa field, situated east of the library-museum building during my early days here, accommodated a cow or two, whose obligato solos could be heard from lecture rooms during forenoon classes. A coal-black cow, Pinkie Belle, belonging to the Bill Simmons family, had an especially loud moo. The tight colony, like most such communities, received the pulse of any personal news items with the rapidity of an electric current crossing a wire network, and gossip could be extensive at times. It was not easy to keep clear of the busy, sometimes inventive "grapevine" in those early days.

The La Jolla Campus of the University of California had six faculty members including Dr. Vaughan, before ~~when~~ I arrived. The others were:

George F. McEwen, Professor of (Physical) Oceanography

Erik G. Moberg, Assistant Professor of (Chemical) Oceanography

Francis B. Sumner, Professor of Biology

Winfred E. Allen, Assistant Professor of (Biological) Oceanography

A. Haldane Gee, Assistant Professor of Microbiology.

Dr. Gee resigned shortly after my arrival, to accept another position, in a move apparently contemplated for some time previously. But the number of faculty personnel returned to seven with the arrival of Claude Zoell late in December, to join the academic staff on January 1, 1932.

Percy S. Barnhart, who had a master's degree in zoology and had once been an assistant professor at the University of Southern California, was Curator of Fishes, and had charge of the biological collections in both aquarium and museum.

Tillie Genter and Ruth Hagan served as secretaries and librarians, and Ruth McKittrick as well. James M. Ross was Superintendent of Buildings and Grounds, a pleasant Scottish gentleman. Murdoch Ross (no relation to Jim) served as Captain of the research ~~vessel~~ vessel "Scripps".

When I arrived to take up my duties at the Institution, there were seven graduate students enrolled on a regular basis. These were Easter Cupp (phytoplankton under W. E. Allen); Earl H. Myers (^{Foraminifera} under T. W. Vaughan at La Jolla and C. A. Kofoid in Berkeley); Eldon M. (Judd) Thorp (geology under T. W. Vaughan); Nelson A. Wells (fish biology under F. B. Sumner); Richard H. Fleming (marine chemistry under E. G. Moberg); Roger R. D. Revelle (geology under T. W. Vaughan); and Maynard Harding, who pursued some studies in marine chemistry under E. G. Moberg.

All save Dick Fleming and Roger Revelle, both of whom had arrived that same summer, had been at Scripps for some years earlier. Miss Cupp, Myers, Thorp and Wells finished up their doctoral degree requirements in 1934, Fleming in 1935, and Revelle in 1936, all through the Berkeley campus, since our small organization at La Jolla had no degree-granting status in those early days as it has now, Harding left for a job somewhere without proceeding as far as a doctorate degree.

Claude ZoBell and I felt fortunate to have good university positions during the depths of the great economic depression, which had begun with the stock-market crash late in October of 1929, and was to last into the late thirties. Many well qualified, even professional men, were idle for want of jobs, or were hired for minor kinds of work.

Our instructorship salaries were very good pay in those days, and we received raises at the beginning of the next academic year, my salary then being advanced from \$2200 to \$2400 per year. This was the top level for the instructorship, a rank which has nearly disappeared; perhaps unfortunately, but not necessarily permanently in view of strictures applying in recent years and currently in 1978.

Each faculty member had at least one research assistant^{ship} assignable to him, often and most desirably^{providing} a graduate student seeking an advanced degree. Since there was no candidate on hand for a student-assistantship in my laboratory, I accepted, in 1932, an application from Graham W. (Wally) Marks, who had been a graduate student in chemistry at Stanford during my own student days there, and who had received his Ph.D. degree there at about the same time as I had received mine. I had known him slightly, and felt unhappy to see him taking a research assistantship at \$1200 per year, while I, only a year or two older, had my instructorship at twice that figure. But he needed a job urgently, accepted it, and, as a bachelor at the time, was able to make it do, fiscally at any rate. As might have been predicted, however, considering all factors, the arrangement was not a felicitous one, and after some three years of survival on the job, rather painful mutually, Marks gained employment elsewhere, and all were happier. At subsequent infrequent encounters we always were friendly. He died in San Diego in 1970.

Bradley T. Scheer was my first doctoral student and research assistant. He joined me at La Jolla in 1936, and finished up in 1940, receiving his Ph.D. in comparative physiology from Berkeley. Bradley, like the great majority of my former students, has remained warmly affable, friendly, and appreciative over the many years. He retired from the faculty of the University of Oregon in 1977, at the age of 62.

Dr. Vaughan was Director at Scripps from the time of his arrival in 1924 until his retirement in 1936 at the age of 66. He greatly advanced the studies of oceanography in ~~its~~ various aspects, and he ruled the general activities of the Institution with an iron hand. Some few people considered him to be rather austere. But although he exhibited a considerable degree of both autocracy and pride, he also was very humane, and actively interested in the individual welfare of everyone in the community. Although I did not always agree with his^{administrative} policies, I always respected him and liked him cordially.

The colleague who had the greatest influence on my professional growth at Scripps was Francis B. Sumner, whom we all knew as "F.B." It was he who introduced me to the whole general subject of animal pigments, and with whom I conducted joint researches on the subject during the first several years. Moreover, the Sumners were very outgoing, hospitable and cordial friends to us and to many others.

It was F.B. and I who, calling in Roger Revelle to join us, founded a discussion group of "town and gown" men, about 15 in average number, in November, 1935. This club met first at triweekly, later monthly intervals for serious discussions, usually at a professional level, ^{alternating} in the homes of its members. It has continued through the 43 years (to the time of writing) since its founding. Throughout F.B.'s life the club never had a ~~set~~ name, but on September 6, 1945, actually the day of his death, we nevertheless kept our meeting date at the home of Francis Shepard that night, knowing that F. B. would have so wanted it. And at that meeting we unanimously named the Sumner Club, as it still is called today. ^{The very first meeting had been in the Sumners' home.}

La Jolla ^{is} the Jewel City of Southern California's coast, where we have spent 47 years to date (46 for Miriam, beginning with our marriage in 1932), minus the years 1938-39 when we were in England (~~where I held a Rockefeller Research Fellowship at Cambridge University~~), and 1970-71, the year we spent ⁱⁿ at Bloomfield Hills, Michigan, (~~where I held the appointment of Distinguished Scholar at the Cranbrook Institute of Science~~). In La Jolla we can see lovely mountains not far distant; desert country also is near, and the blue waters of the Pacific Ocean we see from our windows both at home and from the office at the University. This is a lovely climate, with some fog, but little compared with other maritime sites. Afternoon breezes come ⁱⁿ ~~west~~ from the sea. Seldom is the weather too hot or too cold. Seasonal changes are not very pronounced. Our children, all born here, went through the schools. My professional growth was here, and our roots are deep..... We feel ourselves to be permanent, integral parts of this

University, and of this campus, which grew into U.C.S.D. during our years here. A goodly number of quondam students who conducted their doctoral studies and researches under my supervision and guidance now are scattered far and wide, and all in responsible positions, bringing credit to their home institution.

During my early years at La Jolla, the higher elevations surrounding the village were bare of houses and supported natural growths of shrubs and trees, as well as many wildflowers and grasses. Cattle-paths crossed the open fields and wound their way up hillsides. Birds were conspicuous in their flight, coloration and songs. Chollas and allied cactus plants were occasionally encountered, labelling the scene as one which would have been arid and desertlike were it not for the immediate proximity of the ocean. But pleasant greenery was visible in plenty.

Rattlesnakes were encountered not infrequently, not only in fields, but on roads, near homes, and even near or actually on the beach where there were dry rocks to afford shelter from direct sunlight. Tarantula spiders, the great brown, woolly fellows, trapdoor spiders and scorpions also were not uncommon. The howling of coyotes could be heard at night, and these animals sometimes were sighted in daytime, as were weasels and foxes (these latter sometimes still come down in search of food). The barking of seals still may be heard from nearshore during their seasonal rafting. Migrating whales and sperm whales can be sighted from my office window at certain seasons. Opossums were occasional nocturnal visitors, and wandering skunks still are contributors of night-time perfumery.

On both east and west sides of La Jolla Shores Drive there was open ~~land~~ country, obtainable at prices such as \$800 per acre; and there could not have been more than about a half-dozen dwellings along that area in the early thirties. We did, however, have the La Jolla Beach and Tennis Club where it still stands, now much expanded, with apartments, dining facilities and athletic areas.

On up La Jolla Shores Drive in those early thirties, near the Scripps

... I received my earlier article in Science magazine by my friend and colleague Dr. Ray Condit, that the common reptile includes among its prey the dangerously venomous black widow spider Latrodectus mactans.

Institution, across the narrow paved road therefrom, was the so-called C Shopp, where Mrs. Cole served very enjoyable meals.

Dr. Vaughan and a number of his special cronies from town were members of the Pelican Club, which met periodically, perhaps monthly, at the Beach and Tennis Club for evening dinner and a following lecture. He used to introduce there as his guests, special friends, or newly arrived colleagues on the S.I.O. Faculty or Staff.

O, town and school
There was no public transportation in or from La Jolla beyond that which reached a station at the corner of Prospect ^{Street} and Fay Avenue from San Diego. An electric street car line, having long replaced the old steam train from San Diego, was itself in turn replaced by a bus line in the late thirties or early forties. There was some ~~emotional~~ emotional sentiment over this change at the time, among the old-time residents, but we younger ones were glad to be rid of the noisy cars and conspicuous steel tracks.

Some areas in northern and southern parts of La Jolla were exploited by enterprising growers for raising tomatoes and other vegetable crops. One such producer was a man called Johnny Anunciacion, who derived from the nation directly to our south, and who lived, cultivated the land, and raised his family at the north end of La Jolla Shores Drive, across the road from our Institution. A similar extensive tomato crop grew on like property near the southern part of town.

The Scripps Memorial Hospital and Scripps Metabolic Clinic were thriving even in those days, and were busy places, staffed by Dr. James Sherrill, Dr. Francis Smith, Dr. Eaton McKay, and, from town Dr. H. G. Lazelle, who delivered two of our children, Ron and Kathy; Dr. Ross Paull, who had delivered our second son Steve in Dr. Lazelle's absence; Dr. William Diefenbach, and others whose names would return to me later. Miss Jessie Horn was the principal nurse, while Ann Lundberg and Miss Huls (later to be Mrs. Diefenbach) were others of whom I have the most pleasant of recollections. Our youngest child, Alan, was delivered by Caesarian section by the late Dr. Damon Corbin, and an assistant surgeon.

During our many years in La Jolla we have occupied nine different dwelling places in the town to date. For the first few months following our marriage and return to La Jolla we stayed in the Terrace Apartments on South Coast Boulevard, just north of Jenner Street; we then moved over to El Patio Court on Coast Blvd on the ocean front where we remained for about a year; thence to "Autilus Street, where we lived successively in a couple of houses next door to one another in the 370's. After about a year in the 7300 block of Fay Avenue, ^{we} were tenants for about 7 months of 1938, on Bon Air Street where this joins the boulevard; thence we went abroad to England for the ensuing year. On our return we rented a house, still on Bon Air, just across the street from our former home, and there we remained for a couple of years until we settled into a comfortable and convenient house on the Scripps campus: number 24 Discovery Way, where we remained tenants for the ensuing 14 years. In 1955 we occupied our newly built home on Ardath Road. This beloved home we now have up for sale after more than 23 years, for our children all have grown, ~~and~~ are married and away and the care of the house and grounds has become beyond us. We have reserved a rental cottage in the Casa de Manana complex, back again on South Coast Boulevard, where our life together began 47 years ago.

Among old-time La Jollans whom we came to know there should be named at least the following, listed in random sequence:

Bill Zader, expert garage mechanic, owner, and amateur astrologer.

Mel Stewart (or Stuart?), pharmacist.

Ben Genter, painter, brother to Tillie Genter, our librarian/secretary.

Mahler family, including Oliver (Obbie), gardener on S.I.O. grounds.

Nathan Hannels, one-time La Jolla Postmaster.

Alfred Iller clothing merchant.

Miss Alice Carey and Mrs. Anthony. Librarians in La Jolla Library.

Barnes and Calloway, grocers.

Roebuck Brothers "

Andy Moore "

L. F. Patrick, barber

Ernie Mathers, a character; driver of ^a small open delivery-truck.

Major Rumsey, veteran, a sulphite in the human sense.

Mr. & Mrs. Archie ^Walby, La Jolla Recreation Center.

Dr. Truman Parker, physician, a real humanitarian, Southern gentleman.

Dr. Ernest Wilcox, Music teacher for many years at La Jolla High School, and a widely-read scholar and good friend, who taught our three elder children in school.

I could name a number of other outstanding teachers as well, but will refrain from trying to effect such a list, both in the interests of space and because omissions might seem to be ambiguous, reflecting either forgetfulness or purposeful exclusion. (*Nomina non commemoro nisi grata*).

In 1936 Dr. Vaughan was succeeded as Director by Dr. Harald U. Sverdrup, the Norwegian oceanographer of renown, who remained with us until 1948, and who brought additional distinction to this campus, and to the University as a whole.

During the war years which involved this country, from December, 1941 until August 15, 1945, we were involved in First Aid classes; Claude ZoBell and I indeed served as official instructors therein. We also tendered our potential services to the Army of the United States, wherein we might have served in the Sanitary Corps, or, in my case, as a biochemist. Fortunately for us, neither of us was taken. Indeed, I'd have left my young family with great reluctance.

There were military organizations and drills on land and sea, in our immediate vicinity. Indeed, soldiers' war games involved the very premises of the Campus, including our yard area, which excited and amused our children, who used even to follow the fellows around on their maneuvers, until or unless advised to desist. A huge searchlight, and later a cannon, occupied a ^{str}ategical site atop a cliff opposite our house. I can remember calling at the facility one day to explain to the soldier on

guard that I and my two boys were going down to the beach for the purpose of collecting marine animals, and hoped to be so allowed. When I mentioned my name and title, the huge, dark soldier stood and offered his hand, declaring his name to be Howling Buffalo! It happened that he was an American Indian.

Anti-Nazi and anti-Japanese sentiments were rife throughout the village as indeed they were in most places of the nation. Inevitably there were some unfortunate injustices as a result but these were not many in our particular La Jolla community, whence some Japanese Issei, long residents of our country, were severed from their businesses to be relocated at designated camps. The authorities apparently supposed such procedures to be the only safe and sure way in which to minimize any spying.

Rationing and coupons for purchases of gasoline and meat were another part of our overall trials of those war years, but nothing in comparison with the grief of families who lost one or more members to the carnage.

My longtime friend Dr. Thomas W. Whitaker, now retired as I am, I met in 1936, just after he had arrived to join the U.S.D.A. Horticultural Field Station, then located at Torrey Pines, not far from the Torrey Pines Park and buildings, where Guy Fleming was the Park Naturalist over many years. Tom Whitaker with his wife and two children, lived for many years in a home built specially for staff personnel on the government property.

In the middle 1950's a substantial number of S.I.O. staff members built their homes on an extensive tract of land on the level ground to the immediate north of the University property, bordering the canyons which slope steeply down to the shores. We ourselves elected instead to purchase a spacious lot on old Ardath Road, which was then merely a narrow, ~~marginally~~ ^{superficially} paved road leading into Hidden Valley in northern La Jolla, just beyond a mile from the Scripps Institution.

Tom Whitaker, however, was among those who elected to join the S.E.A., or Scripps Estates Associates. He and Mary built a beautiful home on the mesa overlooking the deep canyon leading down by meandering pathways to the beach. There they lived for many years, and we continued to visit one another many times, in our respective new homes, as we had done in other places in the earlier years. Their son and daughter grew up with our two elder boys, being of similar ages. Our Kathy and Alan were, of course, some years younger.

Mary Whitaker was Miriam's best and closest friend in La Jolla, a delightful, gracious lady and hostess. It was sad when her life ended in March of 1971 while we were away in Michigan for the academic year. Tom remained a rather lonesome widower during the ensuing seven years; but

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I loved the life of an investigator, teacher, and supervisor of advanced students, and I count among my closest friends certain former students who obtained their doctoral degrees for research conducted under my guidance. And there were other such ones on whose doctoral programs I served collaboratively with other staff people. There were still others working under the supervision of other colleagues, but on problems with which I could be of some useful help, and upon whose doctoral committees I ^{therefore} served as an examiner.

In 1938 I had been most fortunate in receiving a Research Fellowship of the Rockefeller Foundation, permitting me a year's study at Cambridge University in England. So in early September of that year we took our two small boys aged four-and-a-half and three, via train to New York, and thence by a small, single-class vessel, the American Trader, to the vicinity of London. We found a good nursery school for the boys in Cambridge, and a very friendly and warm university ^{community}. I had a most enjoyable and profitable research year there, from which were derived several research publications, written jointly with each of three different coauthors, i.e., as two-author papers. The whole interval also afforded an opportunity for me to plan and to make a beginning on a book, dealing with animal pigments, as requested by editors in Cambridge.

The overall interval allowed us ^{to} opportunities to travel and see much beautiful and historic English countryside and many villages of note.

In 1945-46 I profited by a second period of sabbatical leave from ~~teaching~~ teaching duties through the award of a Guggenheim Memorial Fellowship. That year, however, I spent in residence since we still were at war against Germany and Japan at the outset, and unsettled conditions were to prevail for some time to come. Moreover, it would have been costly to move a family of five persons, even had there been a suitable place to go. I spent much of the interval working on the preparation of my book.

During the academic year 1970-71, indeed a year after my status had become that of an emeritus professor, we went to Bloomfield Hills, Michigan,

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During the academic year 1970-71, indeed a year after my status had become that of an emeritus professor, we went to Bloomfield Hills, Michigan, where I had been awarded ^{an} the appointment as Distinguished Scholar at the Cranbrook Institute of Science. That again was a fine and scientifically productive year, and an interval during which we found many new and delightful friends and visited some beautiful country, including northern Michigan and Canada. I gave a couple of lectures at Queen's University, ^{also} among a good number at various other places, and we had a visit to Niagara Falls.

In filling out this abbreviated section, I may add that in January, 1977, I was elected as a Fellow of the Institute of Biology, London.

I had been a Fellow of the San Diego Society of Natural History from my early days on the University Faculty through about forty subsequent years when, on recommendation from a few of the newer, more vocal and less research-minded people, it seemed that the rules were no longer to include, as a qualification for election to Fellowship, the requirement that such a candidate ^{or nominee} was to have published a scientific paper, but need only pay the necessary dues. Therefore, deciding that a once distinguished body of Fellows was about to become merely a kind of club for all and sundry dues-paying ~~members~~ joiners, I tendered my resignation for the duration of any such period.

An affiliation in which I have taken very deep satisfaction is my Fellowship in the Zoological Society of San Diego, and notably my membership, during some 39 continuous years to date, on the Research Committee of the San Diego Zoo. This has afforded such members to help in the selection and nomination of candidates for yearly appointment as Research Fellows in the Laboratory and Hospital facilities of the Zoo; also to share in the pursuit of problems relating to the care and health of the animals in our great collection, and in my own case, to conduct several years of research on the diet and resulting pink to red pigmentation of flamingos, ibises, and roseate spoonbills. The results of such collaborative research have been published in scientific journals and books.

My love for animals dates back into childhood days of life in the country, and early visits to circuses.

Another affiliation which afforded deep pleasure, satisfaction, and opportunities to be of service was as an eight-year member of the University of California's Editorial Committee i.e., from 1961 into 1969 the year ~~wherein~~ wherein I was "retired" or as I prefer to call it "emeritized". This body of professorial appointees, representing in their sum each of the nine state-wide campuses, undertakes the assigned function of assessing

and acceptability of all manuscripts submitted for publication through the University of California Press. The salient standard upon which judgment is rendered, and ~~xxxx~~ acceptance recommended, is that of excellence in substance and form. Seldom indeed were there serious differences of opinion among the 16 or 17 men from widely differing areas of scholastic specialty. Membership in this all-University committee afforded me opportunities and experience not only in adjudicating and presenting offerings in scientific areas understood by me (thus mostly in marine and other areas of animal biology, or in chemistry), but, equally important and valuable, exposure to reports by other scholars, relating to writings and fields of which I knew but little and thus stood to learn much about subjects/I might otherwise never have even heard. It reminded me of one's possible enrollment in an advanced seminar in general culture.

Our Children, all native to La Jolla.

Ronald Llewellyn Fox born 24 January, 1934, graduated B.A. in chemistry from my old alma mater, the University of California at Berkeley, in 1957. He had by then married Betty Klaus, a fellow student, and their first child Diane, had been born in late 1956. Their two daughters are now young adults, working while pursuing part-time studies. Ron has two professions, one as an industrial chemist or chemical engineer, and the other as a skilled oboist, playing with civic symphonies, operatic and ballet organizations.

Stephen John Perdew Fox born 8 June, 1935, had completed only his first year at Stanford University, where he had held a music scholarship and had played bassoon, when, in July of 1954, his happy and noble young life was extinguished instantaneously when he was struck on the roadside by a reckless driver. Steve had worked during a couple of summers as an assistant keeper in the bird collection at the San Diego Zoo, a job he enjoyed. A Stephen Fox Memorial Fund at Stanford awards annual prizes of books to worthy students in the fields of biological sciences and music. Steve's former

specialties. The Fund also purchases books in such fields to be added to the libraries of the respective departments at Stanford University.

Kathleen Miriam Fox born 12 September, 1940, attended U. C. Riverside for a couple of years, then transferred to Riverside Community College to complete a full course in nursing. She passed her qualifications for the R. N. Certificate in 1962. Kathy and Allan H. Quist, a geography major and later a graduate from U.C.R., were married early in 1960. They are parents of two young sons and a daughter, and the family live in Helena, Montana, where Al, a former teacher in junior High School, now is an assistant professor in the Department of Education at Carroll College. Kathy practises her nursing at useful intervals, teaches flute, and is pursuing her long-deferred baccalaureate degree^{year} at Carroll College.

Alan Denis Fox (who modified his middle name while in college to the spelling Dennis), born 29 May, 1948, completed his baccalaureate degree in general studies at the University of Iowa. He is employed by the U. S. Weather Service as a meteorological technologist¹⁰¹⁴⁴², at a weather station in Louisville, Kentucky. He is qualified also as a hydrologist and as a meteorologist, thus eligible for such appointments when the^{appropriate} openings occur. He has completed some 24 class units in subjects in or ancillary to his field of meteorology through extension courses of several universities, and currently is pursuing research toward a master's degree. Alan and Carol Putnam were married on 16 October, 1971.

In Retrospective and Continuing Appreciation .

In any retrospective comments about one's life in La Jolla, covering a span approaching a half-century some mention of the Scripps Institution would be imperative as representing a genuine center for marine scientific pursuits. And the Institution has received some space in these reminiscences. A few additional comments are called for, from one who has been a part of the Institution for longer than half of its total history, and for nearly three-quarters of its status as an integral part of the State's University. Thus I've been on the S.I.O. Faculty for forty-seven of its sixty-six years as a part of the University (i.e., dating back to 1912), and for ^{two-}~~two-~~ ^{total} ~~two-~~ fifths of its ^{total} age as a research center, extending back to the year ~~1902~~ after my own birth (1902).

My professional years have been stimulating, productive, and gratifying and have constituted a surpassingly pleasant life among a fine body of colleagues, with whom it has been an honor to serve in many capacities.

I have enjoyed friendly relations with each of the five sequential Directors of the Scripps Institution (also with an able interim acting Director), under whose consecutive administrations I have served on the Faculty. Among them all, I have encountered no greater genuine human warmth, no more gratifyingly democratic attitude and practice than in my old friend since his graduate student days here: Roger Revelle.

We who reach the retirement age of 67, as I did during the academic year of 1968-69 thus becoming 'emeritized' in July, 1969, enjoy excellent continuing status. Firstly, the retirement system of the University Regents provides very good annuity programs for its retirees. Moreover, for those who elect to continue professional activities on the La Jolla Campus, the provisions are excellent.

In my own instance I had been assigned at the outset, and had enjoyed during my first forty-^{five-}~~five-~~ and- one-half years (to the very day, i.e., from 1 September, 1931 to 28 February, 197⁷) a fine office at the south-^{- 1 March,}

west corner of Rbttter Hall's first floor (one floor above the basement suite), with laboratory rooms/directly across the hall at the northwest corner. These were well equipped as to space, services, equipment facilities, and generous window views of the blue Pacific Ocean.

On moving from those quarters to my new ones in the newly completed Marine Biology Building, I settled into yet another excellent facility with a spacious office at the southwest corner of the third floor, this time with eight windows affording a wide vista of the ocean, without any obstructions of the scene. From here I can view the passing and playing of porpoises, sometimes relatively close to shore; I can watch pelicans, cormorants and other sea birds swoop and/or dive to capture fish; and at seasonal intervals we see hence the passage of the California Grey Whales on their migration between far northern waters and the protected bays of Baja California to our south, where they give birth, and, after an interval, mate again before escorting the calves on the return, northward journey.

As an emeritus professor I enjoy all of my earlier privileges with a few added ones. We emeriti who come daily to accord continuing services through research, writing, conferences, and occasional lectures, are accorded free parking facilities on campus, office telephones, ^(budgetary research support) all library privileges, and sharing of services from the departmental secretarial and typing pool. We may be invited to give an occasional lecture, or to offer advanced course work for small classes. Emeriti remain as full voting members of the Academic Senate, and can supervise graduate students in appropriate course work, all at their own option.

No emeritus, however, may undertake the sole supervision of a student's pursuit of research toward an advanced degree. He may so serve, but as a co-supervisor or co-chairman with a fulltime employed professorial member in such instances. The foresight and wisdom of such a ruling is manifest.

I continue to enjoy conferences with advanced students and other colleagues on a friendly, informal basis. My overall life has been fortunate.