

**THE
SEA
ACORN**

**by
Peter Sargent**

**SCRIPPS INSTITUTION OF OCEANOGRAPHY
THE PEOPLE AND THE PLACE
1936 — 1942**

**with
PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE**

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SCRIPPS INSTITUTION STAFF 1938

Standing: from left,

2. Sheldon Crane, 4. Dick Tibbey, 5. Dr. McEwen, 6. John Lyman, 8. Forrest Whedon, 9. Prof. Martin Johnson, 11. Syd Rittenburg, 12. Stanley Chambers, 13. Ruth Ragan, 15. Prof. Eric Molberg, 16. Dr. Sverdrup, Director of Scripps, 17. Dick Fleming, 18. Tillie Genter, 20. Prof. Denis Fox, 22. Carl Johnson, 24. Obie Maler, 25. Jim Ross, Sup.

Seated: 1. Dr. Francis Shepard, 2. Ken Emery, 6. Dr. Claude ZoBell, 7. Marston Sargent, 8. Gene la Fond, 9. Bob Gordon.



AERIAL VIEW OF SCRIPPS PIER AND LA JOLLA SHORES, 1938

Author's Note

Memories are not logical and orderly — they flash unbidden across the years, triggered by people, places, emotions. Perhaps, in fact, the chain reactions are as important as the single memories. Casual words from friends, who also knew Scripps both earlier and later, keep throwing shafts of light on oceanography, on people, on history itself.

So bear with me, please, as I concentrate on memory links and themes — interests dear to my own and other hearts, that carry me backwards and forwards over some thirty five years.

Perhaps only this way can the startling human mind bring in-to focus the familiar place, the distant time.

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HOW THIS BOOK WAS ASSEMBLED

In 1961, Helen Raitt, Katherine LaFond and I are working our way through musty old boxes, with piles of faded photos, in a tiny back room in the original Scripps Library. Kitty LaFond is able to identify many of the pictures, because her husband, Gene LaFond, made most of them.

Able, energetic Helen continued this research into the early history of Scripps, and it culminated in the comprehensive and excellent Raitt and Moulton "*Scripps Institution of Oceanography- First Fifty Years*", published in 1967.

Betty Shor completed the history with "*Scripps Institution of Oceanography*" Probing the Oceans 1936 to 1976, published in 1978.

Why then, still another book? This one makes no claim as scientific history. Rather, it has been pieced together like a patchwork quilt from the kaleidoscopic, colorful quirks of memory of many Scripps people in letters or conversations. over some seven years.

Illuminating they are, also, because my first impression of Scripps, as a young, inexperienced wife, is now tempered with later knowledge and friendship with many of the scientists and their families.

It has been fun, too, viewing the astonishing growth and maturity of the tiny "station".

And as Helen Raitt herself stated in a radio talk in 1961:

“People are the determining factor that shape human events, certain people and combinations of people with their ambitions, hopes and dreams of the future.”

(Oct. 24, 1967) Seated at the Sargent dinner table are three handsome women: Ellen Revelle, Gudrun Sverdrup, and Peggy Fleming. Two of them are widows — Mrs. Harald Sverdrup, whose husband, the Director of Scripps from 1936 to 1948, returned to Norway in 1948 to head the National Institute of Polar Research, and died in Norway in 1957.

Peggy Fleming is the widow of Guy Fleming, the longtime head of the Torrey Pines Preserve, now the Torrey Pines State Park, and Peggy has battled for years, with the help of so many Scripps people, to protect the Park, and enlarge it to include another stand of the unique Torrey Pines in Del Mar.

Gudrun is in La Jolla from Norway for a visit, and is staying with Peggy, at her attractive home on the Scripps Estates, next to the UCSD campus.

Ellen is out for a visit, too. The Revelles still own their beautiful home on the La Jolla coast, although they now live in Cambridge, Massachusetts, where Roger is Director of the Center for Populations Studies, at Harvard University.

It is such fun to see them again. Marston is a happy host, and we are merry, recalling memories. Ellen, Peggy and Gudrun were all here before we came in 1937.

“What was it really like in the old days?” I ask.

Ellen begins to laugh, her charming face bright. “I remember a dinner party for the Vaughans. It must have been ’34, because we were living on the campus in cottage 24, and we were entertaining the Vaughans and I was so nervous. Somehow a glass got broken, and I could hear the pieces of glass crunching under our feet. Then Roger phoned, and he said ‘Don’t tell Dr. Vaughan — but the ship has gone aground. . .’ That’s what he said, with Dr. Vaughan standing right there by my elbow. . .”

Peggy Fleming’s softly wrinkled face is reminiscent. “Why we

lived in cottage 24 (the largest of the Scripps upper cottages) when we were first married. I liked it there. That must have been 1926.”

Gudrun says “Oh those cottages were so terrible. I cried when I first saw them.”

Peggy turns her face toward Gudrun. “I remember the day you arrived. We were having the Vaughans to a picnic dinner. We didn’t think the Sverdrups were coming for another day or two. But you phoned and you were here. So I said ‘Good, tell them to come on out for dinner.’ Dr. Vaughan was on his high horse that night, talking to Dr. Sverdrup. And Anna couldn’t speak any English except hello and goodbye so she didn’t have much fun. And you said to me, I’m glad to meet somebody who likes it out of doors.”

Gudrun says “Oh I remember the first tea party the Vaughans gave for us. Everybody must wear a hat and gloves, and they had invited all those people from La Jolla, and that awful house — that Community House where they were entertaining.” She shudders.

I say “Wasn’t it ’38 or ’39 when we started the Tenant’s Association to improve the houses?”

Gudrun says “I nagged and nagged at Harald about those awful houses. He said there was nothing he could do. But finally the Regents (of the University) agreed that some repairs could be made.”

“Didn’t we agree that we’d pay more rent if the money could go for repairs?”

Marston says “Yes, our rent on Number 7 was raised from seven dollars a month to ten dollars a month.” We all laugh.

Gudrun says, in that slight, pretty Norwegian accent, “When we were first coming in 1936, I wrote Mrs. Vaughan and asked her what to wear at La Jolla. She wrote back and all she said was, ‘We don’t wear muffs. *Muffs*. That’s all she said.’”

Ellen says “Before we had cottage 24, I went to Dr. Vaughan, I thought I had a real good argument to get a house. I said ‘Why

Dr. Vaughan I even have some wedding presents I've never unpacked.' He said, 'Unpack them, look at them, pack them again.' And we had to wait.'

Peggy says "Do you know — most people were afraid of Dr. Vaughan. But I wasn't. He was never able to buffalo me. Of course, we weren't working for him. I'd say to him 'Oh you're just teasing me.'"

Peggy says this with a very decided lift to chin, and a determined look in blue eyes. . .

Again our happy laughter. How we enjoy seeing old friends again.

3 July, 1973

Ellen Revelle and I are in the sunny patio of her lovely La Jolla home, as two of her grandchildren splash merrily in the blue pool.

Ellen has just read the '67 prologue, and my opening chapter of "The Sea Acorn" — "Little Old Number Seven". She is laughing. Suddenly her eyes sparkle.

"Peter — I just remembered! I have a whole year of Alice Fleming's letters written to us the year we were in Norway. I'll phone her tonight, and ask her if you can have them."

And here they are — from both Alice and Dick, and with fine supplementary notes on the last of the Vaughan era, as well as the early Sverdrup years.

PROLOGUE

THE VAUGHAN ERA—1931-1936

(From letters of Dick and Alice Fleming
to Peter Sargent in 1973-1975)

DICK

“When I first got to La Jolla (in 1931 as a research assistant, from the Marine Biological Laboratory, British Columbia), Scripps Institution was known to the “towners” of La Jolla as the “Biological” or the “Bug House”. They looked upon us as a pretty crumby outfit. The road leading up the hill from La Jolla shores to the vicinity of what is now the UCSD campus - was known as the “Biological Grade” and a service station at the intersection with the highway was still referred to as the “Biological Service Station”. I always thought those names had some interesting implications.

Percy Barnhart (the curator) lived off-campus in a little house on what is now (I think) part of Scripps Estates. He had bought a plot of land from the Scripps Family at a time when all the staff at S.I.O. had been offered the opportunity.

James Ross was the superintendent of S.I.O. and later lived for years in #24. *Murdoch Ross* was his brother.

Murdy (Murtey and various other spellings) was *Murdoch Ross* - the engineering captain on *Scripps*. When we went to sea he would serve as engineer and generally either Roger or I took over as captain. I had the distinction of putting her on the mudbank

just inside Ballast Point one day - very embarrassing. Had to wait for the tide to rise to get her off again.

Roger and I put together a series of papers (only abstracts were published) that represented the “state of the art” at SIO at the end of the *Vaughan* era.

ALICE

“I went as a bride to Scripps in July, 1933. Ellen and Roger met us at the station, the trolley car end at La Jolla. They took us out to the little house next door to theirs, and we were neighbors until they moved to town.

We had not been in cottage 23 for 15 minutes, when *Lilian Chambers* - white gloves and all - arrived to “call”. When I had lived at Scripps longer I realized this would give her something to talk about. At that stage, I thought it very bad timing!! So we were introduced and I remembered “Mrs. *Chambers*”. So Mrs. V. (God bless her) gave a tea for “Dick Fleming’s bride.” Lilian came down the line and I was so pleased to say “Good afternoon, Mrs. *Potts*”! To Lilian, in all her British dignity, this was very, very unfunny.

That first little house (cottage 23) was a challenge. The wind blew through the crevices of the front door and windows, so we hung blankets over them on bad days. When the rainy season arrived, I went into the kitchen one morning and found the floor covered with mud. Dick got a hoe and scraped the stuff out. Then he made two deep trenches, one on each side of the house to divert the water and mud. He bathed and got clean, and went to the lab. I scrubbed the wooden floors, washed his clothes in the bathtub, and tried to dry them in front of the little red-hot tin stove in the living room. Looking back, I wonder why none of those houses went up in smoke. . .”

The *Vaughans* knew I was interested in Japanese prints. (Dr. Vaughan had recently visited Japan). So on our first dinner at the *Vaughans*, we arrived to find Japanese prints all around the living

room. Dr. V. said “I want you to select one you would like for a wedding present.”

So we looked and looked. I selected one of ducks and said “*This* one.”

He blew a gasket. “That is the *best* print here. How can you take that away from me?” Mrs. V. in the background was whispering “Stick to your guns.” So I said to Dr. Vaughan, “Give me what you want to give, but this is what I select.”

Of course, he gave it to us. We went in by bus to San Diego and had it framed, and had to go in by bus again to get it, when we had the money to pay for it. Dr. V. took afternoon walks with Ronin, his dog, and as he passed our cottage would say “Has the print come?”

Finally it did and I had a proper tea ready for him, and he came in and saw the framed print on our wall. He said “That’s *right!*”

I had passed some kind of a test.

Mrs. Vaughan was a darling, quite appealing in her own way. She had been “companion” to Chief Justice Oliver W. Holmes’ wife, who was not able to “cope”; so had lived in an interesting environment. She was small, alert, over-stimulated and very much concerned about “Wayland”.

We took her once, with a visiting friend, to the San Diego Fair. After supper we asked what they would like to do. The friend said, “I’d like to go to the Nudist Garden”. So we did -Mrs. V. quivering and saying “Supposing some one should see me here?”. But amused.

PROLOGUE

FLEMING-REVELLE LETTERS —September 1936-September 1937

(Note: In late August, 1936, Dr. Roger Revelle, with his wife Ellen, and two little daughters, left La Jolla for a year of oceanographic study in Bergen, Norway. Dr. Revelle and retired Scripps Director Dr. Vaughan attended the meeting of the International Geophysical Union in Edinburgh, Scotland, before the Revelles went on to Norway.

Also in August, 1936, *Dr. Sverdrup* arrived in La Jolla, to assume his new position as Director of Scripps Institution of Oceanography. With him were his wife Gudrun and her daughter Anna.

These remarkable letters were written by Alice and Dick Fleming to their close friends Roger and Ellen. Both couples were in their twenties. The letters give an extraordinary glimpse of this crisis year in the history of the small Scripps "Station".

Professor Richard Fleming and his wife now live in Seattle, where he is retired as Director of the Department of Oceanography, University of Washington.

Alice's keen but gentle wit, her exuberant spirit pervade her letters; and Dick's on-the-spot account of the fate of the old *Scripps* is unique.)

PROLOGUE

FLEMING-REVELLE LETTERS

PART ONE

September 1-December 31, 1936

THE NORWEGIANS AND THE STATION FATE OF THE OLD SCRIPPS

Revelles leaving Director Vaughan leaving

Sept. 1, 1936

Dear Ellen:

It's like jumping off into a new kind of time - with you away; for things have usually been dated by what the Revelle-Flemings have just done; or what they are about to do. . . We left the station feeling very weak; and with each inch homeward felt more and more let down. It seems to me we bought some beer which we consumed upon reaching here -and then D. became genteely unconscious for several hours. Awakened to answer the phone - On the end was an enthusiast with a list of questions who started his conversation with "I've got a 70 pound octopus". He wanted to know how to preserve it for exhibition purposes.

Alice

Mrs. Sverdrup is horrified

Sept. 22, 1936

Dear Travelers,

I take my pen in hand to say that I am more "pixilated" than usual and hope you are the same. It's all a result of D. and I having flung discretion to the winds and E. into Nitché's keeping and made a weekend of it. We drove up to Santa Monica to stay Saturday night with Myna and Lewis Browne. When we tried to phone to learn how to get to their house we discovered that they were not in the directory and "Information" didn't have their number. We wandered over the town knowing they were expecting us for dinner and wondering what kind fate would rescue us from our dilemma. At last we found a book store from which books had been delivered to Lewis Browne and discovered the address and phoned - so we did arrive bewildered and elated at their fascinating house. . . . [Author Lewis Browne wrote a murder mystery about the Scripps aquarium, with much local color.]

*The following is strictly confidential "Please burn" or words to that effect. Mrs. Sverdrup is shocked at the station living conditions. She says "There is only one **house** on the place - the director's. The rest are huts. How can the men do good scientific work when they live so sordidly; Dirty children, washing, untidy yards, unpleasant houses. Why little Norway's peasants live better than these people. They have no self respect." She said my house was "palatial" (That's the very word). She also said she was going to do what she could "to change living conditions here" - but she longs for the end of his 3 years here. As yet the University has not provided furniture nor curtains for her, and "sheets" are*

doing service at the windows.

Hope Scotland is a perfect sojourn and you all come back with soft "burrs" among your other acquisitions.

*Ever with love,
Alice*

"Station" visit to Sumners desert ranch

Sept. 23, 1936

The Sumners are involved in an "at home" in the country with an invitation to all and a map tacked up on the bulletin board. We are to take our own sandwiches. Mrs. S. will provide spaghetti, coffee and fruit. Much fuss and chatter and the usual chorus "What are you going to wear?"

Sunday evening

Well here we are safely home, tubbed and eating grapes as D. prepares his lecture and I write to you. We had an exceptionally pleasant day in the country -driving up to the Sumner's in the Sverdrup's car for he was home. We arrived in the San Felipe Valley shortly before noon and disembarked into the dust and sunshine and the Sumner's welcome. Mrs. Sumner in a speckled house dress with her crowning glory bristling with hair pins which did no known good, and Dr. Sumner looking like an entomologist about to start off on an expedition. We were led under a great tree where we and our kind settled into the leaves and twigs and unpacked sandwiches and paper plates while the men got plates of spaghetti from the "kitchen" and people loaded their plates and then put them down with the admonition for no one to step on them while they unpacked another mystery parcel or went to collect a child.

The Andersons, Rosses, several pounds of bananas, a chocolate cake and peanut butter sandwiches sat in one mass. The three McEwens on a blanket sat ill at ease while Mrs. peeled tomatoes and dished out "helpings" and arranged piles of sandwiches. She in a green house dress with her hair waved and bobbie pinned under a hair net. The Zobells sat wide eyed and full mouthed on another blanket. And so on — the Foxes, Johnsons, Mobergs, Sverdrups and Flemings jumped over and crawled around each other passing cake, cookies, cold tongue, sandwiches, etc. in a community attempt at wholesale stoking. Dr. Sverdrup stalking calmly among the debris with canned beer oozing into various paper cups.

When we were all completely helpless with food we were herded into a group while Dr. Sumner climbed to the roof of the house to take a picture of us. You shall receive one — if and when they come out.

Dr. Sverdrup, D. and I hunted for Indian relics, and found them. I made the prize find — an amulet. About three the party started dwindling, and when all but the Youngs and ourselves had gone Dr. Y got his car stuck so D. and Dr. Sverdrup and Sumner had to haul and yell and gesticulate at each other through sheets of perspiration and dirt and when he finally was freed Dr. Young went driving off trailing the tow rope between the front wheels —

It was a grand party. No children crying — no complications, great comradery and 45 stationites in high fettle. Needless to say we wish you had been here.

Yesterday we received a card from Dr. V saying he had arrived in Edinburg and was expecting you "tomorrow".

The new Mrs. Gordon arrived today. I have not seen her, though she is to dine here tomorrow and I left flowers for her

yesterday. According to Nitch she has adorable yellow and blue flower boxes with plants already in them growing at the windows. More power to her. Someone like that gives us antiques a new lease on life. We forget how many times we tried to grow various things similarly and start the game all over again. Cheers for imagination and the will to beautify.

Nitche thinks the Sverdrups have a real love for each other. As she says "Something great none of this garden variety". I quickly come to the defense of "the garden variety" by saying "Well — it makes the world go 'round -but some love makes the world go forward — The Sverdrups may have that. . ."

Dr. Sverdrup on Bob Scripps Yacht

Oct. 4, 1936

. . .D. has just returned from a junket on Bob Scripps yacht with Dr. Sverdrup and Mo. They had a pleasant holiday, and so did their wives. Mrs. S. and I went to the playground Saturday morning to take tennis lessons and then spend a large part of the afternoon coaching each other and chasing the elusive ball.

Thursday we are to dine at the McKays with the Klaubers, Sverdrups and Cherrils — and Friday D. and I are going to celebrate in a BIG WAY. We are going to hear the Don Cossacks. . .I feel quite breathless —

Nitche thinks she will leave Wednesday. D. has persuaded her to stay this long and she is much rested.

There is a light fog outside and through it the surf and La Jolla lights gleam indistinctly. It feels as if it should be raining. I feel thrust-into-maturity with you away. As if the three years here shared with you were a period of growing up

— and your departure left us cubby-holed as “adult”
. . . Your letter arrived and we are all Edinburg conscious.
What a delightful experience — Betty-the-horse and Firth of
Fith, the old castle floating on its fog cloud. Anne will
remember much of it; and you and Roger will have to pass it
on to us Flemings in due time.

Tillie Genter, Ruth Ragan and the woman who lives across
the street from one of them, are taking a motor trip to the
Grand Canyon!!

Alice Fleming

Oct. 13, 1936

Your letter of arriving in Bergen came today and we are so
pleased to hear that you really are about to settle down in
your Norwegian home. . . It's just like in a book!!

Mrs. Sverdrup was so impressed with Lois' dinner party
that when she met her Mary in the employment agency she
hired her outright. Lois is all adither because she made most
of the meal on the strength of which Mrs. S. hired Mary!

Am reading a very dull book about a fascinating subject —
the relics of Norway which have been unearthed. Ships 100
ft. long; carriages, weapons, clothing, jewels. Please make
the trip to Oslo to see them in the museum there. . .

Oct. 18, 1936

Damned Domestic Well, my dears, another Sunday evening
at home, with my beloved husband over the card table
covered with charts and numbers; my dog industriously
hunting mice in his sleep, the Ford Music hour dripping out a
harp piece by Debussy. Outside the rain murmurs discreetly,
and the surf occasionally rises above.

The rain came Thursday evening when the Sverdrups were

monopolizing with us. Anne and I were thrilled, but Mrs. S. said "Why be pleased about rain?" Nevertheless all the next day I revelled in the grey wet-ness, the dull sky and sea, the hills sober and muddy, and the house bleak and cold. Then the wind came — shaking the house and really whistling about. We could see the men going down to work with their shoulders hunched under their coats, and that peculiar mule-like gait one assumes when he knows his feet may slip out from under him.

But this morning burst upon us in all the dazzling blue and white of an Easter Egg. The horizon so distinct you could see it curve and the La Jolla cliffs white and tall with the L.A. mountains in the background. We went walking along the beach, Dick sauntering along with his pipe, telling how much the erosion had done, E. and I running along to various magic spots where we would stop to dig. . .the kind of wind that touches you with its power and cleanness. . .

Stanley Chambers is the President of the High School Student Body. Paul McEwen has a job in Fresno. Ruth Anderson returns tomorrow. Mo is up and down. Miss Ragan is home from her vacation, 10 years younger. The La Jolla stores are playing musical chairs. Mel Stuart next to the new Piggly Wiggly. Quon Mane in Mel's old place. Watanabe next to the theatre. A new hat shop next to the bakery shop, etc. Today La Jolla celebrated Miss Ellen Scripps 100th birthday by planting a tree in her honor at the park near the cove. . .

Mrs. Sverdrup is just bubbling with news from home — all about Bergen and the round of entertaining that is going on: and how nice you are, and how much she wishes she were there now.

Tomorrow we are going to meet at Margaret ZoBell's

house to plan a Halloween party. I think it will turn out something like Billy Rose's Jumbo. I know it will have everyone's heart and soul and most of our cakes. . .

It looks as if Mo and Dosha were going on the trip. I am reconciled to D's staying home. I feel, that Dr. S. must be right. He is consolingly like God — always right — so I just relax and let things go. D. under S.'s stimulation is popping with ideas. There is such feeling of ease in the colony now.

Alice Fleming

Oct. 27, 1936

Halloween Party

Dear Ellen:

Stupidly I forgot to say how much we enjoyed the Edinburg Rock and Taffy from Scotland. Its arrival brought vows to take a tiny bit each evening; but it went quickly and gorgeously, leaving a wake of sticky fingers and lingering sweetness. . .

The station is in a whirl of preparations for a Halloween party at the Community house next Saturday. The gals are all on committees. The only complaint I've had was from Mrs. Mac E. who declared it could be done for 18¢ a person instead of 21 - but I managed to side track that up an alley marked "How is Dora Ellen finding school?" More later —

The dinner party at Mrs. Sverdrups was one of the pleasantest I've attended. Mobergs, Sumners, Guy Flemings and ourselves. Delicious food, and a long conversational evening in which books were brought out; ivories shown, and the discussion was flexible and gay. Mrs. S. is thorough in housekeeping and hostessing — everything goes smoothly and the guests are their better selves. . .

The Norwegian post cards are "man size" and the pictures

are certainly clear. I'm elated to think of your seeing and living near such places. . .

Nov. 2, 1936

Dearest Ellen and Nice Old Roger:

Here we are, nestling in our little home in the west, ears wagging at the radio returns and hearts sympathizing with poor Dickie who was de-toothed by Quintin Stephen-Hassard this afternoon! These election returns amaze me; the idea that each vote is a person appalls me!

The Halloween party? Oh yes: 10 gals of cider hard, sweet and mulled. Donuts and popcorn, eat your fill. The entire week spent in teeing, cutting out black paper witches, cats and bats. (Bats by Helene Chambers) Crepe paper curtains for the windows; carving pumpkins, gathering corn stalks from a farm in Mission Valley; making huge dummy scarecrows. At 8:30 D. and I went over and lighted Jackolanterns, started the fireplace crackling. The guests shuddered past the ghost in slacks and sport frocks; all except Lilian who was regal in a black gown with pearl buttons and dignity. We danced and ate and were entertained by a political debate Sumner vs. Young. . .Lilian had agreed to do Lady MacBeth. . .Anne Sverdrup and Martin Johnson played harmonicas. . .Barny Barnhart did acrobatic stunts — splits and head standing and contortions. . .Dr. Sverdrup and I did a little dancing a la Russe. I didn't know I had it in me . . .Mrs. McEwen came in a yama yama costume and drew on false eyelashes, and finished the landscape off with black spots all over — to make it more historic she couldn't get the stuff off her face afterwards. . .All in all it was a grand party that will go down in the station's history.

Meet Dickie, the instructor in public speaking for young

scientists at the request of Dr. S. and the "young people". Wednesday evenings they meet. At Wednesday supper we go over everything we know and battle from soup to dessert; then bathed and full of an especially good meal, D. goes off and I wash the dishes talking my head off to an imaginary audience.

Alice

Nov. 9, 1936

"THE SLUMS"

Dearest Ellen:

Here am I nodding over the table while the fire in our plump stove roars at me. This evening we dined, very much in state, on a pheasant Mrs. Fleming sent down from Vernon. Leila and Martin were our guests eating the bird with great vigor and telling pheasant stories and tooth stories. Tooth stories because Betsy Stephen-Hassard's boy, Quintin has been playing with my Dick again this afternoon and when they get together D. always comes away minus a tooth!!

Oh yes — tomorrow Mrs. Sverdrup and I are to be Lois MacKay's guest at a morning musical and luncheon; and at 3:30 are going to a tea Mrs. Sumner is giving so that Mrs. Sverdrup can meet some La Jolla people. . .

Did I tell you that I am typing and editing a biography which Mrs. Sumner is writing about her father. She will present the first two chapters to her brother for Christmas. I am receiving so much per page. So far I realize that father is spelt with capitals as one should write GOD and it impresses me that in just hearing her mention him I see the little girl attitude. It is sweet; and pathetic — or maybe just sweet. He grew up in the town where P.T. Barnum was born and was, as a matter of fact a cousin of his; and his background and boyhood have many similarities to those of my beloved

grandfather. . .

Can you see these Flemings taking turns at reading Roger's letter and eating their sandwiches? We were shocked and delighted to receive it and hope for more like it.

There is talk (Sverdrup and Ross) I don't know how generally known it is, of changing the policy about the station houses. D. says they will have to be canny to manage it. Mrs. S. thinks the lower houses are "slums" and is horrified at the general disrepair about the place. They consider tearing down those houses. Renting those on the hill unfurnished and making them modern in their condition. Up on this hill they have put in sidewalks and a lawn at the ZoBell — Johnson yards so it is neater. We also have sidewalks of a variety and a general air of expectant ship-shapeness. They have cleared out the underbrush in front of the director's house to make a lawn or garden and cut down some of the sacred Torrey Pines in the rear to make a "more sunny" back yard. And all the changes occur so casually with no fuss what-so-ever.

Alice

La Jolla Nov. 13, 1936
(morning)

Dear Roger:

COME HOME, ALL IS FORGIVEN.

Bring out the fatted calf and let there be rejoicing in the land. As you have no doubt gathered by this time, I had practically given you up as a hopeless correspondent. In future I shall delete the word correspondent.

I had begun to worry a bit. But the impression that I have gathered from Sverdrup (which we really had before you left) is that our work was quite up to standard even if we had not pushed it quite as far as we might have. He wants to have

our local conditions paper published soon, so let me have your ideas and notes. Instead of working on the blankety-blank Hannibal data, I have been working on the Scripps data — and as salve for my conscience I am doing it at the Director's request. . .

Dick

FATE OF THE OLD SCRIPPS

Friday evening 10 P.M. (Nov. 13)

Well my dears, I've been waiting since 7 o'clock for news from D. (Dick Fleming). He, Jim (Ross) and Mo (Dr. Moberg) went down to the yacht club to find out about the Scripps. A newspaper man had called Mo saying it had exploded. Just now Big Jim came to say D. was staying by the boat until the insurance men arrive. The boat exploded at her moorings. Blew the bottom clear out. Merty (Murdock) G. Ross, captain) and the cook (Henry Ball, W.P.A.) staggered out and fell overboard. Were picked up by the crew of Bob Scripps boat and rushed to the hospital. According to Jim the doctor says there was not a hair left on either man. They think Merty's eyes are out. Both are under morphine. Jim says he asked when they would come out from under the dose and the doctor said "I hope they don't." Jim is driving to Escondido for Merty's wife. They don't know what caused the trouble. It is a wonder it did not occur at sea or when there were more aboard. Everything must now be done to make it easier for these men and their wives. Such a shocking accident. So quick to happen and so devastating. That is the second ship's explosion Mo has missed being in!

much later

D. home, weary and full of stories about what he saw and hard. The men got off before the final blow. It shook the houses for blocks around. It is a wonder the surface of the water with all the oil did not catch on other boats. D. got 6 of the Nansen bottles by interesting the youngsters who collected on the scene. Mo says \$1,500 of uninsured stuff! Dr. Sverdrup will return from a trip north tomorrow. The captain of the Scripps yacht and the engineer said everything seemed in good condition.

Alice

Dick to Roger, Nov. 17 Tuesday

Little did I know when writing you Friday the 13th that it was going to turn into a day of disaster. As I remember, Alice finished off her letter Friday night. They are raising the boat today, after a day of fruitless effort yesterday. Murdy and Henry are still alive but that is about all can be said for them, and little hope that they can pull through. The story pieced together is about as follows: Captain Kruse and the engineer on the Novia del Mar were on board about noon and looked over the engine room. Murdy started up the engines and everything was in good shape. About four-thirty, Murdy went into San Diego to the Rockgas Co. and picked up a new tank of Protane and said that he was in a hurry and wanted to get it to cook supper. After that we don't know anything until about five fifteen this terrible explosion which shook all the houses on Point Loma.

The men from the Novia del Mar rushed over and found Murdy and Henry climbing out of the after hatch with hair and clothes ablaze and terribly burned around the face and arms. They helped them ashore, they were taken to the Naval

Training Station, the doctors there doped them with Morphine, from there by police ambulance to Mercy Hospital. Every possible care, four doctors and six nurses.

Meanwhile at the boat the flames had burst out almost everywhere. The explosion apparently blew right up through the lab and was enough to lift the deck away from the hull. I cannot imagine how the men survived at all. Apparently she had started to founder immediately and she went to the bottom soon after the fire brigade arrived. . . .

Now for the story from the other end. Soon after six Mo called me, the Union had called him about the explosion. Shortly after, Bob Scripps called him that he had heard from Captain Kruse about it. I rounded up Jim (Ross) and Mo. We went down to the yacht club and all that could be seen of her was the tops of her masts. It still seemed unreal, even now I cannot really believe the old Scripps is gone.

Jim went off to the hospital, Mo went to talk to the various witnesses and left me to watch what was left of the boat. My chief concern was for the Nansen Bottles and thermometers. However after I talked to some people around I decided that the bottles must have been burned up. About an hour or so later some kids came along, and said there was a box floating around in the bay. I imagined it was a box of citrate bottles and couldn't work up much enthusiasm. They came back a few minutes later and said they had pulled it in to the fish dock. There, believe it or not, they had the Nansen Bottles laid out in a row and apparently in as good a shape as ever they were. The whole instrument box apparently drifted off when she sank and although the outside of the box was burnt the weight of the instruments acted as ballast and kept it upright. It was certainly a lucky break. . . . We took the kids names with the recommendation that they receive a reward.

Yesterday they sent a barge and tug over to raise her but their equipment was either too ancient or too light and they ended by breaking up most of their gear, with the wreck in worse shape than when they started. Today they brought another barge over and Nak just came in and told me they had her forward deck out of water, but once again were in difficulty. We may never know exactly what happened, but when they finally get the boat up we may be able to tell more definitely. Most of the people around here feel pretty much upset and up in the air. Mo particularly of course. As you probably know, Mo was assigned the job of making the Honolulu trip with his new assistant. Of course the Scripps accident has complicated his plans. Mo has been backing and filling about going all along but Dr. Sverdrup has decided that if it is at all possible Mo is to make the trip.

Dick

Friday, Nov. 20, 1936

Here it is a week since I started this letter to you. It doesn't seem possible so much could have happened in such a short time. Today's report is that Murdy and Ball are progressing as well as can be expected. They are still not out of danger. The boat was raised Tuesday night, towed over to the Marine Construction and put on the ways directly. Just at present the University and the Insurance Company are dickering over the disposal of the boat. . .In any event, the hydrographic winch belongs to us and has been taken off and will be looked after by Marine Construction. The rest of the mess is still sitting on the Marine ways. I will try to send you some pictures. I have crawled, waded, climbed and wallowed through the ruins from stem to stern. I think that the engine, auxilliary, anchor and winches can be salvaged but that the hull is a total loss. . .

Saturday, Nov. 21, 1936

The University and the Insurance Co. are still unable to reach a decision. Sverdrup, I agree with him entirely, is opposed to taking over the hull at all as the equipment that we will or could salvage would always be a liability to us. Alice and I had supper en famille with the Sverdrups last night and Sv and I had a long pow wow about our new boat. He is firmly convinced, and again I am in complete accord, that we should try and build our own boat.

Thursday, Nov. 26, 1936

Today being Thanksgiving day I have sneaked down so I can get this finished off. The University and the Insurance Co. finally reached agreement, they gave us the full value of the policy (ten thousand) and the winch and other equipment directly connected with our work, such as accumulators, sheaves, meter wheel, etc. The rest of the stuff was sold to the Marine Construction by the Insurance Co. I went into the hospital Monday to see the men. Ball was unconscious and all I could see was the tip of his nose sticking out of a mask and helmet of bandages. Murdy was kind of half conscious and didn't know I was there. All I could see of him was part of his face but that was enough to make me feel sick for the rest of the day.

Sverdrup gave a swell lecture on Monday night about his experiences with the natives in northern Siberia. Tuesday at 6:30 I left with him for a trip to L.A. We went first to San Pedro and saw a marine architect and discussed the boat situation, and then looked at various boats that were on the market. I was on board two yachts about 90 feet long. Sverdrup was on a sailing schooner the same length. Now there is a committee of three, Sv., Martin Johnson and

myself, to draw up preliminary plans. After that the architect is going to try to fit what ideas we may have into a boat about 110 feet long. . . Mo got away for the islands. . . is on the Louisville now, with me being left in charge of the Chemistry Labs. So my time is well occupied with my numerous duties . . . The Sediment Lab are running, loss in weight, chlorides and Andy is getting the sedimentation analyses started.

I received the bundle of reprints from you for which many thanks. We are going to Thanksgiving dinner with the Sverdrups tonight. I certainly wish we could get together in a bowl of giblet gravy. Today has been beautifully warm and clear, part of a Santa Anna condition. It is dry as a bone, and a bad fire today over on Muirlands. We drove up to the Lookout on Soledad and could look right down on the fire, it looked pretty fierce and was getting close to some of the fancy houses up there. The smoke has died down now, and I imagine the firefighters have it under control.

*As ever,
R.F.*

Dear Ellen,

Nov. 23, 1936

Time draws on, doesn't it? Because of the generally good business year and the shipping strike which may tie up the usual Christmas importations the stores are already Yule Tidish and so is the public. The weather here is that gloriously bright kind when people are contagiously happy and poinsettias are flaunting their color hither and yon — and the bay is full of cavorting seals and diving birds and the fat little fishing boats are busy jaunting out beyond the kelp beds. . .

Tuesday, Nov. 24, 1936

The (Francis) Smiths and Flemings dined on pheasant and then went forth to hear Dr. Sverdrup lecture about life in the Arctic. We arrived to find all but 2 seats taken; the library filled to the limit with chairs and men standing in back. Super colossal. I've never seen the like at Scripps. . .

Mo is "off" (on the Louisville). His last week here was hectic to say the least. He attended to the Scripps disaster splendidly; but got into a terrible fight with Mrs. McEwen and the Palmers who have to answer the station phone after hours. There were letters written to the powers-that-be and Mo seems to have been completely in the wrong. Then he stayed away from work most of the last week. . .

The other day D. had to go in to see the men at Mercy Hospital. He came out a sadder and a wiser man. They are a sight to behold. Still unconscious and babbling. Murdy has been rational once or twice but Ball is completely out.

. . . For Thanksgiving we are combining with the Sverdrups. Anne is to make pies, I the cranberry jelly, and the duck from Frank (Gilloon's). We are going to invite the (Eaton) MacKay's. Mrs. S. is dying for fun and laughter, she is very lively and entertaining. I wish I could find a companion for her who had more leisure than I have. Then she would be settled for a safe if not sane 3 years in the U.S.A. . . .

Since his "operation" (tooth out to you). D. has been very very well. He is busy as a frog in a cranberry bog and it agrees with him. He is very happy in the relationship to Dr. S.

Alice to Ellen

Dec. 1, 1936

Well children, your Christmas box is on its way and I sit

here torn between delight and chagrin. Should I have sent all books and so avoided tariff? or "did I do right?"

Saturday noon in great glee Anne, Mrs. Sverdrup, E., D., and I loaded into our chariot and sped away to Frank Gilloon's ranch and luncheon. The Norwegian delegation were aglow with enthusiasm. Frank was especially happy and animated because of Mary. Oh yes there is a girl at last and he is completely spell bound. Just now I don't know how she feels, but I approve and since he blatantly said "Please help me get her, Alice" I am deep in the game of getting Mary. If he wins, he gets the prize but I'll feel very happy and get a duck for Christmas. He is serious about both Mary and the duck!

After luncheon we drove about Rancho Santa Fe and visited some beautiful estates. One was a Garden of Eden and Noah's Ark combined — beautiful flowers and all sorts of beauties and birds. We all went "ohing" from place to place like orphans in the zoo. . .

Have read Douglas Lloyd's new book "White Banners". I was interested in the theme. That if you have a quiet courage all your own, and faith, you will find that things work out for you. What is the case I suppose is that you stop struggling and when relaxed get a new perspective of the situation and so act in accordance with that. . . I often wonder about national mind or period mind or whatever one would call it. People of our period and place seem to have certain thought patterns — either the cause or effect of the depression; and now advancing out of that the "mind" seems to have renewed vigor. Would you say the Norwegians had a "quality of mind" that was typical. I frequently feel as if Mrs. Sverdrup were a man from Mars because her opinions are so direct. She sees the situation without its accessories — often in the most amusing way.

AFTERMATH - SCRIPPS EXPLOSION

Dick to Roger

Dec. 4, 1936

Dear Roger:

Another letter off to you today should reach you for Christmas. Alice received your letter and has been so abashed by your glorious compliments concerning her abilities as a letter writer she has not yet sufficient courage to write you herself.

First, the developments about the accident on the SCRIPPS. Henry Ball died last Friday as the result of his injuries, after lingering on for two weeks. Murdy is recovering slowly, but is still not out of danger. I went to see him yesterday and he was very pleased to hear about your travels. He is still a terrible sight, but there is hope he will pull through. The worst feature at present is his mental condition, as he has more or less lost interest in life, and is quite convinced he is not going to recover. The Institution made up a purse for Mrs. Ball, and I contributed \$10.00 for you and got a check from Sibley. As I understand the Insurance company sold the hull and its contents to the Marine Construction Company who plan to rebuild her as a fishing boat or a tug boat.

Dr. Sverdrup and I have been working on plans for our new boat, although we have no idea where the money is going to come from. We have been planning on a boat 100 feet long with a 23 ft. beam and about 11 ft. draft, a modification of the type of boat used for trawling in the North Atlantic. It is lots of fun and I only wish you were here to join in. . .

One of the things I have to do right away is work on a paper I plan to present at the W.S.N. (Western Society of

Naturalists) at Christmas time. I intend to speak about the peculiar topography of the Southern California Coast and the effect it has or may have upon the oceanographic conditions. This will form another part of our paper on the local conditions. By the way, when are you going to send me the notes. . .? The time seems to be slipping by so rapidly.

The plan for the instructional program which I outlined to you has been approved and will go into effect next summer . . . Beginning about June 25, a four unit course on General Introductory Oceanography will be given in six weeks. . . Arrangements have been made so that the various biologists, as well as others who may not desire to take their degree in oceanography, may take joint degrees in which the Institution and one or more of the departments at U.C.L.A. or Berkeley will participate. Within the next year or so we will undoubtedly be transferred to the Southern Senate and all administrative work will be handled at U.C.L.A. . . .

Dec. 8, 1936

Somehow I didn't finish off your letter. . . I am enclosing the pictures of the SCRIPPS. They show how she looked at low tide and during the salvage operations, and the final series when they had her up on the marine ways. You can see the mess the fire made of the deckhouse, but except for the view of the galley stove it was impossible to get any shots below-decks. But as I told you the whole forepart of the galley and forecastle were completely gutted. We have all our gear off and Carl (Johnson) and Teter are working on the winch and other equipment and reconditioning it.

I received the three budget allotments this morning and they are all approved as submitted. For the Sediments Lab \$150 has been allotted for the coming half of the year, this will

cover out expenses to date and leave us a working balance of about \$35.00. If we buy the equipment necessary for the work on CO₂ I will charge it against your account. I am pleased to say that my own request for \$50 was approved so I have definite evidence that I am to be a separate part of the Inst. at least as far as the Chemistry section is concerned. It is going to be a wonderful feeling to be free at last. . .

The Inspectors for the Steamboat Inspection Service were down yesterday concerning the accident on the SCRIPPS. They intended to see Moe but we were able to turn over all the various and sundry reports and the pictures and blue-prints and they were completely satisfied. There may have to be another investigation later on when Mo gets back as the fact that Henry died places the investigation in the hands of another board. The men here yesterday were completely charming fellows and we all got very pally. Their interest was primarily in determining the cause of the fire with an eye to future legislation. They told me the whole legal set-up of the Service and all their rules and regulations are to be brought up to date in the near future.

I hope you will have the merriest of Christmases and so forth. I am sorry we cannot be together this year, but we will drink lots of toasts to our wandering Revelles.

*As ever,
R.F.*

Dear Ellen,

Dec. 8, 1936

. . .I am very busy these days — running Roger's Department and Mo's Department as well as trying to do some of my own work — but all in all seem to be accom-

plishing quite a bit. I fill in the odd moments by drawing plans for our new boat — all good clean fun — then I have my public speaking class, called the “Speak-easy Club” one night a week and the second night a week I go in to the Toastmasters Club — just getting to be a regular gad-about.

With Dr. Sverdrup at the helm the tempo of our life seems to have speeded up somewhat — with him as an example we should all be on the jump. He is a phenomenal individual and the amount of work he can accomplish is simply astounding.

We have had wonderful weather this fall but it is beginning to cool off now. . . everything is now dry again. . . maybe you could send some of your wetness over this way for awhile.

So may all your stockings be fat ones this Christmas.

R.F.

ALICE

Dec. 11, 1936

My dears:

We do hope this reaches you on or near Christmas day . . . We sent two parcels on December first, but have just received word they are only in New York and waiting for more stamps — or something, so I fear they will not reach you 'till July 4th. . .

Tomorrow, after the evening public speaking class the members and their wives come here for cocoa and cookies. Goody, goody. They are all very pleasant young people, but aside from Sidney, no zip. The Shears are completely self

sufficient and very "sweet", the Gordons pleasant but definitely not stimulating and you know the others. Perhaps I like Sidney because he makes me feel controversial and collegiate —.

. . .I find myself an ardent tree stealer. I size up a neat little myoporum growing gently and unsuspectingly where nature set it. I saunter forth with the shovel and return with a smug expression and a tree. I'm collecting geraniums (I should say gerania) also. As many kinds as possible. Right now, Dr. Sumner is trying to convert me to succulents. I'll listen hour on end to his campaign speeches just to see the flash in his eyes when he says "succulents". Its just not decent; brings out the satyr in him and what can "one say to a saytr". That's my first transoceanic pun. The other day D. said Norway's chief exports were fish and oceanographers.

*Love,
Alice*

Dec. 15, 1936

Dear Roger:

If these pages are sticky, it is with the remnants of a days activity with Christmas candy and cookies — morsels which you would be able to snatch on your way through the kitchen. Joan Gordon and I teamed up — taffy, green and red lollipops, candied orange peel, peanut brittle and gingersnaps. . .

Outside there is the complete darkness; and tender noises of calmly raining night; occasionally the thud of an extra large breaker. In my gardner's mind I can see the plants perking up at the touch of a continuous patter from the right source. I frequently wonder if everyone has this feeling of wanting to share with "nature" the changes of weather; to

celebrate a rainy night with this happy mood or feeling — to want to walk on the cliffs on a windy day, to want the twilight to continue forever — to perpetually be surprised at what daybreak is like. . .

*I don't have the inclination to tell you what has **happened**; and so many amusing, tragic and interesting events have been crowded into these few months. Rather, I wonder what you would think of this; or how you would see that — We go through periods of sharpened sensibilities, I believe; and this seems to be one for me. It may be a renaissance. It may be the weather — Knowing of all the new worlds to conquer you are discovering I've looked upon my own microcosm and watched it show new features; and so I too, am wandering in different places and enjoying the familiar.*

. . . Your parcels are down at the lab. Do you think I can have them lugged up here? I should say not. They are guarded religiously. . . I retaliate by saying "Well you promised not to have Dr. S. read what the Norwegian declarations on them say". . . I want them up here where I can shake and poke. What is Christmas without a shake and poke?

I am so pleased with the effect Dr. S. has on the station in general and Dick in particular. Drastic changes are made so calmly. No fanfare about them. The man uses his brains more than his charm and he has both. Except when being detoothed D. acts as if he had been injected with the bacillus "hard-work ii" early and late and so naturally and enthusiastically.

Alice

*(also in Dec. 11 letter?)
or Dec. 1??*

Dr. S. wants D. to move over to the two upstairs corner rooms in his building — I hope it can be done without upsetting Mo, and expect D. shall wait his return before so doing. I hope the trip will give Mo a new lease on Oceanography and life and that the wind won't be taken out of his sails upon his return — that he can retain his feeling of power — if he acquires it. It is repetition to say we judge ourselves by our aspirations — others by their acts.

(A week before Xmas, 1936)

Dearest Ellen:

There is a brand new moon and a solitary star casting silver across the bay, and the La Jolla lights twinkle gayly. Complete quiet. That lovely feeling that time doesn't exist and that for an exquisite period everything stands still.

I was delighted to receive a note from your mother in answer to mine. She seems very comfortable and interested in her weaving — and what pleased me, happy in your trip.

Sunday we went up to the [Revelle] house. We had thought it was rented but found it wasn't occupied. We went over it thoroughly. . .and everything was fresh and clean. The patio looked very well, indeed. The tree at the left was in bloom — great balls of pink flowers clustered together — larger than tennis balls — Remember, we once made hats for Anne from the leaves of that tree. . .

We had a note inviting us to dine with Leo Bachman on the Bushnell. . .Had a grand time. Two other officers were pleasant and Leo his apt self. How I enjoy his conversation and his quiet voice. . .They are to dine with us and meet the Sverdrups the first week in January. He worked near the Nautilus just before she sailed for Europe: so will have double interest in Dr. S.

Alice Fleming

*(After Xmas 1936
Dec. 29, - P.)*

Dear Ellen and Roger:

This yellow scratchpad paper is not a quaint California custom. It is due to our having been weather bound by rain and wind; and Dick being away in the great city. . .talking.

Our Christmas season was dramatic in its downpour and wind; so that it almost seemed as if we were wintering in a lurching houseboat. But that only heightened our comfort when we were warm. We sat smugly in our shuddering home and glowed at our little Christmas tree proud in its red balls and new lights and the mountains of gifts on the table beneath its boughs; and the parcels hidden away from each other and Betsy. On the day before Christmas I received a delightful shock; the stove from cottage 7 (?) was installed in my kitchen. Imagine me with a 4 burner, broiler, top oven, white stove flaunting its cream and white beauty at my white ice box and newly painted sink. Just to complicate matters I had added the perfume of fresh paint to that of cookie cooking in a moment of housewifely virtue. So. . .As Ed Wynn might say — we dined leisurely on broiled steak and banbury tarts. We had decided to be very wise and economical and give each other “Life” for a family present. Nothing else. So we spent a large part of the evening with our backs to each other tying up various gifts we had bought each other. How it happened I don’t know. Then we sipped port while Dick read the Pickwick Christmas descriptions and made us feel very “God rest you merry gentlemen ish”.

We were wakened by a terrific wind and rain storm and my first words were. . .“I can’t wait another minute for the

Revelle gifts.” So Dick stalked into the bleak darkness and came back frozen and heavy laden and crawled in to get warm while I snipped the strings. We gloated. . .and are still completely enamoured of both the coffee set and the print. You perfectionists! The coffee set is my delight. . .completely beautiful; far lovelier than anything I could imagine. . .We put the picture at the foot of the bed with the light on it; caressed the lovely frame and said things about the blues and browns and the feeling of chill in the shady corners of the court and the warmth in the sun. . .It is a very active part of our daily aesthetic life; we appreciate it so many ways.

Betsy is very proud of her little doll. She loves its braids “Just like mommies”; and speaks to it in a little high voice finding that suitable to its size, I suppose. . .Our Bergen book makes us more eager than ever to go there. It certainly is inviting. . .

On the evening of the 26th we dined at the Sverdrups. His brother and sister in law and their son are their holiday guests. The (Francis) Smiths, MacKays and Lois’ mother, and ourselves attended the party. Everyone was in holiday spirits; the ladies looking very glamorous and the gentlemen handsome and appreciative of the food and wine. The table very festive with red and white decorations; a bit of red and white homespun in the center; and at each place irresistible gnomes in red suits and caps, cherry cheeked and white bearded like the fascinating creatures on your Christmas parcels.

At the completion of the dinner Dr. S. arose and recited (E. is working the shift key) a little poem, the gist was that their nicest Cal. friends were gathered at their board; and thus really were in Norway; so he proposed a health to all and Skol. It was very gracious.

He is working terribly hard; and doing socially whatever he can to aid the station; luncheon club, lectures etc. He joined the golf club and goes up for a game whenever he can; but has not as yet found any especially interesting men. Has not yet found a rip roaring calculation bridge player and seems to be losing hopes. She says that in Bergen the academic staff "know people other than those with whom they work"; and that they have a grand "lively" crowd. I don't think she finds the station dinner parties and womens teas especially stimulating. Comes and whispers "when can we leave". They enjoy the MacKays very much; and I think Lois is her pleasantest friend; and he enjoys Mac; and appreciates Lois' intelligence, charm and spontaneity. You can just see him relax as at the 26th party. At other places he has a good time, too; but you sometimes feel an effort. Except in his own family he is always calm; swift and easy thinking and to the point; every one adores him. They like her but don't know her so well. She does pretty much as she jolly well pleases; is very loveable and amusing. Doesn't see any reason for giving a tea without a maid and just now has had none; so there has been no station tea. Has given two dinner parties for the station; One included the ZoBells (who couldn't go) the Foxes, Johnsons, MacEwens and Allans. The other we attended with the Sumners and other Flemings; and Mobergs. Dick and I have gone in for various Norwegian specials and put Elizabeth upstairs to sleep; and they have come up here too. We like them so very much; and would do anything to make them happy or more comfortable.

Dick has gone to the conference in Los Angeles!! And I was to "think about him" at 4 o'clock Tuesday. . .

*Ever with love,
Alice*

Murdy is alternately on the brink of death and then recovering.

The Zobells have 2 railroads in their living room and a new fish pond in their front yard.

The Sverdrups have removed the stepping stone walk to their house and put in plain cement which makes one's stride more graceful. Also a front lawn, a back lawn, and a floored basement.

Byron (Johnson) has a bike.

We are counting the months till your return.

At tea at Sverdrup's, Dr. S. kept telling me that D. had bought something for me in L.A. and teased me about what it might be.

He came home with 5 volumes of Dampier's Voyages printed in 1711. Fascinatingly illustrated and in good condition.

PROLOGUE

FLEMING-REVELLE LETTERS

PART TWO

January-Sept. 1937

THE NEW SHIP NEW PEOPLE

Jan. 5, 1937

Dearest Ellen:

Here it is 1937 and the grand hope of seeing you this year rises in my heart. . .

Last evening the Sverdrups "waffled" here and early this morning D. and Dr. S. left for a days jaunt to Riverside where he is to speak. . .

We had terribly cold weather during the last two weeks, plus wind and rain. We had to live in the dining room and I had to push a table against the double doors or else the wind from the living room would blow them open. But I hear you, too, have been having unusual weather. . .

Jan. 11, 1937

We are still actively suffering from the cold, two of our guppies died from it and everyone goes about with a cowered attitude. We avoid the mud by trecking to the beach. As yet we have avoided the flu epidemic. . .

It is completely disgusting — my unholy delight in going to the Sverdrup's "At Home" in my new tout ensemble ie coat — hat — scarf. I flaunt it and simply can't and won't be nonchalant. I feel like a puppy with a "high" bone — I want to frisk it in and out under peoples' noses. . . From that angle the tea was an hilarious success. Gudrun had made pretzels and unearthed some Christmas goodies. Sunday last we discussed the affair. Mrs. Sumner, Mrs. McEwen, Mrs. Chambers were to pour tea and coffee and she wanted me to also — But I suggested Marian Moberg and was pleased to see her purring over a lovely teapot when I went in. Everyone in high good humor very much impressed with themselves and like a flock of canaries that ate a cat in its nine lives. Dr. S. talking to groups and individuals and bowing like a little chinese figurine, and Anne sauntering through the room with huge platters of goodies before her and two rows of very firm curls at the back of her neck, and Gudrun saying "Yes she made the cookies ohhh she enjoyed doing it" and beaming at her guests. The Sverdrups had such a good time that they are going to do it again, and the colony had such a thrill that it is still living on the astral plain.

Murdy seems to be recovering. . .

In some poem some one "went to his well earned rest" — was it the cattle? Anyway that's where I'm going if I can get there awake. Otherwise you will soon get the sad news of

“one Alice Fleming found frozen on way to bed. Leaves husband, child, one dog, one guppy and several New Year’s Resolutions. Funeral services will be held.”

*Ever with love,
Alice*

Dick to Ellen

Jan. 18, 1937

*Tell Roger that Murdy is doing nicely and expected to pull through although he was given up for dead before Christmas.
(Also a page about lab assistant “Andy”; effects of his marital troubles on his usefulness as a scientist)*

Jan. 30, 1937

Dearest Roger:

*. . . We manage to survive this cold, wet weather, but there is much gritting of teeth and crowding against stoves; and the station generally is rather red of nose and water of eye. I’m taking Betsy for a walk twice each day. We bundle up; she in long leggings and her red cap and sweater and with Peter (the spaniel) in call, go for our solitary promenade. Everyone else is barricaded in — sometimes we see a face peering out of a hazy window at us, but for the most part we are “sole survivors”. Needless to say, it really is glorious outside — the wind is cruel, but it has driven the waves so hard that there are acres of breakers; making a white patch from the end of the pier to the cove. Out beyond that the ocean looks deep and vivid — and ready for Viking ships — or Trojans who
“Sitting well in order
smite the sounding furrows”*

Down on the beach the birds walk briskly about, like a movie speeded up — and eddies of wind blow the sand ahead of us.

But all is not bleak. We know where pussy willows are “purring” in a sheltered place; and have gingerly picked a fine pink cactus blossom, and brodea.

. . . This morning I worked in rhythm with the Inaugural ceremony [F.D.R.] broadcast — wondering the while if somewhere in Bergen two La Jollans were hearing the same program. One news commentator before the president’s speech said “Listen for his stand on labor and war”. What he stressed was improving conditions for the really poor Americans. That thought has been snatched up and every radio program today and papers are chorusing it. No one mentions “war or labor”.

Apropos of the strikes we can buy only one sack of sugar at a time here!! Fish is scarce because of bad weather and many varieties of canned food are “used up”.

. . . The Sverdrups went up to Laguna Mts. on Sunday and thrilled themselves with several hours unadulterated skiing. They went again today. She raved about “miles and miles of going” and “no one else around.” He scraped the back of a hand while coming down and goes about the station flaunting the bruise in the face of an unsuspecting public which stares and says “Oh, Dr. S. how did you hurt your hand?” and he replies nonchalantly “Just a little scrape I got while skiing Sunday.”

The station has a new Ford sedan in place of the station car — may its soul rest in peace — you should see Bill or Carl Johnson driving it.

Barney’s book is published and selling at \$4.00 a copy, and both he and Mrs. Barnhart are walking on air. She says “Of course I’m thrilled — in just the tone she uses on patchwork quilts. And he says “I’m glad its really published but you know Mrs. Fleming everyone doesn’t think its perfect Now

I've had letters. . .” He is so happy and sweet.

Guðrun has just finished Sigrid Unset's “Faithful Wife” “How did you enjoy it?” said I. “Oh S.U. is too heavy and hairy” said she.

Oh yes — I nearly forgot the latest tempest in the teapot. Jim Ross told D. the university architect was coming to look over the houses to see whether they would be worth 1. conditioning or 2. should be torn down or 3. should have all furniture removed and rent just as unfurnished houses. So — I thought I'd stay at hand in case he came to see my house!! I looked out the window in the middle of the morning to see Lillian and Helene (Chambers) walking up and down in front of their house. Jim had told her to be ready to see the man at 8:30 — He did not appear that day or the next, and on the third day he beat a hasty retreat having been pulled hither and yon by all the people “who needed things done to their labs before they could do any work.” And the housewives have settled back to the belief that their roofs will be over their heads next week as this; and Guðrun mutters in my ear — “It makes me so mad” and swats a ball. I tell her we couldn't get a suitable place in town; clean(?); a glorious view, no near neighbors; a yard and near to work.

. . .over a week of battling the elements has gone. D. has gone into his new office (close to Dr. Sverdrup) and is still getting settled. What E. likes is the “swiffle” chair which she “Swiffles” with great abandon.

*With love to all
Great and small
E. and R. and daughters two,
from You know who
Affectionately,
Alice*

Dear Roger and Ellen,

February 2, 1937

The pictures are perfect. We are thrilled to have a glimpse of you at home in Norway. You all look well; and not a bit "foreign". Though perhaps I catch a bit of an accent.

Ruth Anderson has left Andy again. This time for good . . . Ruth McKitrick is sporting a fine engagement ring — Arthur Hollan is the man. She is so happy there is a catch in her voice. . .

Betsy has been providing us with excitement by having a stab at the flu. Woe is me and lack a day!

Tell Anne the seals are here. Before Betsy was ill we used to go out on the pier after tennis and watch them playing about in the water. Always seem like such comfortably dispositioned creatures, despite their croupy bark.

D. says to tell you he believes you are getting Oxford Groupish. I think it would be interesting to import it to Scripps. What do you think?

Sunday, Feb. 14, 1937

Dear Ellen:

In the first place — "Will you be my valentine?"

It's a rainy, grey afternoon, with the road flowing with water and the hills silently oozing out into the roads; the trees tossing and the bay bleak and sober. . . What we should be doing is gardening. But God realized that we had been out late last evening and gave us a grand excuse for lazing in the house.

What a week! "The men" went up to San Pedro to look over the Bluefin; had a grand time on their little junket. Gudrun and I lunched together here and talked ourselves

*bluer than usual in the face because of the party we were planning. We had gone house to house about a **community house party**. It went over with a bang. I suggested Mrs. McEwen be in charge of decorations — and she made a grand showing and was so happy and agreeable. We made cakes and served coffee.*

One of the cakes was raffled off at 10¢ a raf, Dr. Sverdrup going around with the tickets, and Anne bearing huge white cake with two very red hearts. Betty Ross won it and giggling declared she simply couldn't take it cause she made it. Another card was drawn — Oh Calcium Cunningham drew the tickets out of the hat — and Mrs. Ross on it. She giggled and couldn't take it. So Calcium, giggling, drew another number. It was Dr. S's. Uproar. Gudren rushed up and shrieked "You keep that cake, Harald. Don't let it get any further."

Then as a mixer, they got one or more baby pictures of the whole tribe, framed them in paper doily hearts, numbered them, and pinned them on the walls. Such passion as was shown by the penciled crowd scrutinizing the pictures and each other. And the heroic mistakes that were made, told to friends and cackled over! The prize one was Andy's baby picture looking just like me!!

Wednesday we dined with the Foxes at the Mobergs and all was very pleasant. Friday we dined with the Johnsons, Martin's assistant and Andy at the Sverdrups. Dr. S. has been terribly upset because he has had 3 appointments to come down here by Dr. Sproul broken. But Friday evening he was happier than I've ever seen him and less worried.

D. is going off on the Bluefin next month. He is to lecture in Oceanography here during the summer session which Dr. S. is endeavoring to "build up". D. will get additional wages,

which will help to say the least. I wish he could manage to go to the Denver conference, but feel that is not essential. He is so much happier in his work and home and enjoys meeting the extra people at the Toastmasters.

Am sending the views of the station from our scrapbook

. . .

*Ever with love,
Alice*

THE NEW BOAT AND DR. SPROUL

Alice to Ellen

(undated - late Feb., 1937)

Thursday evening D. rushed through a partial ablution because he and Dr. S. "got talking boat", and I in my new hat and coat rush off to take the ZoBells in our car to the U.C. Alumni dinner at the Grant Hotel because Dr. Sproul is the piece de resistance of the evening; and we have all been told to attend. The Mobergs asked the Sverdrups as their guests; and then when the latter were expected to sit at the speakers table there was general confusion. . . It ended by my sitting between Mo and Claude and D. between Marian and Margaret; eating a hotel dinner and hauling out conversation between courses. By the time dessert arrived in melted pools of brick ice cream all was going smoothly. Then we listened to the Men's Glee Club sing; saw football pictures, heard committee reports, listened to Bob Sibley, and a young football hero. . . and finally Dr. Sproul was worth it all. He is much older and harassed looking, loud as ever, and splendid. He and Dr. S. had lunched with Bob Scripps (who is just recovering from flu) and were impressed with his enthusiasm about a new boat for the station. On the strength of which D.

and Dr. S. have been boating ever since. I get waked at midnight to hear about tanks between the engine room and something else stopping the shake; and draft and length and "what she'll do."

Dr. Sproul told Dr. S. that he had never seen Bob Scripps so enthusiastic.

. . .I went to town early Friday and blissfully trotted from store to store. . .Then I met D. and we lunched slowly and hilariously; and then started a trek to get me a dress with two birthday checks I'd received. You started it, my dear, with the brown net I inherited from you, and for the next ten years must enjoy with me my new brown lace dress. Good lines, good material, well fitted. I like it and shall be self confident in it. . .

Saturday Bob Gordon whose wife is away came in. He is so McEwen, and regaled us with the findings in statistical methods used on fish in Italy. . .until we got him onto music which is his religion and had a grand free for all about Wagnerian music.

The other evening Dr. Sverdrup was telling how they eat sandwiches together in Bergen. I said I dared him write notes to the staff members saying "Bring your lunch to work next Wednesday" and see what happened. Imagine our surprise when he did just that. D.'s account of the lunch period is amusing. They all sat around in Dr. S.'s office on a semi-circle of chairs, and with their heads down consumed their sandwiches in guilty silence. D. made three attempts at conversation. They didn't even die awful deaths, they just expired. Finally D. got some old pictures of the station from the library, and they did start talking about those. Dr. S. said he is going to go on with the idea, once a week.

Did you know the state and the city of San Diego want to

swap Mission Bay and Torrey Pine parks. It seems that Mission Bay is a wildlife reserve. They want to industrialize it and that would kill off the birds, etc.; much chatter and editorial space. . .The Globe Theatre was taken over by an association of all the amateur theatrical groups in town; and is used strenuously. When Mme. Schumannheink died they started a memorial drive, hope to raise enough money to get a fine carillon of bells installed at Balboa Park.

We are so happy thinking of your Norwegian adventures. Have a glorious time.

*Ever with love,
Alice*

The New Ship

Ellen from Alice

March 12, 1937

This evening we are to dine with the Sverdrups at Gracie's Since Dr. S. spent yesterday in L.A. looking at boats we are assured one subject of conversation — the 104 ft. boat which is now his dream ship. D. says he is so thrilled about this boat he saw by accident that he stutters! If things go by plan today, they will buy this boat, have it for service this summer and save time and money. What pleases me is that we are to dine with the Johansens and have a pleasant evening before her fireplace.*

. . .Such a cozy dinner at Gracie's whom I tried conscientiously to call Mrs. Johansen. She and the Captain both looking so happy.

Yesterday afternoon D. and Dr. S. drove up to San Pedro. They are to make a trial trip on the Bluefin today — in gray rain and whitecapped sea.

**Editor's note: Ellen Revelle's mother, Mrs. Johansen and husband Captain Johansen.*

Dear Ellen,

On board M.V. "Bluefin"
(California Fish and Game
Commission) Port San Luis.

According to our plans we should be about half way through our cruise — but the old oceanographers devil has been at work; after four days we have occupied two stations . . . gales and downpours of rain. This morning the biggest swells I have ever seen in my life — but they were so long we rode them nicely until the wind came up and started blowing the tops off them — then we had to turn around and run.

We saw a lot of Velella (sp.?) or as the skipper calls them "Spanish — by-the-winders". They are relatives of the Spanish Man O'War. It looks like a cookie with a sail on it — only the cookie part is a brilliant purplish blue. They float along on the surface with their sails sticking out — and sail by-the-wind.

Port San Luis is a funny little burg-first the end of the oil pipelines for the wells around San Luis Obispo. A couple of long wharves, a family of oil tanks and main street. . . Aside from the village it is really beautiful here, rolling hills — brilliant green just now with a liberal sprinkling of live oaks.

We landed on Santa Rosa Island the other day and explored and dug in the numerous old kitchen middens. Nak found a beautiful arrow head, and I unearthed several fragments of obvious human manufacture. . . Coming along the south side of the island the Capt. spotted a small fishing boat. It proved to be a lobsterman, and as the season closed a week ago — action! We boarded the tub — the "Barbara".

No one on board — the only sign of life a crate of lobsters tied on the stern. So we confiscated the lobsters and then waited. The owner turned up later full of fine alibis. Nevertheless he got a ticket and we got the lobsters. So we have had lobster nearly every meal since — and were they good.

Dr. Sverdrup was supposed to make this trip, but negotiations for our new boat were moving along so rapidly he decided to stay ashore — Nak came instead. . . It is an 104 foot schooner that has belonged to Lewis Stone — I was on board her about 10 days ago and she looked pretty fine to me. They were to haul her out this week and examine the hull and then if she is sound and passed that test, to sail her down to San Diego on a trial trip to see how she handles. I hope, and am sure, that she will be a lot better than this bath tub. . .

Tell that good for nothing husband of yours that when he finally writes me a letter I will break down and get a reply off to him. . .

R.F.

Alice

April 8, 1937

Well, my dears, Dick is back from the bounding main having lost weight and gained a mustache. . . When D. came home he was informed that the Serena is ours and Bob Scripps plans to spend \$15,000 (I think that is where the comma goes) in putting her into condition!! So Monday evening we went down to the S.'s to celebrate — we consumed banana ice cream and a bottle of Champagne! and dreamed great dreams for this ship. Bob Scripps owns her. The yacht broker will be listed as her captain and all changes will be perfected before she is presented to the University, thus saving much red tape.

Friday Dick and Dr. S. go to San Pedro to have movies taken of their work!

The Francis Smiths are going to London for 3 months. Clarice is all set to take a trip to Switzerland with you!!!

April 15, 1937

Dearest Ellen:

We are both very "high" since our two days vacation. We drove to Palm Springs by the inland route — all so green and spring like — lush green meadows, pear orchards in bloom; orange trees bright with their fruit and occasionally white washed in batches to keep from sunburning — horses plowing; children waiting for school buses and yards full of Monday wash bannering the breeze. I might add that every woman from La Jolla to March Field chose that Monday for washing blankets.

When we came to a grand view of snowy mountains we consumed our lunch. . . The desert flowers were lovely, miles of the sand verbena and little yellow daisy-like blossoms. The desert itself with its pastel colors moving off in the haze to the base of the mountains. The ranges so gaunt, showing their ribs as they stretched threatening in the sun. Their ridges were so severe against the sky that one felt they were one dimensional — like the back drops of a huge stage. Utterly thrilling. Further down along the Salton Sea we saw miles of the yellow mesquite blooming — and in Borrego Valley the Ocotillo and many varieties of cactus.

The Coachella Valley with its windbreak tree hedges and huge date orchards is impressive — long arcades under the palms. . . But the strongest impressions were of the sordid, straggling lines of shacks, palms thrown over, or boxes nailed

together. . .The trailer camps have the best shade trees, and the pickers — the more bedraggled.

We stayed Monday night at Desert Camp six miles from Mecca — very crude little cabins — about five of them, a kitchen and a men's toilet — I never did find the womans'. A huge pump dominated everything with its flub dup. . .until it suddenly ceased — and let in the flooding silence of the desert . . .After dark, "Ethel" carrying a coal lantern, came to our cabin and escorted us to a table set out under the stars and a bright new moon; and there with our neighbors for the night we dined companionably.

In the afternoon we had walked out on the plain and gathered minute seashells left from the days of water — and saw what is said to be the ancient shore line, a yellow streak along the mountain side. . .

Tuesday we drove along the Salton Sea, turned off into Borrego Valley and hence to Julian. . .a New England Spring — green meadows, sapling trees just budding, flowers edging streams. . .We passed a roadside stand where they were selling lilacs — D. bought me a huge bunch which I caressed all the way home. We dined in Ramona and from there on I was Hell bent for Elizabeth — who was of course safe and sound but so pleased to see us.

Anna was to have come to us this evening so that the Sverdrups could start east early tomorrow; but for a week she has been ill. . .

The men are completely boat conscious. Constantly delirious and always coherent in their praise of her though they may not hear a word wife or child says to them. . .

Our love to the daughters, and Roger, and your ski-ing self —

Alice

April 25, 1937

Dearest Ellen:

Today, after shopping we drove up to inspect Gracie's new house. It certainly is a site of sites with the bay blue and the cliffs white and the far rim of the horizon spread out below its windows. . . I took cuttings of two kinds of geraniums. . . I believe I've told you how brazen I am about taking "slips". Petunias and geraniums, especially a variety I do not have—"something in me snaps" and I find myself stalking my prey, getting a healthy "twig", and half proudly marching home with it. It's a habit which grows on one; like blondes or aspirins.

Anna (Sverdrup) is quite happily situated here — though I'm a little the worse for wear.

It is especially vivid here now. The ocean so deeply blue; and the cliffs near the cove elongated with purple shadows at their base; and inconsequential fishing boats at anchor near them. The aloes are still a glow, but the grass is pale now; and will soon have lost its greenness and be ready for cutting. Up on the hills the new bronze tips of the eucalyptus shine in the sun; and mustard like a yellow cloud on the hills.

Dr. and Mrs. Sproul are giving a tea for the new provost on May 2nd. There is some talk of a group driving up from the station. D. will go, since he starts off on the Bluefin the next day; but I shall doubtless stay here; for Margaret Zobel wants to go for 2 days; if I will take Dean and Karl — E. and Dean are devoted and Margaret kept E while I was away — sooooo — I'm quite eager to do it to satisfy my curiosity as to how well I can manage 3 children.

The Gold Book is here. Mo doesn't think much of it because it lists him as a graduate student.

Have I told you that the Shepards will be out here for 8 months starting next February.

By the way; did you know it is Strawberry season. Last week we had shortcake three times so Dick would have enough to make up for being two weeks at sea.

Much of Kellogs land between the station and the Beach Club; is being cultivated. We see the tractors plowing it up months starting next February?

They are all hoping that the station will be very busy this summer with the new system of summer classes. Gene LaFond is to be here for the summer, also Lyman and Hoeffler. The Jacobs expect to come down, too. . .Dr. S. was to see Fran Shepard and lecture in Urbana. He is to stay with the Vaughans in Washington.

We are eager to hear of Norwegian spring. How you will delight in it after having a real winter.

Alice to Revelles

undated (May, 1937)

. . . You will be amused to know that we read (your last letter) enroute to see a cowboy parade advertising the Lakeside Rodeo. We tore into San Diego with our two daughters (E. and Anne Sverdrup) and Peter (the cocker spaniel). I don't know who was the most thrilled. It was a fine show — cowboys in dazzling trappings. Fine horses with prima donna in them to shy and cavort — and nags. Indians bareback with rope reins and a dirty nonchalance. What delighted Elizabeth was the horse dragging two sticks across which hides were fastened to make a "trailer" and in it sat a

black eyed youngster with a feather in her hair. . .

We dined the Mobergs last week; and Mo was pleasanter than I've ever seen him; so we are tremendously cheered.

By the way; did you know it is Strawberry season. Last week we had shortcake three times so Dick would have enough to make up for being two weeks at sea.

Much of Kellogs land between the station and the Beach Club; is being cultivated. We see the tractors plowing it up and the horses pulling "things" through the fields; and new plants appearing. . . Marion and I went to the fields yesterday; and each bought a "flat" of strawberries to make jelly. The little Japanese woman in her huge sunbonnet with an apron under it drawn about her face like a nuns wimple, and blue cloth arm guards waited on us. Such a voluminous pair of riding trousers with a faded calico frock stuffed into them. Her face so calm and pleasant. Happy eyes, and a merry laugh for Danny and Elizabeth.

You will be amused to hear that the ZoBell-Fleming mass meeting was called off — Karl came down with chickenpox! We are now waiting to see what happens to Deane and Elizabeth. . .

Anyway, notice (enclosed) what resembles chinese hieroglyphics. It does not say "To our serene and charming Revelles with manifestations of affection". It is the blossoms on one stalk of Iris. . .

*Ever with love,
Alice*

undated (About June 1, 1937)

Well, my dears. . .It is now definitely summer — with the

hills brown; the hay cut, vacant lots burned clean; summer people moved in, the beach inhabited and the crimson eucalyptus in bloom.

The fleet has returned from war games in the islands and is booming its heart out at San Clemente rattling our windows during the week and having another kind of rattling good time in San Diego during weekends. The practice squads of planes dive at my clothes horse and the little fishing boats contentedly gather in their nets full of fish. And the men of the station talk boat.

. . . Sunday we went to the MacKays and watched Lois and Mac lay bricks in their lath house — and when the Sverdrups dropped in we all sat Tom Collinsing and gossiping before the fire. They all had a grand trip east and back and are hilariously friendly, if you know what I mean. The Macs got a new car and drove it west.

Today we girls went to the fashion show at the Country Club. I don't know why this craze for fashion shows. . .

This spring the castle of the breasties on the right of the road as one drives into La Jolla was inhabited. We noticed fine cars parked in front of it and a generally improved air. Last week it was raided and the papers headlines were "La Jollas Turkish Temple Raided". It was a gaming house, with all sorts of signals rigged up to tell when the police were coming.

The boat is progressing so well it may be ready for service by September. Bob Scripps has put up the running expenses for the first year.

Mrs. Sumner is bustling about getting up a shower for Ruth McKitrick. . . they can't be married because he is on PWA. They are going to try to get him regularly employed here. Then she will have to relinquish her job. . .

June 6, 1937

Year of our Terrace I

Here I sit on our terrace on a brilliant Monday morning, with the laundry flaunting itself against a warm blue sky and Deane and Elizabeth hard at work on crackers and milk.

Dick came home Saturday noon in a mood of incomparable triumph — “What do you think I have in the back of the car?” he said “Two dozen bricks”. . .we spent Memorial Day weekend making two new garden beds — how glorious it was. . .

The shower for Ruth was very successful — she was completely surprised, the gifts attractive and guests enthusiastic . . .As far as I was concerned the high light was when the Misses Rosenbury and Cupp were introduced into the roomful of garrulous females and there was an abysmal silence. Then Mrs. Palmer broke the quiet in her chummiest voice “Your kitty and my kitty are friendly, aren’t they Miss Cupp?”

This last Friday Mrs. Sumner had a colony tea. We took the Whedons up with us. He has the office below Dicks — has just arrived. Is here for five years employed by the navy working under Sverdrup, Allan and ZoBell to find out what can be done to stop growth on boat bottoms. . .

The real new of the week is that Dick shaved off his mustache. I am relieved to see his smooth shaved face once more.

Elizabeth has been quite ill with her vaccination, but is better today, and we are in a “glad that is over” mood.

Alice to Ellen

Summer, 1937

(late June?)

It is a dark night on the La Jolla shore, the waves moan and the wind whispers; and the father of the family has gone into San Diego to a meeting. Peter (the Fleming spaniel) pretends to sleep at my feet; but every so often he rolls his eyes and whimpers, or stands stiff legged looking out the window growling insults at the darkness. Pelicia (the Revelle spaniel) arrived at the station today. So far Peter has a cut nose, a torn mouth and a tear on his back. . . Peter attacks any dog that looks at her — and she just laps it up, the vixen! This is the doggiest place — we have female dogs at Johnson's, McEwens, Jacobs, Rosses, Chambers and Whedons plus Peter, Joe, Skippy and Spooks (the Sverdrup shepherd, inherited from Dr. Vaughan).

We went in to Clarice (Smith's) tea this afternoon. I took Mrs. Sumner. She phoned to know if her lavender figured with a white coat and black hat would be "all right to wear". I said I was wearing a short dress — and when I hung up the phone prayed devoutly that she would do likewise; for she is ill at ease anyway; and if dressed unlike the others would be wretched. She looked very nice and neat, but rather flour sackish and was very nervous, poor darling. She feels what I now call the "we and the they" of all social gatherings except those at her house. I have decided that the more people one includes under the word "we" and the fewer under "they" the easier life is. And Mrs. Sumner felt she was facing "they" and Clarice's house was a hot bed of "theys" today. But we survived very well. I got as many of the we like theys to talk with her as possible and had a grand time myself. . .

The latest station Drama — the other night Helene's

boyfriend was saying goodbye at 12:30 out on the porch — and they heard a noise calling from the water. Stan and Lillian went out and listened too — Someone out there in the darkness was calling “**Help help**”. So Stan rushed down to the Palmers and phoned — the police arrived with a life guard — the guard and the boyfriend swam out and around and around in the dark cold water — still hearing the cries. The life guard and police then waxed profane — declaring it was a seal barking. Stanley waxed dignified, declaring he had enough experience to know a seal bark when he heard one — this was a human being in distress. But police and guard withdrew in a sultry mood. Stan “didn’t sleep a wink all night”. But little Mr. Wilson greeted Dick the next morning with “Well, did you hear Mr. Chambers **Banshee** last night?”

I’ve been shuddering ever since I sent that darn curry powder. I fear the hand of the law. Hope it got through to you safely.

Anne’s picture in Val Adams window again.

Dick completely balmy about the boat — Goes down several times a week to see her and comes back starry eyed. . .

Denis, Dr. McEwen (and family), Dr. Sverdrup are going to the convention. Mo leaves for two weeks on the Bluefin with Bobbie Gordon. He has been very busy since the engineer on the Serena who drank was either “warned” or fired. Miss Genter is home and gaining now. Mr. Allen is recovering from an appendectomy and Mrs. Allen who does not like to stay alone out here is at the hotel.

Days later

Adding rather a sad P.S. Andy is in the Psychopathic Ward in San Diego for 10 days observation. He has been working quite well for D. but acting badly “after hours”. Threatening death to several people and suicide; getting in

fights. . . D. tries to help him. . . Dr. S. is away just now so nothing official is being done about his job. D. doing the work for him.

(July, 1937)

Dearest Ellen:

Another sandwich day for the staff. Mo is out on the Bluefin with Gilbert and Robert Gordon; but the rest of the staff is at hand, Sverdrup, Denis, Martin having just returned from Denver. Dick says it is always amusing to see the various luncheons come out of the containers. Dr. Sumner's consists of myriads of dabs of this and that — as opposed to Dr. Sverdrups Cheese and Bread.

Dick's lecturing began on Monday. Claude had said there would be quite a number — there are five so far. . . We had hoped for more so that his part of the money would be larger; but will have to put this year down as experience. . .

. . . The University Architects visit in January (?) he condemned the houses on plumbing, wiring and foundations and would have nothing to do with "fixin' up". Now that the First of July is upon us and the new working year, we are wondering if any definite change of policy will be announced.

GLORIOUS FOURTH

Alice to Ellen

July 6, 1937

The glorious fourth has come and gone with much festivity. The fourth was Sunday and so we had the fifth as a holiday in which to recuperate and get down to earth again. The station picnic started when Marion and I joined forces on Friday; and resulted in quite a gathering of the clan down on the beach on Sunday noon. We had several beach umbrellas, many blankets spread out, boxes and buckets of food;

much beer and punch and fruit; two luscious watermelons. Every one was in holiday mood, the new people soon seated with old timers, and the dogs seated near the children where things were apt to be dropped. It wasn't one of those hectic, hot and smelly picnics; but quite the easiest one we've attended. You would love to see Dr. Sverdrup come up to the group with a smile and pleasant word for each person — and a very "pleased with my family expression."

Andy was released last week. He was warned that any more disturbing on his part would result in police, not psychological attention. . .Dr. S. is letting him make up time this week; and then will have him shifted to the Zoo project. . .I hate to write unpleasant news; but feel that with Roger's interest in Andy you should know the general situation. . .

The Del Mar Race Track had its gala opening on Saturday. Bing Crosby seems to be the figurehead and they are said to have quite a string of fine racing horses. All the movie colony migrated to the scene; and even La Jolla was crawling with people in swanky cars for the holidays. This seems to be a very "good season" for La Jolla; rents up, new houses, new stores, no parking places on the dear old street and a generally festive spirit. . .

The Foxes felt the "boom" in a different fashion. Their rent was raised. They tried to get a house out here but all are filled and have waiting lists. They frantically scoured the town — and then decided they were very well off where they were even if the rent had advanced.

Can you smell my nice chicken stock?

A trifle before hand I send my affectionate good wishes for your birthday — wish we could celebrate the occasion; but I know Gracie and Roger can manage it beautifully.

July 21, 1937

Dearest Ellen:

*We are comfortably recovering from an hilarious anniversary celebration in San Diego yesterday. . . When you return we must have lobster dinner at the "Golden Lion" as of yore. We Flemings are firmly resolved that all your other friends will be anxious to trot around with you — and shall **try** not to take too much of your time — but won't it be fun to have you within hailing distance!*

Did I tell you of Florence Sumner's announcement party and how we all tried not to look surprised when we all were completely. Lillian and Marian gave a shower for her; very nice and Mrs. Sumner was beside herself with satisfaction. This is her summer. Elizabeth and her husband also here; and Herbert a life guard at the Casa Beach. Elizabeth very sylphlike, very chic, and happy looking. Florence beaming and nervously twisting her engagement ring, and answering questions about the "young man". I've seen his picture and he looks like salt of the earth, good and dependable. . .

Last week I dove into the social maelstrom. A luncheon for twelve stationites. Three tables decorated with gardenias. . . enormous fruit salads. . . home-made rolls, and the new marvel, introduced for the first time to the breathless females of the campus — Pecan Pie — and whipped cream — what is a womans luncheon without whipped cream? I must add the gardenias were an act of God via Frank Gilloon who came floating in with a full dozen the night before!

Fran Shepard and his assistant arrived Monday noon. Dined here in the evening. E will come the first of August and the boys who are with grandparents in Marblehead will come later. You see the housing situation is utterly utterly! and they want to wait until the summer hoards rush for home and

alma mater. . .I believe Fran is in the down stairs labs at Scripps hall. He has two assistants of his own; and Dr. Sverdrup has managed to get a grant so that he may also have Redwine and Varney who are two young men from some place like Cal Tech who will not consider taking a position which is not two positions; so that they can be together. . .

*I am trying so hard to be calm about the news of that boat Roger mentioned. I try to put it on the outskirts of my mind; only to find that I'm mentally like Los Angeles — **all outskirts.***

. . .A few words about the 1938 edition of little Fleming. It is amazing for us to consider another I suppose; but all things are possible. We want two children and they may as well be of an age to grow up together. . .I haven't dared write Nitche about it; nor shared the secret elsewhere as yet. . .

Nearly forgot to felicitate you on Pelicia's litter of six. Four fine black pups and two ink spotted white ones. The LaFonds selected a black and white male for theirs. . .

Just to give Roger a mild case of apoplexy I must add that Anne Sverdrup said to me the other day "Dr. Revelle is going to be the director when my father goes, isn't he?" I tried not to sound too approving and changed the subject by saying if she could get him to stay in this country long enough she could go to Stanford. Her weakest point at present!!

*Love and nonsense from,
Alice*

Alice to Roger

July 31, 1937

Here's a lush evening — windows all open, crickets achirp — The luminescence of the breakers has never been so definite — green white waves moving shoreward in a

blackness which is more a great depth of space than an expanse of water. We have had grass fires and the excitement associated with them. So the cool darkness retains the scent of burned fields. . . With all the greenness of the land about you; can you see the lift of brown hills against the sky?

We were delighted with the Sverdrup's recent guests, Richard and Anne Simmers. They are from New Zealand. A meteorologist — he was on Sir Douglas Mawson's expedition to the Antarctic. . . One day while Gudrun was busy I took her guest for a ride out to the "Spanish Light" at Fort Ross. It is charmingly white-washed and the environs fairly bristling with newly planted shrubs surrounded with chicken wire and foot paths. The view of the Pacific, the Harbor and mountains beyond makes San Diego a fascinating city. On the way back we stopped at the Begonia Gardens where we lost our breath at one glimpse of those flowers. The man was "going over them" and discarding lovely blossoms just as I leave hairpins in my wake. Can you see us kneeling to pick up the flowers and bring them home to Gudrun with "Here are decorations for your tea."

As for your grand letter — it was — unfortunately — so perfect that it filled the long gap since last you wrote — and made me feel that despite the distance in time and space, "Roger is Roger". I believe I am the least sensible of the four of us; for I so cherish our friendships — all and sundry — sometimes wonder if four new people will be reunited. You both have had so many new experiences; and we too, have filled this year with many adventures in understanding.

By the way — if you are considering an appropriate remembrance from Norway for the Sverdrups may I suggest a box of air-dried codfish with which to make "Tac a low" one of their favorite dishes. He brought 14 boxes to last 3

years — but they are getting ahead of schedule in consuming it.

A wave of enthusiasm in the shape of Fran Shepard has struck the station. He is all agog about the boat, and everything in general. Grant was made head of the Geology Dept. at UCLA and Fran seems to have fingers in the pie up there. He is in your lab for the time being. Andy is still living here while John Lyman is in the community house waiting for Andy to go so John can send for his wife and move into Andy's. Ruth McKitrick has a job at Scripps clinic, and the chem department is adjusting to a new regime. Miss Genter returns to work Monday. Will have the library only. Miss Ragan will have business end in Dr. S.'s office. Murdy is out of the hospital; quite lucid and happy. Herb and Ruth Graham have a two weeks old Anne of their own. . .

Have I shared my latest favorite couplet. Alas too true — but then I know it; so that changes all seriousness to a smile —

“Oh would some power to others gie

To see myself as I see me.”

Cheers for Ellen's Swedish trip. Expecting you home soon,

Alice

Good luck — letter now being written

R.F.

Alice Fleming

August, 1937

(stamped Aug. 6)

Dearest Ellen:

. . . Do you remember that last year we said we'd never be

so thrilled about a salary raise as the one we got then. Well, we've gone up \$200 a year and completely elated about the extra \$16.60 a month. For one thing it means that I shall send out the washing except for my undies and E.'s little things. Isn't that something to cheer about? We laugh because Dr. Sverdrup got the same raise and say to him "Well, the University likes to encourage earnest young men."

They gave a pleasant station tea on Thursday — mountains of dainty sandwiches and fine cakes, and a hoard of all-consuming station bachelors to enjoy them. I met Mrs. Dent; the blondbraided rosy faced wife of Dick's Captain Dent; the dutchman who is taking the Oceanography course. It seems that Dutch ships do quite a bit of hydrographic work regularly and this chap wanted to be intelligent about it.

Did I write about the Guy Fleming's barbecue? They invited the Sverdrups, Flemings and Dickinsons one Saturday evening. Guy dug the meat out of the fire place, unwrapped it and carved off slice after slice. . . The only just way of describing our attack on that "roast" is to say "We fell to". After the feast we sat around the fire and sang. . . and the full moon rose over Torrey Pines. . .

August 4

Last evening, Fran Shepard and his student, D. and I and Dr. Sverdrup and Anne packed a steak dinner down Sumner's Canyon to the beach, built a fire on the rocks and while Anne and I did very close harmony D. cooked steak and Dr. S. went through his coffee-making ritual. After the feast we curled up in awkward positions to chat and sing. A "short time" after dark Dr. S. looked at his watch and it was past ten; so we crawled back up the canyon to civilization.

The Dog House Party is to be held in the community house

Saturday. I am all of a dither — because my hand on the station pulse tells me things are tense in several quarters; a party may be stimulating or may be fireworks. Leila (Johnson) has a cold; the Gordons have had a hectic visitor; somehow Pelly's pup was "found dead" and that neighborhood is in a state of active armed neutrality with the LaFonds shattered at the loss of their pup; and a girl who thought she was pregnant; isn't; sooo — doesn't that all sound station? D. and I delight in our "splendid isolation" over here; but they all traipse in this direction to talk their troubles out — and my flowers are a grand aid. They go home with a bunch of Mum and I come into the house thinking plants are grand subject changers in a conversational pinch.

Murdy Ross came out to the station the other day. He is quite contented and D. says though his face still shows the grafted skin; it is well healed. He says the pink new skin and lack of eyebrows makes Murdy resemble a baby. He plans to drive his car and putter about so does not feel the weight of inactivity.

D. enjoys the students so much. On Friday the students are having a picnic for Dr. S., Martin and Dick. Yesterday D. and Dr. S. went to tea at Captain Dents; his boat is 586 feet long; one of the biggest freighters going. . .

*With love to all,
Alice*

Dear Ellen,

August 16, 1937

Just a note to enclose the measurements you requested. The reason we have been late in getting them off — we were

away last week and couldn't find the key to your house when we tried to go up Sat.

Alice and I parked Elizabeth with the Myers last week. They moved into our house — and we went up to L.A. We slept in the Myers house at Compton and visited around. "Did" the shops and the town and spent a day out at Pasadena — went to the Huntington Galleries — our first visit. We were thrilled at the things in the Library but I'm afraid most of the art left us cold.

The boat is coming along slowly. We are held up now waiting for electrical equipment, but by the end of the month the other work should be well under control. She looks better and better.

Watched the start of the rough water swim yesterday — only it wasn't very rough. Usual number of chunky lasses in ill-fitting though revealing bathing suits. We are having a rather miserable spell of fog and haze — I find it very bad for my temper.

The Station is more active than I have ever known it to be. More people around, more rushing around, more hair-nets torn, etc. John Lyman brought his wife down last week — haven't seen her yet.

Alice is over her "misery" now and feeling very spry — her appetite is really appalling. In fact she burst into tears one day when we were north because her breakfast was slow in arriving.

Andy has left the campus and moved into San Diego. Apparently has a W.P.A. job in town. I haven't seen him for 10 days or so.

Best regards to you all.

As ever, your

R.H.F.

(Trust the measurements are what you wanted.)

Sept. 12, 1937

Dearest Ellen:

This note will be running up and down the dock waving a huge hankie, calling "ho, ho" and wearing red roses so you will recognize me when you land in our country." Hope the journey was easy and that you will skip a warm spell in Washington, and have a grand time there. . . Please give my love to Mrs. Vaughan. . .

You will be eager to hear of Anne (Revelle — who had returned with the Johansens). She burst into our little world with a phone call. A precise little voice said "May I speak to Betsy" and I realized it was the first contingent of Revelle. E. was beside herself at Anne's return; so excited she was almost sick. We went to tea at Gracie's on Wednesday and E. was sleepwalking in bliss. . .Friday Anne came over here to play during the morning. E. seemed calmer and adjusted and played very nicely. I tried to be "background" and not supervise the play at all — and I did purr at Anne's being here. She reminds me so of Ellen; her voice and gestures and many little expressions.

Now that I'm up and about, I'm going to be lazy and have someone to do most of the housework — so I shall take my two blondes to the beach as often as I can. Tomorrow we are going over to see Pelly. I have an enormous bone in the icebox which Anne will take as a "return home present to my dog". Oh — yes — while waiting for D. — Anne saw Dr. Sverdrup who spoke Norski to her. She didn't chatter back at him; but smiled poetically and said she hadn't been in swimming.

Editor's note: Alice has lost the pregnancy.

On the 21st I am going to have my first dinner party of "our" new regime, one might call it. The Shepards and Sverdrups to celebrate D.'s birthday. He is, in his own fashion, slowly collecting old maps and current charts of this coast. On our famous L.A. trip we got two copies of charts in the Huntington Museum — He has also had photographs made of those in Boynton's Rim of Christendown". I am wondering in my amateur way, if I can get a good Maury chart to add to his embryonic collection. So that's the birthday you would share were you here.

Fond love to you both and joyous anticipation of seeing you soon,

Alice

Sept. 17, 1937

Dearest Ellen: Not having mailed my last note to you, I shall add this in the way of a wandering P.S.

Took Mrs. Lyman to call on Marian (Moberg) today. I like her very much. Quite a collegiate vocabulary and air; frank and happy and nice looking. Resembles John in a much tidier edition both as to physiognomy and habit — and I think, a pleasant edition to the colony.

Mrs. Redwine — another bride — is a luscious blonde picturesque person. I am so eager to help them make their houses attractive. . .The men are so wrapped up in their work, and the change from college life to station life is a change. . .

Next Friday Elizabeth (Shepard) and I are going to Mexico for lunch. Mrs. Lyman will be my guest and Mrs. R. — Elizabeths. Tomorrow evening Joan (Gordon) and Katherine LaFond are giving a station picnic. I spent a large part of the

morning peeling potatoes for the salad!!

Please send a card, letting me know if we can “have” an afternoon near to your return date for a little tea for you. You-name-the day. Also: may we meet the train, please. Gracie with her two cars could do the transporting, I know; but we’d like to help.

*Ever with love,
Alice*

CHAPTER ONE

HOW MARSTON CAME TO SCRIPPS

In 1932, when Marston and I first met, he was working on his PhD in plant physiology at Cal Tech, in Pasadena. Marston had come from Harvard with Professor Robert Emerson and his friendly wife Tita. Bob and Tita stood in for Marston's parents (still living near Boston) when we were married at my folks' home in Pasadena on April 8, 1933, then took a happy desert honeymoon.

When Marston got his Cal Tech PhD June 8, 1934, he wore his old Harvard A.B. cap and gown. "*Can't afford new ones.*" he told me with a grin.

We were, indeed, flat broke. But my summer camp job as Nature Counselor for the Pasadena Girl Scouts brought him a job, too, as Handyman. The only other male in the Camp was the cook, leading the little girl scouts to wonder "*Is the Nature Counselor married to the Cook?*" That fall of 1934, I was hired as G.S. Secretary in the Pasadena office at \$100 a month. Ah, the Depression years! With rent of a tiny cottage at \$15.00 a month, and lettuce a penny a head, we scraped by.

SEQUOIA NATIONAL PARK Dec. - Jan. 1, 1937

Bob and Tita proposed a skiing trip to the Park, and provided the skis. The snow was fine and deep, with enormous drifts. Three

Cal Tech graduates came along; one of them was David Michener, son of my birdbanding friends Harold and Josephine Michener. Also along were three pretty single girls. We bunked in two cabins — one male, one female — had great fun. Bob and Tita even got in some ice skating at the Park rink. As with the skiing, they were experts, the rest of us — duffers.

And then — *catastrophe*. On top of six feet of snow — *a flood of pouring rain*. As we huddled in our cabins on the mountain top, all the roads were washed out. Oh, what a dripping world we came out to!

Now we were marooned in the high green forest — with the busy world below demanding our return. Bob and Tita had small children left with a sitter; they began hiking down at once, took a bus from the valleys below. What about the rest of us? And our marooned cars?

Marston and Dave hiked down next, past the bulldozers working on the muddy slides. At Pasadena they brought back a car for the rest of us. (It was weeks before the marooned cars could be returned.)

A few months later, Dave had his PhD *and* a new job, at Scripps, in La Jolla.

A JOB IN CHINA, FOR MARSTON?

The summer of 1937, Marston had his last half-time job with Bob Emerson, in Carmel.

But a MARVELLOUS opportunity opened. Marston heard of, applied for, and received an *official letter of acceptance* for a professorship in Botany at LINGNAN UNIVERSITY IN CHINA!

I shouted for joy. Marston said modestly “It’s just a small Protestant college.”

“But *China* — I’ve never been out of the U.S.A.!”

“Pays well too — though we’ll have some travel expenses.” he said happily. But before we could even start packing, came the

newspaper headlines:

JAPAN INVADES CHINA

“That does it.” said Marston gloomily *“Jobless again.”*
So that’s how matters stood when Dave Michener’s letter came.

“Dear Marston:

There’s an opening here at Scripps, which you might be interested in. It’s for a half time research assistant to Dr. Fox, in invertebrate physiology.

You’d get \$100 a month, and time for your own research. I think you and Peter could rent a 1-bedroom cottage on the grounds to live in. I bunk with the other boys in the Community House.

I’m working for Dr. ZoBell in chemistry in the same sort of job.

Let Dr. Fox know right away, will you?

*Regards,
Dave”*

Marston gives me a big hug, face wreathed with a happy smile.

“Damn right I want that job.” He grabs his pen.

Four weeks later, Dr. Fox’s affirmative reply in pocket, we head south in our old Chevy touring car. I ask,

“When did you first meet Dr. Fox?”

Marston’s blue eyes flash me his teasing smile. *“Don’t you remember the conference two years ago at Scripps — in La Jolla, near San Diego?”*

“Oh, yes.” Now I remember. *“We drove down from Pasadena and stayed overnight in the pretty little town, and I took a snap of you that looked like you were holding a dragon-tree in your arms.”*

“Yes, in the La Jolla park by the Cove. You went to the conference, too. . .”

I concentrate. It comes back — a high ceilinged room full of strange scientists. The tall windows overlooking the ocean were smeary on the outside with salt-spray and dust.

I say meditatively “There was a professor with black brows and a black beard who talked about fish. . .”

Marston grins. “That was Dr. Sumner. He and Dr. Fox work together on color pigments in fish. . .doing some useful experiments on color changes. . .”

“Yes.” As a vertebrate zoologist myself, I’d been intrigued with Sumner’s lecture. But now something else comes back with a bang. “And I saw *Roger Revelle*.”

Now what a chain of memories are triggered for me! Going clear back to my elementary school days, in Pasadena. Roger at ten years in our class photo — a tall boy with direct eyes, and a handsome head, shaggy like a lion. His family lived on the next street, but our houses were almost back to back, and sometimes we played together. He had a younger sister, Eleanor. His father, who he resembled, was a school teacher, a big, bluff, cheerful man.

Then I remembered Roger at a high school party — now he was a gangling six feet, that large head seeming too big for his neck. But I was pleased when he came over to talk to me. He was a good talker. He told me he was going to Pomona College, and I didn’t see him again.

But suddenly — at the Scripps conference, here was a splendid stranger and now that fine head, with the direct dark eyes, was well poised above a big-boned frame. He was talking about geology of the ocean floor, too technical for me to completely understand. And I was too shy after the meeting to remind him of our childhood.

Now I say slowly, half to myself “*Roger grew up to his head.*”

Marston throws me a startled look. “Understand that Roger Revelle is one of the first Scripps students to get his PhD in Oceanography. An instructor now, I think. Dr. Sverdrup, the famous Norwegian oceanographer, is the new director at Scripps. Came last year.”

We stop overnight in Pasadena, where my folks still live.

So it's a sunny, bright September morning when we reach the coastal town of Del Mar, with its huge sprawling Del Mar Hotel. Out again to a beautiful stretch of open sandy beach. How blue the Pacific, with its curling white crests of waves! It'll be fun to live near here.

The open Chevy touring chugs slowly up a steep hill on a crooked narrow road. Suddenly all about us are small, odd pine trees, with twisted trunks. "Hey, what are these?" I ask, startled.

"The Torrey Pines." says Marston. "Not many left."

We climb to the top of a wide mesa — flat tableland. To the east we can see a long mountain range. To the west, the ocean glimmers. The two-lane road, the main highway to San Diego, stretches straight and level between parallel rows of big, white-trunked eucalyptus.

We come to a junction with a small, battered service station; on the narrow road to the right is a small sign *La Jolla*. We take it, passing through a eucalyptus grove.

All at once, without warning, the mesa ends. Below us, the steeply descending road seems to plunge straight off a cliff into the blue ocean, stretched out in vast panorama.

"*Wow!*" I blurt.

Marston clamps on the brakes, noisily shifts into low; the Chevy cautiously descends.

I get one of those rare joyous feelings when time stands still. All about us the air is incredibly soft, the colors muted as in a pastel, the steep slopes tawny with wild oats, a few slender eucalyptus a delightful blue-gray-green.

The Chevy reaches the cliff's edge. The road makes a sweeping horseshoe curve. Right at the bend is a plain, brown wooden house, nestled in cypresses, perched lonesome and high.

"What a view they have." I say "Wonder who lives there?"

"We'll soon find out."

Now we are looking south and west, at a blue curve of bay, and the distant, shining little town. "There's La Jolla" says Marston.

“Scripps is right below us.” Sure enough, a thin, straight wooden pier is now visible.

Down we go, steeply, in curve after curve, the old car rattling and coughing, the only sound in the quiet.

Now several stark, mustard-yellow cottages appear on the bare hillsides.

“What an *ugly* color” I say. “*Staff houses*” says Marston.

At the bottom of the hill, we pass a row of seven or eight more cottages. A line of the magnificent white-trunked eucalyptus unhappily does not conceal the backyard clotheslines, garbage cans and rusty wire incinerators, prominently displayed.

At the end of the row, a small faded sign announces,
“*Scripps Institution of Oceanography*”

Marston turns into the grounds, parks by quite a new tennis court, standing in a bare open field. Two tan stucco buildings and more cottages line the edge of the ocean, and the roar of the surf suddenly dins in my ears.

Marston draws a deep happy breath. “I’ll go tell them we’re here.”

“I’ll wait in the car.” I say, feeling a bit let-down. Not an impressive entrance! Soon he’s back, waving a key. “We have Number 7.”

Number 7 proves to be the corner cottage that we just passed. I walk up the dirt path. The reddish-brown soil around the cottage is baked hard. Nothing is growing in front or back except a few dusty foxtails, a bush or two — in a litter of crooked nails and broken glass.

“*Tidy* tenants, before us.” from Marston.

We climb the three wooden steps to the front door. Marston unlocks and opens it. Inside is dark and stuffy.

I throw open the casement windows to the sunshine and fresh sea breeze. “There, that’s better.”

Marston puts his hand on the rough surface of the living room wall. “Guess it’s redwood, but it’s been stained dark brown. Anyway, the furniture comes with the house.”

The round oak table and four straight chairs are solid enough. Only other thing in the room is a rusty tin stove, complete with rusty black stovepipe going up to, and out, the roof.

“We can burn driftwood.” says Marston cheerily.

Well, the kitchen. It has been recently, and hastily painted a total green. Drain boards are wide — that’s good; sink adequate. A few odd dishes — they’ll do. But under the sink, at junction of wall and floor — the slapped paint makes a bumpy curve instead of a clean angle.

“What’s underneath — rolls of dirt?” I say aloud, but without much heat.

The small dark bedroom, with stained $\frac{3}{4}$ size mattress and spring, is a total blue. The bathroom is even darker — one tiny north window. I sigh a little.

Marston puts his arm around me comfortingly. “It’s not much, but at least it doesn’t cost much either. Only seven dollars a month, rent, and that includes utilities.”

“Hey, *great.*” Suddenly the house looks much better!

We bring in the suitcases. Thank goodness, my Stanford clothes have lasted me well — and at last, after 5 years, the \$300 tuition note for my senior year will be paid in full. Our college books, the fine stainless steel pans and roaster that were a wedding present from the Emersons. And our own blankets and sheets — presents from relatives.

We eat a bread and cheese snack lunch. “*Let’s go down to the beach.*” Into our jeans. Away we race — onto the deep downward tilt north of the pier.

Ah, the great Pacific; milder here than at Carmel. The piles of fresh, damp seaweed. The cool misted sunlight. The fine sand under our bare feet. Great tan sandstone boulders, like eroded monsters, rise out of the sand. The lines of blue waves — “Not breaking, but about to break. . .”

We walk north. Quickly the tawny cliffs loom sheer, the tide laps at our feet. “Have to watch it here” says Marston. “Not always passable at high tide.”

We jump across a rivulet, clamber up jumbled heaps of black rocks. A small cave beckons. Dank, wet — the gray jelly of small anemones, clinging just above water-line on the rock walls, their soft surfaces covered with bits of broken shells. I touch one — it squirts sea water.

“Too high now for tidepools.” says Marston “We’ll come back.” On the dry sand, he picks up two solid dry chunks of driftwood, totes them up to the cottage, and soon we’re burning them in the tin stove — a pleasant warmth in the evening chill.

In the middle of the night we both wake suddenly. “*Ugh*” I say, as the mattress sags, far too narrow, and the springs creak.

But Marston’s arms are around me, warm and close. “Listen to that surf” he says sleepily, happy as a grig.

Sure enough — how it booms out, in the quiet.

What an exciting place to live!

Next morning, Marston has gone to the lab, and I’m washing dishes, when a sudden knock comes at the back door.

Standing there, looking eagerly at me, is a most attractive woman, perhaps in her early thirties. How blue her eyes, fringed with dark lashes, a bright tan on her vivid face, a slim athletic figure. She is in shorts, a racket in her hand.

“*Oh, do you play tennis?*” she asks me, almost breathlessly.

I hesitate. *How can I disappoint this woman so?* But the dull truth must be told. “I’m sorry. Sprained my ankle several years ago, playing. Haven’t lifted a racket since. . . Now — *horseback riding?*”

But the sparkle has gone out of her face.

“I’m Mrs. Sverdrup, wife of the Director.” she says, almost indifferently, “Welcome to Scripps.” Her Norwegian accent is pleasant, her voice is pleasant, as we shake hands.

But I get the feeling it is hardly worth her while now. A newcomer — a providential newcomer — who has let her down.

Marston says at noon, “I’ll be late tonight. There’s a five o’clock seminar.”

“Oh, can I come?” I ask eagerly. “Yes, it’s open to the public.”

he says “But probably rather technical. Dr. McEwen is speaking.”

When I go down, and slip in a back seat, the room contains about twenty men. It’s the same high-ceilinged conference room as two years ago, its tall windows still salt-fogged.

Dr. McEwen is a quiet, graying man with a quiet monotonous voice. He talks at great length, with piles of statistics on charts. Marston is right — I don’t understand one sentence.

I look around the room. Which is the famous Dr. Sverdrup? The internationally known explorer and pioneer oceanographer. Seated on the front row, in the end chair, is a distinguished looking, middle-aged man, listening intently. . .

Afterward, back in the cottage, I ask Marston, “Was that dignified man, end of front row — was that Dr. Sverdrup?”

He stares at me in astonishment, bursts into laughter. “No — that was one of the W.P.A. lab assistants. Dr. Sverdrup was standing, leaning against the side wall, asking all the questions.”

“Oh” I say, crestfallen, equally astonished. So our Director is the small, wiry man with a face at once round and wrinkled, with sparse, retreating hair. And his questions had been in a voice also unprepossessing — very soft, his English halting.

But Marston is speaking again, plenty of healthy respect in his voice, even awe. “Sverdrup’s a great guy. Real privilege to work under him. Never thought when I got my PhD at Cal Tech working on blue-green algae and photosynthesis — some day I might get into this new field of *Oceanography!*”

Next morning, dishes done, bed made, I go exploring the campus. I walk down to the ocean-front cottages. Hey — one contains a dank little aquarium, its tanks dripping slowly onto the concrete floor, where a greenish mold accumulates, as well as on the walls themselves!

But the critters! What fun! Several fat golden fish swim placidly, mouths open — *Garibaldi* says the watery label. Next tank has large dark molluscs — so that’s what *live* abalones look like, still inhabiting their iridescent-lined shells. A small octopus hides in a corner of a tank, then darts out, floats with all eight arms spread.

He *changes color* — going from mottled pink to mottled black. Greenish lobsters scuttle.

Best of all, in the corner tank — two great grey eels, as big around as a man's leg, seem to hiss at me, sharp little teeth threatening. One of these days, I'll look for all of these at low tide, in the exposed tide pools. I know about tide pools from my Stanford days, the summer at Hopkins Marine Station, at Monterey.

I wander out on the pier. It is deserted, except for sea gulls, perched on the railings, flying off as I approach. Underneath my feet, the wooden planks tremble as the waves roll in with a hollow roar. At the very end are a couple of tiny brown shacks and a ladder going down to ocean level. But no ships or boats of any kind. Why not?

It's delightful out here, with the fresh sea breeze. What a different perspective you get — like being at sea — looking back at the brown hills, at the small yellow cottages, and the three square stucco buildings. Northward loom the sandstone cliffs — sheer and deeply eroded, with the black rocks below. Southward is the beautiful curve of white sand and blue sea, and except for one house midway, empty all the way to the Beach Club, with its red tile roof. Then begin the houses and cliffs of La Jolla, with chaparral-covered Mt. Soledad towering above.

Some of the seagulls have returned to their rail perches, others are squalling and keening in the air. What a striking variety of plumages! I recognize the Glaucous-wing — that nests up around Vancouver Island: pure white body, palest of grey wings. Next to it — a streaky dark-grey bird — obviously young. And look at that strange small gull sailing by — with a *black* head and a bright *red* bill!

Thoughts begin to whirl in my head. Birds are my specialty. I did some pioneer bird banding in my Stanford days, when I got my A.B. in Vertebrate Zoology. And my Masters under Dr. Grinnell at Berkeley. *Is opportunity knocking at my door? Could I band, even color-band, here?*

That night I bone up on my Hoffman "Birds of the Pacific

States.” The Western gulls, with white bodies, dark grey wings, “nest on islands off the southern California coast”. “Gosh, are there any islands near San Diego?” I ask Marston. “Yes, I understand the *Coronados Islands* are just over the boundary line, with Mexico. . .”

Tonight I’m full of questions. “How come there are no boats out at the pier?” He says “I was curious too. Seems the ocean is too rough to moor ships here; one small vessel is kept down in San Diego harbor, on the Point Loma side. But the big new ship — the *E. W. Scripps* — the yacht that Robert Scripps just gave to the Institution, is still being outfitted for research. . .won’t be ready for months.”

A couple of days later, Marston comes home, waving an envelope. “Dr. Sumner gave me this. Says it’s from Mrs. Sumner”. Eagerly I read the friendly little note:

“Dear Mrs. Sargent:

I hope you will come to tea at my house this Thursday at 3:30 p.m.

*Sincerely yours,
Margaret Sumner”*

“All the graduate student and lab assistant wives are invited.” says Marston. “The Sumners live in that highest house, on the edge of the cliff, remember?”

I nod. “Who else is going, do you know?”

“Well, probably Jeanette Lyman, at the other end of this row. John Lyman works for Dr. Moberg.”

“Think I’ll go over, see if we can go to Mrs. Sumner’s together.”

Jeanette is a lively brunette. She says “John and I were at Berkeley; I was a senior at Cal when we eloped. John loves ships, especially sailing ships. Me — I love horses.”

I grin. “So do I — let’s go riding sometime. . .do you know the

other gals?”

“Let’s see — there’s Louise Redwine, lives down in one of the side cottages; and up on the hill — Joan Gordon and a gal named Wanda. We can all walk up.”

Thursday arrives. Louise Redwine is a slim blonde, stunning in blue. “What a pretty dress” I say, and she smiles, “I like to sew.” No wonder it fits so well. I’m glad that at least I’ve still got my beige Stanford suit. I can’t sew worth a darn. “Where’d you go to college?” I ask conversationally.

A slight pause. “I didn’t.” she says slowly “I married right after high school.” A pause. (Oops, Peter — you put your foot in) “But I’m going to take some courses this year.”

“That ought to be fun” I hasten to say.

But Jeanette is chattering on busily, and soon we’ve walked up to Joan Gordon’s house, perched in the row of upper cottages, with a fine ocean view. Joan has great beautiful dark eyes (but why are they so sad?) and a sweet manner. Wanda is a big girl with a sharp tongue.

“Aren’t these the rattiest houses?” she says at once. “What a dead place! And who’s this old biddy who’s invited us to tea?”

We are climbing up toward the Sumner house now, walking on a dirt road near the edge of the wild, eroded cliffs, with the beautiful blue sea shining below us.

“Oh” says Jeanette with relish “Have you heard the crazy story they tell — about a Scandinavian visitor here a year ago, wife of some famous scientist. And they are invited to dinner at the Sumners, and the lady says to Mrs. Sumner “Oh, isn’t it dreadful, the housing they give you here at Scripps. Something should be done.” And Mrs. Sumner looks her straight in the eye and says “But this is my *own* house.”

We all laugh heartily — I can just see the poor visitor’s chagrin. Soon we are climbing up the Sumner steps. Even to me, the house does indeed seem plain and old fashioned.

The door opens. How old-fashioned Mrs. Sumner is herself, in a flowered print, hanging loosely on her short, stocky figure. Her

face is small, pale and freckled. Her long hair is her best feature, honey-colored, and smoothly wound on top of her head.

She says warmly, "Come in, I'm very happy to meet all of you, and I want you to meet some of my friends."

Soon we are all talking busily, making acquaintance. Pouring tea from a handsome silver service into Mrs. Sumner's pretty china cups is a young woman with soft brown hair and eyes, who Mrs. Sumner has introduced as "Mrs. Eugene LaFond — we've known each other for a long time."

I say "Then you know everybody at Scripps, Mrs. LaFond?"

She smiles "Call me Kitty. Yes, I grew up in La Jolla, went to Bishop's School."

"Then you know Roger Revelle?"

"Oh, yes. His wife, Ellen is a member of the Scripps family — you know, the Scripps-Howard Newspapers. Old E.W. was the founder of the Scripps Institution. But Roger and Ellen and their two little girls aren't here now — they've been in Bergen, Norway for a year. . . Have you met Mrs. Moberg?"

"Call me Marian" says the fresh-faced young woman passing the big plate of cookies. "Yes, I'm an old-timer at Scripps, too. Worked as a lab assistant until I married Mo. . ."

"Do you both live on the campus?" I ask.

"I do." says Kitty LaFond. "I live up on the hill here with some of the professor's wives." She crinkles her brown eyes, laughs lightly. "We call it *Snob Hill*. You live in Number 7? I lived on the row myself for three years, when I was a lab technician, before I married Gene. Could see cracks right thru the walls. We call it *Poverty Row*."

There is no malice in her voice, and I laugh too. But it stings a little. *Poverty Row* — horrid, truthful name.

"I live in town" says Marian Moberg with a warm smile. "Maybe you can come visit us, sometime. . ."

But Mrs. Sumner has rapped with a spoon on a glass, to attract our attention. "Ladies, I hope you have enjoyed my cookies, and sampled all the different kinds. (A chorus of appreciative murmurs

from her guests) I want to present each of you newcomers with one of my favorite recipes.”

She has carefully hand-printed the recipe cards, and hands them out individually. Mine is “Honey cookies”.

“They are delicious” I say, meaning it, “That dash of lemon juice makes the flavor great. I know Marston will like them. I love to bake.” We smile at each other. Maybe we will be friends.

But behind my back, and unhappily within our earshot, young Wanda says in a loud whisper “Cooking is for the birds.”

Mrs. Sumner picks up her cooky plate, walks directly to Wanda. “*Try* one of my *honey* cookies — very good for the disposition.” she says clearly, concisely.

A small silence ensues, while a chastened Wanda does indeed, bite into the cooky.

My inward chuckle is a guffaw. My first experience with Mom Sumner’s own tart tongue.

About our fourth week, Marston says “Dr. and Mrs. Fox have invited us to dinner. They live in La Jolla.”

The Fox house is on a pleasant suburban street, and comfortably roomy for their two lively little boys and some other guests. Denis Fox is big, bluff, genial. I discover that he was a graduate student at Stanford when I was a senior there. I had even met him a couple of times, when we were both in the Zoology Club. We talk about Stanford.

Miriam Fox smiles. “I was a nurse at Stanford Hospital, and got to know Denis there.” she says happily.

Their two little boys are at the dinner table with us. The oldest, Ronnie, has a round face, and large brown eyes — wide and devilishly innocent. Stephen, with tow hair, is a year younger.

For dessert, Miriam serves us gingerbread with whipped cream. “Looks delicious” I murmur, as we start to eat.

Crunch — that first mouthful grates in my teeth. Trying to swallow it down, I glance in astonishment at Marston, across the table. He also seems in trouble, eyebrows raised. My second mouthful is as gritty as the first. Now Miriam tries her own.

“Goodness — what’s the matter?”

She looks accusingly at her two boy cherubs. “Oh, you didn’t! Yes you did. You put *sand* in the sugar bowl.”

Yes, their elfish smiles admitting, the rascals did.

Everybody laughs, a bit forced, looking at the wasted gingerbread.

But somewhere in this evening Miriam has looked straight at me and said cheerily “*And how do you like little old Number Seven?*”

“It’s O.K.” I reply noncommittally. My hackles rise a bit. Is she rubbing it in — a little?

Probably not, I decide. Her smile is wide and friendly. “Thanks a lot for inviting us.” I say warmly, meaning it.

But Marston comes home one evening soon after, grinning from ear to ear.

“Dr. Sverdrup is letting me join his *course in oceanography*. Says he can handle six students as easily as five. It’s *great*. Haven’t had such a good course since I took Sturtevant’s course in genetics at Cal Tech. That was so good that even Dr. Dobzhansky and T.H. Morgan himself sat in. . .”

I think to myself — yes, this is the right place for Marston. *Learning oceanography*.

“After all, my grandfather was a sea captain” says Marston happily. “Half-owner of a schooner out of Sedgwick, Maine.”

CHAPTER TWO

Winter 1937 - Spring 1938

People

We are at the Sverdrups — almost all the scientific staff is at the Sverdrups. The steep-roofed, brown, two-story house is set by itself at the north end of our cottage row.

The living room is fairly large, and though panelled in redwood it has been painted white, and the fireplace is cheerily ablaze. On the inner wall are many small oval photographs; I gather, by inspecting them — Dr. Sverdrup's family. Dr. Sverdrup talks easily with his guests. Mrs. Sverdrup is attractive and pleasant.

Now I begin to put families together: bearded Dr. Sumner with Mrs. Sumner; Dr. Moberg with his rosy-cheeked Marian; fair haired Gene LaFond and his friendly Kitty, Black-haired, sulky looking John Lyman with vivacious Jeanette.

The young bachelors who live at the Community House, out on the point, include Marston's good CalTech friend, Dave Michener, who got us into Scripps in the first place. Dave has an open, innocent air, a curly mop of hair, a quick mind coupled with a slow manner of speech.

Another lab assistant is Syd Rittenberg. He's not very tall, and his voice is so quiet, it's almost a monotone. But his eyes are striking — large, brown, intelligent. He has a humorous way with words that sparks off Marston, and soon the two of them are

keeping the group of us laughing.

Another group is clustered around blond, handsome Dick Fleming and his lively wife Alice, gaily chattering. We are soon told of his early PhD in Oceanography at Scripps and his shipboard experience. Louise Redwine is there with her tall young husband; Louise is dressed in black chiffon. (On the way home I say to Marston, “I don’t like black on Louise quite so well.” Marston says “Well, *I* do” with appreciative male sounds. Now I recall the chiffon is sheer in places and shows off her cute figure. Fashion lesson for Peter).

Probably also present (I think, looking back) are the Allens, the Chambers, the ZoBells, the McEwens, the Martin Johnsons — older staff members who live up on the Hill.

My one vivid memory of Mrs. Allen, is at a garden party on the Hill our first summer. Someone introduces us, and she says, “Mercy, I can’t keep track of all you newcomers — there are so *many* of you.” Crestfallen, a little annoyed, I move away. When I got my Masters in Zoology at Berkeley, in 1932, there were some 20,000 students — and here she has six or eight new faces to deplore. I make a vow — I’ll never be like that — no I won’t.

The same thing happens with Mrs. Vaughan, the wife of the earlier director. When she comes, once or twice, to visit Scripps during these years, she lets the word be known that she does not wish to meet any new people. So never do Marston or I meet her, although many stories about the Vaughans are often repeated legend.

Several other families are living on the campus: big florid Jim Ross, superintendent of buildings and grounds. Jim’s wife and Dr. McEwen’s wife are sisters. Jim’s numerous relatives and friends swirl in and out of no. 24, the largest house on the Hill. Many a rumor we hear about the goings on.

Also on campus are Carl Johnson, head mechanic and highly skilled technician, and his family; Claude Palmer, aquarium assistant, wife and two pretty daughters, Norma and Arlene.

Mrs. Barnhart, living in one of the ocean front cottages, soon

invites me into their interesting home, full of handsomely-carved wooden chests, desk, chairs — her husband's work. Barney is curator of the little, leaky aquarium and its surprising inhabitants. He invites me one day to go behind the scenes with him, as he tends his sea zoo. Quite a different view, like being backstage at a tiny play!

At Mrs. Barnhart's, I also meet Mrs. Bostwick, who lives next door. *Her* husband is working on the culture of pearls in abalones. I study with attention, his pale pink pearls, in carefully graded sizes, on exhibit in Barney's little museum. Also on exhibit are rather dilapidated stuffed gulls and other birds, and one enormous fat fish, hanging on a wall. (Many years later, this same fish is used as a comic gift for Dr. Carl Hubbs, famous biologist, on occasion of his 70th birthday. Also many years later, I learn that Percy S. Barnhart had at this time a newly published book on marine fishes of Southern California.)

One other well known member of our little community is Obie Mahler. When do I first talk with Obie, as he bangs up to the rear of our yard, in the battered Scripps truck, to collect the garbage and trash? Probably fairly soon. Obie likes to pause and jaw awhile with any wives who happen to be standing around. Affable Obie, with his ready grin, is also a carrier of news — arrivals, departures, you name it. I soon learn that he and his wife like to ride horseback, in fact *own* their horses, keeping them up on the empty mesa, near the pig farm. He is usually accompanied by whatever dog is living at the Sverdrups — a German shepherd, later a black female bull terrier named Butch. One time, Obie tells me a story about his Doberman Pinscher, which, the first time it saw Obie on horseback, instantly leaped for the horse's throat, causing it to rear and plunge in terror.

Oh yes — *Ruth Ragan, Tillie Genter*. Two quiet, unassuming, unmarried gals at Scripps we grow to know very well, to trust, to depend on. Tillie is Dr. Sverdrup's secretary. Ruth is the Scripps librarian, keeps all general records. Both gals live in La Jolla; we know nothing of their personal lives. Although they are rumored

to not even be friends — we see no evidence of this — and both are always smiling and helpful. Their value to Scripps is great.

Fiddle, Mouse House, Cat

After the first winter rains, suddenly the brown hills are turning brilliant green. One morning, sunlight on the little path up the hill in back of our cottage, beckons me to blue sky. . .

Up I go, and Fiddle with me. . .

Ah, Fiddle! Our dog for 15 years — how many memories. . . Mother gave her to us in Pasadena the first year we were married. “A toy collie” says Mother, plumping the fuzzy pup in my arms. “A *colloid* dog” says Marston, in private, his blue eyes teasing. Fiddlesticks, he named her, and it stuck. But when we went off on conferences and trips, the folks kept her and grew fond of her, and Mother had her spayed. When I protested, Mother said tartly, “I’ve taken care of too many puppies” and it was true. All through my childhood, we had slathers of miscellaneous pups, all dearly loved.

So Fiddle was not with us when we came to Scripps, but a pup I acquired in Carmel. Poor unlucky little Jet — she tangled with a wasp nest; caught mange, distemper, finally the fatal chorea. Lonely without a dog. So Mother relented, and Fiddle was free at last to chase seagulls on the beach to her heart’s content. The gulls screamed insults, flapping lazily along, just out of her reach, above the surf.

Now, climbing the grassy hill, she happily chases ground squirrels that dart into their holes with indignant, sassy “keecha, keecha”. Golden meadowlarks with black crescents on their breasts sing sweetly in the soft air.

On top of the hill, the ground levels off — with that delightful seaward view of La Jolla, and many small canyons nearby. A couple of dilapidated old wooden buildings stand empty and deserted. They rouse my curiosity. . .

Back at number 7, one day soon after, Fiddle discovers a large cat, in *our* yard. Oops — there she goes, in full cry, at top speed.

The cat heads for home in one gray streak, and up on the rail of her own cottage, down the line.

Out on the porch bursts a young woman with a mass of wavy hair, and a broom. *Bam* — Fiddle gets that broom, and herself retreats with a yelp. I have followed Fiddle on the run, and say panting, grabbing her by the collar. “*Sorry* my dog chased your cat. My name is Peter Sargent, in number 7.”

But my wavy-haired neighbor is in no mood for amenities. She stares coldly, grabs her cat and goes inside, slamming the door.

Some time in here self-assured young instructor, Dick Fleming, comes up to the cottage, talking to Marston about research. He pats Fiddle, wagging her tail against his knee.

I remember something. . . “What about those old wooden buildings up on top of the hill?”

“Oh those were Dr. Sumner’s Mouse House. . . you haven’t heard about the Mouse House? He launches with relish into his story. “Of course, Scripps *wasn’t* Oceanography to begin with — it was called the Biological Station, when Dr. Ritter was director. And the road in back of us was called the Biological Grade.” He laughs. “You haven’t heard the stories about townspeople calling Scripps “The Booby Hatch” and chortling over hundreds of Sumner’s mice — up there in cages in the Mouse House? When I came as a graduate student under Dr. Vaughan, none of us had cars, and there wasn’t any way at all to get into La Jolla, except the mail truck that went once a day, at

noon. These cottages are ratty, all right. They were only meant to be temporary. *Before*, visitors camped in tents.”

What did Dr. Sumner keep the mice for?” I ask.

“He was studying genetic strains from different geographic localities. Travelled all over — mountains and desert, catching mice. Trying to find out if a different environment altered the color patterns.”

“*Hey*” I say, with lively curiosity, “*Heredity versus environment*” Now we’re talking about *my* field — zoology. “What did he find?”

Our young instructor shakes his head. “Sumner didn’t ever get a chance to finish. Dr. Vaughan decided that Scripps should change from Biology to Oceanography. Said the mice would have to go. Too bad — Sumner’s experiments with raising many generations were attracting a lot of attention from other scientists who read his papers. He was elected to the National Academy of Science for his genetic work.”

“Why didn’t he just pick up and go somewhere else?” I ask indignantly.

“Guess he considered it. . .guess he didn’t want to move. He’s raised his family here, bought land cheap from old E.W. Scripps, built his own house up there on the side of the cliff. . .He got a nervous breakdown over parting with his mice, developed a “*tic*”, a painful kind of facial neuralgia. A sick man, but now he’s over it.”

Marston says cheerfully “Now Dr. Sumner is working on color variations in fish. He and Dr. Fox are both interested in pigments.”

Quickly they are into technical talk again. . .

Grunion

It is midnight. We are in one of the dank ground floor laboratories of the main Scripps building — a gang of us.

We’re excited, wet, hilarious. For hours we’ve been catching grunion on the beach, running madly after each receding wave to grab the silvery, slippery fish as they come in to spawn, throw them into buckets. A big catch — a fabulous catch!

Now we are cleaning them. Soon we’ll be eating them. The big frying pan is waiting at number seven. Already we are ravenous after all that exercise.

“Too bad to waste all this good fish roe” someone says, gutting busily. Suddenly I notice Fiddle, sitting with ears cocked, watching the proceedings. She has joyously partaken in the chase, now she’s

eager for further action. Is she hungry? Foolish question. She's *always* hungry.

"Here, Fiddle" I say, and toss her a plump fish roe. *Snap* it's swallowed. Bright-eyed, she waits for more.

The others quickly cooperate — roe after raw roe go with the speed of light down Fiddle's gullet. . .

But suddenly there is a change. Instead of going down — the roe is coming back up — Fiddle's stomach works equally rapidly in reverse direction.

Ah well — no harm. Presently — 2 A.M. or so, we are all at number 7 — with heaps of slender brown grunion disappearing from our paper plates. Crisp, delicious — what a fish fry!

A Job?

Marston looks up from his lunch one day, says casually "I've been offered a job."

"*What?*" I yelp. His one year appointment will run out all too soon. Oh, this uncertain future!

Marston hesitates. He still doesn't look a bit excited. "Our next door neighbor, Harold Smith (not his real name). He says he needs an assistant. Would pay well, too. . ." His voice trails off. . .

Excitedly, I mull this over. This Harold Smith is not on the staff; he's at Scripps temporarily, doing some Navy research. We've both talked to him, occasionally. He is tall, somewhat thin, with black hair and eyes, but a strangely white skin. Something cadaverous about him, but he is still an impressively good looking guy. He talks a lot. His wife Emily is small, quiet, sort of scared-looking. I've talked with her over the back fence. They have a cute little boy Jimmy, pale and big-eyed. Also two yappy little chihuahuas.

But a job is a job. "Gosh, when does it start? *How* much?" I'm bubbling over with joy.

Marston looks me in the eye. He says slowly "I'm *not* going to take it."

“*Why not?*” I ask incredulously.

Marston shrugs. “Don’t know, exactly. Job sounds O.K. But I don’t like the guy much. Don’t think I could work with him.”

“*Oh dear.*” I groan. We need so many things. Like the old Chevy touring car has lost its fabric top. “The Topless Towers of Ilium” Marston calls it. He did slap a coat of paint on the body — battleship gray.

And only yesterday, lean, pale Harold Smith called us out in front of his house to see his gorgeous new Chrysler sedan. Yikes, what a creation — a mile long, bright yellow, dripping with chrome. Quiet little Emily has also shown me their brand new furniture, including a big shiny Victor phonograph.

And me, still stuck with that squeaky iron cot in the living room. At least I’ve put a cotton cover over it.

I think rebelliously — Marston doesn’t even have a *reason* for not liking Smith. But I say nothing more.

Accident

In the middle of the night, sound asleep in bed — a terrifying crash of splintering glass jolts us upright.

A horrid silence follows. Hastily we scramble into jeans, Marston grabs his big flashlight, we rush out into blackness. Horrors! Just across the road from us, in low weeds, a small coupe lies rolled over, wheels up, the fresh skid marks in the dirt showing its path from the road.

What of its occupants? In dread, we approach, peer in.

Two live faces peer back at us, out of a welter of jagged glass. Gingerly, we help them clamber out, miraculously uncut, but seeming in a state of shock. We bring them back to our cottage. Marston goes to phone a garage; I make coffee, they regain their composure. “*What happened?*” I ask.

The young man says sheepishly “Coming from La Jolla, didn’t know the road narrows, bends, right here. . .”

In a couple of hours, the car has been towed away, the couple

are gone. We never got their names, never see them again.

Dr. Coe

One day, out on the pier, I see approaching me, a sprucely dressed, elderly gentleman. “Hello” I say with a grin.

He look surprised, but answers “Good day”.

I ask Marston who he is. “That’s Dr. Wesley Coe, a retired Yale professor. Lives in La Jolla, and has some laboratory space for research.”

Later Dr. Coe tells Marston “I can’t get over it. In California, people speak to you when they meet you on the street. That never happens in New England.”

My Bostonian husband nods “He’s right.”

We have Dr. Coe to dinner one night in number 7. He tells us he is looking for a special, rare mollusk, about as big as a half dollar. With a double shell, sort of like a small clam.

He says “There are lots of small ones and big ones — its this *intermediate* size I want. I’ll give a dollar bill to any one who’ll find me a live one.”

I love to walk on the beach. I’ll watch out — I have sharp eyes. I’m far sighted.

The beach is full of fascinating critters, anyway. North of the pier are the rocks and the tide pools. They are always scuttling with all sizes of crabs, and waving with the flower-like sea anemones. Marston alerts us to the specially low tides. Then the eel grass is exposed, and under the slippery green strands are the deep-hidden cracks with eels, lobsters and abalones. But already it is forbidden to eat *these* lobsters and abalones. The Scripps property is a preserve.

But even the smooth sandy stretches of beach south toward La Jolla have pretty sand dollars, and many tiny shells. One day I observe a group of shorebirds digging industriously with long bills. Godwits, with cinnamon feathers and curved bills, black-and-white winged Willets — what are they after? Curiously I approach, reluctantly they fly. In the moist grey sand are a wriggling of tiny

bright-red worms. Often again I will see clusters of birds gulping them down.

But I am looking for live, double-shelled mollusks. So one day, in the wet sand as a wave recedes, I find Dr. Coe a healthy live specimen of his half-dollar mollusk.

Triumphantly I race back to the lab with it. Goodie, with that dollar I can buy myself an hour's horseback ride — a treat I haven't had yet this year.

But our retired Yale professor can't bring himself to give a lady a crass dollar bill. Nossir. What I get is a beautiful box of candy. Drat! Sure — I like chocolates — love 'em in fact. But I love horses more.

Those wretched cottages

“Gee — the water tastes *terrible*” I mutter one morning, shaking the glass I'm drinking from. The solution seems equal parts of diluted mud, chlorine and rust.

Marston says “Been talking to Obie Mahler. He took me up on the hill, showed me some of the pipes where they've rusted away. Says even some of the old wooden pipes are still being used. The water drips out into little pools. Then sometimes the water gets sucked back into the lower pipe again. Great!”

“The aquarium sure is having trouble with leaky pipes, too.” I observe.

“Yes — a lot of things need fixing. Ours isn't the only cottage with troubles.” He goes in and jiggles the long chain in the bathroom to make the high flush tank on the old toilet stop running.

One evening, some weeks later, all of us who live on campus, husbands and wives, upper and lower cottages, are sitting in the second story library reading room. We are listening intently.

Dr. Sverdrup is speaking. “Some money and labor will be available from the WPA (Works Progress Administration) for improvement of the cottages. The Regents of the University have approved this use of the funds. Now, what improvements are most

important? Perhaps you can form a *Tenants' Association*. . .”

What a gasp goes up! Oh the peeling paint. The cracks in the walls. The rough splintery floors. The outdated plumbing. The dampness because of no foundations. In the winter, the only heat those wood-burning iron stoves in the front room, with their rusty stovepipes.

“Will it raise the rents?” asks someone cautiously.

“Perhaps three or four dollars a month.” Dr. Sverdrup guesses. “Depending on the improvements made.”

We sigh with relief. YES — we want improvements. But oh — we younger ones — we’re strapped for dough.

Dr. Sverdrup says, “I suggest you set another meeting for next week, at which time you can elect an official chairman and committee to study the situation and propose needed repairs and improvements.”

The evening arrives. “I nominate for chairman _____” says someone. The nominee is a young, assistant professor. A reasonable choice.

Syd Rittenberg stands up quietly. He says in his gentle voice “*I nominate Marston Sargent.*”

I gasp. Marston has only a temporary job. What chance has Marston? But when the votes are counted, Marston has won! We learn afterward, Syd has quietly contacted all the other students, who gladly vote for Marston. Syd is a born organizer. (Syd later becomes the successful Director of the Bacteriology Department at the University of California at Los Angeles).

Representatives from both the Hill and the lower cottages make up the Tenant’s Committee. Marston and the others spend odd hours for months, tramping around from cottage to cottage, making lists, estimating priorities.

At the same time, money is also happily available for the needed repairs on the little aquarium; and the Community House, which forms a sort of flop house for bachelor students, will once again become a social meeting place. And all the old water pipes are replaced.

What do I want most for “little old number seven”? Oh what a lovely prospect to think about!

Let’s see. In addition to the new toilet — paint for the living room. The rough boards are dark brown, picking up cobwebs, giving off splinters. The Sverdrup’s big living room is light. Let ours be light! Ditto the bedroom. No, just cream-colored trim for that dreary straight blue.

As for that dark, cubby-hole bathroom on the east side — a wild, delightful idea! Cut a window right through the wooden wall. It is done. How the sun pours in. Mornings, I throw casement window wide — looking happily up the path to the top of the eucalyptus covered hill.

But if I want to take a bath, or a car should wander down that lonesome road, disturbing my perfect privacy — I can always close the window again.

Red Tide

After supper one evening, Marston says mysteriously “Come down to the beach.” We walk south of the Scripps grounds, and I gasp in amazement.

The tide is very low. Every time a long curl of wave breaks, it explodes like fire, shimmering and gleaming. Then the glow dies down until the next wave bursts with light.

“What’s happening?”

“It’s a phosphorescent bloom of microscopic dinoflagellates.” says Marston. “Doesn’t happen often.”

Watching this extraordinary show, we almost run into a car, stuck in the sand, way out. A man and two small children stand helplessly.

Marston and I help him push, but already the tide is turning, sinking it deeper. “Going to be a record high” says Marston, going to phone for a tow truck. The man and I stand waiting, his kids tumbled sleepily on the sand; two cars on the bluff above us shine their headlights blindingly on us, drive away.

The tow truck arrives; block and tackle pull mightily. Only a few feet gained, when a great wave hits with a roar, breaks in fiery splendor — completely over the car, burying the truck to its mudguards.

“*I’m getting out of here*” says the truck driver hastily. “I’ll come back at dawn, get your car out then — what’s left of it.” It’s already midnight. Man, kids, driver take off in the truck for La Jolla.

Next morning, the car is gone, the beach empty.

But a couple of days later — a strange woman stops Marston on a La Jolla street. “Aren’t you Dr. Sargent of Scripps?”

“Yes.” he says, puzzled. She smiles “You helped my husband on the beach. . .the paint on the car was a total loss, but the motor was O.K., thank goodness.” She gives a little laugh. “Funny thing about La Jolla, such a small town and rumors going round. Seems someone saw our car on the beach, and I got an anonymous phone call “Your *husband* was on the beach last night — with a *blonde*.”

Marston laughs, telling me this. I laugh too. “Lucky the light wasn’t good — they couldn’t see it was only a *dishwater* blonde.”

Easter eggs

Well, there’s a new lawn in by the tennis courts! How pretty it looks! No longer will gardener Bill Simmons tether his cow here. No longer will John Lyman follow the cow around with a shovel and pail, collecting manure for his flourishing front garden.

Someone gets a lovely idea. “Let’s give an Easter Egg Hunt for the small fry. “*Let’s*” says Jeanette, bright-eyed. The other gals join us. It’s a gay affair — a number of children of assorted ages show up. Perhaps I first meet here, sweet-faced Margaret ZoBell, and her two handsome little boys, Karl and Dean. I remember little golden-haired Betsy Fleming, and her lively mother, Alice Fleming — fun to get acquainted.

Cliffs

An item in the San Diego Union, as well as the La Jolla paper: Herbert Sumner, about 19, has rescued a careless hiker off of that dangerous cliff close to the Sumner house. Threw him a rope where he clung to a narrow ledge, hauled him up. Every so often someone tries to climb up or down — it really looks *almost* possible — sometimes he's saved; sometimes not. . .

Jeepers — look at the *Los Angeles Times* for April 10, 1938:

EXPLORING WONDERS OF THE DEEP AT THE SCRIPPS INSTITUTION OF OCEANOGRAPHY

A whole page of handsome photographs, and there's *Marston*, big as life, right in the center. He's holding an enormous glass flask, above a laboratory table full of smaller flasks, the mouth of each stuffed with cotton. He's wearing a white lab coat, and his straight black pipe is clutched firmly in his teeth. The caption reads:

“GROWING MARINE PLANTS IN THE LABORATORY. Dr. Marston Sargent is shown with flasks containing millions of microscopic plants which are the pasturage of the sea. These plants are called diatoms and are so small that they cannot be seen by the naked eye. Diatoms are growing in the large flask, as well as in those on the bench.”

Another paragraph reads:

“In the great pasturage of the sea, tiny plants called diatoms, individually invisible to the naked eye, are grazed on by tiny animals, distant relatives of the shrimps and crabs, whereas larger animals eat these and these in turn are eaten by the fish, and even by the largest of all animals, whales. Also in the sea are bacteria, which play the same roles as those on land; some cause diseases of the ocean plants and animals,

others destroy the waste materials and dead things. To find out how many of these there are, what they eat and what eats them, scientists of the Scripps Institution of Oceanography at La Jolla are engaged in exploring the ocean depths off Southern California. Also, as an aid to navigation, they are charting ocean currents, as well as studying the climate over the ocean.”

Well! Certainly nice to find out all that. Familiar faces of other members of the staff show Dick Fleming kneeling on the pier with a “CURRENT METER used to measure the velocity and direction of the ocean currents.”

Gene LaFond is pointing with a pencil to the plaster-of-paris model of the “the great deep” — the astonishingly steep-walled underwater canyon located off the Institution. Caption: SEA HAS CANYONS OF ITS OWN “This model represents the most detailed survey of the sea bottom ever made.”

Dr. George F. McEwen, “CHARTING CONDITIONS IN THE SEA” shown with “A mechanical computer which eliminates many hours of ordinary calculation based on winds, currents and other factors.”

Dr. Martin Johnson “SCIENTIST COLLECTS SEA LIFE” One view of Dr. Johnson with a pole and net, in a long surf line of tide. The other wading in hip boots below the Scripps pier. “The mussels and other animals shown on the piling live most of their lives out of the water, as they are exposed by the fall of the tide. This is most uncommon, as few marine animals can survive out of water.”

I’m bursting with pride. Not only that Marston, the newest guy on the staff, should have his work with diatoms featured — but that Scripps itself should be explained so well.

Scripps, under Dr. Sverdrup is going places!

And Marston is a member of the team.

Something else good happens for him. A formal invitation to join Sigma Xi. This is the “PhD society” — that is a PhD is the

first qualification to join. The invitation is from the University of California at Berkeley Chapter. Seems there isn't any chapter at La Jolla. But a pleasant honor to be asked, anyway. And Marston happily accepts.

May, 1938

Now comes the big day — that makes such a change in our lives. Marston comes home beaming, gives me a big hug.

“Hey — did I ever get a break! Guess what — Denis Fox has just heard, he has been granted a fellowship to *Cambridge, England* for a year.”

“That’s *good?*” I ask.

“You bet — for both of us. His family came from England — he’s delighted to go. He’ll take Miriam and the boys. He’s leaving this summer. And *me*. . .What a grin lights his face!

“Dr. Sverdrup just told me, I’m to be an *instructor* — with a one year appointment, and fifty dollars more a month.”

“What will you do?”

“Carry on the research we’ve been doing, while Denis is gone. Research on pigments, chlorophyll, run the lab. . .”

Never mind details. He’s got the job — no more worry about jobs for a whole year. . .

We do a crazy dance of joy.

Hitler

How far away from our peaceful Pacific Coast seems the ugly Civil War in Spain, and the rise of the new dictator, Franco. Hitler has just invaded and taken over Austria, disturbing news indeed. And on the other side of the Pacific, Japan has conquered China, even taking over Shanghai. An ominous note, we’d rather not think about.

It’s more fun to laugh about “Wrong Way Corrigan” flying to

Dublin. And worry about some problems near home. Like Mexico expropriating all the U.S. oil companies within its borders.

Exit Topless Towers

Ah how marvellous — our old gray battleship has vanished from our scene. No more its erratic puffing up hills, its wet chilly depths in winter. We are now the proud owners of a sedan (well anyway *I* wanted a sedan), A Chevy sedan, glass enclosed, shiny, softly purring. O.K. so it's *not* new, several years old in fact, it's one heck of a lot better than we had before, and the monthly payments we can handle — \$25.83 a month.

Coming up in the world!

(Note: 1972 Memory plays strange tricks. I find in my early Scripps files a well-thumbed gray booklet:

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION for
the ADVANCEMENT
of SCIENCE

Program of the Twenty-Second Annual Meeting
of the Pacific Division A.A.A.S.
and Associated Societies

SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA
June 20 - 25, 1938

I carry the booklet in to show Marston, saying, “I don’t remember this at all!”

“Me, either.” says Marston. We leaf through it together.

On page 22, under AMERICAN PHYSICAL SOCIETY is a listing:

Thursday, June 23, 1:30 p.m.

Scripps Institution of Oceanography, La Jolla

Joint Session with the Oceanography Society of the Pacific
Symposium PHYSICAL PROBLEMS OF THE OCEAN

1. Introductory Remarks H.U. Sverdrup
2. Problems of Sand Movement in Coastal Regions of California
3. Problems Relating to the Distribution of Sedimentary Material in the Sea. Roger Revelle.
4. The Behavior of Small Particles in Sea Water W.E. Allen
5. Problems Suggested by Turbulence. H.U. Sverdrup and G.F. McEwen
6. Thermodynamical Theory of Temperature Gradients in the Sea at Great Depths. R.D. Gordon.

On page 33, under WESTERN SOCIETY OF NATURALISTS

Thursday, June 23, 2 p.m.

Library, Zoo Hospital

1. Do Marine Bacteria Require Accessory Growth Substances?
H. David Michener, Scripps Inst. of Oceanography
2. Induced Biochemical and Physiological Changes in the Brine Flagellate, *Dunaliella salina*. Denis L. Fox and Marston C. Sargent Scripps Inst. of Oceanography

I say to Marston, "But there are no check marks by either of these meetings. How come?"

Marston says "Denis was giving our joint paper." We find a yellow sheet tucked into the A.A.A.S. booklet, showing what meetings he *did* attend. On Tuesday and Wednesday, meetings of the Western Section, AMERICAN SOCIETY OF PLANT PHYSIOLOGISTS. Special symposiums on SALT Tolerance of Plants and Related Problems; and Plant Invasion on the Pacific Coast.

But on Thursday, June 23 at 2 P.M. Marston is at a joint session of the Plant Physiologists with the Pacific Section of the Botanical Society of America — a Symposium: A RESUME OF PROGRESS IN PLANT SCIENCE.

Besides Marston's old friend F.W. Went of CalTech, speaking on Plant Hormones, none other than my brother-in-law "W.

Arnold, Hopkins Marine Station, Pacific Grove, Dynamics of Photosynthesis. Lantern"

"I don't remember seeing Bill at all" I say to Marston in 1972. I presume my sister did not come down from Pacific Grove; her baby Elizabeth was only about a year old at the time. On the phone, my sister confirms this.

One other note of historical perspective on this 1938 A.A.A.S. booklet: on the same page 22 with the Scripps speakers, is listed a Joint Session of the American Physical Society with the Astronomical of the Pacific for a Symposium: NUCLEAR TRANSFORMATIONS AND THEIR ASTROPHYSICAL SIGNIFICANCE. W.A. Fowler, "Nuclear Reactions as a Source of Energy". And another speaker, "The Physical Problem of Stellar Energy". Name of *J.R. Oppenheimer*.

A postscript to this unremembered conference is a vivid memory indeed.

It is September 1938. Marston and I are in a big strange harbor (at San Pedro). We are seeing Bill Arnold, and his wife, my sister Jean, and little Elizabeth off on the *Danish Freighter Berganger*.

The baby is now an eager toddler. They fasten a leather harness on her so she won't fall overboard.

I hug my dear tall sister. They will be gone a whole year, while Bill works with the renowned Danish physicist Dr. Niels Bohr, at his laboratory in Copenhagen. What an experience for them!

There's an odd air of mystery about this whole trip. Exactly what is Bill working on? He doesn't say. Marston is also uncommunicative. Not for years will I understand the full significance of this year with Niels Bohr. . .

But what was *I* doing this summer of 1938?

Of course, of course — I was up to my ears in my own exciting scientific project — *SEA GULLS*. . .

CHAPTER THREE

BANDING GULLS ON A MEXICAN ISLAND

In late 1935, while Marston was still at CalTech, I was at a meeting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Michener. The Micheners owned a couple of acres of man-made woodland in the heart of Pasadena, swarming with birds.

Mr. Partin, chairman of the Los Angeles Chapter of the young Western Bird Banding Association, said to me, out of the blue sky, “Mrs. Sargent, will you be editor of our quarterly, *‘News from the Bird-Banders?’*”

“*Me? An editor?*” I gulp, in astonishment and some trepidation. Harold Michener looks at me quizzically. He is a quiet man, already suffering from arthritis; a business man. But he shares with his wife Josephine a passion for bird banding. She, on the other hand is a trained scientist. Many years later, I find that in 1904, she was studying at the La Jolla Marine Biological Station that later became Scripps.

“You can do it, Mrs. Sargent” says Harold Michener.

My first mimeographed issue was February 1936, with a banded mockingbird sketched on the cover.

Soon I find the job, while demanding, is also intriguing. Bird banding is still quite new on the West Coast, new banders are joining, new banding traps are being invented, new species marked, every month.

For the May, 1937 issue, I write happily:

A NEW ERA IN COLOR BANDING

Cooperative color banding is the startling suggestion of the Linnaean Society of New York. . .

Color banding is itself so new that up to the past year operators have had to make their own colored bands. Hitherto such bands have been used locally by a few ornithologists to study a resident species in its social and territorial relationships. Pioneers in this field are Harold and Josephine Michener of Pasadena on Mockingbirds; Margaret Morse Nice on Song Sparrows, and still more recently Mary Erickson at the Museum of Vertebrate Zoology, Berkeley on Wren-Tits, and Barbara Blanchard at MVZ on Nuttall Sparrows.

Color banding used in this way strongly supplements the government aluminum banding by enabling the observer to distinguish by sight identification between *individual* birds. Opportunities for research along this line are by no means exhausted — indeed the majority of species have yet to be so studied.

Now comes the Linnaean Society with a revolutionary idea. They will use color bands not to indicate the individual of a species, but to indicate the *locality where a nestling is banded*. And they will band *migratory* birds, so that the movements of the members of a species may be studied not merely in one locality by one observer — but by many observers the length of a continent!

Obviously such a big idea must be carefully worked out in advance. . .

Herring Gulls have been chosen as the species to be studied on the Atlantic Coast. . . A possibility for the Pacific Coast might be the Western Gull which nests on islands off California, Oregon, and Washington; or an inland nesting gull such as the California or Ring-billed.

But Mr. F.C. Lincoln of the U.S. Biological Survey, who

supplied the aluminum bands, reported that manufacturers were not able to supply the W.B.B.A. with colored bands the summer of 1937. Nevertheless, correspondence with banders continued busily.

So matters stood when we moved down to Scripps. In Nov. 1937, I see a notice on the Scripps Library bulletin board:

**“COASTAL BIRD WALK BY THE
SAN DIEGO MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY”**

Well — somebody in San Diego cares about birds. I take a walk, get a San Diego check list, ask questions. “Do any gulls nest here?”

“The Western gulls nest on North Coronado Island.”

“Has anyone banded there?”

“No. The Coronados belong to Mexico. But the Museum gets permission every May to make a public boat excursion to look at the nesting birds — gulls, pelicans, cormorants. . .”

Eureka! Marston and I drive to the top of Mt. Soledad, look out across empty Mission Bay and its green salt marshes, across San Diego Harbor — and there they are, looming out of blue ocean — the three sharp peaks of the Coronados.

For the January, 1938 *News from the Bird Banders*, I write:

**COOPERATIVE GULL BANDING
ON THE PACIFIC COAST**

We announce with pleasure the appointment by Mr. Sumner (W.B.B.A. president) in December of two state and province heads for our gull banding project. these are, respectively Mr. G.D. Sprot of Cobble Hill, V.I. for British Columbia and Mr. Reed Ferris, of Beaver, Ore., for Oregon.

Mr. Sprot has had wide experience in banding Glaucous-winged Gulls, and has an article in the Fall 1937 issue of *The Condor* on returns on Glaucous-wings. He will be aided by Mr. Theed Pearse, of Courtenay, V.I., B.C., also of long experience in gull-banding. Mr. Ferris has been studying for

several years the migratory movements of the Western Gull which nest off the Oregon coast. Mr. Alex Walker, of Beaver, Ore., joined last summer with Mr. Ferris in banding 500 young Westerns, and will aid him with the project this year.”

Sometime early in 1938, Marston tells me “Several of the Scripps men — Martin Johnson, Denis, Claude ZoBell, F.B. Sumner — belong to the Fellows of the San Diego Society of Natural History. They meet at the Natural History Museum in Balboa park. They’ve invited me to go with them to the next meeting.”

“*Great!*” I say, secretly envious. Marston comes back enthusiastic. “A very town-and-gown group.” he says eagerly. “*The club for biological scientists. Clinton G. Abbott, Director of the Museum, is chairman. I met Tom Whitaker, of the U.S. Agriculture Experimental Station, and Dr. James Crouch, Biology professor at San Diego State College. Oh yes, and Mrs. Crouch was there too — so wives can come. In fact, Belle Benchley, the Director of the San Diego Zoo, is a member.*”

Soon Marston has been invited to be a member of the Fellows. And I do go with him, several times. Here I meet Mary Crouch for the first time. She and her husband love to take High Sierra trips, studying birds.

The subject I remember best is one that Clinton Abbott introduces, standing very straight and tall, speaking fast and emphatically. *Elephant Seals Used for Dog Food.* How angry he is, at the wanton killing of the Elephant seals on Guadalupe Island, off Baja California. He shows photographs to prove his accusations against American companies. Soon the Fellows are on record opposing this destruction of the already rare Elephant seals. In fact, the outcry he arouses, manages to reach the Mexican authorities, and they take measures which are effective in halting the killing. (Marston tells me, years later, the Elephant seals have now recovered, and are slowly spreading northward off the

California coast).

Soon I have talked to Mr. Abbott and Mr. Walker of the Museum about their May trip to North Coronado Island. If I furnish the banders, can we get permission to land?

Mr. Abbott considers. "I think it can be arranged. Get your boat reservations in early. It's a popular trip."

For the *May, 1938* issue of the *News* I write happily:

ALASKA TO CALIFORNIA ON THE PACIFIC GULL PROJECT

. . . Mr. Henry B. Looff of Oak Harbor, Washington has volunteered to band Glaucous-wing Gulls on Kodiak Island, Alaska, He will also organize sight observers on the Washington coast next winter. . .

An order for colored and aluminum bands for an estimated total of 4,150 gulls went in to Mr. Lincoln of the Biological Survey on April 26th. The aluminum bands have already been received, and on May 12 Mr. Lincoln wrote that he expected the celluloid bands to be ready for shipment before May 20.

We heartily join Mr. Lincoln in his expressed hope that the various expeditions to the gull colonies will prove successful, and that some fine results will be obtained. . ."

The morning of May 30th — the Museum trip takes off with our party of fourteen aboard, Marston, Martin and Leila Johnson; banders — Dave Michener, and Dr. and Mrs. Sherwin Wood of L.A. I think also an Escondido bander, Frank Gallup.

The ship is crowded; the weather is fine; my spirits are high as we approach the island — the adult gulls wheeling overhead in screaming thousands.

But when we land in a rowboat — *Ah — Woe!* We find at once the *nestlings are too small for banding*. Only 15 downy gull-lets can we aluminum band. We are too early. All the rest of the young are still in their eggs.

Gloomily, we return. All that effort for naught. . .
But wait — the season is still early — Could I. . .?

I sit in Director Abbott's pleasant office in the Museum. Outwardly I am calm; inwardly seething with excitement. For able and amiable Mr. Abbott is composing me a delightful DOCUMENT:

June 14, 1938

TO ALL CIVIL AND MILITARY AUTHORITIES,
REPUBLIC OF MEXICO:

This is to certify that the bearer, Mrs. M.C. Sargent is a representative of this Museum, and also of the Biological Survey of the United States Government. She and her party desire to land upon the North Coronado Island for the purpose of placing colored bands on the legs of young Sea Gulls, in order that the travels and migrations of these birds may be better understood by scientists.

Any aid that you can extend in this work will be appreciated. We can promise that the party will strictly abide by any rules and regulations that you may designate.

CLINTON G. ABBOTT, DIRECTOR

"*That ought to do it.*" he says with satisfaction, pounding as he affixes a large official Museum stamp to this imposing creation. "Take this to the Mexican Consul, here in San Diego. . ."

The Consul seems impressed. He has his secretary type on the same document: "*Se concede el permiso*" Dashes on his own signature, official seal.

But I'm not through yet. *What a tangle of red tape!* Next I must go down to the harbor and clear with the U.S. Immigration and Plant Quarantine authorities, for inspection of passengers and paraphernalia when we return. (Might as well be going to Mexico City and back, I think.) Thank goodness my friends are American citizens, or we'd really be stuck! The date is set — July 21st.

With a sign of relief, I make one more trip to the harbor, for my last hurdle, the actual chartering of a small motor boat.

I enter a harbor office next to a pier, with the faded sign *Star and Crescent — Boats for Hire*. An elderly man — Portugese? — with a gentle air and accent comes to the counter.

“I need a small boat to go to North Coronado Island” I show him my documents and permission. He and a gray-haired woman clerk list essential details: six or eight passengers only; Departure at an appalling 2 *A.M.*, to return by 5 *P.M.* sharp — otherwise the U.S. Immigration men will charge \$5.00 extra for overtime. I must pay the staggering \$20.00 for the boat before we leave the dock. (What will Marston say?).

“It’s all settled for Saturday, July 21st?” I ask wearily.

“Yes, yes.” says elderly gentleman, making notes.

As it turns out, only three passengers will go beside Marston and me — David Michener, an expert bander, his friend Edna Caney, and Dr. Lore David, an adventurous visiting biologist at Scripps.

What prompts me to go back once more to the *Star and Crescent*, the day before the trip? Excessive caution, maybe. . . Again the nice elderly man greets me pleasantly.

I ask briefly “Is everything set for our boat trip tomorrow morning to North Coronado Island?”

Never will I forget his gentle, vague face as he answers,
“*What boat trip?*”

My world falls about my ears. Am I coon-canned *again*? I sputter like a sparking fuse, telling him what trip, pulling out all my documents.

The gray-haired woman clerk comes up quickly. Listens to my angry words. Then she talks at a distance with the elderly man. Returns to me, whispers quietly, as she works on forms, “Ah the poor old man, he’s not what he used to be. But don’t worry, dearie, we’ll get you your boat. *Sure we will.*”

And they do. We go. This boat, being much smaller than the Museum trip boat, is choppy indeed in the open ocean. I lie down on the hard wood seat, eyes closed, trying to control my rebellious

stomach muscles. What a sailor!

Finally Marston shakes my shoulder. "We're here."

We're anchored off the looming island. The tiny rowboat holds only three at a time. No beach or harbor at all. Just rocks slapped by waves. How do we manage to jump from the wildly pitching boat onto those slippery rocks, without breaking our legs? Don't ask me — I'm still seasick, remember?

We're ashore, in the bright dawn of a lovely, breezy day. Quick, get my head covered with my oldest bandana. The downpour of white droppings from the swarming adult gulls overhead isn't the only sky threat. One poises above me, hovers there, screaming imprecations, down comes the dive bomber at a hundred miles an hour. I duck. It misses. Up again to repeat. Well, usually they miss, accidentally or on purpose. But ouch — once Marston, who never wears a hat, gets a gash that draws blood.

You can't really blame the adult gulls. We have invaded their nesting colony, and the baby gulls are everywhere, in cracks and crannies of the steep hillside.

O.K. Begin. Marston picks up a nestling. It is not a beautiful object — mostly naked gray skin, with a few feathers sprouting. However, the legs and feet are almost adult size, so banding at this age is practical. He holds out one leg, I apply first the numbered aluminum Survey band, opening and closing it with special banding pliers. Then the two bright red celluloid bands, put on by hand, one above, one below — red, survey, red — our Coronado combination.

Usually by now, the infant gull has managed to vomit up its dead fish dinner. (Later we watch the parents feed by disgorgement of their own partially digested meal directly into the wide open bill of the offspring.) Also the infant has vented into our hands a large wet dropping.

Marston sets down the unappetizing but banded nestling.

But what's this? It starts to run awkwardly down the slope. An adult gull swoops down, not to protect, but to *attack* the baby gull. The nestling is struck viciously on the head. Another adult

also strikes it.

“Catch it, before they murder it” I holler.

Marston pursues, grabs it again. This time we get it back in *exactly* the same crack we first found it in. Marston holds it there, a moment, then removes his hands, gently.

That’s better, now it stays put. All of us banders learn the hard way, that in a nesting gull colony, an infant out of place, accidentally invading a neighbor’s nesting area, can be really out of luck.

However, larger, well-feathered young gulls, not yet flying, have gathered at the water’s edge, where they are unmolested.

We work our way up the steep hillside, trying not to slip in loose rocks and iceplant. We band all day, returning to the anchored motor boat at 3 PM. With Dave and me both banding, our total is 153 young gulls. That’s better, all right — but as May was too early — evidently July is a little late.

“Next year we’ll band in June.” I say happily.

Marston just grunts, touching his thick thatch of hair, above the gashed scalp. (Next year he wears a ski cap.)

But our bander at Mono Lake, California, on the east side of the Sierras has color banded 510 young California gulls and he has an even better story “We had to work quite hard running after each young gull, because they were trying out their wings for flight. . . One adult tried to put his bill through my head and killed himself in the attempt. It made a good skin, tho.” His birds were marked with two blue bands.

Oh yes — the Alaska bander had the worst luck. When he made two visits to the nesting place of Glaucous-wings, on Kodiak island he reported that, both times, the natives had robbed it of all the eggs, for food.

I am able to summarize to the W.B.B.A. for summer 1938:

“Approximately 1800 young gulls of three species were banded at 7 different colonies. Mr. Reed Ferris banded 825 young Western gulls at 2 Oregon colonies. In British

Columbia, 309 young Glaucous-winged gulls were banded at 3 colonies. . .

I prepare a color chart, and we distribute it widely to all bird organizations, ornithological publications.

Reports come in fast — what fun! My red-marked Coronado are all over the place in San Diego — at the harbor, on the Scripps pier, and even a good report from a bander, at San Pedro.

Garbage Dump with a Jail Bird

White gulls, streaked gray gulls flutter keening overhead, coming to rest on enormous, funnel-shaped wooden bins.

Yep, its the San Diego Garbage Dump, on the south bay. The loaded garbage trucks trundle in, upend, empty their odiferous burdens. Out they go again, the husky black drivers and helpers staring at us in astonishment.

What on earth are we doing here?

My companion is an elderly, white-haired man, slim and neat even in his oldest clothes. His name is Eustace L. Sumner. He is F.B. Sumner's brother, and visiting at his home; but I met him first at the Museum of Vertebrate Zoology at U.C. Berkeley, in 1932, when I was getting my masters in zoology, studying caged wild birds. I wanted to call my thesis "Bird Personality". But under Dr. Joseph Grinnell's bright blue eyes and dominant will and logic, the title came out "Individuality and Territoriality in Certain Passerine Species in Winter." Makes me laugh still, how I hated that title!

But E.L. Sumner was president of the young W.B.B.A., with an office right in the Museum — and that's how I got involved. . .

We both have field glasses, peering eagerly.

"There's one" shouts E.L., as the gulls float down to alight on the fresh piles of garbage, stretching out their legs. How colorful the flash of red-survey-red on the right leg. I jot it down in my notebook.

Every positive record of where a marked bird is, and when, is

like gold in the bank. Migration movements of all our west coast gulls are practically unknown. . . What fun — we see three more, all at the same time, and already changing into second year plumage. Occasionally a gull gets caught *in* the hopper, and then we get a chance to check the survey number too. We leave a color gull chart for the Dump workers, urge them to tell us if they see more.

Eustace is an agreeable companion, full of stories of a life-time hobby of birds. He can't work too long though, without a trip to a corner drugstore for a dish of ice cream. An operation required small meals often; and ice cream is easiest.

One day, he remarks "I was in prison once." Seems he was in a small town (in the midwest — I think he said) when he was arrested for some minor misdemeanor. But the judge was out of town, and E.L. being a stranger, into the hoosegow he went, until the next morning.

"So now" says Eustace Sumner, with a wide grin, "You can tell your friends you are spending your days at the garbage dump with a *Jailbird*."

Soon I am able to write for the next *NEWS*:

PROGRESS OF PACIFIC GULL PROJECT

"Reliable sight observations and Biological Survey recoveries on the gulls through January, 1939, indicate that the color banded Western Gulls are well scattered along the Coast. Perhaps the most significant records to date are those of Laidlaw Williams of Carmel, Calif. who observed at Monterey, Calif. on Jan. 9 (1939) *both* *RSR*- Coronado birds and *B-RS* Haystack, Oregon birds. Thus the range of the two subspecies overlaps at least at this point. Simultaneously, Coronado birds were reported at San Diego, Calif; and Haystack birds were reported at Seattle, Wash. The sight records on the Haystack birds bear out the unpublished data on the movements of Oregon Westerns, collected by Mr. Reed Ferris from large scale Survey banding

over several years. . .”

But already my piled up correspondence includes a letter from Dr. A.M. Woodbury, of the University of Utah, no less — who offers to join our Project, color banding California Gulls at Egg Island, *Great Salt Lake, Utah!* Wheee!

CHAPTER FOUR

THE REVELLES ARE BACK — HAPPY TIMES

(Note — 1975 These memories refuse to come in orderly fashion. Roger and Ellen Revelle returned to Scripps from Norway the fall of 1937 — but they flash like a pair of brilliant birds through the forest of my mind.

Neither Ellen or I remember when we first met. We discuss this, with laughter, in 1973, when she is spending the summer in La Jolla. “But I *do* remember” says Ellen “that Roger mentioned a Grace Tompkins. ‘Who’s that?’ I asked him. I’d only met you as Mrs. Marston Sargent.”

In 1973, Ellen straightens me out on her relationship with the Scripps family. “E.W. Scripps had three marriages and 10 children. Miss Ellen Scripps was my great aunt. I am the granddaughter of James Edmund Scripps, founder and owner of the *Detroit News*. My mother, Grace Scripps, married Rex Clark; and then in 1932, Captain Johansson.” Ellen shows me an old clipping about Miss Ellen Scripps, headlined “OLD MAID WITH THE MIND OF A MAN”.)

New Faces on Campus

What a lot of lively graduate students arrive in September 1938! Now we are old timers, and I help Mom Sumner entertain them. Incidentally, snippy Wanda who was rude to Mom has left;

her husband wasn't getting his degree here anyway. Dick and Emmy Tibby move into their small cottage on the Hill. Dick is getting his PhD in Oceanography. Emmy has a round, expressive face, lots of amusing ideas — the Tibbys are great fun.

Another change, Syd Rittenburg has moved into the nearest cottage across from us, next to the Barnharts. Syd's mother and sister are living with him, temporarily. Mrs. Rittenberg invites us over to dinner. She is widowed, small and talkative, a good cook. "Oh this is delicious." I say of the main dish. Marston says heartily "Yes."

She smiles, pleased. "I like to cook beef tongue this way. Boil it tender, with some cloves and a bud of garlic. Then peel and slice it, simmer slowly in orange juice until brown."

I've never cooked beef tongue before, but I try it now, discover it has another virtue — the price is delightfully cheap; the tasty dish becomes one of Marston's favorites.

Syd's sister Bea is short, pretty, lively in spite of a severe limp from polio. "I'm going to Medical School next semester. Think I'll make it to doctor?"

Later, at home, Marston says to me "That Bea is a girl who doesn't mind a handicap or two. . ." A *female* doctor? "What a gal" I say admiringly. (Note — she makes it too. As successful doctor. Also later, as wife and mother.) In 1941, when we happen to invite Syd to dinner, he brings along *another* Bea, his *cousin* Bea. She is also pretty, lively, smart. Marston remembers that after dinner, Syd draws him aside, asks eagerly "Do you like her?" "Yes, indeed!" says Marston enthusiastically. Syd smiles happily. "That's good. Because I'm going to ask her to marry me." And that's how we become lifelong friends of the Rittenbergs.)

South of the Rittenberg cottage, I now notice that the large vacant fields have been freshly ploughed, the dark rich-looking earth in neat rows. And on each row, an equally neat series of small, white, pointed paper cones — making a startling pattern.

"What are those?" I ask Marston.

"Crops — tomato seedlings, John Lyman says. Some Japanese

have leased the land for truck farming.”

After while, the caps come off, the healthy, flourishing plants produce a fine crop of big red tomatoes. Syd Rittenberg remembers also, a knock on the back door that fall. His mother answers, and standing there is a Japanese woman, smiling shyly, her arms full of succulent, fresh-picked green vegetables.

“You buy?”

“How much?” says Mrs. Rittenberg cautiously.

“Maybe a *quarter*?” The sale is happily made.

Another couple have moved in near us on the Row — the Cecil Monks. They invite us to dinner — a Hawaiian dinner served in cocoanut shells. I seem to remember chiefly food!

Mt. Woodson

Two other energetic young couples are Chuck and Sally Davis, both of them graduate students, and Bob and Bernardine Tschudy. Here are four eager volunteers for open country.

So one day we head for Mt. Woodson, a peak with a fire lookout inland from the farming community of Santee. We park our cars at the foot of the western slope, where the climbing looks pleasantly green.

What a mistake! We quickly discover that steep mountainside is strewn with huge boulders, and thrusting between them is the toughest, tallest chaparral I’ve ever encountered. It does no good to scramble up on top of a boulder, you’d have to fly to get to the next! And the sumac, the thorny buckbrush, the manzanita are fifteen feet high.

But we’re a determined bunch. So here we are, half way up, taking a breather. Bob Tschudy, Sally and I are a little behind the others, when I hear that old familiar *buzzz-z-z*. As ex Girl Scout nature counselor, zoologist, native Californian — familiar as my blue jeans.

But this rattler is the biggest I’ve ever seen. What a *whopper*! Maybe no human has ever bothered him before, in a long life. Never occurs to him to slide quietly to safety under his boulder. He’s a handsome rust-red, and feisty.

Bob Tschudy is equally tough and wants those great rattles. He picks up a big stick; the battle is finally over. Bob brings along the limp, heavy snake as we struggle on up to the top.

What a great view from the peak! Western ocean to eastern Cuyamaca range. But we've taken all day to climb these three miles. The sun is setting. A friendly ranger gives us a ride in a truck down the east side, all the miles back to our cars on the west side.

And the *following* night, Bob serves us all crisply fried rattlesnake chops. Not bad at all. Tastes somewhere between rabbit and chicken.

With the green lawn by the tennis court, we have a good place for an *outdoor party* — so we do — with strings of lights making the tennis court festive, and phonograph music for dancing.

I am dancing with Roger Revelle — bending my head back to look up at that six foot four.

He says to me in a fatherly tone (he remembers our childhood acquaintance) with that direct and disconcerting honesty of his, "Peter, you should always stand up straight — why do you slouch so?"

He has hit home. (Just like my mother in my early teens, when I was sick a lot) I know he's right — I do not carry my five foot seven as well as I should.

I grin a little, "I'll try."

(In later years, when we meet at social affairs, Roger greets me like all the gals, with a quick audacious kiss on the cheek. And I respond like all the gals, with a glad grin. *We like* the son-of-a-gun. As for Marston, after while he picks up the same sociable custom. Sauce for the gander.)

When is it, that Marston and I are walking down a long corridor in a lovely house on the side of Mt. Soledad — the high hill that is La Jolla's crowning glory?

"Watch the steps" calls Ellen Revelle, gaily.

Yes indeed — steps all over this unusual and delightful house. How else would you fit living quarters on a steep hillside?

Everything about the evening is unusual and delightful. Such

fun to be at the Revelles, with a lot of exciting people — some from Scripps, some from town.

Ellen makes us warmly welcome with casual chatter, Roger in his deep voice sparks startling conversations. The cocktails flow freely, along with the ideas. Do I perhaps have the first Martini of my life? The buffet dinner is delicious. . .

It is several months later. *This* invitation to the Revelles includes eminent visiting scientists. A dress-up affair. *What can I wear?* I have nothing to wear. I haven't bought a formal since my Stanford days.

Marston actually goes with me to the swanky La Jolla store. Helps me choose a beautiful dress. The price is *outlandish* — \$19.00. But we buy it!

The faint brocaded pattern has several muted colors — silver, soft blue, but the overall tone is soft rose. The neckline is low, the sleeves are puffed and short — they can be pushed off the shoulders in daring formality. The skirt is long and full. I love this dress all of my life — though I wear it only three or four times.

Again, up the steep hill we drive. All the houses here are large and expensive, but that's O.K. Ellen is one of the famous Scripps family. Scripps-Howard newspapers are still important though not so much as when old E.W. made the family fortune, and he and his sister Ellen subsidized the Scripps Biological Station.

Again the greeting is cordial. Ellen is my own age — how friendly her smile. Roger, the dashing and brilliant host — what fun to go to the Revelles.

I have actually invited Ellen to little old number seven. Roger is away somewhere, maybe out at sea, or at a conference. By now the small living room has been painted cream, with yellow curtains at the windows and a yellow spread and pillows for that horrid cot.

Can't remember who else is there — perhaps the Foxes, but after we've eaten a good roast and my best chocolate cake, we sit around the table and jaw for awhile. Ellen moves to the cot, leans back on the yellow pillows, and her head nods — and by jingo she goes sound asleep.

She wakes to hear us laughing, and laughs too, sitting up again, pushing at her hair. “I’m the darnest one for sleeping after dinner.”

I’m only surprised anyone *could* sleep on that rusty-sprung cot. When Marston’s next pay check comes round — we finally go couch hunting. Eureka — a bargain: a really good-looking Danish style couch for a price we can afford. Never mind there’s a big scratch on one polished maple arm. Who cares? Heaps more comfortable — we have it for years.

Torrey Pines

It is 9 AM of a Saturday morning. We are sitting at open-air picnic tables in a delightful place.

On one side of us is a rambling stone building — the Torrey Pines Lodge. A few of the Torrey pines, somewhat small and scraggly, are near us, taller trees are on the slopes below us, but they do not interfere with the spectacular view.

Down a valley — across a wide green marsh — to slopes of Del Mar and the dark green of more Torrey pines. West of the asphalt ribbon of Coast Highway 101 are the white breakers and the blue Pacific.

The company is equally delightful. Someone has brought a Scandinavian hot bread — a friend of Gudrun Sverdrup’s. Dr. Sverdrup is relaxed and smiling, chatting with Guy and Peggy Fleming. Guy has run the Torrey Pines Reserve ever since it was established, and they live at the Lodge. Also there are our new friends Tom and Mary Whitaker. Capable Tom is in charge of the U.S. Agriculture Experiment Station just across the highway from Torrey Pines Reserve. Once we get some delicious asparagus stalks that have been raised there. Mary is strikingly beautiful, willowly, black-haired, with a soft Virginia accent and a sweet disposition.

Also present are Dick and Alice Fleming, Ellen and Roger, Leila and Martin Johnson. Maybe twenty five of us in all, including a bunch of kids, dashing about happily. Sausages, scrambled eggs cooked on the fireplace grill, are wolfed down

hungrily. How happy we are!

(Note — Not until 1973, does Peggy Fleming, now 85 years, memory still bright, tell me details I had never known about Guy Fleming’s lifelong passion for the preservation of the Torrey Pines. As early as 1916 he was working with the San Diego Natural History Society to protect the unique pines. Miss Ellen Scripps also became interested; she bought two pueblo lots from the City, including the slough, and in 1927 built the picturesque lodge still standing, for a tearoom, for visitors. Guy and Peggy were married in 1926, and lived in their lodge for many years. The year 1932 saw many changes: Miss Ellen Scripps arranged for Guy and Peggy Fleming to take a year trip around the United States, studying state and national parks.

Also in 1932, the San Diego Natural History Society sent Guy to a meeting of the State Board of Beaches and Parks, to urge the establishment of a state park at *Borrego Desert*. Peggy says “They were amazed when Mr. Fleming suggested some 20,000 acres be saved.” “How large is Borrego Park now?” I ask. “Some 300,000 acres.” I say “When we first visited the desert in 1935 or so, Borego was spelled with one *r*.” Peggy says “That was wrong — the old Spanish records show that *two r*’s is correct. Borrego means *sheep*, you know.” I look it up in our big dictionary. Yep — she’s right. Borrego means specifically *suckling lamb*.

Also in 1932, Miss Ellen Scripps died at the age of 95. “What was she like?” I ask Peggy. “Oh she was great. She always said “I don’t do anything. You folks do it all.” ” Miss Scripps willed the Torrey Pines land to the City of San Diego for a Park, and Guy Fleming became the first director of the park.

In 1933, Guy Fleming was appointed Supervisor of the Southern District of the California State Division of Beaches and Parks, which included Borrego Park. He held this position until his retirement in 1949. In 1956, San Diegans voted to make the City park, the Torrey Pines State Reserve.

Peggy, in 1973, remembers a couple more details about Scripps Director Vaughan, whom the Flemings had known so well. “He

told me once” she says with a laugh “I have a fly-paper mind. Everything sticks to it.” Dr. Vaughan learned Japanese when he spent a year in Japan. And when he returned and needed a lot of papers translated, Ruth Ragen, the Scripps librarian, learned Japanese too, so she could help him.”)

Aboard the Bjorn

Now we are out in San Diego Harbor, on the Revelle yacht, the Bjorn. They brought her over from Norway. What an imposing mast she has — solid oak, varnished a glossy yellow. How imposing her tall, billowing sails as we glide over the slightly choppy water.

A shrill childish chatter is going on, from the two little Revelle girls — perhaps seven and five. Ann and Mary Ellen. They are agile as monkeys, well used to sailing on this yacht, which I am not.

“*Watch out for the boom*” cautions Ellen, as Roger swings the great sail to catch the veering wind. I duck hastily as the heavy wood swings by. No sailor — I. Ann laughs saucily.

Now we have sailed out through the channel by Point Loma. The yacht lifts sharply from the ocean swells, up and down.

My stomach drops too. Oh dear — shades of the Coronado gull trip. I should have known better. Well anyway — maybe I can get another look at the Mexican islands now. I jump upright — looking at those rocky peaks. How sharp and clear they rise!

“*Look out*” Roger’s deep shout is too late.

The boom hits me on the head with a solid thwack that knocks me flat. I lie there, head throbbing, senses reeling.

“Oh dear!” cries Ellen, bending to my rescue. “Are you hurt?”

Marston helps lift me back in a sitting position, propped against the side. “I’m all right” I say, somewhat giddily, through the pounding in my feeble brains. “Sorry to be careless.”

It’s beautiful out there — wind, blue sky, blue water.

But obviously — yachting is not for me.

(*Note* — Roger tells me, in 1973, “The Bjorn was *not* a yacht —

just an old sloop.” O.K. But she sure impressed me!)

Our Sea-going Hack

Hey, hey — let’s go across the border — to *Mexico*. Well anyway — Baja California.

Get through that wretched, dirty Tia Juana — with its “Quickie” Marriage and Divorce mills; its murky saloons and drunks lying in the alleys — as fast as possible.

Head down the coast — handsome and rocky. Head up a deep river valley, with a marshy slough at the inlet, then fertile grass and giant oaks. Climb in sharp curves up a narrow dirt road with steep cliffs to a high inland mesa. Drive miles and miles southward, with sweeping views of mountain peaks, other green valleys. Back to the coast again — the surf battering far below, and here we are — the quiet, white-walled town of Ensenada.

We buy a few trinkets at one of the colorful shops on the short main street. That dollar sign with only one line through the S — means pesos. Have we been cheated? Hard to tell. But my gay new sombrero didn’t cost much anyway.

On to the beach where the brightly painted fishing boats are. What a fine curve of white, sandy bay! Like La Jolla — only much larger, miles down that empty stretch southward.

Hey — It’s getting late — if we’re going to get our two cars down that beach and camp, we’d better get cracking!

How’s the tide? So-so. Still a lot of firm wet sand showing. Off we speed, easy and fast, the brisk sea breeze in our faces. *This is fun!*

Yikes! A wave catches us. Drat — the tide is coming *in*.

We pile out, push, as the wave recedes. Yippee — here we go again. Five minutes later, another big wave catches us — but we don’t care — we’re some ten miles south of distant Ensenada now. Not another human being in sight. This will be a fine camping spot.

We push the cars as high as we can, in from the grabbing tides. “Never thought I’d have a sea-going hack” puffs Marston.

This first trip our good CalTech friends Sigrid and Morgan Ward are with us. Perhaps also Jim and Dave Bonner. Morgan is a math professor; Sigrid is like an older sister to me — we lived in a charming apartment over their garage in Pasadena while Marston got his PhD. I color-banded thrashers on our tiny balcony with its sweeping view of the whole Sierra Madre range; published an article on the territory of thrashers. Sigrid asks my advice now on cooking over the campfire a huge beautiful several pound steak. Goodness, I never bought a steak like that in my life. “Brown it on both sides.” I state, learnedly.

After dinner, as we are merrily drinking beer around the blazing fire, two strange Mexican men quietly appear out of the black night. One speaks authoritatively to us in Spanish. None of us understand. Finally he makes his point in halting English. He is an official, an Immigration officer. He wants to know if we are stuck and need help; who we are, what we are doing.

“Just camping.” we tell him. We offer him and his companion two bottles of beer. They join us in our harmless revelry. International accord!

Some six months later, we decide to head for the black wet rocks of Punta Bunda, still further south of Ensenada. This time we take a very dusty road, our sleeping bags propped on the front mudguards. This time, other Pasadena friends are with us — Jinxie and Don Green; Jinxie’s brother Hartley and wife Maggie, several more.

There ought to be lobsters in all those big rocks; curses no lobsters. But shouts of joy — *abalones!* Great big ones in the deep rock crevices. Marston and others are knowledgeable about preparing them. A sharp knife cuts out the thick white mass, trims off the black fringe. Slice it thin. Pound, pound, between flat stones until the slices are limp. Fry each slice quickly in sizzling bacon fat. Delicious, though a trifle tough, even yet.

The night is less fun for me. My sleeping bag is covered with fine dust. Dust is my life long enemy. Weak bronchial tubes are my lifelong problem. Oh how I wheeze, tossing and turning. In the

morning, one of our female travelling companions says crossly “I couldn’t sleep a wink. Some little animal kept sniffing and snuffling. . .”

Marston throws me a quick sympathetic glance. I confess wearily “It wasn’t a mouse — it was me.” She wasn’t the only one who got up tired.

Marston’s new job

In May, 1939 Marston comes home to number 7 grinning from ear to ear. “Dr. Sverdrup called me into his office today. Says he’s putting me on the *regular staff* as *instructor*.”

I hug him squealing with delirious joy.

“This means I’ll even have some future chance of promotion. And more pay — a princely amount — \$150 a month.”

Ah, riches!

His face falls a little. “One catch, though. Dr. Sverdrup told me his budget is so limited, in order to hire me, he had to let that woman laboratory assistant go. Said he thought she had no future here.”

“Darn.” I say, my spirits dampened, remembering Fiddle and her cat. Maybe I don’t like her much. But who wants to see her fired?

I am tempted, when he’s gone back to work, to walk over to the silent, self-contained cottage, say something. “I’m sorry.” Like with Fiddle.

But the memory of her cold, white withdrawn face stops me. I do nothing.

Probably she wouldn’t believe it anyway — that Dr. Sverdrup told Marston of the decision only after it was made. That we *are* sorry.

Bridge

Emmy likes bridge; so does Jeanette. Well sure — I like it myself — occasionally. Why not a sociability — for us young wives, while

our husbands are working? So a couple of tables of us gather in the afternoon every couple of weeks in 1938 and 1939 at one or another of our houses — bake a few cookies, chew the fat. . .it's fun.

At least until one particular afternoon.

Here we are, sitting in Emmy's front room, the eight of us, in a fog of cigarette smoke. I'm smoking too — a social habit I picked up at Stanford. The afternoon wears on, in high-pitched chatter.

It is over, we guests are leaving, walking out of the house, down the steps. Dick Fleming is coming up the steps from the labs as our laughing, jawing group part company. I stand in the fresh, late afternoon breeze as he approaches.

He's a sturdy, good looking guy, with his blond hair, that lightly twisted grin of his, the Canadian accent.

"Hi, Peter" he says "How can you gals stand to spend all this fine afternoon over bridge?"

I grin back feebly. *He's got a point.* I breathe deep, looking out at that vast blue ocean. Does smell good out here, away from all that smoke and chatter. He walks on. I still stand there, thinking, enjoying the quiet. I know Dick himself is very busy writing, with Dr. Sverdrup and Martin Johnson, the first comprehensive book on oceanography. Do I *really* like bridge this much? To waste all this time on it? Maybe this card bit was important to me at first, getting to know people. But not any more. . .Now I have other fascinating projects.

I think I never play bridge again. And soon, even the social smoking is a thing of the past.

Escondido

Here I am, in a strange inland town, seated in a pleasant clubroom full of well-dressed ladies; and guess who is addressing them — *Marston* — that's who.

Seems its the custom around San Diego for clubs and organizations to ask the Scripps Institution for a speaker on Oceanography. Such an exotic subject will be a drawing card. As for the

staff — they take turns — probably Tillie Genter gets the job of assigning the speakers for the specific dates and places. No remuneration is involved. Dr. Sverdrup considers it good public relations. He himself has joined the La Jolla Kiwanis Club.

As I sit quietly listening, how pleased I am, at the flow of words from my scientist husband. He's a *good* speaker. The ladies listen intently as he explains about waves and currents, about the interrelationship of all the living creatures in the ocean. They laugh at his jokes, applaud when he finishes; ask eager questions. Then we are drinking tea and munching sandwiches. I smile and nod, and chat a bit.

At last we're outside — how lovely, this late afternoon. Marston consults his map. "Going to try a different way home." That's my husband too. Loves to explore byways, off the beaten path. Anywhere in the world. So presently we are winding on a dirt road through rounded green hills. Sometimes we get far vistas of high mountain ranges; or dip into unspoiled canyons with oaks and broad-leafed sycamores, running streams. Cows graze in meadows with poppies and lupin in tall, blue stalks. How varied and delightful is San Diego County!

Beach Supper

We've climbed down the steep dirt path just north of the Sumner's house, bringing the ingredients of our supper with us. At one place a wooden plank is thrown across a side gully of Sumner canyon — we teeter across it. Near the beach, the footing is rocky and treacherous.

But the beach itself is smooth white sand, stretching for miles. Not another soul but our jolly party of ten or twelve. The almost sheer, tawny cliffs tower above us. We splash happily in the surf. Now the sun is setting in its ball of fire, and we're starved. The men build a fine fire from the driftwood; Marston sets up stones for our big black frypan. I start our small cube steaks to browning. . .

Who's along? Martin and Leila Johnson. Perhaps Ken Emery

and Bob Dietz — other graduate students. Certainly Walter Munk, dashing bachelor and smart scientist, with his intriguing Austrian accent.

Dusk is falling as I turn the steaks. How great they smell sizzling merrily, though I can scarcely see them now, in the growing dusk, “Marston, get me a flashlight, will you?”

He locates it in his knapsack. I light up our steaks.

Yikes! What’s this? I discover with horror, I have cooked not only steaks but dozens of persistent little kelp flies, also in the frypan.

Hurriedly, I scoop them out. Did anyone notice? I look around. Everyone but Marston is busy elsewhere.

Pretty soon, we all have nice hot brown steak.

“Tastes great.” says Marston, grinning.

The Gilloon Ranch

One day, in the spring of 1938, we are standing on top of a hill in the handsome rolling country of Rancho Santa Fe.

Within touching distance of us is a large orange grove. Marston and I; also his father, mother and younger sister, who are visiting us from Boston. Beside us is the owner of this ranch, Frank Gilloon. Volatile Irishman, fast talking, quick tempered, smart — that’s Frank.

Frank’s sister, Virginia Gilloon is there also. She and I are old friends — we went to Pasadena Junior College together. Now she is a high school teacher in San Diego. Virginia and Frank both have black hair, bright blue eyes, determined spirits.

What fun for Marston’s folks to pick their first fat oranges right from a heavily laden tree.

Frank is a good rancher — all his orchards are flourishing. But Frank is filling our ears with the troubles of his young avocado trees. Let’s see — the story begins with *snails*. Yes — a horde of common garden snails decide young avocado leaves are their cup of tea. Ah the ravages! Frank tears his hair, gets a brilliant idea.

Ducks — yes — they *love* snails. So he acquires a quacking flock

and they gobble up the shelled pests. But heck — something loves to eat ducks; they begin to vanish in the night, from his isolated ranch.

Coyotes that's what. Frank has another brainstorm. A *police dog* to chase off the coyotes. Well that works, for awhile. But the dog is a *she*, and pretty soon instead of chasing off coyotes, they are coming to see *her*.

So poor Frank works out his final electrifying solution. Literally. A live wire fence around his avocado grove, with a weak current going through at night, strong enough to shock but not to kill, snoopoy coyotes.

So we lucky Sargents are heaped with oranges and duck eggs (the ducks keeping the snails under control) and all is well at the Gilloon ranch — until the next emergency. . .

Now I'm in Virginia Gilloon's car, headed for the *Grand Canyon*, Arizona. How nice for me — that she wanted company, for a trip in her school Easter vacation. After driving all day, at dark, Virginia turns the car from the main desert highway onto a dirt road, continues a mile or so, and just stops. We unroll our sleeping bags on the empty desert sand, and crawl in.

All would be well, except that a beautiful full moon keeps me awake — darn thing shining right in my eyes — and something bites me. Curses — at dawn, my right hand is swollen and red. Whatever it was (centipede? scorpion? tarantula?) apparently chomped on a knuckle and it hurts a little, but not much.

We reach our destination. How gorgeous it is — on the South Rim, and Virginia gets us a cabin for the next night, chilly at this altitude. But complains that I keep her awake, sniffing. Something — the bite? the dusty night on the desert? has made me wheeze a little. What a pesky travelling companion I'm turning out to be!

But who can be unhappy — to rise to the sight of *fresh snow* on that splendid canyon rim. Sometime — maybe Marston and I will get down into the deep array of glorious geological formations. (Note — we do, twenty years later, from the North Rim)

From the snow, Virginia and I descent to hot sunlight at towering Hoover Dam and take the elevator through its impressive depths. We're home the fourth night.

A great trip, Virginia!

Catastrophe at the Chancellor's Fall 1939

The Chancellor's mansion in Beverly Hills is overflowing with guests. Instructor Marston Sargent and his wife are invited too. Goodness, such high society as we're keeping these days! The University of California at Los Angeles, and its professors, no less.

We ladies are encouraged to take our wraps upstairs, and park them in a bedroom. I sneak a look at my beautiful new dress, the one bought for the Reville party — yes it is delightful with its full bouffant skirt and soft pastels.

"Be careful of the stairs" a hostess warns a group of us at the top of the landing. The long steep flight is apparently of marble, smooth as glass. This is the first time in a month I've had on high heels. I've actually forgotten how they change your balance. . .

My first step downward is my last. *Whoops* — there I go — feet out from under, legs outstretched in front of me — skirt and fanny taking all my weight — I *slide* down that whole damn flight of stairs.

Someone cries out — the loud buzzing of a hundred voices in checked mid-sentence. The whole distinguished gathering pauses open-mouthed to watch my extraordinary descent.

I'm at the bottom — still sitting ignominiously on my behind. Someone rushes hastily to me. Many arms pull me to my feet, wobbly on those treacherous pumps.

"Oh my goodness — are you alright?" queries my anxious hostess. I give myself a shake. Warily. Am able to answer — to my own astonishment — even with a grin.

"Yes — I'm perfectly all right. Not hurt a bit. Stupid thing to do". . .

Marston and I laugh about it for years. Like the old western tune about the mule:

“She went like a bird or a ship on sail

She flew with her ears and she steered with her tail”

Later this same evening — we are at another shindig — in Pasadena this time, with our old CalTech pals.

Folk dancing — how we love it — all those lively tunes and quick turns and complicated movements, carried down through the generations from half a dozen European countries.

But this time I’m too smart for those wretched pumps; I don my old tennis shoes and hist up that long skirt, and have a whale of a time.

HEY — why not have some folk dancing in *San Diego*?

My first attempt, I think, is in Frank Gilloon’s large rambling living room at Rancho Santa Fe. Don’t remember who was there — just that it was fun.

Then I have a vague recollection of the Womans Clubhouse in La Jolla being crammed with eager dancers — perhaps this was the couples club of the Presbyterian Church taking part. . .

Horses 1938

Jeanette Lyman and I are riding, my horse in front of hers, plunging along an invisible trail at night, on the empty mesa above La Jolla shores. The horses are from the good but expensive La Jolla stable. Usually I can’t afford to ride, but this is a special group rate — two hours for a dollar. (What a luxury — that dollar would buy two days groceries.)

Jeanette yanks angrily at the double reins — she has a spirited horse, hard to control. My own is no trouble — willing but easy-mouthed. Ah, how great to gallop again, my favorite recreation since childhood.

1939 Now Marston and I are on horseback in moonlight, in the foothills some twenty miles inland from the coast. Young Lois Sorkness, a teacher, and a graduate student under Denis Fox, has learned of my passion for horses. She and her husband have invited us to a friend’s ranch, and all four of us are mounted.

A fried chicken dinner is carried with us; the two ranch dogs, big

shepherds, accompany us, snap up, crunch down the bones. I watch in surprise. “Can you feed your dog chicken bones?” “Never had any trouble” they answer, tossing another bone.

How bright the moon on the gentle hills, how light my heart, once again astride!

Guess this is the last time Marston *ever* sits a horse, but far from the last for me. . .

August 1939 Now a dream of mine comes true. Marston and I are in the *High Sierras* with a *horse*.

To be sure, we were both in this high mountain country that we love so dearly the summer of 1936, when we hiked with a pack burro from the floor of Yosemite Valley, clear to the craggy, glaciated top of Mt. Lyell, highest peak in the Park. And had a dickens of a time getting down — but that’s another story. The burro was fun too — I’m nuts about all furry quadrupeds.

But a *horse!* Ah — seventh heaven! At least that’s what I think, as my New England husband makes all the plans.

The trip starts well, from Echo Lake, near Tahoe, leading into the great timbered Desolation Valley, which belies its name with small blue lakes. At one such lake we see the only other humans the whole trip — a group of young boys, diving and splashing.

“Are they all wearing white trunks?” I ask innocently. Marston laughs, as with wild yells they all duck and disappear as we approach. Nothin’ at all on those tanned young bodies.

We hike and hike and hike. That horse is nothing but a *pack* horse. Drat. Marston has tireless, sturdy legs and lungs. My own endurance is not that good. Finally, I come to a halt in a lovely green meadow with a meandering stream, fling myself full length, really bushed.

“Oh come on” says Marston impatiently. “The map shows a fine camping spot only three miles ahead.”

“But *why?*” I say stubbornly “We’re just taking the trip for fun, aren’t we? What’s the hurry?”

Over the years — I remember this moment with a raucous guffaw. Didn’t even Mt. Lyell teach me that my Bostonian

husband sets a goal and that goal he will reach if it kills him, (or more likely me). “Sensible” hikes are just not in his vocabulary.

“I’m going on” says Marston, his face set.

This pleasant afternoon, in country we both love, I am equally stubborn. “I’m staying.” I say defiantly.

Silently, Marston picks up the lead rope, he and the pack horse walk up the trail, out of sight.

I sit in the grass, grateful for the rest, but abashed. We’ve never quarrelled in the mountains before. It’s awfully quiet here, in the pretty meadow. Presently I look at my watch. A half hour has gone by. Does he expect me to follow? Stubbornness rises in me. I *won’t*.

An hour more of quiet silence. It’s later afternoon, with the shadows getting long. . .

“Hi!” says Marston. Here he is, leading the horse. But that nasty pack saddle is gone — the bay’s broad smooth back is bare.

“Hi!” I grin happily. My husband is smart — he knows his wife. I grab the halter rope, jump easily on that horse — I’ve ridden bareback since I was twelve.

This is something like. And when we climb to *Marston’s* camp site, I have to admit it’s great — high on a slope, with grass by a rushing stream, and a sweep of pine-covered peaks in the distance.

We’ll have a extra good supper, and campfire, tonight. . .
(*Note:* and another happy memory is of an even better Sierra pack trip, going in from Florence Lake on the John Muir trail, more than 20 years later, when I have 2 horses, one pack, one saddle; and *two* men, Marston and our strong 15-year-old son Tom, for company.)

The Stable Folk Dance

This is the one I recall vividly. But I am astonished, looking through my scrapbook, at the *date* on this clipping. How late it already was — how many changes were already stirring:

San Diego Union Nov. 16, 1941

JEWEL CITY

The old American Square dance, which is coming back to popularity in the east bids fair to find devotees in La Jolla also. A jolly no-host group, from the Scripps Oceanography colony and Camp Callan with some of their friends plan to start the fun Saturday evening with a barn dance at La Jolla riding stable. Hostesses will be Mrs. Marston Sargent, Mrs. William Gilham, Mrs. Wiley Bischoff, and Mrs. Richard Fleming. There are tentative plans for forming a club and making this jolly affair the first of a series. Among the group are Dr. and Mrs. Harald Sverdrup, Dr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson, Dr. and Mrs. Denis Fox, Dr. and Mrs. Russell Raitt, Dr. and Mrs. R. Peterson, Dr. and Mrs. Frederick Wohnus, Mr. and Mrs. Bennett Olsen, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Barber, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Mann, and Mrs. Richard B. Tibby.

Not mentioned in the clipping, but definitely there were Frank and Virginia Gilloon, Tom and Mary Whitaker, Roger and Ellen Revelle. Many gals helped with the preparations, especially lovely Mary Whitaker, and bright-faced Emmy Tibby. Marston had actually purchased, on the advice of our CalTech buddies, some of the key records we will use, as well as the Virginia reel.

It's the evening of the dance. We are in the spacious loft of the Stable, at the junction of the Scripps road with the main La Jolla road from the north. We've started off merrily with the easy one — the long line, familiar Virginia reel.

Now we are about to try an English three-couple dance. This is great — catchy music, swift, graceful motions. But you do have to have the right number of men and women. We are one man short in one of the groups, standing around, waiting.

What man is available? Only one. There is Roger Revelle, bending down from his great height to chat with little Emmy, who

is side-lined with a bothersome foot. Actually Roger's big feet aren't made for dancing anyway — he stumbles over them even when walking. And his big head is always buzzing with ideas — he's a fascinating talker, especially with pretty girls.

But hard-heartedly, I drag him away. "*Please*, Roger — we *need* you. Sorry, Emmy. . ."

He grins at me and at Emmy, and comes. . .

After a lively longways dance, with all couples in a big circle around the floor, changing partners at short intervals, we pause, laughing and panting.

What does Frank Gilloon do? Stands on his head, that's what! Whereupon our august Dr. Sverdrup, in his fifties, this hardy Norwegian, flips easily into a series of handsprings all the way across the loft floor, with agile Frank following.

How we all clap and shout!

CHAPTER FIVE
THE SUMNERS AND LITTLE BLUE FISHES
IN HOT SPRINGS

Fall, 1938

We are at dinner with the Sumners. (Marston says all the eight guests were young and fairly new — like us.) First, we drink sherry before the bright fireplace — the windows showing that spectacular view from their cliff edge — lights shimmering from La Jolla to the south — up along the far coast toward Del Mar.

Then we are at the massive table that seats ten so easily, handsomely spread with white cloth, pretty china. An ample roast dinner, many vegetables, dessert — all prepared by Mom Sumner herself, and she refuses to let any female guest help — either before or after.

F.B. is in good form, his black brows raised gaily above his deepset dark eyes. The conversation is lively and amusing. Years later, when his autobiography comes out, *“Life History of an American Naturalist”* (published in 1945, the year of his death) — a book so honest and poignant, describing bitter frustrations in his life — I often think he didn’t give himself enough credit as a host. He was a fine host, as these guests will gladly testify.

Moreover, F.B. and Marston often see each other, in adjoining laboratories, are interested in each others projects.

Marston comes home one night “Dr. Sumner has invited me to a discussion group next week.”

“What about?” I ask.

“Don’t know” he says with a grin “But F.B. said I might enjoy it.”

He comes home late from the meeting, after I’m asleep. But next morning he’s still full of excitement.

“Dr. Sverdrup was there, Martin Johnson, Roger Revelle, Fran Shepard, Claude ZoBell. Denis belongs, but of course he’s away. But also several men from town — interesting fellows. One of them spoke, Sibley Sellew — a banker. Talked about *banking* — a good talk, too. Then we all sat around and hashed it over.”

“Who were the others from La Jolla?”

“Let’s see — a young minister, Rev. Edward Elson at the Presbyterian Church. And a Dr. Francis Smith — a heart specialist. . .”

His eyes are alight.

After that he is asked regularly. The subjects vary as widely as the personalities and interests of the speakers.

“Doesn’t the group have a name?” I query.

“No.” (Only after Dr. Sumner’s death in 1945 does it get a name — Sumner Club.)

Some months later, it is Marston’s turn to talk.

“What’s your topic?”

“*Alexander Hamilton*” he says, busily making notes.

“Gosh, why?” I ask in amazement.

“Because his ideas are still so basic to the country” says Marston. Maybe this is the first time I’ve fully realized how important history is to my husband. Books on Thomas Jefferson, Lee’s Lieutenants, DeToqueville “Democracy in America” gradually he acquires them, even if second hand. (And how I finally appreciate his knowledge, when we live in England two years while he’s working for the U.S. Office of Naval Research, London, 1958 - 1960, and he takes me to fascinating places, from Stonehenge to Hadrian’s Wall).

May, 1939

We are in the Owens Valley, north of Bishop. It is a breathtakingly beautiful place. A great green valley with running streams, between two towering snow-covered ranges. To the west of us — the Sierras; to the east — the only slightly less spectacular Nevada ranges.

“We” is Marston and me, Dr. and Mrs. Sumner. We are on a scientific expedition, after little fishes.

Littering the ground are pieces of obsidian — volcanic glass. Indeed, to get here we have passed a great lava flow, looming black cliffs above the road. Many of the obsidian pieces show chipping by human hands — we are camped on an old Indian site. I keep looking — my eyes are sharp. I find a beauty of an arrowhead — black, perfect. (I still have it, over thirty years later).

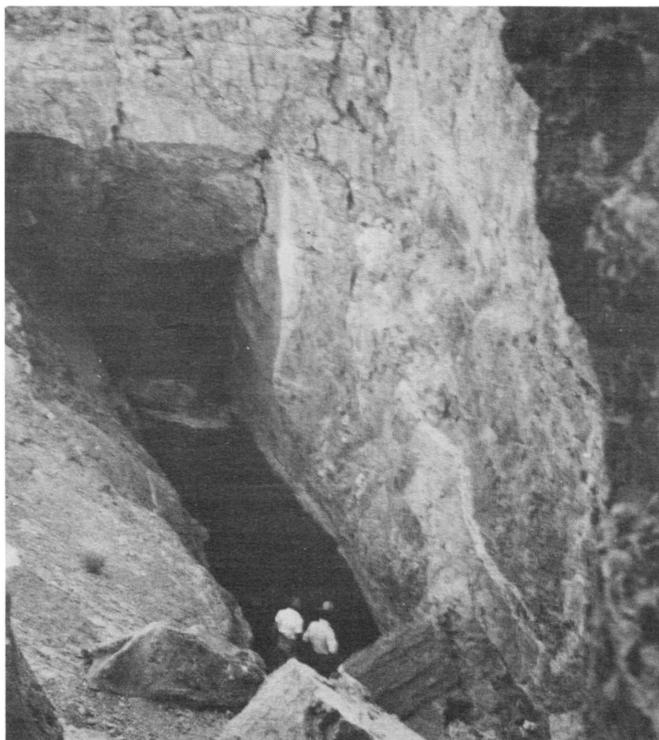
F.B.’s project requires obtaining some of the tiny fish in a marshy pool, alive. He gets out a couple of small scoop nets, whacks hard with one at the grassy edge of the pool. No luck. Marston also tries — those little fish are slippery dodgers!

“Let me try” I offer. Easy, quiet, I sneak up on our tiny prey. Soon some of them are swimming in large glass jars. . .

A week later, we are in a tent, in dry Nevada desert. But near us is an astounding *chrySTALLINE-edged* blue pool, lying under the open sun. “The Amargosa hot-spring” says F.B. with satisfaction. I touch the water — luke-warm, it is, and bubbling a little at its rocky bottom, some ten feet below. How clear is the sparkling water! Again, we net some little fishes.

At night, the coyotes howl. Seems like millions of ’em — what a yap-yapping, what a wild ki-yiying — from all directions. Mom Sumner and I are sort of glad for at least tent canvas — between us and them.

The other company we have in this empty desert is *flies*. At dawn they are all sleeping in black masses on the inside of our tent — it has no screen door. Later, they will be crawling over us in unwelcome togetherness. A couple of times, I try swatting them with an ordinary fly swatter while they’re still sleeping. This



THE DEVIL'S HOLE



1939 — CAMPING IN NEVADA

Prof. F. B. Sumner, Mom Sumner and Peter Sargent

reduces the numbers temporarily — but the next night as many thousands as ever.

I've wondered a little — how will I get along with “Mom” on this trip? She has a sharp tongue, I know — will she use it on me? To my joy — we get along fine. She likes to camp — although she tells me once — some of their earlier trips, travelling with their three kids, were not always pure pleasure.

The Devil's Hole

Midnight in Death Valley. Even now in October, the night air is warm. Marston and I are on our second trip after the elusive little hot-spring fishes. F.B. and Mom Sumner will join us here tomorrow.

Although F.B. and Marston have traced out the route carefully on their maps — the complete darkness makes it difficult to locate the obscure dirt side road we must take.

A lonely filling station. Directions: “Go back a couple of miles, turn sharp right. . .”

We bump to the end of the dirt road. “This must be it.” says Marston, turning his big flash on his map, then on the surrounding country. But there's nothing to be seen at all — no buildings, no lights, just flat ground and sparse sage brush.

“Let's look around.” he says. With only quiet stars for company, we go cautiously exploring. Positively spooky!

Marston stops suddenly, focuses the long beam of the flash. “Here's something.” The pinpoint of light shows a break in the flat desert surface.

He grabs my arm. We walk warily to the edge. Down goes the beam of light. And down. And down. It seems not to end at all. *That Hole is bottomless.* “Yikes!” I retreat to terra firma.

“We'll go back to the car, get into our sleeping bags.” says Marston. I say shakily “Darned near joined the Devil in his Hole.”

At dawn Marston is out studying his maps and the surrounding country. In the night, we crossed the boundary line between California and Nevada, and this Devil's Hole region is not actually

in Death Valley National Monument at all, but on the edge of Ash Meadows, Nevada. He remembers that we are at the foot of a little ridge of rocky desert. You have to walk up a slight grade to suddenly peer into the deep Hole. Now, in daylight, we see that the first fifty feet down is not water but a steep wall of craggy rock.

“Oh we can climb that” I say blithely.

At this depth we reach the surface water of the hot-spring. Like the smaller Nevada pools of our May trip, it is deep blue and extraordinarily clear. That’s why we could see down to eternity last night. This morning we can see almost that far — maybe another 100 feet. The rock lining is again crystalline, and swimming about are many slim and glittering, tiny blue fish, pretty and quick.

“But how did these little fish ever *get* here?” I ask in amazement, touching that water they seem to thrive in — hot enough for a bath. “*Out here in this dry desert?*”

“That’s what we came to try and find out” says Marston “How these little fishes differ from other fish, if they do. . .”

A few days later, in Nevada, we come upon two small towns — Preston and Lund — that shine like green jewels in the desert wasteland. Lombardy poplars, tall and slender; trim houses with green lawns.

“Can’t believe it.” says Marston in delighted surprise. “Where are the junkyards, the billboards, the Greasy Spoons?”

“These are Mormon towns.” says F.B.

And the friendly people we meet — in the wide open spaces. At one isolated ranchhouse, a man and a woman are cheerfully patient with us. The less spectacular hot springs we are seeking are also hard to find. We must be redirected. We need supplies and water. We are a nuisance and they help us.

At the end of our stay, F.B. says to the ranch woman “We are certainly obliged to you. Will you tell your husband, thanks.”

“*Oh, he ain’t my husband*” says she, smiling blithely.

No explanations, no nothing. “Well, thanks anyway.” says F.B., grinning weakly.

At still another Nevada spring, I squat beside a small pan of

water. In it are three or four of the cute little blue fish, swimming very slowly.

Beside me are Marston and F.B., also watching intently pans of water and the blue fish, watches in hand, notebook ready. I do not like this job. I am supposed to watch for the exact instant at which each little fish gives its last, expiring wiggle; to make sure, even poking it with a glass rod.

What are the men measuring? I never understand exactly. But the point is to determine how these hot spring fishes differ in respiratory metabolism from other fishes.

I *am* intrigued with these fish. How did they get to their isolated springs? Are there underground connections? This has to do with *territory* — a subject that continues to intrigue me. . .in many different ways.

Marston and I, in the Chevy sedan, heaped high in back with our camping gear, drive through a wild, empty expanse of Nevada desert.

We parted company with the Sumners, headed home by a different route. It is just sundown, the narrow road stretching in front of us seems as empty as the rest of the sand and sage brush country.

Except for a deep dip ahead, to cross a ravine.

Into it we go.

And there, completely blocking the road, is an auto placed crossways. Beside it stand four of the biggest, toughest, roughest looking men I ever remember seeing.

Ugh - oh! says Marston. We are unarmed; they've picked their spot carefully.

Down go our hearts into our boots. We know without saying it, *whatever they want of us, they'll probably get.*

Marston brakes the car to a stop. Gets out, goes to meet the four, now approaching us.

“What’s the matter?” he says brusquely.

They answer. I can't hear the words. He turns and comes back, says, with plenty of relief in his voice,

“Just out of gas. I told them I could spare a gallon or two.” I comment shakily. “They made sure they were going to get it.” They get it. They move their car. We drive on, hastily.

“Wow — that could have been a bad one.” Never will Marston and I forget that sinking sensation of the blocked road, the four menacing strangers.

F.B. and Marston publish this Nevada research in the magazine *ECOLOGY* for January, 1940 under the title:

SOME OBSERVATIONS ON THE PHYSIOLOGY OF WARM SPRINGS FISHES

“. . . In April and May, 1939, the authors spent two weeks in the field, in quest of *Cyprinodon* and in experiments upon one species of this genus. Later in the year, October, another two weeks were devoted to field studies of *Crenichthys*. Our advance information regarding the occurrence of both of these fishes was received almost wholly from Mr. R.R. Miller, of the University of California (now the University of Michigan) who provided us with abundant records of field data, obtained by Professor C.L. Hubbs and himself. . .”

(Thus for the first time I hear the name Dr. Carl Hubbs — soon to be associated for the rest of his life with Scripps. Also, in a few years, the Hubb’s pretty daughter becomes Mrs. Miller.)

Another note from the article states:

“Our acknowledgements should include mention of the manifold services of Mrs. Grace Sargent and Mrs. Margaret Sumner, who accompanied us on this and the later field trip. Mrs. Sargent is responsible for the capture of many of the specimens and for some of the cyanide tests.”

In his autobiography, F.B. summarized the results of the Nevada trips in this way (p. 252):

“Our most interesting results came from comparisons of the metabolic rates of closely related races of fishes, inhabiting springs which differed widely in temperature. In one spring, for example, the fishes were living at the temperature of human blood, while thirty miles away were near relatives, living in ordinary cool water. The warm-spring fishes consumed nearly twice as much oxygen per unit of body weight (when fishes of the same size were compared), as those living in the cool spring, but only so long as the natural temperature differences were maintained. Our experiments involved transfer in both directions.”

And again mentioned wives:

“Incidentally, be it said that wives may contribute importantly to the success of a scientific expedition. If you have the right kind of wife, take her along! But she must be the *right kind*. . .”

Imagine my surprise, in 1970, to receive a handsome illustrated pamphlet, that is a surprising sequel to those 1939 trips, and answers many of my early questions:

SAVE THE PUFFISH
A Task Force Report of California Tomorrow

I am familiar with their regular magazine “*Cry California*” and have fought on their side on many other California ecological battles.

The desert pupfish, it turns out, is none other than our little fishy friend, genus *Cyprinodon*, of Death Valley National Monument — Devil’s Hole, and related species at Ash Meadows, Nevada. This pamphlet gives full credit to Robert Miller and his definite work on Cyprinodont Fishes of this area, published in 1949.

The lead article begins:

On November 18, 1969, while Governor Reagan's Conference on California's Changing Environment was underway in Los Angeles, 44 persons met at Furnace Creek in Death Valley for a two-day symposium on rare and endangered fish. The participants were mostly interested laymen — but some came from as far as Ann Arbor and Washington, D.C. The principal object of their concern was the desert pupfish, a little creature that not one in 100,000 Americans ever heard of.

Thousands of years ago, the pupfish were divided into separate populations as the Death Valley region dried following the last ice age, and in the process they evolved adaptations to a variety of unbelievably extreme physical conditions. They now live in perhaps three dozen widely separated hot springs and saline creeks.

. . .The Amargosa River, which drains a large area of the Great Basin, flows south through Nevada, turns westward into California. . .The river is the exposed part of a vast underground waterway. . .the principal hydrological feature of the Death Valley region.

. . .The pupfish represent one of the most striking examples of evolutionary change now to be found on our planet. Their research potential in genetics and evolutionary studies is enormous and still scarcely touched. Yet these marvelous little fish and their habitats are now being thoughtlessly wiped out by man. . .

Pictures of bulldozers and endangering water pumps follow, interspersed with lovely photos of the springs and the little fish:

“The pupfish are the particular focus of concern here not only for their potential scientific value to man, but for their beauty and vivacity, and beyond that for the fact that they add to the richness and diversity of life on earth.”

In which Marston and I heartily concur, and hope that future scientists will refrain from killing a single fish, thus not duplicating our own intrusion.

“Devil’s Hole has no surface outflow and is contained within a separated 40 acre piece of Death Valley National Monument. *Cyprinodon diabolis*, the Devil’s Hole pupfish, is found only here. In the 1940’s, Carl Hubbs and R.R. Miller first suggested that the hole be made part of Death Valley National Monument. Park service naturalists initially rejected the idea, citing its distance from the monument headquarters and their doubts as to the uniqueness of the species. But in 1952, Hubbs and Miller were successful in convincing the service that the hole was worthy of inclusion in the Monument. In doing so, they cited an unusual travertine limestone formation in the hole as a pretext, since park service policy at that time did not consider saving a rare animal species sufficient reason for acquiring land.

F.B. himself would have been happy for the efforts to save not only the pupfish, but all the geological features of Death Valley, and the entire state. He was one of the earliest ecologists — or naturalists, as his Life History indicates.

On Sept. 4, 1971, I clipped out a newspaper article with a ray of hope for Cyprinidon:

U.S., FIRM IN ACCORD TO SAVE PUPFISH

“The Federal government has reached agreement with a private farming corporation to halt pumping of water from Devil’s Hole in Nevada, a pool that is home to the last of a species of the rare pupfish, a survivor of the Ice Age. . .the agreement was reached between the Interior and Justice departments and Spring Meadows, Inc. of Lathrop Well, Nevada.

The government filed suit Aug. 18, seeking a temporary

restraining order to enjoin Spring Meadows from pumping

. . .

The government feared the pumping would lower the water level in a series of springs and pools throughout the region and make it impossible for the endangered pupfish to survive. . .”

GOOD LUCK, little pupfish!

Seems to me, and Marston agrees, that on one of these Nevada trips, F.B. first mentioned his *Personal Devil*.

Perhaps it was at the campground by a modest hot spring, that actually had a swift running little stream, and Mom Sumner hastened to place in the shade of a boulder the bottles of beer we always carried when we could get it.

So we were able to rest comfortably for the evening meal, after a busy day’s work, with the long shadows on the desert mountains, and drink our cool beer, and talk of many things. The subject got to religion.

F.B. says, with that deep gleam in his dark eyes, something like “I don’t believe in a personal God, but I do believe in a personal Devil.”

“What do you mean?” we ask — startled, as he wanted us to be. He grins. “Oh, you know, when the experiments go wrong, when the troubles pile up much more than plain bad luck. . .”

We hash it back and forth. I get to thinking later — maybe my own personal Devil is the bronchial asthma that has plagued me much of my life, and now is returning in the damp La Jolla coastal fogs. But in the mountains, and here in the dry desert air — I feel fine. As for Marston — maybe his personal Devil is the weekly headache that manages to spoil many of his Saturdays. How well I know the shortness of his temper, the bulldog growl that means aspirin and time. . .better leave him alone. His mother and grandmother both complained of sick headaches, but he will not retire to his bed in a darkened room, as they did. Maybe there *are* personal devils.

In later years, when we are travelling in Mexico, Guatemala,

Peru, fascinated with the Pre-Columbian Indian civilizations — how often the malignant devils crop up vividly in paint and stone . . . And placation of evil spirits play a large part in Indian customs.

Was F.B.'s devil the deep melancholy, the painful facial neuralgia when he was forced to give up mice for fishes? At any rate, as he wrote in his autobiography, he loved the solitude of the desert, and I think he was really happy, sitting there by our Nevada campfire, looking up at the multitude of stars. . .

One other frequent subject of discussion with F.B., both on these trips and other occasions, was the new ESP investigations at Duke University, that were creating newspaper headlines. The scientific world reacted with scorn. *Extra Sensory Perception — tricks with cards — such nonsense!*

But F.B. refused to dismiss the reported successful results out of hand. He wrote the Duke investigators, visited them and studied their methods, repeated their experiments himself, with volunteer students. Only when all his own experiments had negative results, and later Duke experiments, with more carefully controlled conditions, also did not prove special ability of a few subjects to guess hidden cards with accuracy — did he conclude that ESP was unproved.

Marston told me recently “I respected F.B. and Morgan Ward, (a CalTech professor friend of ours), because they insisted on keeping an open mind on any kind of serious scientific investigation.”

An honest, brilliant, conscientious scientist — F.B.

One thing on which F.B. and I definitely did not agree was poetry — in particular *modern* poetry.

“But what about Robert Frost, and Carl Sandburg and Emily Dickinson? I protested once.

“Balderdash” snorted F.B., black eyes gleaming. Only in his autobiography did I discover that his father forced him at an early age to memorize “poetry”. The one poem he admitted to admiring was “Ozymandus” and on that one I would heartily agree. He had travelled in his twenties in Egypt, and told us vividly of this

disastrous scientific expedition to study fishes of the Nile, which ended with the death of his friend and fellow scientist, stricken with a strange and fatal fever. . . Since his own original notes in his autobiography tell of drinking the Nile water with added whisky, and of the death and disease all about him — perhaps he was lucky to get home himself!

But Marston and I thoroughly agreed with F.B.'s low opinion of California land speculators, who were already devastating the countryside.

How disgusted we all are when suddenly, south of Del Mar, the lovely shoreline is blighted by two huge billboards, blaring out some commercial message.

F.B., is particularly angry at this outrage. He says nothing, but one day — the billboards have vanished; they have been chopped down. Only later, does F.B. confess to Marston, one evening when they are enjoying a merry blaze in the Sumner fireplace. "See this board?" He tosses it gaily onto the fire. "There — that's the last of it. Made me some mighty good fires." His grin is wide and happy.

Sometime in 1939, F.B. and Mom invited the Scripps staff, including us, out to his desert ranch. The San Felipe Valley, somewhat higher than Borrego, had a dry charm for me. The unpretentious cabin nestled against a pine covered slope. But F.B. talked at length about a feud with an adjoining ranch. Such a crusty, independent guy — F.B.

Although Dr. Sumner died in 1946, before Marston returned to Scripps, we had the good fortune to know Mom Sumner for many more years. She sold their home on the hill above Scripps (not allowing me to help, as she sat alone, burning old records in the fireplace) and moved into La Jolla, where she and her unmarried sister Anna lived in two small cottages, side by side. How I loved those two strong-minded highly individual old ladies. *Anna*, with smartly coifed, white hair, retired from a successful career in YWCA administration; she was now active in the Episcopal church, and with me, in the League of Women Voters. *Mom* said

she was through with committees, but saw old friends often. She was proud of her three married children and her grandchildren. She kept her crowning glory of honey-colored hair all her ninety years.

Two happy events in these later years: In 1956, Dr. and Mrs. Francis Shepard entertained in honor of Mom's 80th birthday. Old staff members gladly turned up, but the surprise party was the idea of Betty Kampa Boden, (who earned her PhD under Dr. Hubbs), later the wife of Dr. Brian Boden of South Africa, an able research team. Carl and Laura Hubbs were there too, Roger Revelle, now Director of Scripps, Dr. Carl Eckart. A panorama of Scripps through the years.

In May, 1961, Mrs. Sumner was guest of honor at the official dedication of the spacious new Francis B. Sumner Auditorium on the enlarged Scripps Campus. Also present, from Norway, was Mrs. Harald Sverdrup, who unveiled a plaque dedicating Harald U. Sverdrup Hall. A gala occasion, which Marston happily witnessed.

CHAPTER SIX
THE E.W. SCRIPPS IS STUCK IN THE MUD!
ALSO GULF OF CALIFORNIA TRIPS, 1939, 1940

Spring, 1940

Marston, Syd and Dick Tibby are going to sea!

This is Marston's first trip aboard the Institution's oceanographic vessel.

"What will you be doing?" I ask eagerly.

"I'll be doing photosynthesis, Syd will be doing bacteriology, Dick will be doing physical measurements — temperatures, currents."

"How long will you be gone?"

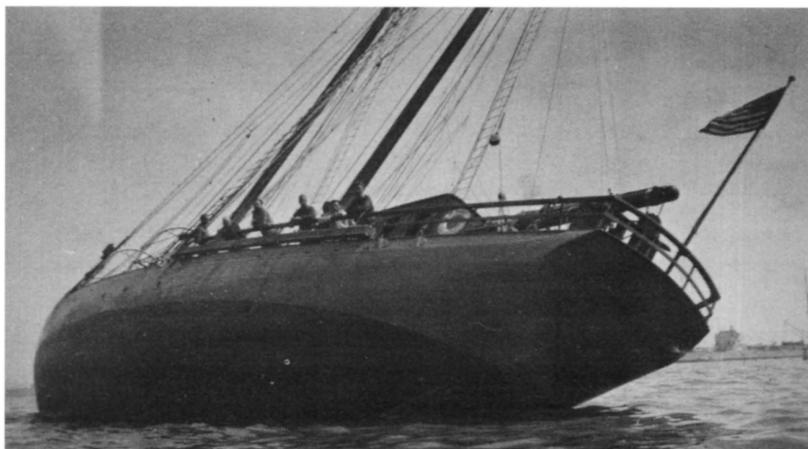
"Ten days or so. We'll be the only Scripps scientists on board. Of course there's the captain (Captain Earle D. Hammond) and the cook; two crewmen; two engineers. And two men from the U.S. Bureau of Fisheries."

"Gee — can I go on board before you leave?"

He looks at me quizzically "Maybe. You know women are bad luck on board ship."

At 6 A.M. departure morning Emmy Tibby and I drive down with the three men in our Chevy. The ship is tied up at a pier in San Diego Bay, off Point Loma. The open sea is too rough to moor her near Scripps.

What fun! The cook has invited Emmy and me to breakfast



THE E. W. SCRIPPS IS STUCK IN THE MUD!



MARSTON AND SYD AT AN IMPOSSIBLE ANGLE.

with the men aboard her!

What a trim, pretty white ship she is — slender and graceful, even when her sails are furled. Eagerly we explore the men's quarters, with multiple bunks; the workroom with empty stacked rows of scientific bottles, waiting for labels and contents; the bulky mechanical equipment on deck for obtaining water samples. Then a glimpse of the tiny galley, and we are eating an excellent breakfast in the mess.

Farewell! We kiss our husbands goodly. I drive Emmy back to Scripps. We don't look forward to grass widowhood, but its a part of our life now.

At noon, Emmy phones me "*Have you heard? They didn't sail! The ship is stuck on a mud bank right in the harbor!*"

Ah woe! And Marston's first trip too!

How merry the San Diego papers make over the oceanographers stuck in the mud!

Dick snaps a picture of Marston and Syd standing grinning on deck — leaning at an impossible angle that gravity would not allow — the angle of course, of the tilted, grounded, ship. And another picture of the ship herself.

Never mind, the embarrassed captain gets the *E. W.* safely afloat at the next high tide — and off they go — before nightfall.

The *Captain's log* of the *E. W. Scripps* for this day (Betty Shor kindly xeroxed me a copy in 1975) tells the frustrating story: *Date March 20, 1940 Log E. W. Scripps* (Somewhat summarized)

From San Diego toward work Station #235

Day opened o'cast with high Fog.

Calm

0600 All on board except Moberg

0610 Dr. Moberg on board.

Awaiting nets for Dr. Wohlford

0637 Ahead on engine

0724 Let go lines

0733 Dead slow-lead. . .Dredge

pipe line anchor buoy across

channel — passed close to same leaving it to port and at 8:10 in 2 fms water, struck mud bottom. Stopped and reversed at once. Called Standard Dredging Co. small tug “Gatun” of L.A. Gave us a line frd. and pulled back and forth. . .Tug tried to pull off with winch but broke their winch, so at 8:28 they took their line off us. Vessel hard and fast. Swung out life boat — moved skiff to starboard in order to heel vessel a little. Vessel no longer mobile 9:00 Took in sail...

12:45 John Lyman rowed out — brought new chart#5101A

1307 38° heel at low water

Lyman returned ashore — Dr. Moberg and Smith in our skiff —towed Y Club skiff

1732 Tug “Gatun” gave us line frd.

1734 Half ahead

1737 Full ahead Reversing rudder to assist tug to swing vessel

1750 Vessel swings about. Tug away. Stop engine. Tug will return in ½ hour Swung in and secured life boat

1817 Full ahead Swinging vessel quite a bit with rudder and going ahead some

1850 Tug “Gatun” returned and gave us line to bow. . .

NOTE: At about 8:45 the “Gatun” moved the dredge pipe line and the anchor so as to open the Municipal Yacht Hbr. channel to traffic. There had been no notice in “Notices to Mariners” of any channel closing.

1921 Clear of mud. . .
1927 In main channel Full
ahead. . .
1938 Ballast Point (Point Loma)
2131 Stop Station #235

Party consists of crew

Dr. Moberg
Dr. Sargent
Mr. R. Tibby
Mr. S. Rittenberg
Dr. Elbert Ahlstrom
Dr. Wohlford

William W. Hewitt
(crewman) failed to join
vessel this day. His per-
sonal gear found on
board proved only 1
work shirt and 1 cap.

Watches

6 - 12	12 - 6
Sargent	Wohlford
Rittenberg	Tibby
Ahlstrom	Smith
Conway	Haugh
Noble	

Position Station #235

Lat. 32° - 33 ' N
Lo. 117° - 27 ' W

near Coronado Islands

The *San Diego Tribune-Sun* reported the incident thus:

Wednesday, March 20, 1940

CRAFT AGROUND AFTER START ON RESEARCH VOYAGE

Ten minutes after leaving its anchorage en route to sea on a research voyage for the Scripps Institution of Oceanography and the United States Bureau of Fisheries, the 104-foot schooner E.W. Scripps, with 13 men aboard, went aground on a soft mud bank at about 7:30 a.m. today.

The vessel, listing to starboard, was stranded helplessly on a shoal in the San Diego Yacht club entrance channel, but was undamaged. Hope was expressed at the Yacht club that tonight's high tide, at 7:30 may help refloat the craft.

Six scientists and seven crew members were aboard the E.W. Scripps when the craft left the yacht harbor for Coronado to take on fuel oil before proceeding to sea. The scientists are Prof. E.G. Moberg, Dr. M.C. Sargent, S.C. Rittenberg and R.B. Tibby of Scripps Institution, and E. Ahlstrom, and L.A. Walford of the Bureau of Fisheries. Capt. Earle D. Hammond headed the crew.

Dr. Harald U. Sverdrup, Scripps Institution director, said dredging operations at Dutch Flats probably were indirectly to blame for the mishap. Mud and silt carried by outgoing tides have shoaled up the channel leading from the yacht harbor to the bay itself, resulting in a menace to navigation, he commented.

The Scripps returned last Friday from the first of six 10-day voyages between the Channel islands and San Diego, 120 miles offshore, an area in which current movements and sardine spawning and migration are being studied.

Thursday, March 21, 1940

SURVEY SHIP AFLOAT; LEAVES FOR ISLAND

Aground nearly 12 hours, the survey schooner E. W. Scripps was refloated at 7:20 p.m. yesterday and proceeded out of the harbor on survey cruise to waters off San Nicholas island. The craft grounded at 7:40 a.m. on a sandspit near Beacon 5. A party of scientists aboard from the Scripps Institution of Oceanography will study water masses and sea life. At the Scripps Institution it was said the E.W. Scripps was scheduled to proceed from San Diego to San Pedro to take on oil before departing for the San Nicholas island area.

Only in later years do I learn from Marston and others the tragic story of the first vessel called *Scripps*. On November 13, 1936 (only two months after Dr. Sverdrup had arrived as Director) an explosion rocked the old *Scripps* as she was anchored in San Diego harbor. (See the *Fleming Letters* Nov. - Dec. 1936)

With the galley in flames, the captain rushed in and dragged out the poor cook, and beat out the flames covering him.

The cook died in a few days of his terrible burns. He had been careless with the gas cook stove — so the report went. . .

“The captain carried the scars all his life.” said Marston, telling it. “He was retired by the University after the accident, with a small pension.”

“Dr. Sverdrup began working for a new ship at once. Actually, the old ship was not really suitable for ocean research anyway. The story is that Robert Scripps, son of E.W., agreed to finance a new ship up to a certain amount. Sverdrup found a yacht, and got her refitted, although Robert Scripps died suddenly. She was a good ship, seaworthy and easy sailing, with a powerful diesel motor. . .”

Staff on the *E. W. Scripps* maiden trip to the Gulf of California in Feb. 1939 were Dick Fleming, Roger Revelle, Erik Moberg,

Martin Johnson, two UCLA botanists, ornithologist Lloye Miller, also of UCLA, and two Mexican officials. Dr. Sverdrup joined the pioneering research cruise in Guaymas.

Dick Fleming's memories in 1975 of the Gulf of Calif. cruise in 1939

The cruise I took was in February, 1939 notable as the first expedition to a remote area that S.I.O. organized and conducted. Lack of logistics in the Gulf made us conserve food, water and fuel. We sailed the *E. W. Scripps* all the way down the coast on strict water rations — we even cleaned our teeth with salt water. We took Lloye Miller along with us — ornithologist from UCLA, and I was his chief gunner — I even shot some American egrets for him! We picked up a Mexican pilot in Mazatlan — the insurance company would not let us go into the northern part of the Gulf without a pilot. We also picked up a representative of the Mexican Fish and Game who made the trip. I left the ship at Mazatlan, and returned by train to San Diego. The twins (Richard and Michael) were expected and arrived within a week after I got back. (The twins were born April 30, 1939). Furthermore, Sverdrup was anxious that I get to work on writing the “big book” — *The Oceans*.

My main memories are of adventure — seeing strange and unfamiliar places, realizing that everything we did was for the first time. I remember bedraggled cattle at the village at the tip of the peninsula, with cactus stuck to their muzzles; shark fins drying in the open air; visits to some of the small islands in the Gulf to look for birds; a fiesta during our visit to Mazatlan; and the ghost town appearance of Guaymas. I was struck by the poverty of the country folk not that they were suffering, but that they just lacked possessions. I remember the turtle fishermen with whom we traded coffee and fish hooks and got a turtle (that few or any would eat), and some tiny peaches. Our first big storm was near the entrance (of the gulf); we had a rough time for 24 hours trying to reach the shelter of the cape, and the smell of the land before we could see it. We had been unable to get the galley stove going during the storm.

Finally the cook brought a loaf of bread and a kettle of frankfurters and sourkraut up to the deckhouse, and we sat on the deck of the wet lab and inhaled our first hot food.

Captain Hammond, the skipper, had news that his wife was seriously ill, and he left the ship. Moberg and Roger brought her home.

We were surprised at encountering the strong north winds in the Gulf, the cold upwelled water, and the rich phytoplankton; and the fact that the sediments were stinking (H_2S), bubbly diatomaceous oozes that extruded themselves from the coring tubes because of the release of gas bubbles. We were completely surprised to find that the north winds caused upwelling, or at least the displacement of the surface layers, and with them all the sword fish and other surface fishes. Once I woke up at anchor in either Mazatlan or Guaymas to exotic tropical smells — later found to be a cargo of garbanzas (chick peas) being unloaded. I drank beer in a cantina and enjoyed delicious smoked oysters. A graduate student from UCLA (one of U.S. Grant's geologists) came down with a bad case of boils. It turned out he had in truth been a starving graduate student, and that high living or at least regular meals on the *E. W. S.* had been too much for his system.

In those days of innocence our horizons may not have been distant, but life held excitement and enjoyment. Our goals were modest, but we generally had the satisfaction of achieving them.

These pre-war years, though we certainly did not know it at the time, were training and experience for the taxing and tragic years to come. We learned to improvise, to do all phases of the work, from being deck hands to deck officers to labwork to writing up the results. During my early years at S.I.O. I took care of the aquarium, tended the tide gauge, and even tried to sustain life in a baby walrus that some misguided individual presented to the San Diego Zoo (Her name was Marie.) All the varied chores gave me at least, a feeling I could tackle any job. In comparison to today, I feel we were given more responsibility — we were truly on our own.

‘I was on *all* the *E. W. Scripps* cruises until mid 1941’ Dr. *Elbert H. Ahlstrom*, known to us all as Ahlie, in later years, tells me, with his wide, friendly smile.

Ahlie has spent a lifetime studying marine fish. In the 1930’s he was on U.S. Coast Guard ships, working for the U.S. Bureau of Commercial Fisheries, on the fishes of the great California current off the Pacific Coast states. Scripps Institution cooperated closely with the U.S. Bureau — Dick Fleming and Erik Moberg gained experience on Coast Guard ships.

Ahlie says “The *E. W.* had only five crew members, so all the rest of us had to work two watches of six hours each, out of every twenty-four hours. The same measurements, over and over.”

“Not exactly duck soup.” Marston agrees.

“Another thing” says Ahlie, with even wider smile “When the *E. W.* was converted from a yacht for research — they managed to allow the diesel fumes in all the laboratory and sleeping quarters. Everybody got sick — some worse than others — but we *all* felt it.”

I say “Didn’t Mr. Barnhart write a book on fish species?”

“Yes.” says Ahlie “Fine for the coastal species. But we did need one later for the deep sea fishes.”

Marston tells me later, Ahlie was the first director of U.S. Marine Fisheries on the campus, in Sverdrup’s old house, before the big new complex was built. . . Now Ahlie is happily back in straight research — on fish eggs and larvae. . .)

Three Scripps wives have amusing stories about these two Gulf trips that occupied their husbands so many months.

Ellen Revelle tells me in 1973 “When Roger and Dick were on the *first Baja trip in 1939*, Alice and I sent a wire to them:

“There once were two young men in Guaymas
Where the “fille de joie are so famous
They wrote to their wives,
“Having the time of our lives
But for god’s sake don’t come and jine us!”

Ellen says “We thought it was hilarious, but our husbands didn’t seem greatly amused.”

(Note: In La Jolla, the Fleming twins Richard and Michael were born April 30, 1939, Carolyn Revelle was born May 19, 1939).

But at the time of the *second* Baja trip, in *November, 1940*, Ellen and Elizabeth Shephard had a startling adventure.

When the ship reached Guaymas, some extra scientific equipment was needed. Also, Dr. Claude ZoBell was supposed to join the ship at Guaymas. And the services of skilled technician Carl Johnson were needed.

So — when Ellen and Elizabeth decided to make the long drive down into Mexico to see their husbands, they had the company of the able scientist and the able technician, who, it turned out, disagreed on many subjects. The roads below the border were rough and slow. Ellen still laughs “Claude was very nice about changing tires.” She continues:

Since we were carrying the scientific equipment with us, our *suitcases* were sent by train. *We never got them!* They were held at the border. . . We made some bathing suits out of bandanas. Luckily Elizabeth had a sewing kit. We used shells for buttons, and bought Mexican blouses. Claude stayed for two weeks on the ship and then drove the car back. *We flew* to Tucson, and then Elizabeth flew east, and I came back to San Diego.”

Syd also told me once in the 1970’s, that he particularly remembered, on this 1940 trip, the ship stopping in a Mexican port for the night. He and Ken Emery and Bob Dietz noticed a dance going on in a port building and eagerly entered to join the fun. Unluckily, local authorities viewed their foreign presence with disfavor, and they were sternly escorted back out!

Syd laughed “*Were we let-down!*”

Especially since they were wearing their brand-new *Scripps* shirts, emblazoned with the proud name of their special scientific ship. Three baffled young sailors!

CHAPTER SEVEN

“GRAPES OF WRATH”; F.D.R.: BIRD TALK

September, 1939. I stare at a small item in the San Diego paper. Such a few words to set my life in a new direction!

“The migratory labor problem will command the attention of the first meeting round table of the League of Women Voters Sept. 26, when Dr. Edna Hawley Seamons will review John Steinbeck’s ‘Grapes of Wrath’ . . .”

I’ve read Steinbeck’s sensational, heart-breaking best seller, renting it in La Jolla for 10 cents, finishing it in one-day long session. Can this really be happening in my native California? This brutal treatment of Oakies and Arkies drifting into the state in thousands to work in lettuce fields and seasonal fruit picking.

The San Diego Union deplores this inrush, viewing the penniless migrants from draught-plagued, worked-out midwestern farms with horror — like a cloud of locusts.

But here is a woman’s group that actually *cares*. I go to the meeting, listen to attractive, intelligent Dr. Seamons. The whole meeting is exciting, even though only about fifteen women come.

At the next meeting, young Dr. Seamons reviews Carey McWilliams’ “*Factories in the Fields*”. I read it in astonishment: mechanized farming equipment on great land holdings — contrasted to hovels and starvation wages for the migratory workers and their families. How did this take place? I want to be

proud of my state. What can be done?

I join the San Diego League. Learn about the strictly nonpartisan policy of the National organization: "We do not support candidates; we only support issues." A group that studies and acts.

Now the Gull Project and editorship of the W.B.B.A. must share time with LWV. Soon I am Program Chairman. How vivid — the first meeting I actually schedule myself — a luncheon round table, getting notice in paper. Wash my hair, put on my best suit, arrive early. Wait. *Three* ladies — just three — appear. Non-plussed, I conduct the meeting anyway. Two of these ladies are old members; but the third, the blessed third is a newcomer — quiet, precise, friendly — and she *joins*. My efforts have not been wasted, after all.

I find that the California State League in its Program of Work 1939 - 1940, includes two items:

under "ACTION"

Educational opportunities for the children of migrants equal to that of the other children in the public schools of California.

under "STUDY"

Improved facilities for the housing, health, and employment of migratory laborers.

How did my new friends wangle it? Carey McWilliams himself will be the *speaker* at a public dinner meeting to be held in the House of Hospitality, Balboa Park on Nov. 27, 1939. After publication of his new book, Governor Olsen appointed him State Director of Immigration and Housing.

This public meeting rouses plenty of attention, and a big crowd comes. Nine of us go in from La Jolla, including Miss Josephine Seaman, staunch civic leader, Martin and Leila Johnson, Frank and Virginia Gilloon. Director McWilliams speaks in strong

support of his proposed new State Housing Authority, to improve conditions for the itinerant workers. Advocates of the growers organization, the Associated Farmers, are also present, and loudly oppose any controls or changes whatever.

Now it turns out that Mrs. Griffing Bancroft, sister-in-law of Associated Farmers leader, Philip Bancroft, has joined the San Diego League, and demands equal time for him as speaker.

O.K. It is done. The meeting is set for February, 1940, at the U.S. Grant Hotel. At the same time, the senate La Follette Civil Liberties Committee is probing this pressing problem in Los Angeles. On February 22, 1940, the San Diego *Tribune - Sun* headline on our San Diego LWV meeting is:

**FARMERS TO CONTINUE FIGHT AGAINST RED CONTROL
BANCROFT 'ANSWER' TO LA FOLLETTE
COMMITTEE QUIZ**

Hot as a firecracker is the subject of a living wage for the migratory workers, and their right to strike. My league friends are proving to be a stubborn and tenacious group, with strong state and national support, in trying to work out legislative solutions to tough problems.

My own political awakening has come a little late. My first vote in 1932 was for Republican Herbert Hoover. After all, he was the patron saint of Stanford, wasn't he? And we shouldn't Change Horses in the Middle of the Stream — should we? My mother was a relentless and highly vocal Hoover supporter. Dad much less so. But my new CalTech friend, Marston, says without embellishment, that he might vote Socialist. A horrifying thought! And his CalTech boss, Professor Robert Emerson is eloquent on the need of change — the NEW DEAL, of Franklin Delano Roosevelt. In fact, Bob and Mother get into such a high old argument in defense of their candidates, at some canyon picnic we take, seems to me the only thing that brought blessed end to the wrangling was a large freezer of fresh strawberry ice cream.

But I recollect, still in 1932, standing at Pasadena's Colorado Street and Hill, near the Junior College, watching a small impromptu parade of FDR followers, mostly young and looking somewhat sheepish, raising their small hurrahs amid the silent disapproving stares of Republican Pasadena. The quiet thought penetrates — maybe I am really ignorant about my country. What is going on?

My 1936 vote *is* for F.D.R.

And now, in September, 1940 — *what d'you know?* — President Roosevelt is coming to San Diego for a speech. Moreover he will *drive* down, the paper announces, from Los Angeles on main highway 101, passing at a set time, the “four corners” on the mesa close to Scripps.

Yes — I want to go see him — this famous man, crippled, indomitable. The third term of course is a major issue — no president before has run more than twice. But I don't share the San Diego papers constant attacks on W.P.A. workers “leaning on their shovels.” Federal funds have helped struggling little Scripps a lot — extra lab workers to speed research, money to make our housing livable. All of San Diego has benefitted by money for housing. Our LWV has visited some of the defense and navy housing springing up at nearby Linda Vista, a formerly empty mesa, with indeed — a lovely view, and green lawns for children to play on between the rows of plain but practical homes.

I drive up to the top of the hill by myself. Quite a crowd of people is waiting here. The well-dressed man standing next to me says, almost in apology, “Didn't come to see the candidate, came to see the *President*”.

I came to see *both*. At last, the long black touring car, with top down approaches, flanked with many other cars. It slows for the crossing, without quite stopping.

Yes, there he is, just like his pictures, hatless, looking tanned and healthy, the cigarette in the long holder, clutched jauntily in his teeth. He looks at the crowd waiting, seems to see each of us, personally. He waves and grins. He is gone. *I hope he wins* — even

if it *is* a third term. . .

October, 1940

I'm in Mary Fay's house, standing on one foot then the other, my purse, my papers in my hands, dying of impatience.

“Come on, Mary. Gosh we've got a lot to do.”

It's our BIG NIGHT. Yikes — what's happening tonight! Just the little San Diego LWV with its 75 hard-working members putting on the biggest shindig in town. Dinner at the biggest hotel — the U.S. Grant. *Wow — the reservations!*

I'm the program chairman. She's the president. It's our baby! Mary tucks in a stray lock of her soft fair hair. She is on the San Diego Board of Education. She is good looking, intelligent; she's my friend. “Let's go” she says, smiling.

Now we are in the huge conference ballroom, jammed with buzzing women. No prominent Democrat is going to let those darned Republicans beat her out. And vice-versa! Mary gavels for silence. Welcomes the crowd.

Here am I, introducing the speakers. The Republican State Committeewoman is Mrs. Paul Blaisdell, imposingly large, impeccably dressed, filling the hall with impressive sentences. Strongly she supports Wendell Willkie, denounces a Roosevelt third term. The applause is loud.

Now — the Democratic National Committeewoman, Helen Gahagan Douglas. The handsome movie star, wife of Melvyn Douglas. She has beautiful dark-brown hair and eyes. She is a political storm center; she is bucking the main Democratic organization. She pushes away the microphone “I don't need this. She speaks dramatically, emotionally for FDR and his New Deal policies. Especially his vital social legislation. *How right she is* — I think in yearning.

But my control of the meeting is sternly fair. Five minutes to each for rebuttal.

“I didn't understand it would be only *two* issues.” says Mrs. Republican unexpectedly. Ouch — have I slipped up? But no, my

careful letters to both were identical in stating these rules. “I’m sorry you misunderstood.” I say firmly.

It’s over — the speakers thanked, and gracious. The hall is empty. *What have we accomplished?* Has a single voter changed her mind? Or are they only, as we Leaguers like to laugh, *confused at a higher level?* At least San Diego League is on the map.

April 1941

“Peter, will you be president of the League?”

It’s my good friend Martha Thomson, fellow board member, nominating chairman.

“Gee.” I say in astonishment. What an *honor*. What *fun* it would be, in our vigorous growing group — over a hundred members now. But I have a delightful, more pressing responsibility. . . .And just being foreign policy chairman is a lot to handle.

Reluctantly I refuse. (But my most exciting League years are still ahead.)

Bird Talk Spring, 1940

I’m on my way to Pasadena, all by myself.

Marston is out at sea, with Syd and Dick Tibby. There’s a big Cooper Ornithological Club conference at the University of Southern California. I’m on the agenda, to speak on the Pacific Gull Project.

We’ve had *two* years of color banding now, including Great Salt Lake, Utah, and lots of fine records. Those young gull *do* get around. Up and down the coast, of course. But the inland nesting Californias — how fascinating to get positive survey records, scarcely a month after banding, at both coast and following *river valleys*. The Utah birds spread out like a fan, in all directions . . . from Canada to Mexico.

So — my first big speech. How carefully I have listed the records. But first I’ve got to get there. A night at the folk’s house

ought to make it easier in the morning.

But the folks aren't home either. Mother is at an Art Conference — her water colors are really good; she is exhibiting widely. Dad is retired, and up at Pacific Grove with sister Jean, Bill and little Elizabeth; a new baby is on the way. Bill is working at Stanford's Hopkins Marine Station again, after the exciting Copenhagen jaunt.

How silent is the familiar house at 866 N. Chester, with all its memories. I stare at the wall phone; I could call a dozen friends. But I don't. . Why don't I?

Up early, eat a snack, study Marston's L.A. map. What's the best route? I miss my husband, who would know.

Into the swift traffic maze I go; *whoops* where's my *route*? Pull off on a side street, map again; must be out of date. But I'm a persistent cuss, even if, as Marston says, "My bump of locality is a hole". I *find* USC; I even, from a dozen great buildings, find the right conference room.

It is full of earnest research ornithologists. Men *paid* for their work. I hastily get the program. My talk was set for 11 A.M. It is already 11:10 and someone *else* is speaking.

But never mind, an official tells me — I can speak first in the afternoon. . .

July, 1940

Los Coronados, Mexico — for the last time. This is the best banding trip of all, with the most experienced banders, the nestlings just the right age. An *L.A. Times* reporter and photographer go along, clambering gingerly with us over the slippery rocks. A full page of beautiful rotogravure comes out, of flying white gulls, of busy banders in unflattering costumes, handling the nestlings. It's great — even if the paper does label our Westerns as *California* Gulls.

But best of all is the brisk article on the *Sports* page, captioned admiringly, *HARDY BIRD BANDERS*.

Recognition at last!

CHAPTER 8

RIPTIDE

Yes, we've been aware that the beautiful blue curve of La Jolla bay and beach contains a sinister element. In my childhood it was called undertow, something that caught at your feet and pulled you under.

Every once in awhile an inexperienced swimmer drowns out in the lovely bay. A city life guard is posted on the central beach in summer, but not the rest of the year.

Directly beside the Scripps pier is also a dangerous place, and early in Scripps history, Helen Raitt records, a young woman lab assistant drowned there; and her companion, who worked in the mouse house, barely recovered from the exhausting experience of trying, and failing, to rescue her.

When you are on the beach, you cannot see this danger, but from the houses on the Hill, and from anywhere on the edge of the mesa and cliffs — the riptide is surprisingly clear. . .Where two opposing walls of surf meet, a straight dark-blue line cuts through the white water of the cross currents.

Oceanographers through the years try to explain to the layman. "When you are caught by the outgoing current, do not *try to swim against it*; instead swim *parallel* with the shore, until you are safely out of the pull of the rip."

The warning is in the papers, but every year, eager strangers

from inland towns, have to be rescued. Finally the lifeguards take to posting sign boards “No swimming here — rip tide” at strategic points.

Myself, I’m not that good a swimmer, maybe due partly to those weak bronchial tubes, and never get out beyond the big rollers to the real swimming water.

Like a riptide, are some of the darker memories at Scripps. And so it is with the neighbor I have called Harold Smith. The man, not on the Scripps staff, who offered Marston a job; the man with the flashy yellow Chrysler; the man with the quiet scared-looking wife and child. This agonizing night we find out why.

It is Feb. 1939. Marston and I are startled awake by a strange scratching at that new screen over the open bathroom window. A frightened voice is whispering frantically,

“Let me in — please let me in.”

I rush to the window. “Why *Emily*, what on earth is the matter?” I let her in the back door, pull her close as she shivers and cries, too hysterical to talk.

Marston and I get into some clothes. The time is 2:45 A.M. We manage to get Emily sitting down on the edge of our bed, as she gulps out her wierd story in breathless snatches. And as I listen, my stomach begins to turn slowly over and over, independent as a greased pig. . .

She has run away from her husband Harold, because he is tired of life, he hates her and himself, he wants them both to commit suicide, to put their heads in the gas oven, or to jump off the end of the pier. *Tonight.*

“My *baby*” she gulps. “My baby. My *Jimmy*. What if he hurts my *Jimmy*?”

We listen in stricken silence. What can we do? What will this crazy man do?

We haven’t long to wait. A wild banging on the front door. Marston opens it to Harold Smith “*Where is she?*” he shouts “She must come back to Jimmy”.

Marston says coolly “We’ll all go over.”

Pale little Jimmy, roused from his sleep, is sitting on the couch. His mother rushes to him and clutches him tightly.

What now? I look at the shiny phonograph. "Oh, I'd like to hear some of your records." as if this was a social call.

Emily rouses herself. "I'll make some coffee" she says. "I'll help you" I say. She ties on an apron with a slight tear in one corner. Nervously she fastens it together with a small gold safety pin.

We serve the coffee and some cookies. Marston is talking about the cottages and their repairs, anything. Once in awhile, Smith throws himself down on the couch, moaning "Oh, I have such pains. . ." But inbetween, he too talks, nearly normally.

Suddenly he says "Unless you go home now, I'm going away." He rushes into the bedroom and drags out a suitcase.

It is 6 A.M. and faint daylight. Surely it is safe for us to go home now. We do. But scarcely are we in the front door, when Emily comes running after, pursued by her husband in great lanky strides. Her eyes are so wide and dark I can scarcely bear it.

She gets through the door and into the house. I stand with the screen closed between us as he shouts furiously "*I want my wife.*"

Suddenly my temper snaps and rage boils hot. I yell back, "Now you look here, Harold Smith. We've had enough for one night. You get away from our house and *leave Emily alone.*"

Marston looms up beside me, so stocky and like a rock and always there when I need him.

And Harold goes home. About half an hour later, Smith's young assistant, who took the job Marston turned down, and his wife, knock on our front door. "If Emily will come back, we will stay with her." They say quietly. It is done.

Later in the day, I call Mom Sumner. Tell her all. "I think you should tell Mrs. Sverdrup." she says. I do. She is disturbed. Mom says, shaking her head "Oh the scandals this campus has known." (But she herself never utters to me a word of gossip.)

A couple of days later, Smith comes out in the backyard with a lot of lumber. He already has a five foot fence to keep in his two

yappy chijuas. Now he makes it six foot. To keep in a wife? I wonder.

I do get a chance to talk to Emily once more, alone. "Are you all right?" "I guess so." "Why don't you leave him?"

She shakes her head dully. "Where would I go? He would take Jimmy away from me." Long pause. "*It's happened so many times.*"

End of story. Sometime that year, the Smith family leaves Scripps, and we never see them again, altho the bitter memory lingers on. Poor Emily. Poor Jimmy.

My first dinner party in little old number seven. Also in 1939. I invite the Lymans, and another couple; this other wife has been friendly to me, I like her.

But the evening of the party, she calls me, says abruptly, without preamble "*I'm sorry, we can't come tonight.*" Bang goes the receiver.

Well! I'm startled, baffled, angry. . . Why couldn't she at least *explain*. Darn it all, she's not going to ruin my carefully planned dinner party. I phone Emmy Tibby, up on the Hill. "Say, could you and Dick come and have dinner with us right now? Something funny happened. . ."

"Sure" says Emmy gaily. Soon the Tibbys and the Lymans arrive. I'm busy in the kitchen; when my feast is ready, I go looking for the two gals, who have disappeared into the bathroom.

"Hey, come on" I burst through the door, interrupting their intent conversation. They look at me, startled in their turn.

"Hey, what's up?" Jeanette says coolly "Oh, nothing."

But soon the open secret around the campus is known to me also. The husband is a disappointed man; now a heavily drinking man. His wife is too proud to explain. Now I understand. Now we can be friendly again. Many years later, after her husband has died, she moves far away, remarries. She tells a friend, wistfully "Finally I married the man I should have married in the first place. . ."

Jack

In 1940, an old friend from Pasadena gets a maintenance job at Scripps. He's skilled at the job, but Marston has another reason for helping him get it. Again — alcohol.

After a serious automobile accident in Pasadena, Jack went voluntarily to a state hospital for six months to dry out. The superintendent became interested in this unusual man. . .

So now, as he reaches Scripps, Jack is healthy, cheerful, delighted with the scientific campus; all our hopes are high for a complete new leaf.

Ah, Jack! How the good and bad memories are intermingled! The forties are good years. Everybody likes Jack — he is friendly, thorough. Only a high school education; but an intellectual man. Once, when we are in Washington D.C. about 1943, able scientist Tom Austin says to Marston, "Someone stopped me as I was walking by one of the Scripps buildings, just before I flew here. Said he was a friend of yours, said if I was going to see you, would I say hello from Jack."

Marston is pleased. "Yes, sure. He's a *good* friend." And indeed he was, from our first days of marriage, through all the Scripps years. Marston thinks perhaps Jack's greatest life satisfaction came with his election as president of the new La Jolla branch of the CSEA — the California State Employees Association. Then the further honor of being chosen Regional Director of the State Board. He also proved his administrative ability on the board of directors of the successful credit union of the CSEA.

Now, in 1940, once every week or two, he comes to our house for the evening; he and Marston sit comfortably smoking their pipes, jawing about Scripps, world affairs, most anything. Usually I get sleepy and turn in; Jack usually stays till midnight.

I guess its the late 1940's, when he makes a dream come true — he buys a *telescope*. Proudly he brings it to our house. He's always loved astronomy. He and Marston set it up on the supporting legs, out under the stars. After while I get to look too, as Jack focuses

carefully for me. Yes — the *Moon* — all those strange craters! Yes — the *rings of Saturn* — fascinating.

Jack is as intrigued as Marston with early Indian stuff. He finds a skeleton, when they are excavating for staff houses on the mesa above the Scripps property, in the early 50's. Yes, the Natural History Museum confirms that it is one of the original Indian inhabitants of La Jolla. They leave the early settler in his place, only putting a hinged cover over his grave.

A bright memory in the mid 1950's, while our son Tommy is still small. Jack takes an archeological trip with us, clear through Arizona to New Mexico. We enjoy Chaco Canyon and its acres of chipped rock; the cliff-hanging ancient copper-mining town of Jerome; then on to the Pueblo Corn Dance at the little Indian village of San Ysidro.

This is the annual festival, in July, to encourage rain. All the villagers dance — elders, children, everybody, with the constant pounding of the drums. And it *does* rain — a few big drops, a short shower. Chance? Maybe. . .

We are delighted that Jean Anne makes friends with the Indian children and their parents. We are not the only outsiders to this yearly event. But no concessions are made to tourists — no souvenirs, no cold drinks, no toilets. But we are allowed to stand quietly as the lively, steady dancing proceeds — feather costumes, colorful apparel.

A Roman Catholic priest is also in attendance, dressed in long black robe and hat. But he smiles as he strides about. He has learned to live with this ancient custom. Jack flies back from Albuquerque as we drive on to Colorado. . .

And how Jack laughs with us about Punky — a little black cocker spaniel we own for awhile. At this point in the 1950's Jack has rented a ramshackle house in the country, and his daughter is living with him. (He is divorced from his wife.) When Jack comes to see us, Punky's hackles rise, then as he enters, she gives a shriek and scrambles for safety. Jack loves cats; he has acquired several. Punky is warning us, "Here comes the *Cat Man*."

No more on Jack — not the lapses and relapses; hospital; Alcoholics Anonymous; the whole wretched decline and early retirement. Once, he tells Marston that both his father and grandfather died of booze. After the funeral of his daughter, barely thirty, suddenly dead of ‘liver trouble’, Roger Revelle, now Scripps Director, and many of the Scripps staff turn out to give Jack their sympathy.

We all tried, Jack, we really did. And then, after *your* early death, the sudden death of your son, also scarcely thirty.

Ah, Jack! Talk about personal devils — you had a *family* devil!

O.K. then — Gertrude. (If there ever was a *real* Gertrude in these years, I apologize)

In 1940 and 1941, many new graduate students have arrived. They are a lively bunch. Including the “mad Roosians” Pete and Mike Doudoroff. And their attractive wives. What Inke can do to a sweater! There is one uproarious beach party when several wives seem to end up with someone else’s husband. . .

Back to Gertrude. She and her husband have gone with a big bunch of us out on a camping trip to Borego desert. A good time.

This was long before the days when *Borrego*, with 2 r’s yet, became a swank resort. Marston and I are already familiar with the palm canyon part of Borego from our CalTech days.

In fact I remember vividly — that startling moment when I am cooking breakfast for the five of us — both Jim and Dave Bonner, and the young Chinese scientist T.C. Tan.

That date is about 1934, of a lovely morning. Not a human being in sight in the whole vast desert. We are just out of our sleeping bags, and Marston has prepared the fire. I am holding the big iron fry pan, full of eggs, not yet scrambled.

Suddenly the earth begins to rock. A terrible roar fills the desert air, beating in our ears. There I stand, legs apart, gripping that heavy frypan with both hands, trying hard to keep it properly tilted so the eggs will stay in, as the ground beneath my feet shakes *me* like a cat shaking a mouse.

Then its over. Silence, stillness. Scared, we speculate. Is *Los Angeles in ruins*? I had never known before, in the lighter shocks we felt in Pasadena at the time of the Long Beach earthquake, that the noise wasn't from buildings, but from the earth itself.

But we needn't have worried. Los Angeles is perfectly all right, We ourselves were evidently at the epicenter of this desert quake. . .

But back to *Gertrude*. The date is now early 1941. She and I perch on top of a great rock overlooking the head of palm canyon. The rest of the hiking party have gone on. But a couple of things have been bothering me about Gertrude. I want to talk to her alone.

A nice kid, Gertrude — I like her a lot. She *looks* like a teenager. When she first arrived, I went down with her to my La Jolla bank to help her open a checking account. “You are *married*?” says the clerk, incredulously, peering down at her. “Yes.” says Gertrude firmly, with a sweet smile.

She has gone with me to the League of Women Voter meetings when we were planning the big candidates meeting for the Nov. 1940 election. Up speaks Gertrude, at one of these preliminary confabs, throwing a giant firecracker into the peaceful group. “Aren't you going to have the Socialist and Communist Party candidates?” she asks clearly.

Horrified silence. I am astonished as everyone else. Who even knows they *have* candidates, in San Diego with its two Republican papers?

Finally our president Mary Fay says gently “I'm afraid the two major candidates, Democratic, Republican are all we can handle at our one public meeting.”

Sighs of relief. From me, too. As program chairman, I'm having enough trouble getting *two* speakers, being absolutely impartial with *two* dynamic ladies.

So that's one thing bothering me. The other is a recent conversation with another young wife, who is really riled. This gal has chestnut hair and her chestnut eyes are flashing fire as she says

“The nerve of those kids — to hold a *radical* meeting like that, right on campus. . .” I listen in silence. Marston and I were not invited to this, or any other meeting. I’m glad we weren’t.

So now, sitting with Gertrude on top of this sunny boulder, with the great desert spread below us, I ask her an honest question:

“Tell me, Gertrude — where do your loyalties lie? Are you loyal to the League, or somewhere else? Do you want to *hurt* the League?”

Gertrude stares out at the desert. Then she looks at me with those clear, childlike eyes. “Peter, I didn’t mean to cause you trouble. . .”

No more is said. I know that she is idealistic, strongly aware of social problems and injustices. Like other students at this time (and later times), caught up in a wave of enthusiasm for CHANGE. At this period of world history when Fascism and Communism are at each other’s throats, and Democracy is teetering in the balance, they are convinced they know the right way.

How could any of us know that after Russia and the U.S. had fought as allies all through World War II, the fifties would turn into a nightmare of hate, suspicion and fear — with pudgy Senator Joe McCarthy riding high on a wave of hysteria, that would catch all colleges and universities in its ugly net. . .

CHAPTER NINE THE SLOW-BREEDERS

Miriam Fox says to me, one day in 1939, right on the main street of La Jolla, by Iller's Department Store (later Walker-Scott).

"Peter, why don't you and Marston have some children?"

"Well, ugh, maybe we will, some day." I answer lamely.

This is a sore point. Why don't we? We'd like to know too. Ever since we reached La Jolla, and had some hopes of a permanent job, we've been trying to let nature take its course. But nothing happens, month after month.

Once I go *two* months. I sit on the beach, in a bevy of young mothers and toddlers. *Is this it?* Will I soon join their ranks? I hope — I hope.

About in here, Alice Fleming is expecting her second baby. She's had some trouble with pregnancies too — and young Elizabeth is five years old with no siblings. One night, at a dinner party at the Martin Johnson's, she rushes into the bedroom, white as a sheet, and we other gals join her.

"Lie here, Alice" says her anxious hostess, and we prop her on the bed, with plenty of pillows.

"Oh I'll just die if I lose this baby too" moans poor Alice.

But she doesn't. And what does she have? *Twins* — that's what. To the surprise of even her doctor — Dr. Lipe.

So one day I get my courage up, and go to this same doctor. "Is

there anything wrong with me, Dr. Lipe? Why don't I get pregnant?"

"Tell me something about your families, your personal history."

I think. What is pertinent? "Marston's mother and father are second cousins, his father was forty when he was born. My own father was forty-two. . ."

Dr. Lipe laughs. "Reminds me of the story of the soldier's wife. Six months after he's gone to war, his wife becomes pregnant. She tells the doctor '*My family always was slow breeders.*' "

The best I can manage is a feeble smile.

"Tell you what" says Dr. Lipe. "Here's the phone number of a San Diego specialist, Dr. Huff. . ."

I am in Dr. Huff's private examination room, on one of those torture tables, the short ones with the metal cups for your bare heels, forcing you into the most ignominious position possible.

Bright lights are shining down on me, and a nurse is thrusting steel tubes up me. My extreme discomfort turns suddenly into an avalanche of pain. "Dammit" I yell "That hurts."

The doctor is standing beside me. "Why that shouldn't hurt" he says coolly, with detached scientific interest.

"*Well it does*" I yell furiously "*What a way to treat a lady*".

Half an hour later I am in his office for a verdict, no longer hurting, barely recovering my lost dignity.

The specialist shuffles his notes. "Your uterus is inverted. How did this happen?"

"*I don't know.*" I answer slowly, in astonishment. (I wonder later if it was a very long hike up Mt. San Jacinto with our CalTech pals, when it was the wrong time of the month and I got so very tired. . .)

Dr. Huff drums on his desk. "You'd better adopt." He wheels around in his chair. "I know of a baby you could have right now. . ."

He looks at me questioningly. I don't say anything, too taken aback, dumfounded.

“Of course, if you’d rather — there’s the San Diego Childrens Home Society. Very good organization.”

I take the phone number. I go back to Marston with the bad news. Feb. 1940 Marston and I sit looking at Miss Alice B. White of the Children’s Home Society.

“Why do you want to adopt a child?” she asks, pencil poised above a questionnaire.

I tackle this one, heart beating fast. We know our answers are crucial. “Because we’ve been married seven years and haven’t any.” I say carefully. “Dr. Huff examined me and said we probably won’t have any, ever. He suggested we try you; or, he said *he* could get us a baby.”

Mrs. White’s eyebrows lift. “Goodness, don’t take just any baby a doctor offers you.” she says in deep disapproval. “Terrible mistakes are made that way. Now *our* babies are very carefully examined and tested to be sure they are perfectly well, physically and mentally. *Much* safer. . . Which do you want, a boy or a girl?”

I hesitate. . . “*Either*” says Marston, firmly, as we’ve agreed.

“That’s sensible” says Mrs. White approvingly. She has hair to match her name, and a pleasant enough manner. “How old a child do you have in mind?”

“Oh a small baby” I say quickly.

“Yes.” says Mrs. White, smiling. “That’s what most of our adoptive parents seem to prefer.” She hands us a sheaf of forms. “Now your references must have known you at least five years, and you will have a home visit from one of our workers. We are very careful, you know. . . And of course, even then, we must wait until we can find just the right baby for you. . .”

We leave the office walking on air — we have set the wheels in motion — for this biggest change in our lives. . .

First hurdle — references. No one in San Diego has known us five years. We’ll ask our dear Pasadena friends — Morgan and Sigrid Ward; Harold and Josephine Michener.

Next — the visit from the Home Society worker. We’ve dreaded

it; but she proves most pleasant; says she has an adopted child herself.

“Where will you put a baby?” she does inquire.

A good question. Marston says “Maybe we can get a larger cottage”. He puts in his name for any vacancy on the upper campus.

And then we wait.

September, 1940

Comes the call — the miraculous call. “This is Miss White. Will you please come to our headquarters at 3 P.M. this afternoon. We have two babies we want to show you.”

We drive through lovely Balboa Park on our way to the A Street address. So excited we can scarcely breathe.

“Never thought we’d be going to a baby store” says Marston.

We look at each other tremulously.

The two baby girls are both darlings. Held separately in two nurses’ arms, we’d be delighted with either. Both are about two months old, glowing with good health.

But one gazes quietly at the lighted bulb in the ceiling, a smile on her little face. My heart goes out to her. “Oh, *please*” I grasp Marston’s arm. “Yes” he says.

“Come into my office.” says Mrs. White. She is also smiling. . .

We will pick up our baby in exactly 24 hours.

We drive home in a daze. We have just moved into the cottage on the hill next to the Flemings. The living room has been enlarged by including in a small porch, and the walls newly panelled in knotty pine. The freshly sanded floor is still unvarnished.

Miss White has given us a list of necessities: bottles, formula, bassinet. I haven’t purchased much — seemed like tempting a perverse fate to be *too* prepared.

I run over to Alice Fleming with the exciting news. She gives me a big hug and that radiant grin “Oh Peter, I’m so glad for you!”

“What do I need most?” I ask breathlessly.

She sits right down with pencil and paper: “Let’s see, — cotton



shirts and nighties, diapers, pads. . .”

Marston and I stock up at Illers store; come in the back door loaded with packages to find *now* the living room is covered with wet varnish. No matter. We lug in the new bassinet, put it in the breakfast nook. “With only the one bedroom, this will have to be the nursery”. A pad on an extra bureau completes it.

“We’d better decide on a name.” says Marston.

“*Jean* — for my sister and my aunt Jean” I say hopefully.

“O.K.”

“And Anne. Jean Anne.” So Jeanie with the light brown hair becomes our darling.

That first night, when we put her to bed in the bassinet, she sleeps like a lamb. Not so her new parents, still keyed up with a thousand exciting details.

But I wake at dawn, with a wonderful new feeling. *Is it really true? Do we have a real live Jeanie in the house?*

I jump up, run into the converted breakfast nook.

Incredible — she’s rosy, she’s breathing. She opens her eyes, she *smiles*. Joy wells up in me like a balloon.

As for dog Fiddle — she doesn’t even notice we have a baby, until the morning bowel movement. Nose raised high, she sniffs eagerly, tail wagging. Well — *somebody new around here!*

Now I am sitting happily in Alice’s house, with Jeanie on my lap. Alice and Mom Sumner are giving me a baby shower. Ah, such pretty useful things.

“Oh — and I found the portable crib for you” says Alice gaily. “Ruth Barnhart used it last. It’s just right to go in the back of a car.”

Our two sets of parents have been dears, also, in welcoming Jeanie into the family. Ma Sargent crochets a beautiful pink outfit for her. Marston’s sister Vi knits pretty sweaters. Mother and Dad come down for a happy visit. . .

How much I learn about infant personality! Our pediatrician believes in strict schedules. So once, when she’s still quite small, I’m about to give Jeanie her bottle when I discover — oh, oh —

I'm thirty minutes early. Quickly I snatch the warm bottle away, lay her down again. *What a roar* — from our usually smiling cherub. And it continues. I *promised* — I *renigged* on dinner. Do 30 paltry minutes really matter? Pop — goes the bottle back in her eager mouth.

Afternoons, I find, go best with a change in company or scenery. In a stroller at the beach, happily she swallows quantities of sand, that comes out later in a perfect stool. Shells and cigarette butts are also sampled. . .

TUOLUMNE MEADOWS August, 1941

Jeanie rides cheerily in back of her crib. Again we are driving up the *Owens Valley*, east of the Sierras.

We think of our trip with the Sumners two years ago. We think also of an earlier trip, when the great valley was a tragic sight — its giant oaks and sycamores dying — their white trunks like reproachful ghosts. Because of the *Los Angeles Aqueduct*. The long black conduit snaking its way at the base of the hills. We had read the headlines:

AQUEDUCT BLASTED ONCE MORE

Our sympathy was with the embattled farmers, fighting for their land and their water against the greedy metropolis.

But now we are glad to see that the valley is green again. Have pipelines tapping other sources in nearby side canyons made the difference?

We turn sharp left, on a side road new to us, head steeply upward. We're going into the Sierras over *Tioga Pass*. Incredibly high, narrow, craggy is the Pass, the view down spectacular. "Closed all year except for the four summer months." says Marston.

Between the great snowy peaks we slip, into the 10,000 foot back country of Yosemite National Park. Now we are in Tuolumne Meadows.

How lovely it is! The tall pines and firs and spacious camp grounds. The sweeping green meadows, with running streams. Jeanie runs happily about. A little girl camped nearby says “*She looks just like little plum.*”

But in the middle of the night, when all is quiet and dark — Marston hears an intruder. He jumps up from his sleeping bag.

A big black bear is nosing around our car. Is it food he’s after, or is it *Jeanie* tucked in her crib?

Marston grabs the frying pan, whams it against a pot with a crash, heaves sticks of wood at Mr. Bear, with loud shouts.

Off goes Bear, to quieter regions; returns no more. . .

Next morning we get a snap of Jeanie taking her daily bath in our small portable wash tub. How she beams at this fine new world.

September, 1941

We’ve left the mountains. It’s wonderful to be on a *Carmel* beach again — with my dear sister Jean, and our two baby girls! Imagine — *me* with little Jeanie — a dream come true.

Helen has Jean’s brown hair, brown eyes, but she has Bill’s mouth. Actually 4-year-old Elizabeth looks like Mother and me, light coloring, cheekbones, profile. O.K. — so there’s a tiny pang that our adopted daughter does not *really* have any family resemblance.

Never mind, Marston and I have our baby at last. How happy we are on the sloping white beach.

Dad is there too. He, Marston and Bill are talking together quietly while we gals watch the children. There’s plenty to talk about. Blitzkrieg. Panzer. Buzz bombs over London. The only clouds in the sky are the War Clouds. *How long before Marston and Bill?*

The babes have played in the lapping tide, and are covered with wet sand. We let them shed the sopping suits, play beautifully naked, with their perfect, healthy little bodies innocently bare.

Don’t think ahead. Keep our eyes on the sunny beach, the cool, blue, wind-swept sea, the happy kids. . .

CHAPTER TEN WAR THUNDERHEAD

Early 1939

When is it — exactly — that most of Scripps is sitting in the main room of the Community House? Is this the first time since the Tenants Association began its renovations that we have used this fine large room for a big get-together?

At any rate — here we are, eating what is probably a casserole potluck dinner, at various small tables.

And, astonishingly, across from Marston and me, beside a couple of others, is Dr. Sverdrup himself.

My memory begins as I am discoursing excitedly about American radio commercials. Marston and I must have made — I am sure at my eager urging — the extravagant purchase of our second-hand, oval-shaped, wood-encased radio. I delight in it — news, drama and all — in spite of those wretched ads. Marston hates it, period.

Ads have always highly irritated him. Once in our Pasadena years, early in our marriage, a newspaper ad for stomach pills both outraged and amused us:

“PASADENA LADY’S BELLY
BULGED WITH AWFUL GAS”

read this little gem, becoming our household quote.

So now it's not surprising that I am declaiming heatedly, "Why do we allow it? All that forced time we must listen to this miserable trash?"

There is a brief silence. Then comes Dr. Sverdrup's soft voice. He is looking directly at me, then at the others at the table.

"But you have not had the experience of listening to a *dictator controlled radio*." he says clearly.

Abashed, I say no more. At once I realize the validity of his brief statement. *How well a Norwegian would know!* My mind flashes back before the appalling sequence of events overtaking all Europe. Hitler's rise to power in 1933 — the year we were married. The Spanish Civil War ending in bloody victory for General Franco. The Rome — Berlin — Tokyo Pact. Italy invading Ethiopia, with the League of Nations powerless to help. English Prime Minister Chamberlain proclaiming "Peace in our Time" just before Hitler invaded Poland. . . Dictatorship is now — *right now* — a frightening catastrophe, threatening the world. . .

And I have been fussing about some crummy ads!

(Note — in my talks with Ollie Ahlstrom about the *E.W. Scripps*, in 1972 and 1973, I ask him once "What do you remember most about Dr. Sverdrup?")

Ollie reflects. "He was a fine sailor, loved the sea. But I remember being with him on the *E.W.* when *Hitler invaded Norway*. How depressed he was. . ."

What a blow for Dr. Sverdrup, with all his relatives and friends in occupied Norway. Helen Raitt writes that originally he had only planned to stay at Scripps until 1939; but in 1940 he agreed to remain on as Director.)

1940

A slender-faced, blondish gal nicknamed Eddie stares at me from the middle of the one Scripps street.

"Have you heard — *Paris has fallen*."

I stare back, silent. Eddie is Dave Michener's new wife; we are friends. What is there to say? We both know what it means. The

war cloud is looming far beyond France — black here in sunny, peaceful La Jolla.

We do not talk at all — eyes into eyes, knowing the same frightened darkness in both hearts.

Seattle, June 1940

Marston, Bill Arnold and I are driving up to the A.A.A.S. meetings; both Marston and Bill will speak. All the way, the headlines are huge and black with bad news. *HITLER. HITLER.*

But the present is exciting. Now we are at a *cheese* factory in Beaver, Oregon. The big, shiny vats hold huge round, creamy cheeses. We are being guided by the owner — none other than my gull-banding correspondent — Reed Ferris.

He's a nice looking guy — fairly young. He looks at me quizzically when we first meet, shake hands. "Well, I never thought you looked like this!" We both laugh, Marston too. Guess my notes have been short and terse — straight business.

But when we reach the University of Washington, and find a nearby motel, Marston comes down with a terrible cold. First morning of the meetings his throat won't give out even a whisper. "Has this ever happened to you before?" I ask.

He nods, writes on a notepad — *tonsillitis*.

"You never had your tonsils out?" I ask incredulously. He shakes his head. But he takes some aspirin; twenty-four hours later he gives his speech on photosynthesis.

He's fully recovered when we head northward — first to Friday Harbor, Washington's marine station on an island. Great fun. On to *Vancouver Island*. What a treat for a Californian — all these gorgeous conifers right at sea level. Not up at 5,000 feet. Favorites of mine from the redwood country too — the beautiful Madrone, with its peeling, shiny red trunk; and huckleberries, blackberries.

Now a red-headed, Canadian gull bander — Dennis Ashby. What fine records we have on his Glaucous-wings, everywhere on the coast. Back southward to lovely, old-world Victoria to meet a second Canadian bander, G.D. Sprot, slim and military. More

ferries.

But now *I'm* getting a nasty cold. Somewhere in Oregon, my bronchial tubes begin to wheeze in the old familiar way. I gasp for breath. Marston says "We'd better stop, get you some real rest."

What luck! Nestled on the green banks of the Rogue River, a row of perky cottages. Yes, we can have one for *two* nights. Ah, blessed sleep. By the next afternoon, I'm feeling much better, looking out over the river.

But *wait* — here comes a tiny canoe, in it two small children, six or seven years, cheerily paddling. What can their parents be thinking of?

"Marston" I yell, in sudden terror. He runs up, but already it is too late. A series of rapids catches the tiny craft. Over it goes. Into the river go the children, as we watch helplessly.

But look! The children are not swimming, they are scrambling to their feet. They are laughing with glee. The wide shiny Rogue River is only a couple of feet deep!

We are back in La Jolla, just in time for the last big gull-banding shindig at Coronado Island on July 5.

Nov. 1940

Now all the separate threads of my life begin to coalesce, to weave into my own curious life pattern.

As I sit in the pleasant living room of cottage 22, putting together gull banding records, getting out the latest copy of *News from the Bird-Banders*, an odd coincidence strikes me. Although Jeanie came to live with us in September, her birth date is July 6. So what was I doing July 5? Clambering about that precipitous Mexican Island. Marston and I laugh for years after — our private family joke.

Jeanie has been cheerfully in her play pen. But now she's bored. A roar of disapproval. That's our darling — chortling with delight. Or mad — nothing inbetween.

She needs to go out. She needs more of my time. So I write for the December 1940 *News*:

“Editor Resigns”

* * *

“Continue with Gull Project”

How happy I was at my Cooper Club talk, to see the Los Angeles Museum Exhibit on “Birds of Passage”. Included was a case showing banding equipment; photographs of banding methods. Also a colored chart of the Pacific Gull Project and a color-banded, stuffed and mounted California Gull. This bird was banded at Mono Lake by Walter Nichols June 30, 1939 with bands SB-B 39-65166. It was found dead August 26, 1939, six miles off San Pedro, Calif., by Mr. George Willett, of the Museum.

An article I wrote for the slick eastern quarterly, *Bird-Banding* on our gull project, turned up, in French, in a Swiss publication with a German name. Sunset Magazine was so enthusiastic about my banding article, they suggested that their readers colorband their own garden birds, to the horror of the ornithologists; and Mr. Lincoln himself had to inform home owners that a *federal permit* was necessary, to band birds.

Yep — the project is still fun!

In the meantime, the League is bucketing on its argumentative way, trying to find solutions to farm-labor problems; child care and welfare; housing for defense workers.

For the National League is fully supporting President Roosevelt in his policies of Aid to Britain with “Everything Short of War”; and the U.S. as “The Arsenal of Democracy.” There’s a growing conflict between “*Isolationists*” and “*Interventionalists*” in Congress, on the street.

There’s a growing conflict in *me*. . .

On January 18, 1941, I write a brash but honest letter to the National League Foreign Policy Chairman, Mrs. Quincy Wright:

“Although I am Foreign Policy Chairman of the San Diego, Calif. League, I am writing to you, not in any official capacity, but as an individual member of the National

League, and a sorely troubled one.

It seems to me that the League has been evading a fundamental issue. . . *Is the National League — or is it not — in favor of the United States entering the War?*

We all know that the 1940-41 National League foreign policy platform contained 7 points, 4 of which stressed peace, and one of which, the famous no. 2 stated:

“A foreign policy as a *non-belligerent* (my underlining) which permits discrimination against an aggressor, and favors the victim of aggression.”

But where does this stop? Or doesn't it? Every thinking citizen must realize that we have slipped so close to belligerence that the isolationists are probably right when they say “everything short of war means war”. . .”

I go on for pages — especially about the great importance of unemployment and population pressures as economic causes of war.

Poor Mrs. Wright! She answers me patiently and courteously that the program adopted by the National Convention May 1940 says nothing for or against the entry of the United States into the war. That the League pamphlet published in 1932, “Economic Causes of War and the Hope for the Future” also stressed the points I made; adding League support of the International Labor Organization.

But I am not mollified, and when the National League comes out in support of *Lend-Lease*, to the Allies, I write to the state foreign policy chairman, resigning as local chairman.

(Note: in 1973 — rereading all this correspondence, I realize that Mrs. Wright, in Washington D.C. is actually saying to me, in California — between the lines — *it is much later than you think.*)

But I am still trying. . . I remember the hideous propaganda posters in 1917, when as a child I was horrified at evil HUNS thrusting their bloody bayonets into young girls, at chopped-off hands. I remember the slogans “*The War to End War*”, “*Making*

the World Safe for Democracy". And then after the victory, the graves, the hospitals full of wounded, the anti-war movies "What Price Glory?", "All Quiet on the Western Front", "Little Man, What Now?"

The poems — "Poppies Grow in Flanders Fields" by Thomas Hardy, and

The Man He Killed

"Had he and I but met
By some old ancient inn,
We should have sat us down to wet
Right many a nipperkin!
But ranged as infantry,
And staring face to face,
I shot at him as he at me,
And killed him in his place.
I shot him dead because —
Because he was my foe
Just so: my foe of course he was;
That's clear enough; although
He thought he'd 'list, perhaps
Off-hand like — just as I
Was out of work — had sold his traps —
No other reason why.
Yes; quaint and curious war is!
You shoot a fellow down
You'd treat if met where any bar is,
Or help to half-a-crown."

Woodrow Wilson had succeeded in getting the League of Nations started, but the U.S. Senate rejected it, and it was powerless. Wilson died a broken man.

Spring 1941

I am at Ellen Revelle's lovely *seashore* house in La Jolla. I've been here before at delightful dinners. I remember once Ellen saying to me, happily "At last, I've fixed it, just the way I want it." and wondering if such a miracle would ever happen to me. But this visit is not pleasure, but business.

Ellen and I are making lists, sorting pamphlets for ex-president *Herbert Hoover's "Food for the Small Democracies."* Roger and Marston are involved too. Surely, surely, with Hoover's experienced backing, *some* good can help the desperate situation in the little conquered countries — Belgium, Holland. Feed starving people, relieve suffering. . .

We write letters, talk before small groups. But the National League of Women Voters remain unconvinced, will not support it. I'm now working on housing in San Diego. That need is real enough.

Roger has joined the Naval Reserve. Young Stan Chambers has enlisted. . .

June, 1941

Marston and I are at scientific meetings in Pasadena. We are visiting with my old Stanford pal Jerry and her husband Bob.

Bob has just joined the Special Services, in the Armed Forces, and he is about to take off for the Philippines on his special duties, whatever they may be. We have brought Jeanie with us and bedded her down in our travelling crib in their strange bedroom; and she, who has always been a lamb, travelling with us, is, *this* night — a holy terror.

How she yells! Someone has told me — or did I read it? — not to pick up a crying child. Oh sure, first you check for wet pants, open safety pins, that sort of thing. Then if there's nothing *physically* wrong, you "Let them cry it out." What miserable righteous advice! How I still regret it — years later — that I did not comfort a frightened child.

Because I am frightened too. Bob is another righteous man. Passionate, maybe is the word. His passion is against slackers,

fools who don't see this War coming and prepare for it. How can you stop Hitler and Mussolini with words. And what is Japan up to, devastating its way through China?

Bob — who I always knew at Stanford as a gentle, friendly fellow, is full of hatred and contempt for men like Herbert Hoover and his “Food for Small Democracies.”

“*What good will that do?*” he snorts at me, when I mention this to me, amelioration of the War agony. How angry and swollen his face. “*Only guns and ships will stop that madman in Berlin.*”

So back at Mother and Dad's house, when Jeanie finally falls into exhausted sleep, I still lie and toss, mind racing in confusion. Is Bob right — there is *no* alternative?

Back at Scripps, something new is being added to our mesa, north of the Sumners. Up goes a tremendous collection of khaki-colored barracks — the Army's *Camp Callan*. Across highway 101 to the east, another huge Marine camp burgeons. As for the Navy — San Diego Harbor is full of ships. The airplane factories boom. It's all part of “National Defense”.

Marston and I have been attending a young couples group at the La Jolla Presbyterian church. The minister is young, enthusiastic Edward Elson, who Marston first met at the Sumner Club. Reverend Elson has married a pretty La Jolla girl, and his church is flourishing. (In 1973, Dr. Elson is the Congressional Chaplain officiating at President Truman's funeral.)

Dr. Elson invites the young officers from Camp Callan and their wives to attend his couples club. We meet the Gilhams and the Bischoffs; I am invited in turn to Camp Callan to a tea for Frances Gilham's sister. How strange it is — to be in the midst of chattering young officer's wives. All of the husbands of these attractive young women already are committed to army careers. *Where will they be in a year?*

As for the civilian scientists — Marston comes home “It's all set up — *UCDWR* — the University of California Division of War Research. Gene LaFond and Dick Fleming and Dr. Sverdrup

himself will start working at once, on Point Loma.”

“What will they be doing?”

“They can’t say — all secret —.” He pauses, thinking.

“Roger Revelle has been called to active duty with the Naval Reserve, at Point Loma Radio and Sound Laboratory. A lot of the graduate students are considering joining the Reserve.”

“Will you?” I ask, with sinking heart.

“Not if I can stay here. . .”

July 24, 1941

I stand before the Television cameras with very mixed emotions, listening to the announcer say:

“The Campaign to win the *Battle of Production* was inaugurated by a nationwide broadcast by Miss Marguerite Wells, National President of the League of Women Voters, together with Mr. William Knudsen and Mr. Sidney Hillman.

Every League in every state is carrying on this campaign and this week has been designated as Battle of Production week in California by Governor Olson. The League’s viewpoint is thus stated “We believe that management, labor, the military and the civilian services, Congress and the Executive are factors in winning the battle of production.

The determining factor, however, upon which all others depend is every man’s will to win. All the courage it takes to fight a war; all the spirit of unity it takes to win a war; all the sacrifice demanded; all the hard tasks undertaken and drudgery endured by a people at war; all these are demanded of Americans in order to win their battle of production for defense at home aid abroad to those waging the war for freedom.”

Mrs. Zeigler, our San Diego League president, speaks next, on what San Diego is doing. Mary Fay tells about helping with dances in Balboa Park for the young service men; Mrs. Seiglinger tells of

church work “for our service boys”; now its my turn to tell of the cookies I baked, and the kindness of La Jollans to the boys in uniform. . . There is also mention of San Diego’s industrial boom, the need for landlords to open their houses to families with children, and a household drive for scrap aluminum.

I think bitterly that at least now the country is not suffering from unemployment, as down the greased skids we go!

Fall, 1941

Jeanie is toddling everywhere. She quickly explores the whole little house at number 22. Unluckily, this cottage is perched on a steep hillside, with no outdoors she can explore. More than this, both front and side doors open onto unguarded steps — steep wooden ones with open space between for a baby to roll through.

I begin to get nightmares about those steps. I am outside — at a distance. I see Jeanie open the side door, from our bedroom. I see her chubby little legs walk unsteadily out onto the outside landing. I see her fall. . .

Another cottage becomes available — number 27 — on the uppermost level. Where the LaFonds used to live until they moved to Point Loma, in order for Gene to work easily at the rapidly-growing *UCDWR*, with its secret work.

This cottage has *two* bedrooms — no more nursery breakfast nook. It has a big yard with a hedge and a fence. Yes, we can have it.

Marvellous! Such heights of luxury have never come our way!

Oct. 2, 1941

Reluctantly, I pick up the San Diego Union-Tribune. Well I know what to expect:

CZECH PREMIER SHOT BY NAZIS

EIGHTH U.S. SHIP DESTROYED (with map of South

America off Brazil, showing that the ship was inside the American Neutrality Zone) and then on the local scene:

**WHEELER PLEDGES 'FIGHT TO LAST' AGAINST WAR
Isolationist Draws 5,000 Cheering Fans to Ford Bowl Talk**

Scoring President Roosevelt policies, leading to War, the Montana Democratic Senator rapped British imperialism. . . opened talk with tribute to Hiram Johnson. . . "There is an effort to smear Lindbergh and others trying to keep the U.S. out of war. During the World War, they hanged old Bob LaFollette in effigy and then put him in the Hall of Fame."

The senator declared there is a fear psychosis in the country today, much like that which dictators abroad promote among their subjects.

Oct. 5

Turning over hastily the black headlines

**REDS SNATCHED FROM FINN TRAP
U.S. NAVY SEEKS TO SINK RAIDER**

I find on a back page a consoling item "Skunk, Coyote 'Good Citizens' says curator Lawrence M. Huey". And note that Clinton Abbott, my good friend, has been 20 years Director of the Natural History Museum.

It's hard to even think about seagulls these tumultuous days. Although good records on the wanderings of our color banded birds keep pouring in.

Oct. 9

**NAZIS 125 MILES FROM MOSCOW
HUGE BATTLES RAGING
ROOSEVELT TO ASK SHIP ARMING TODAY**

Nov. 1941

A meeting is advertised in the paper; “*America First*”. At a house in Point Loma. Tomorrow night.

Well, here is my chance to find out about this organization, supposed to be supported by Charles Lindbergh. Shall I call some of my friends? Get Marston to go? No — I’ll just go myself. And not say a word. Just listen.

I locate the house, high on a Point Loma hill. It is no different on the outside from many other homes, here, — very large; well-kept front garden. The living room is jammed with people — maybe a hundred. I find an empty wooden folding chair in back, sit look around. I do not recognize a single person.

Who are these two men, now taking turns in speaking? “*This European war has nothing to do with us.*” is the theme of their speeches. They are aggressive in manner, moderately well dressed, with loud voices and the slightest of accents. Who are their assistants, moving smoothly about?

I go home very uneasy. Can it be that cries of “subversion” about *America First* are justified? (I never do find out.)

Maybe then the terrible rumors about the Nazi death camps for the Jews are indeed true — that there is no way out but for our nation also to fight. . .

December 7, 1941

A quiet Sunday. The radio music suddenly stops; the announcer can hardly get the words out:

PEARL HARBOR. . . U.S. SHIPS DESTROYED

The disaster so long foretold is upon us.

Dad is down, visiting us. How he loves little Jeanie — how I love having him here.

I say excitedly to Marston that night. “With Dad here, I can get a job. They need women now.” I could spot planes, work in a

factory — the possibilities are endless.

He turns out the light, lies silent. Then his arm is around me. He says huskily “Peter, I don’t want you to get a job. Not yet anyway. Wait. Wait awhile and see.”

“O.K.” Maybe he’s right.

CHAPTER 11

“GET THE JAPS OUT OF CALIFORNIA”

December 8, 1941

Dad returns to Pasadena. Soon I have a happy letter from him. *He's* got a war job. He is night guard, at the big Devil's Gate Dam, in Arroyo Seco Canyon above the city.

December 10

The A. and P. grocery on Girard Street in La Jolla has its fresh fruits in big bins right on the sidewalk. I'm busily putting some little juice oranges in a paper bag when Stan Chambers walks up.

“Like to hang every Jap in California” he booms out, his face flushed red. Under his arm is a San Diego paper with the black headline:

JAP SUBMARINE FIRES AT COAST

I think of the little smiling farmers with their tomato plants under white paper cones, on the fields next to Scripps. I think of handsome young Nacky, who is a graduate student under Dr. Moberg; who works in the same lab with John Lyman. Of Nacky, gaily playing tennis with pretty blonde eighteen-year-old Anna Sverdrup. ..

I can feel the answering fury starting down at my toes, engulfing

me. Peter, keep your temper.

“Even *Nacky*?” I ask, trying to keep my voice even.

“*Can’t trust any Jap.*” He booms again.

“But *Stan* — these farmers have lived here for years. Their children are American citizens. *Nacky* is an American citizen.” Now my voice is sharp. “*American citizens have rights.*”

Suddenly *Stan*’s usually pleasant face crunches into wrinkles. “Haven’t heard from young *Stan* since Pearl Harbor.”

How could I forget? His only son, in service, ordered to Hawaii, caught in the disaster.

“Oh, *Stan*, I’m *sorry*. Maybe you’ll hear soon.”

Hastily I grab my oranges, make for the cashier, my thoughts in a turmoil.

How can anyone think straight in a War?

Now there are scare incidents every day. Both the American Legionnaires and the Sons of the Golden West are yelling against the local Japanese. Can there really be submarines off San Diego?

Blackouts are ordered for us residents on the coast. I buy black cotton material from the 5 and 10, to thumbtack on the windows to hide every glimmer.

Camouflage goes over the aircraft plants — painted canvas so that they look like a seedy residential section. Then a few weeks later, teathered balloons on steel wires are added. I say to *Marston* — “One or the other. But *both*?” Seems like they cancel each other out.

At the first League Board meeting after December 7th, I greet a staunch and able old friend, with whom I’ve had many hot words during the past year, over League policy. “*Well, at least Pearl Harbor has united us.*” We smile wryly. Nothing for it now but to get the damn war over.

Dec. 18 Pasadena

We are at the folks’ house, with the *Arnolds*. We are having an early Christmas. Because my sister’s husband, *Bill Arnold*, Stanford physicist, who studied for a year in Copenhagen in *Niels*

Bohr's laboratory in 1938 - 1939, has been called suddenly to a war job in Rochester, New York.

Mother has prepared a big Christmas feast, and presents. The children are happy. We take pictures of them out in the yard. Elizabeth Arnold is a busy five. Helen and our little Jeanie are toddlers. How cute they are, pleased with each other's company, rushing about.

Now we are at the Pasadena railway station. It is deserted except for troop trains. In they come, out they roll. Jammed with soldiers.

But Bill's civilian train doesn't come. We wait for hours.

The children become bored. Dad has a great idea. He finds an empty suitcase-trundle-wagon. Lifts the babes into it. Wheels them up and down, round-and-about.

Now, how happy their little pans, wide with laughter. I snap their picture — the bright spot in the gloomy day.

At last — the right train. I hug my sister. When will I see her again?

January, 1942

Out of the black of the night, as we lie in our bed at Scripps, comes the humming of many planes, high overhead. How solidly they fly — going north, up the coast. . .

The first streaks of dawn — here they come back. From a great height — a sudden change, as — one after another — a single plane engine shifts from faint roar to descending screech — nose aimed straight at us. We are being *dive-bombed*. We cower in the bed-clothes, gritting our teeth.

Little Jeanie wakes, comes running to jump in with us. I try to soothe her, her small warm body close to mine. "Just practicing, dear."

Camp Callan is now packed with soldiers. Also the marine camp across the highway, with its constant target practice — Camp Matthews. Miramar air base is inland.

Now in the early light we can see great gray Navy ships lying at

sea a couple of miles off La Jolla. From the distant ships come smaller boats, squat and gray, heading for shore.

“Amphibious landing craft — called *Ducks*” says Marston. “The planes have been softening us up for an invasion.”

Soon the Ducks have bounced through the surf to shallow water. Their fronts open up to sloping landing platforms. Out swarm the marines, a rifle with a bayonet stuck sharply in front of each running man.

Up our canyon they swarm, dodging in and out of the cypresses in front of our own house, jabbing aside the dense branches.

I get a quick mental image of these sharp blades jabbing into human flesh. Flesh of Japanese, now our enemies.

What far Pacific Island will see this invasion for real?

A sunny Sunday afternoon on the beach. The Sargents and several young Scripps graduate students are enjoying the swimming, close to the pier. Their laughter is loud and cheery.

Down the ramp come several young soldiers, also bent on swimming. They strip down to their swim trunks, toss their uniforms in the sand. A sudden constraint falls on both parties. What are these young soldiers thinking, looking at the civilians?

How long before every young scientist is outward bound, too?

February 1942

“**GET THE JAPS OUT**” are the headlines.

On the radio and papers every day are wild rumors of sabotage and espionage by Japanese aliens, not only in Hawaii, but in the United States. Egged on by varicous “patriotic” groups, the San Diego City Council, the County Board of Supervisors, urge evacuation.

Feb. 14

General John L. DeWitt, West Coast Military Commander, recommends evacuation. He is quoted in the papers as saying:

“The Japanese race is an enemy race. . .along the vital

Pacific Coast over 112,000 potential enemies, of Japanese extraction, are at large today. . .the very fact that no sabotage has taken place to date is a disturbing and confirming indication that such action will be taken. . .”

We hash it over at a League Board meeting. I’m once more Foreign Policy chairman. What can we do? How can we get justice for San Diego Japanese-Americans who have done nothing but raise vegetables?

The Board endorses a public meeting on Feb. 25 on “*The Education of Aliens in San Diego*”. The speaker is Mrs. Lenore Panunzio of the San Diego Board of Education. She tells us federal, state, county governments are supporting the program; W.P.A. teachers work under supervision; the program attempts to make a bridge between old and new cultures; to make good citizens of aliens here; also to unify our population by increasing mutual understanding. In San Diego 470 aliens are enrolled in education courses, with 46 nationalities represented. Mrs. Panunzio invites League members to a ceremony of her graduating pupils; twelve of us attend. It’s good to see these eager faces and smiles. . .

March 1

General DeWitt establishes military areas in California, excluding all people of Japanese descent, both aliens and citizens.

March 18

Elwood E. Trask, field agent in the new Wartime Farm Adjustment Program, starts operations in San Diego. His job — under the FSA, the Farm Security Administration, to see that when the Japanese are evacuated, that the farm land will still produce crops. San Diegans shall not lose a single head of lettuce!

April 2

Registration of the local Japanese is started: the Tribune-Sun

headline reads:

S.D. ALIEN REMOVAL FIGURES REVISED UPWARD

They also print a touching picture of a little Japanese girl, in her father's arms,

Baby Puzzled by Evacuation Hubbub

April 8

All Japanese, aliens and citizens; men, women and children — living south of the San Dieguito River, are removed by train. They are catalogued as:

Isei (born in Japan)

Nisei (born in U.S.) total 1150

Families with an alien head 398

Families with a civilian head 73

April 22

At a public luncheon meeting of the League, I present Mr. Trask (whom I have contacted personally), on behalf of both our foreign policy and defense committees, as speaker on "*Japanese Lands in San Diego*". He gives a quiet, informative talk.

Unbeknowst to me — a woman's club editor of the S.D. Union is present. To my astonishment, in the woman's pages next morning appears this headline:

EVACUATION 'GLORIOUS HOLIDAY' TO MANY JAPS, VOTER'S UNIT TOLD

Other quotes from this article:

The Japanese, except in a few cases where American-born farmers were at first a bit difficult because of resentment that they were not accepted at their own valuation as Americans,

have taken philosophically to the evacuation, Trask stated.

The Japs have been raising 98 percent of the county's strawberry crop, 90 percent of its celery, and 95 percent of the bunch vegetables, Trask said his figures revealed, but the white farmers always have raised most of the tomatoes, peppers and asparagus.

"The real danger in allowing the Japs to stay among the rest of us as usual" Mr. Trask said, indicating that this was the argument which always convinced the Japs themselves "Is that if a Jap carrier comes and a few bombs are dropped, some excitable people would start indiscriminately hunting down Japanese and we would have race riots. For our own good we should not like that to get out to the world. . ."

Mr. Trask gives figures: In San Diego County about 377 separate farms leased or operated by 182 families, on about 6000 acres. In the remaining area south of Del Mar, 2500 acres consisting of 96 farm units. All Japanese requested to register, giving information on property ownership, and disposal of property while interned, by sale or lease. In many cases, the farmers voluntarily made deals with white farmers to work their farms.

"Do not worry over talk you hear of abandoned farms" Mr. Trask said "There are some crops which have been abandoned, but these are minor cases due to some soil or other trouble. It is definitely not sabotage". . .The speaker chuckled over calls his office had taken from women wanting to know where the strawberry farms were where they could go and pick all they wanted free. There are no such, he declared. . ."

Mr. Trask pointed out that the federal reserve bank provided funds to finance white farmers in taking over the properties; and handled all sales and other disposal of homes, real estate, autos, etc.

“Many Japanese have voluntarily cleared up mortgages and left everything shipshape,” the speaker said “evidently expecting again to be in possession. Income from these lands, meanwhile are duly sent the evacuees.”

(Note — But only in 1972, do Marston and I finally learn what actually happened to the local Japanese when they were taken from San Diego by train. A feature article by Gerald Schlenker, published in the San Diego Union on April 2, 1972 begins:

THIRTY YEARS AGO IT HAPPENED HERE

“Thirty years ago many of San Diego’s most prominent citizens and groups rejoiced in their successful efforts of having 1,150 of their neighbors interned in concentration camps for more than four years.”

Mr. Schlenker quotes General DeWitt, and adds

“The facts are that no resident Japanese, either in Hawaii or on the mainland, was ever convicted of being an unregistered agent or engaged in espionage activities. Unfortunately, the attention focused on the resident Japanese diverted suspicion from those persons actually engaged in espionage.”

Where were they bound? For the *Santa Anita Race Track*.

“At Santa Anita the evacuees were crowded into horse stalls where the odor of horses and manure was still fresh. The stalls remained their quarters throughout their six month stay.

In September, 1942, most of the Japanese from San Diego were transferred to *Poston, Arizona*. . .in the mesquite desert. . .open-bay type barracks where privacy was obtained by stringing blankets between one family and another. . .The

internees ate in common dining halls operated by themselves. Japanese doctors ministered their ills. Some of the college students established schools so that the younger children could continue their education. Men over 21 suffered severely because their future looked bleak, and they feared any economic or education gains they had made would be stripped from them.

On Thanksgiving Day, 1942, the Japanese-American Citizens League sent a telegram to President Roosevelt demanding that Japanese Americans be allowed to fight.

“The leaders of J.A.C. L. had concluded that unless they acted, there was a strong possibility that the Japanese would be relegated to these camps forever, just as the Indians of the United States were put on reservations.”

The 442nd Infantry Regiment, an all Japanese unit was formed and used in the European Theater:

“The unit and its members won numerous medals and had the highest casualty rate of any American unit. One spectacular battle, of course, was its rescue of 70 men of the lost Texas regiment. The all-Japanese outfit lost 280 men rescuing their white comrades. The Japanese also were used in the Pacific Theater with distinction, with some, like PFC S. Munemori, being awarded the Medal of Honor posthumously for action in the Pacific.

In the meantime, back in California, the Native Sons of the Golden West sought an amendment to the United States Constitution depriving native-born Japanese of citizenship.

“Former Attorney General of California, U.S. Webb, represented the Native Sons before the federal court in San Francisco in a suit challenging the citizenship of American-born Japanese.

In May, 1943 the War Relocation Authority announced that it intended to release many of the Japanese from the camps. The San Diego County Board of Supervisors almost

immediately passed a unanimous resolution urging that the Japanese be kept under supervision and control of the Army. A copy of this resolution was sent to the War Department from which the supervisors received a prompt reply.

The War Department explained in no uncertain terms that it totally disagreed with the supervisors, for retention of loyal Americans in camps was unjust and an impediment to the war effort. The letter also declared that soldiers of Japanese extraction had the rights of soldiers, including the right to visit on the West Coast.”

Opposition to the proposed release of the Japanese was extensive:

“The San Diego Chamber of Commerce urged the retention of all Japanese, native and foreign born, until they could be exchanged for American prisoners in Japan. The Chamber also urged the passage of federal legislation to prevent the Japanese from returning to the farm lands in California and to exclude the Japanese permanently from citizenship.”

On Dec. 17, 1944, Major General Henry C. Platt revoked the exclusion order so that the Japanese could return to the West Coast. Up to August, 1945, only about 300 Japanese had returned to San Diego County.

“Some of those that returned found their land had been taken away by court order. Others had lost all their farm equipment and cars. One family discovered all the electrical fixtures and much of the wiring removed from their home during the period of internment. The Japanese were allowed to make claims against the government for their losses. They had to present itemized lists and show receipts for their purchases.

On the whole, most of the Japanese of San Diego County, as well as those in California generally, recovered only about one-fourth of their material losses. . .”

And now, back to my personal experience.

May 14, 1942

I am at the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles, at a State League Conference. I don't know about my fellow delegates from San Diego — but I'm shaking in my shoes.

The California League — in the middle of World War II, in the middle of violent agitation against all Japanese-Americans, citizens or not — has under consideration *THE ASIATIC EXCLUSION ACTS*.

The factual page in front of me, is an unhappy summary of nearly 90 years of discrimination and exploitation of both Chinese and Japanese immigrants. As early as 1858, California had passed punitive tax laws against the Chinese laborers building its railroads. In 1904, temporary Federal exclusion acts were made perpetual. In 1924 came the Supreme Court decision "Only Caucasian and Negroid races are eligible for citizenship."

In 1926, all *Non-Asiatic* immigrants were placed on a quota basis — 2% of nationals in the U.S.A. in 1890. But no quotas were allowed for Asiatics, although Secretary of State Stimson in 1931, worked for such a quota.

The Ambassador Hotel is buzzing, after this presentation. O.K. gals, where's our courage? Here's a wrong to be righted.

The Claremont, California League proposes the following:

ASIATIC EXCLUSION ACTS RESOLUTION

Recognizing the racial discrimination shown in the several Asiatic exclusion Acts passed by our national government over a period of 60 years, the Foreign Policy Section of the California League of Women Voters accepts its responsibility for education as to the history and effects of such legislation leading toward effective "opposition to racial discrimination in immigration laws" as stated in the National Foreign Policy of the League.

The Resolution is overwhelmingly passed.

One small act of sanity in a world at war.

On my return to La Jolla in *March, 1946*, I immediately spotted two articles in the San Diego Journal of March 28; one with quite a changed point of view from the hysterical '42:

**1500 of S.D. Jap-Americans Return Home
City 'Bright-Spot' on Pacific Coast, Says Relocation Head**

Topped by a photo of a smiling young Japanese farmer, the article quotes John T. Darwin, War Relocation Authority head,

“The job is practically over here.” with the 1500 of San Diego’s prewar population back at their old jobs or new ones, their children in school and their property largely recovered.

Darwin has more than 100 requests for Japanese-Americans to live and work on different farms in San Diego County. He has more than 100 offers to employ Japanese Americans as domestic help in San Diego homes. Dozens of other jobs are open for Japanese seeking to resettle here.

In other counties many a discriminatory act has been performed against the Japanese and little assistance has been forthcoming from residents, Darwin said.

But in San Diego discrimination has been confined to conversation, Darwin reported, no overt act on record against the returning Japanese.

Darwin reports that several hundreds of the local Japanese went into the Army; that 40 servicemen’s families are now living in Frontier Housing Project alone. Others are out of the Army, members of veteran’s groups; many hold professional positions they had before the war; hundreds are back to old farming jobs.

The transition was not easy. Varied problems confronted the Japanese-American who returned to find his personal possessions locked up in a Government warehouse, a stranger’s family living in his home, someone else weeding the tomato patch which had given him a living for many years. Legal snarls by the dozen were unraveled in Darwin’s

office; new homes were found; financial aid was provided. Darwin has some odd stories to tell:

There were some whose four-year absence actually proved beneficial. Typical is one Fifth Avenue grocer and importer, who because he had no one to care for his store when he had to leave, locked the door in 1942.

Upon his return in 1945, he opened the store, dusted the counter and began doing a land-office business with his old stock of goods — canned foods and other items that San Diegans hadn't seen for three years. The OPA finally had to send a special crew to the store to mark up ceiling prices. Some of his items were so scarce, they hadn't ever been price controlled.

Another man, an 80 year old farmer, planted 10 acres of avocados just before the war. Today they were bearing fruit.

“You know” Darwin confided, “We have yet to meet our first serviceman who is prejudiced against the Japanese-American people. It seems they learned, while they were in service, the difference between their enemy and their countrymen.”

However, the second article in the *S.D. Journal*, the same day, March 28, 1946, pointed up California's basic problem:

171 ACRES OF JAPANESE HELD VISTA LAND REVERTS TO STATE

One hundred and seventy-one acres of Vista farmland, valued at \$40,000, was ordered escheated to the state today by Superior Judge Arthur L. Mundo, who ruled that title to the land was held fraudulently by native-born Japanese brothers.

Judge Mundo's ruling marked the termination of the second of 12 Alien Land Law violations filed in San Diego County courts. The escheatment order gives title of the land to the State which in turn will offer it for sale at public auction. Funds received at the sale are divided equally

between the State and the County.

The defendants, Yoshitaro and Tarao Yoshimura, were charged by the state with evasion of the Alien Land Act, which prohibits the ownership of land by native-born Japanese, when they had a 19-year-old American-born Japanese purchase the farm land for them in 1936.

Yesterday, Dale Wood, Vista realtor, purchased at public auction, 117 acres of Vista land escheated from its Japanese owners. Purchase price of \$44,000 will be equally divided between the county and the state.

(*Note* — And what — during all this — of the fate of young Stan Chambers; of my friend Dariel's husband; of *Nacky*?)

Young Stan came out of the War alright, surviving Pearl Harbor. Later I knew and liked his sister Helene, as well as the elder Chambers, Stan and Lillian.

Dariel's husband Bob was captured by the Japanese in the Philippines, and held prisoner for the duration. I saw Dariel in Pasadena in 1942, and her hair had turned completely white. After the War, we saw Dariel and Bob again. Bob was more bitter than ever, after those miserable years as prisoner — about "peace mongers", and people who trusted erstwhile enemies. He became a professor of paleontology at U.C. Berkeley.

As for *Nacky*, *Hiomi Nakamura* — I saw him only once in all these intervening years. In 1966, at Mom Sumner's funeral at the age of ninety. Our greeting was warm, but all too brief. "Well — *hi*, *Nacky*. Glad to see you. How've you been?" His broad smile and handshake were also friendly. He looked just the same, perhaps a bit stockier. "I'm fine. And you?" "Fine." Then the sad present caught us again. . .

But in March, 1973, John Lyman's wife Mitchell, who has become a good friend through the years, comes to San Diego to see her first grandson. She tells me she has just talked to *Nacky*, and he is well. That John and *Nacky* have kept up their friendship all these years. Professor John Lyman is now head of Oceanography, University of North Carolina, at Chapel Hill.

So in April, 1973, I finally talk to Nacky, myself.

For the first time, I find out many things. That he was *born* in La Jolla (as were Ellen Revelle and Obie Mahler). That he went to La Jolla High School in the same class with Elizabeth Sumner, and still corresponds with Herb Sumner. That he had been familiar with Scripps Institution since the Vaughan days in 1935. Had even visited Dr. Ritter, first director of Scripps, at a rest home in Berkeley, in company of young Bob Scripps, son of the Robert P. Scripps who financed for Dr. Sverdrup the beautiful yacht that became the *E. W. Scripps*. Nacky himself graduated from U.C. Berkeley, before coming in 1935 to work for Dr. Moberg.

Nacky and his parents, who owned the little flower, fruit and vegetable shop on La Jolla's main street, were caught up in the evacuation net in April, 1942, along with all other Pacific Coast Isei and Nisei Japanese. They were sent to Santa Anita race track, then to a camp at Rivers, Arizona. Nacky's mother was interned until 1946, but in the fall of 1942, Nacky was permitted to take a job in St. Vincents Hospital, Toledo, Ohio. From this time, medicine became his field of interest.

In 1943, he enlisted in Medics at Ft. Lewis, and was commissioned a 2nd lieutenant in the infantry. He served in military intelligence at Ft. Smelling, Minnesota (in the winter) and Randolph Field, (in the summer). In 1946, he was doing medical research in physiology.

We talked about Anna Sverdrup, who had enlisted in the nursing corps, and was working in Ft. Lewis at the same time as Nacky — in fact her first husband was a mutual friend. Nacky said John Lyman had seen Anna in Norway, recently.

Hiomi Nakamura now has two sons and a daughter. He is Toxicologist with the San Diego County Coroner, thinking about retiring. He also has a private laboratory, where he does research in pure analytical chemistry.

On a trip to Japan, in 1971, he visited with Dr. Noriyuki Nasu, who got his PhD in geology in 1955 under Dr. Douglas Inman of Scripps, and is now Director of the Geophysical Institute of

Tokyo.

A small world, isn't it? Dare we hope its wounds are healing?

One more thread in this stange story. *C.K. Tseng*, the young *Chinese* scientist.

C.K. appeared at Scripps in the spring of 1942 (a postdoctoral student from Michigan), and was given space in Marston's laboratory.

Marston remembers that the oriental supplies of agar had been cut off by the War. Tseng was investigating possible sources on the Pacific Coast. Marston and Bob Tschudy were already working on the use of red seaweeds as a source of jellies, and indeed, published a paper in *Science* Jan. 22, 1943 *Agar-Bearing Seaweeds at La Jolla, California* Tschudy and Sargent.

Marston remembers also, tramping the beaches with C.K. and Bob, searching for possibly useful species. While Marston was away on leave, during World War II, C.K. continued to occupy Marston's lab.

An article in the Scripps scrapbook, *History in the News*, from a San Diego paper, features Tseng as a "Refugee from China" in highly complimentary terms, and talks of his important agar research. Marston read several of Tseng's reprints on his return, with approval.

Tseng went back to China in 1947, and nothing was heard from him for a long time. Then came a bomb-shell of a letter, spouting party-line Marxist stock phrases. Marston and others at Scripps passed this letter around, in astonishment and disbelief.

"Doesn't sound a bit like C.K." said Marston gloomily. Nobody answered the letter. But it was not forgotten in the McCarthy-suspicious fifties. . .

(Note: 1976 and now the pendulum has swung once more, the clock has gone around full cycle — Japan has gone from fallen enemy to busy trade partner-rival. Communist China leaders have met with two U.S. presidents, and important trade negotiations established.

In October, 1975, with official U.S. sanction, a delegation of

important Chinese scientists were welcomed to Scripps. They gave scientific lectures, toured laboratories, were entertained by Dr. Nierenberg with a buffet supper including his whole staff, husbands and wives, some 500 people in all. And guess who eagerly seeks out Marston — *C.K. Tseng* — looking fine and fit, now director of a Chinese Oceanographic Institution himself. He tells Marston that the kelp research work they started on the La Jolla beach, he continued on the Chinese coast, to produce the iodine so needed for the serious Chinese malady, *goiter*; and now the disease has been completely eliminated.

How good it is to see C.K.'s smiling face. And I meet a *woman* Chinese oceanographer, who speaks excellent English. What fun.

Must the pendulum swing again between friend and foe? Or can the inhabitants of planet earth learn their vital interdependence?

CHAPTER 12

THE SHIP OF THE DESERT

Spring, 1942, The Mouse

(*Note* — at a cocktail party in 1968, we are laughing once more, with Roger and Ellen Revelle, with John and Mary Carol Isaacs, as Marston tells the mouse story. . .)

We are patriotic. We have a vegetable garden at our cottage 26. Marston is particularly proud of his rows of corn seedlings sprouting evenly a foot high, a bright patch on our wild hillside. How he loves fresh sweet corn.

Horrors! One morning two seedlings are missing — nipped off at the base. Gone!

That evening at dusk, he watches carefully.

The culprit — a little brown field mouse. She (or he) runs to the base of another flourishing stalk, snips busily with those sharp rodent teeth, topples it, drags it mightily away to the nearby hedge.

“Why — that —” Marston is purple.

He sets some traps. No luck. Overnight, more stalks have vanished. That mouse has a sweet-corn tooth.

Who offers Marston the shotgun? Obie, maybe. Obie Mahler, our good looking, ubiquitous Scripps groundsman — helpful with all our campus problems.

Comes dusk. There is Marston, valiantly armed, on the back porch, in desperate defense of his corn patch.

Comes the mouse. *Bang. Bang. Bang.*

Wonderful peace descends on the Sargent garden. That is, until the next time we use the garden hose, when we discover shotgun pellets have filled it full of holes. Also the garbage pail. Even a few pellets in the rear tire of our Chevy, parked behind the hedge.

Oh well, we get to eat the fresh, sweet corn. . .

Later, when the green peas and string beans are thriftily climbing the poles Marston has furnished them, the ground squirrels learn to climb too.

This time, a rifle confines the damage to the squirrels.

Fiddle — who has never caught game in her life — soon becomes expert at skinning a dead squirrel, flinging away the crumpled mass of fur. She thrives on her fresh meat diet. A good thing, with the new meat rationing.

May, 1942

Marston walks up the front porch steps, an official envelope in his hand. “*This is it.*”

I read it with sinking heart. The mimeographed letter is from: Office of Director, Naval Office Procurement, Los Angeles. It is addressed to “Mr. Marston C. Sargent, Scripps Institution of Oceanography, Calif.”

Dear Sir:

The United States Naval Reserve is especially seeking men for service as commissioned officers who are college graduates with majors in scientific and technical subjects.

Information in our possession indicates that you are a graduate of California Institute of Technology.

If you are interested in applying for such a commission please complete and return the enclosed questionnaire as soon as possible.

Yours very truly,
Lieutenant Commander USNR
By Direction

The clincher is the enclosed return form:

- “Check one a) I am engaged in essential war work
- b) I will enlist in the Naval Reserve”

“Guess this settles it” says Marston. “At least I’m glad the Naval Reserve got to me before the army or marines.”

Interviews; examinations; physicals for Marston.

“The Navy doctor says I’m underweight. Need to gain 10 pounds to get a commission.”

Well! Off to A. & P. I go to buy whipping cream, butter — stuff them into our incipient Navy man. Such luxury!

In June, he goes to A.A.A.S. meetings in Great Salt Lake, still swilling cream. . .

Two bright spots for Peter — after all the hatred toward the local Japanese, and then their abrupt evacuation; in the middle of the daily dose of WAR headlines, our titanic struggle, with death and destruction world wide:

1. In June 1942 — our local League meeting on “WHAT PRICE WORLD ORDER”. With the blessing of the State League, I quote Vera M. Dean of the Foreign Policy Association in “The Struggle for World Order”:

“. . .it is of the utmost importance that we should discuss peace aims now, right in the midst of war. Otherwise we may be as mentally unprepared for peace as we have been mentally unprepared for war. . .The most important thing to discuss today is not this or that form of international machinery that may be established after the war, but the principles — the philosophy of life — that can set the machinery in motion.”

Also quoted at this meeting, Dr. E. Benes, in regard to science and technology:

“Every new invention of technology may bring unlimited social, economic and moral advantages, but it equally well can be misused for evil purposes, politically, socially, economically and morally. Everything depends on by whom and how it is used. And this is not a problem of technology

but a problem of human morals and enlightened human politics. The question is how to place the great inventions of modern technology into the hands of good, decent people in a decent and well guided social and state organization.”

2. My friend Mary Fay, School Board chairman, recipient of a special service award from the State League, has jumped into the race for State Assembly. The job has been held for years by a female battleaxe — Jeanette Daley, impressively tall, impressively wealthy, whose family seems to own half of San Diego County. We Leaguers deplore her policies. Not that the League can *support* Mary Fay. We’re non-partisan, remember? Never back candidates; only issues.

But *I* can support Mary, as an individual. I agree to run her campaign in La Jolla. Mary has lots of friends, many of them prominent in other professional fields.

These friends and I throw a big La Jolla tea for her, July 30, 1942, with lots of publicity and many able women helping. I walk the hillsides of La Jolla, knocking on doors, handing blurbs to surprised housewives.

In August, Mary *WINS* the primary — she actually defeats powerful old battleaxe. What joy among her friends.

But in September, the Daley forces rally to enter another candidate, a druggist named Fred Kraft.

And by September my life has taken another sharp turn.

Marston is now a heavier man. His final application for Navy commission is submitted July 28. It is accepted. He is sworn in October 1. His uniform is ready — none too well fitting — we couldn’t afford the best. The navy blue with the gold bars — *Lieutenant Junior Grade*.

Pretty exciting at that — with the natty cap. I snap him with little Jeanie — both with wide grins. It is even in the paper — though he is listed incorrectly as “Ensign”.

Orders Report to the U. of Arizona Naval Training School at Tucson, Arizona on Oct. 15, 1942.

Scripps gives Marston an official “Leave of Absence”.



We sit down on the couch to talk it all over.

“The Course lasts seven weeks.” says Marston.

“What happens then?” I ask in dread.

“If I get through the course O.K., I’ll be formally commissioned, and ordered somewhere. . .”

“*Where?*”

He stares back at me “*Who knows?*”

“Can I come too? Can I at least go to Tucson?”

“Don’t know.”

Hopefully, I think — Tucson is not so far. I actually get a permanent for my hair, buy a book called “The Navy Wife”, make some tentative plans.

We’re at a party with the Flemings when the blow falls. Marston hands me silently the mimeographed, impersonal ruling on our lives:

“*Families will not be permitted in Tucson.*”

Tears well up in my eyes.

Dick Fleming looks at my woe-begone face. Gives that jocular, slightly malicious grin of his.

“What’s the matter, Peter — your *death warrant?*”

Oct. 14, 1942

I sit in the tiny railroad station at Del Mar, with Jeanie. It is empty now. The train full of new troops is gone.

Marston is on his way to Arizona.

Jeanie scrambles about on the bench, chattering merrily. She is a red-cheeked, cheerful little girl, full of gumption.

I hug her absently, desolation in my heart.

When will I see my husband again. THE WAR hangs overhead like some ugly monster. A thousand swords of Damocles.

Will I see him again. *Ever?*

The Gilhams and the Bischoffs are gone now. Who knows where? La Jolla is full of strangers. Our Presbyterian Church tries to be hospitable. They are flooded with requests for rooms.

Well, why not? With Marston gone — I can move Jeanie in with

me and spare a bedroom.

Two young women arrive. The dark-haired eighteen-year old is named Rose. The pretty blonde one, twenty one years, with the smooth little tongue, is Margery. Their men are at Camp Callan, due to leave any time, without advance notice.

I say tentatively “My own husband has just left for training camp. I’ll charge you each only \$5.00 a week for room and board, if you’ll help me with the housework, and baby-sit for me sometimes.”

“O.K.” they agree gladly, making friends with Jeanie. She is delighted with their company, calls them “the big girls”.

Both are farm girls, fresh from Iowa. I learn quite a lot about them, the very first morning.

Industriously they vacuum the house for me. I come into my neat bedroom — the shades have been drawn, shutting out the delightful soft La Jolla sunshine.

I raise the shades. “I *like* the sun, girls.”

Margery says sniffily “In Iowa, we always draw the shades.”

“This is California.” I reply tartly.

Margery has the last word “You never had anybody work for you before, did you?”

Shades of my own “Mother’s helper” days!

“No.” I admit, grinning a little.

That night, their two young men turn up right after supper. Margery introduces us “My Joe is a Corporal.” She marches into her bedroom, rummages in her suitcase, pulls out her wedding certificate, thrusts it under my nose, her pretty little chin held high.

“That’s nice.” I say.

Sweet-faced, quiet Rose also introduces me to her young man. “Bill and I aren’t married yet, but we’re engaged.” She says, with downcast eyes.

Margery tosses her head in triumph, and disappears with her legal spouse into the bedroom, firmly closing the door. . .

But in a couple of weeks, their men are gone, they are gone. . .

Marston writes hastily from Tucson:

“They’ve got us stacked three cots deep in the big gym at the University. Everybody has ‘cat fever’ and goes around, sneezing and coughing.

When I get my new orders I’ll have three days to report to my new base. Won’t be able to get back to La Jolla.

Miss you dear,
Love,
Marston

I mull it over for several days. Everything I have been doing has suddenly become pointless to me. Impulsively, I pick up the phone to Mother and Dad in Pasadena.

“Please, could I park Jeanie and Fiddle with you for a few days? I want to take the train to Arizona.”

“O.K., dear” says Dad.

“Yes, dear” says Mother “We understand.”

Nice parents, I have.

Mom Sumner helps me, too. “I have some friends in Tucson, a professor and Mrs. Saunders. Their own children are grown. They might be able to put you up. I’ll drop Mrs. Saunders a line.”

“Oh thanks, Mom” I say gladly, giving her a grateful hug. Housing is bound to be as tight in Tucson as in San Diego.

The train is old and slow, full of tired young mothers and fussy babies. But kindly Mrs. Saunders is very sweet to me, ushering me into her neat spare-bedroom.

From their house, I can walk to the University campus. It is a sea of uniforms. “*No students left*” says Marston, when he is finally off duty, and able to meet me. Such a glad reunion.

He looks unexpectedly pale and boyish! It is several hours before I realize why.

“Your *mustache* — It’s *gone!*”

“Made me shave it off.”

That first evening we wander downtown — every bar, every eatery is jammed with single, uniformed men, all saluting each

other stiffly. A careless kind of rootless gaiety prevails.

No one has a home to go to!

“I’m good at navigation.” Marston tells me “They need instructors. They might even keep me on here to teach.”

“Oh gee, Marston.” I hug him gladly. The known is better than the unknown!

“They beat our ears down.” he says grimly. “Got to make us all fit one mold.”

I quickly learn there are no concessions at all for wives, let alone sweethearts. No meeting place, no time off. *Nuttin*. A nuisance, these women!

I’m back in La Jolla, at some social function. A fussy elderly lady says to me “I can’t understand these women who are camp followers. Why don’t they stay at home where they belong?”

How her words sting!

“Maybe you’d understand if it was *your* husband” I say angrily, and watch her jaw drop. . .”

Marston’s last letter says:

“Don’t know what to advise you, Peter. Afraid Scripps will not be able to let you keep the cottage. They need it for the new La Jolla stationed personnel.

Maybe you could go back to Pasadena with your folks?”

Oh — I don’t *want* to go back to Pasadena. *What to do?* I feel like a wilting geranium, half-pulled out of the ground. Belonging nowhere.

Mary Fay has a new fight. Although she won the primary, druggist Kraft has plenty of money backing for a hot campaign. I ought to be actively helping her. . .

Gas Rationing is announced — to go into effect in two weeks. Then civilian travel will be ended.

In two weeks, Marston will have his commission, his new orders. **WHERE?** If I’m going to join him — for Tucson — or any base — it has to be before the gas deadline.

My stomach makes the big leap.

I'll do it. I'll load the Chevy sedan and drive to Tucson, taking Jeanie and Fiddle with me.

I call Mary Fay — “I’m *sorry*, Mary”. She is sweet to me. “I understand, Peter” (But when I learn later that she has lost the election by only a few votes — what a rat I feel.)

December, 1942

Mom Sumner comes down the last morning to help me pack. Also Leila Johnson, and Dorothy and Ben Olsen, bless their hearts. Not much of the furniture in number 26 is ours, even now, after 9 years of marriage. What do we own? One couch, with a scratch on one arm, a couple of lamps, a bookcase for our books, some dishes — they are stored in the unfinished basement room.

I’m taking our stainless-steel pans that were a wedding present; bedding, clothes. On the baggage rack behind I load Jeanie’s precious red wagon. In it our second-hand radio, also precious. And the unopened package from Sears mail-order, with the Magic Skin doll — Jeanie’s biggest Christmas present. Canvas over this — lash it tight.

Now it’s the last night. I’m in a strange La Jolla garage, with our old friend Jack. He’s checking the Chevy for me. Tires, battery, engine. . .

“Think you ought to take off all alone, Peter?” Jack shakes his head. “Long stretch of desert out there. Sure you know the way?” Dear Jack, he cares what happens to me.

“I have maps” I say, with all the determination I can muster. He’s right, of course, about the hazards. “I’ll start early, travel as far as I can, till midnight, maybe, then get the gas tank filled for the last time. Should be enough to get me to Tucson. Then with luck, Marston can probably get a gas ration card.”

I pause. Then I say, “I’ve *got* to go, Jack.”

“O.K.” he says reluctantly “Think the car’s in good shape. Don’t pick up any strangers.”

At 7 A.M., Mom Sumner comes down to give me a last warm hug of farewell.

The last minute supplies have gone in. The car stands ready. Crazy — that's what I am. So many IF's in my plan. A toddler, a big hairy dog, a service wife with an old sedan. . .

Fiddle is in back, her tail wagging madly. Jeanie is in front, bubbling with good cheer. I have a bagful of snacks for her; she's a good traveller if she has something to eat.

I start the motor. Mom gives us a cheery wave.

Goodby, Scripps, when will we see you again?

HELLO — UNKNOWN!



THE SARGENTS IN ARIZONA — 1942

EPILOGUE

CHRISTMAS, 1942 NORFOLK, VIRGINIA

O.K. — so never mind my adventures enroute to Tucson. Suffice that I learn, and won't forget, that Jeanie, standing on the front seat, can suddenly lunge forward, and when I grab for her, I can and almost do — put the car in a ditch. Luckily she enjoys sitting and eating, hereafter.

I do fill up on gas at midnight, getting a leg cramp sleeping with Jeanie. Next lesson — on reaching Tucson — that a lone service wife has special problems. Scripps has stopped paying Marston; the Navy has not started. Ah how different from La Jolla where every bank clerk knew me. At the end of the first week, the wizened motel owner with the black marble eyes says "We don't give no credit, lady." Out I go.

Marston learns that an officer who is broke, borrows from his fellow officers. He has made a friend — Bill Everson. Bill's wife Marge arrives for the last two days. After the ceremonies, we four, Jeanie and Fiddle, escape to a lovely canyon, peaceful and beautiful with rushing stream and giant boulders. We have a gala dinner together. Marge delights in making Jeanie laugh — the happy laughter of both rings through the restaurant. . .

Never mind the Sargent saga across the United States. "Travels with a *Tapeworm*," I like to call it, for the parasite Fiddle picked up in Arizona, and I finally exorcised in Virginia. For Marston has been ordered to Camp Peary, Williamsburg, Va.

Yes, his orders get him from one reluctant service station

operator to the next — often 3 - 5 gallons at a time.

So here we are — on December 22, pulling into handsome historic Williamsburg, just like a Christmas card — lights shining from the big lodge, through the falling snow. Yes, we can have a room, for *one night*; yes Jeanie and Fiddle can share it with us. The lodge is crowded to the eaves; Camp Peary is nearby.

But next morning Marston is informed, “*Report at once to Camp Allen, Norfolk, Virginia.*”

Out again into the snow. I manage to buy Jeanie a wooly, blue snowsuit — how roly-poly she looks.

Norfolk is by the ocean; the snow is wet, the wind is cold. The streets are swarming with lonely women in slacks and fur coats. We squeeze into a tiny hotel room, barely space for Jeanie’s cot.

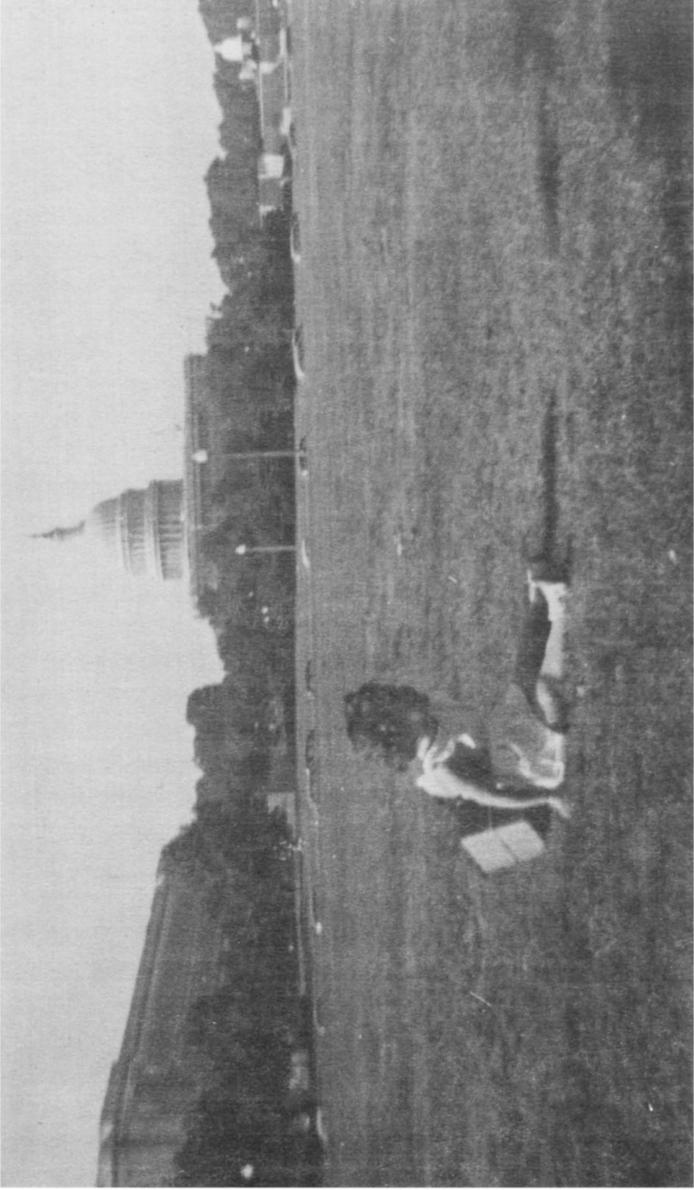
Late in the afternoon, Christmas eve, Marston has reported in, but we still have no place to stay. *Eureka* — a manager says reluctantly, “My new apartment house isn’t officially open yet — but I’ll let you in for the holidays.” Two shiny rooms. Furnished — even if the refrigerator is still in wraps. “Electricity and gas working.” he says cheerfully. Bless his heart.

Hastily we go out to shop — a duck, cranberries. In the window of a toy shop — a little Christmas tree, lighted in the chilly dusk. We go in, approach the owner, “*Please*, will you let us buy it — lights and all?” He looks at Marston’s uniform, at Jeanie. “O.K.”

Christmas — a great day. The roast duck is crackly brown. Jeanie loves the sparkling tree and her magic skin doll. We even have company for dinner — a bachelor officer from Camp Allen. Settled at last!

But on January 2nd, 1943, Marston gets his newest orders — back to Camp Peary, to be a *Recreation* Director. “Hey” I say, “What happened to that pitch on how they needed your scientific and technical experience?” A brainstorm. “Didn’t you tell me *Roger Revelle* is now at Washington, D.C. in the *Bureau of Ships*?”

He picks up his suitcase, heading by train back to Williamsburg. “Yes” he says, a new light in his eyes, “So he is.”



JEANIE AND THE CAPITOL

THE CAPITOL 1943-1945

Where Do We Live?

Marston has begun his new Navy job working with Roger at the Bureau of Ships, Washington, D.C. But housing is impossible in the war-jammed City.

So here we are, in *Arlington, Virginia* — just across the Potomac — bunking with our kind-hearted friends, Fred and Leonie Hulse. Marston knew Fred at Harvard; I knew Leonie in Pasadena; Marston was best man at their wedding. Fred is an anthropologist; he studied measurements of Japanese in Japan, compared them with measurements of Japanese in California. Now he is working for the Office of Strategic Services, the very secret O.S.S.

The Hulses have two little balls-of-fire: Dick age 5, Chris age 4. Jeanie is delighted. Up they go to the attic — shrieks of laughter, crash, bang — will the ceiling fall down on our heads? Fred shrugs “At least they’re out of our hair.”

Then a rented house for a month. Another one — landlords are forced to rent to war workers. But this is better, even if the soft-coal furnace must get down to its last lonely lump, before another ton of coal can be delivered. Jeanie happily enters a nearby nursery school. . .

At last, am I free to explore the fascinating Capitol? One more obstacle — *eastern, giant ragweed*. Finally I shake free of the vicious assault on my beleaguered bronchial tubes.

Eagerly I take the Virginia bus across the Potomac and seek out the humble office of the *Voteless District of Columbia League of Women Voters*. It is on a side street, off a small court with a stopped up drain; puddles of rain water must be jumped. But oh — the intellectual fun of meeting, and working with, these able gals!

They are holding a board meeting, setting up a big D.C. conference on OUR MINORITIES AND THE WORLD

ORDER. To be discussed, along with other minorities, are our Pacific Coast Japanese Relocation Camps and this whole problem. I volunteer to help, and take active part. It's an exciting day, with excellent speakers and discussion in each field. At lunch time, I'm so busy talking with a group of attractive, highly intelligent Negro women, that I miss the start of the afternoon session.

Soon I'm visiting the *National League Headquarters*, on Jackson Place, right next to the White House. A crew of busy women are working in the crowded, ancient house, jammed with records. One of my first jobs is helping sort and file these records. Quickly I learn the problems and pitfalls of filing!

The *Washington Post* announces that *General Dwight Eisenhower* is expected briefly in Washington, for an important government conference on *Thanksgiving* morning. Leonie Hulse and I leave our turkey feast slowly cooking, stand shivering outside a marble entrance, in a sharp wind.

Out he comes, the national hero of World War II. He briskly looks us in the eye; his ruddy face breaks into a wide, friendly smile. He gives us a wave and is gone. . . Back we go happily to our families.

I'm on the Voteless D.C. Board; they make the 1944 election my baby, to set up a *Bureau* of Information on *Absentee Voting*. No resident of the District could then vote in national elections. (Although residents now have local government voting rights.)

What a job I have, setting up this voting information — every state has different rules. But the *Post* gives us a good write-up. We set up a telephone bureau; notify government employees who have kept an outside vote. I can, and do, still vote absentee in La Jolla. I save the State of Virginia notice, informing me, to vote in Arlington I should have paid my capitation tax *six months earlier*.

Now I'm in the *Capitol Building* itself. I've been here before as a tourist; then as a LWV tourist guide for school children. But now I'm a *LWV observer*. What a thrill! I find my way via the busy little subway car to a Senate Office Building conference room.

I have the right room number, but the door is tightly shut. No

guard stands outside. Do I dare just walk in? They must already be in session. Someone approaches down the empty corridor, *opens* the door, goes in. If he can, I can. Quickly I follow.

The large room has a big center table, with a ring of seated, working senators; a few chairs line the wall — I slide into an empty one. No one pays any attention. These senators have a tough problem, but they have their teeth in it, they are determined. They are studying alternatives for a *United Nations Organization*.

(I don't have my notes, but I realize now, it must have been the Dumbarton Conference proposals they are studying. The National LWV is strongly supporting these efforts, which culminate in the San Francisco *Charter of the United Nations* in June, 1945)

Feb. 1946 Biological Survey

And how about that glittering icy morning when I get in a last lick for the Pacific Gull Project. On glassy highways I drive precariously from our Virginia suburb, through D.C., past the Capitol, into Maryland, where the Bureau is now located. Mr. Lincoln has kindly agreed, I may look at the original record files since 1942.

As I work all day, copying gull records, some exceeding in time and distance any previous ones, I see out the window, some young men working. A clerk notices my glance; "*Draft objectors.*" she says. "We use them in civilian jobs." (Note — Dr. A.M. Woodbury of the University of Utah in 1947 agrees to summarize all the Gull Project records into a paper, which is published that year.)

But the epochal events of *World War II* are going on simultaneously:

April 12, 1945 President Roosevelt is dead. Truman is sworn in . I stand, with Jeanie, in the huge silent throng lining the streets of the Capitol, while the long black funeral procession, with the dull beat of drums, goes slowly past. The skies are as lowering and gray as the desolate mood of the people. Many of us weep. (Jeff

Frautschy remembers that this terrible day, back at Scripps — he and several other young bachelors took off for the desert, spent hours in the lonely open space.)

May 8 VE Day Germany Surrenders

August 6 The Atom Bomb Destroys Hiroshima

August 9 Nagasaki is Destroyed

August 14, 1945 Japan surrenders, and the War is over.

REVELL'S NECK, MARYLAND Late November, 1945

(*Note* in 1973: At first I dated this episode in 1943. Everybody corrected me. Marston said “Roger and I didn’t take any Saturdays off during the War. Roger always worked late.” Ellen said “It couldn’t be 1943 or 1944, because Annie was away the fall of 1944, and I wasn’t pregnant, and no one had a broken leg.” Roger noted “Bill wasn’t born until November 1944” and listed the other birth dates “Anne - 11/3/32, Mary Ellen - 2/12/36, Carolyn - 5/9/39).

Of course — no wonder our hearts were light as thistledown with relief, the fighting was over!)

A vacation from *WAR* — that’s what we have for a glad weekend. Two carloads of us — most of three families. What an expedition!

The *Revelles*, Roger and Ellen and the three girls. Infant Billy has been left at home in Silver Spring, Maryland, in competent hands. How pretty the girls are: Annie, 13, almost grown up; Mary Ellen 9, Carolyn 6. They are all blonde, look like Ellen. She laughs “I’m stuck in a mold.” Roger is Director of the brand new Oceanography Section of the Bureau of Ships.

Lovely, dark-haired Leonie *Hulse* and her two chestnut-haired



REVELL'S NECK MARYLAND, NOVEMBER 1945

BACK ROW: from left, Ellen, Roger, Peter, Leonie Hulse, Ann Revelle, 13.

FRONT ROW: Mary Revelle, 5; Chris Hulse, 7; Jean Anne, 5; Dickie Hulse, 9; Carolyn Revelle, 6.

live-wires — Dick 7 and Chris 6. Dr. Fred Hulse is not with us; he is away on duty with the O.S.S.

And three *Sargents* — Jeanie is now a chattering, rosy-cheeked 5 years.

How sunny and bright the weather! Never mind that cold wind, we're bundled up in warm coats.

Our first stop, briefly, is at *Annapolis* — we wives have never seen the impressive Naval Academy on the green banks of the Severn River. Then we cross on a ferry to the Maryland Eastern Shore of Chesapeake Bay.

Now we head south. *Roger has a map* — he has a destination he has never seen.

The flat green countryside is charming, likewise the blue bay coast, as we follow country roads. It's all brand new to me — and wonderful to be out of cities and close-built suburbs.

None of the crossroads are marked, but Roger, driving the lead car, is determined. A winding dirt road leads us finally to a fine brick house, two story, with shutters on each side of small-paned windows. It stands alone, with only trees for company.

We all pile out. Roger's face is one wide grin. "*That's it.*" he says "Revell's Neck. Don't even know who it belongs to now. But that's where all the Revelles came from."

We are happy that he is happy. Marston takes two pictures of the whole bunch of us — Roger towering over three wives, six assorted kids — all with merry smiles.

It clouds up, and rains; we spend the night at a chilly, dark inn, return in more rain. No matter — we found Revell's Neck. . .

(*Note:* Jeanie and I see a Sargent bailiwick the summers of 1944-1945. North of Boston, his folks and a raft of cousins have summer cottages on Parker River — a marshy-green haven.

But not until 1971, does Marston happily return with me and his boyhood friend, Lawrence Lovett, to the tiny hamlet of *Sargentville, Maine*, named for his great grandfather. How proudly he shows me the lovely old house, no longer belonging to the family — where he played as an eager child.)

FEBRUARY, 1946 BIKINI ATOLL

When Marston first tells me that he will take part in OPERATION CROSSROADS, to test nuclear bombs on ships at sea — the leaving date is late March.

We are now living in our second rented house, near Fairfield, Virginia. The owner of the first house took it back, when the war ended. This happened to the Hulses, too.

Then the date is set for *early* March. Naval Commander Roger Revelle is in charge of the scientific ship, the *Bowditch* for JOINT TASK FORCE ONE. The place for the nuclear test has been set for the distant Marshall Islands, in the far Pacific.

Marston, now Lieutenant-Commander USNR, is in charge of the preliminary biological survey of Bikini Atoll. Oceanographers from Scripps and many other institutions will be aboard. An exciting prospect.

Now, on this February day, Marston comes home with Dick Fleming in tow. Dick has spent these years from summer 1941 to the present, at UCDWR at Point Loma; he's now Assistant Director there. I ask Dick eagerly about Alice, Betsy, the twins, still living on Scripps campus. "Oh, they're fine." he says.

Marston says cheerily "Dick's in Washington on business with the Hydrographic Office. I'm due to leave for Bikini *tomorrow*. Flying out to San Francisco, board the *Bowditch* there. . .then off to the Marshall Islands. . ."

He sounds downright happy — after all, he's getting to go to the South Seas.

I give an inward groan, my heart going down to my toes. I manage the key question "How long will you be gone?"

"At least six months." he says flatly.

Ouch. "What do *I* do?"

I'm sorry, dear." says Marston, with a casual pat. "Afraid you'll have to pack up and go back to California."

"But — the furniture we've bought (we had to rent unfurnished houses) — Jeanie — Fiddle — the *car*?"

He tears his thoughts away from all the Bikini details. “Let’s see — you’d better fly. I’ll leave you plenty of money in the bank. Close the account of course. You can probably take Fiddle on the plane in a crate. I’ll get the Navy to pack the furniture for you, ship out. The car? Sell it.”

Now my groan is quite audible. I shed a few tears. The prospect is appalling.

There’s Dick, listening in. Over his handsome face comes that familiar, slightly malicious grin. “Matter, Peter — troubles?”

I remember — this happened on the other side of the continent. Just the same. When Tucson forbade families. And I wept buckets. I manage a lopsided smile of my own.

“You’re *always* in at the death, Dick.”

Now, when Dick and Marston are gone, the Hulses help me. I ship Fiddle back first, to the folks in Pasadena. That last wretched day. I’ve sold the car for a song. What to do with Jeanie’s new sled? Christmas eve it snowed — all the kids were out — but I waited with the big surprise — and it *thawed*. Oh, well, bring it along. The packers arrive, just as Fred Hulse is dashing me off to the airport. . .

(*Note:* But you ain’t seen nothing yet, Peter! Just wait until 1958 - 1960 when you move the whole family kit and caboodle to England and back. Wow! When Marston takes the two-year job with London ONR. . .)

Jeanie, Fiddle and I have a relaxing visit with my folks. Then I’m back at Scripps in number 12, the cottage the Lymans used to have. No car — how I wish I had it now; no new cars are yet being manufactured for the general public. No furniture, no phone, no nuttin. But a growing girl, and a big dog, and some old friends, like Mom Sumner, for company. . .

Looking, in 1973, at the official *Operation Crossroads* book, a pictorial record published in 1946; and at the other glossy photos taken by Fritz Goro of *Life* magazine — I see a group photo of all the scientists on the *Bowditch*.

There, looking young and eager, are Walter Munk, Martin



CREW OF THE BOWDITCH

Between Pearl Harbor and Bikini. March, 1946

(Marston in the back row). INSET: Roger Revelle, Commander USNR, was on the Admiral's ship.

Johnson, Ken Emery, Marston himself. Others Marston comes to know well — Cliff Barnes, Jack Marr, Gordon Riley, Mel Traylor.

“Where’s Roger?”

“Oh, he was on the *Admiral’s* ship.”

Of course — this was a huge military deal. With the scientists only a small part.

Marston is looking at the photo of himself and Tom Austin, both in shorts, busy with titration apparatus in the middle of tropical verdure. The caption reads:

“THE WORLD IS THEIR GARDEN”

At an improvised field laboratory set in the environment they are studying, Lt. Commander M.C. Sargent and T.S. Austin determine concentration of phosphate and oxygen in samples of sea water from a reef section just north of Rongelap Island, 130 miles east of Bikini. Their study was concerned with determining why certain animals and plants grow where they do and what factors limit their growth. Studies were made at islands somewhat removed from Bikini to serve as “control” studies for comparison with data amassed at Bikini.”

Marston says slowly “Hurts me to look at Tom, so lean and athletic.” Because soon after, Tom caught polio, has been in a wheel chair ever since. But Tom has guts; his mind keen as ever. We see the Austins every so often through the years. Tom and his remarkable wife, fine sons and daughter.

Two papers come out of their work together in Bikini, “Sargent and Austin. 1949. Organic Productivity of an Atoll” and “Sargent and Austin. 1954. Biological Economy of Coral Reefs.”

I remember asking Marston, after he got back in September 1946, “What was best about the whole trip?”

“Oh, it was *great* to be on a coral atoll.” he says happily.

How about the military spectacle? Observer ships, working ships, sacrificial ships; admirals, senators and U.N. dignitaries, including Russians? He shrugs his shoulders.

Then what did impress him most?

Oh, certainly — the great proliferating blasts, themselves. That huge and deadly sight. . .

Later, Marston tells me some of the shipboard life on the Bowditch. The meals are quite good, he says — every day the cook refills the large syrup pitcher for pancakes, waffles, etcetera. So that seldom does the level in the pitcher drop very low. Until nearly the end of the long trip. But when the pitcher is only a quarter full — something extraneous is suddenly visible. What is it? A little brown thing — Marston investigates with a spoon. (How he laughs, telling it —). The little brown thing is a *leg*, attached to a *whole* cockroach — presumably having added to the syrup flavor for most of the voyage. . .

The *last* night before they leave, Marston says, after all the blasts and excitement are over, and the research gear and records safely stowed for the return journey, he and all the officers and scientists retire to the only bar available, and get really stewed. First chance in six months to relax. . . Tomorrow — homeward bound at last!

One other small incident sticks with him through the years. Once, when he and Tom Austin have been pursuing their studies on a little, evacuated island, he wanders alone across it, and chances on a thatched hut that appears to be both a school and meeting house. Crayon pictures still line the walls, though the children are gone. Everybody is gone.

And one of the pictures is of a Christian nativity scene — with a baby lying in a manger. A little, black infant Jesus. . .

Marston told me, in 1977, one other sharp memory of the coral islands. He wrote it down for me:

“The solid earth of the atolls is composed almost exclusively of the broken and ground up shells and skeletons of organisms. (In the tropics even seaweeds have skeletons.) One time, while walking

on the beach, several of us scientists discussed the slabs of beach rock, sometimes as big as the floor of a room, and a foot or two thick, which cover long stretches of the narrow beach. Looking through a magnifier at a small piece shows that it is made of grains readily recognizable as fragments of shells, or whole shells of tiny animals.

On this afternoon, Josh Tracey, one of our geologists, was inspired to strike one of the slabs a mightily blow with his short pick. To our astonishment, the slab broke clear through from top to bottom. To our greater amazement, embedded in the middle of the freshly exposed surfaces was a green bottle, with Japanese characters molded in the glass.

Most likely, we speculated, the bottle had floated ashore years before. Gradually the sand buried it, and hardened around it by natural cementation processes until the whole mass became a solid, though very brittle rock.”



BIKINI ATOLL, FEBRUARY, 1946

Tom Austin and Marston Sargent studying living coral.

JUNE, 1947 TOMMY AND THE FISH FRY

Ah, joy! An addition to the Sargent family! Two months old, Tommy is when we first see him — a bit on the skinny side, with enormous blue eyes and a voice box that wobbles a bit in his lean throat.

“Don’t worry, as soon as he puts on weight, he’ll be just fine.” says Mrs. White, our old friend at the Children’s Home Society. I vow privately, he’s going right back on a midnight feeding, get some flesh on his bones.

Harry Tompkins Sargent we name him, after my Dad. But what he reminds me most of, the first few weeks, is the lovely little lemurs at the San Diego Zoo, small faces with round, lustrous eyes.

But what *is* startling — his arrival is on the very day of the big SCRIPPS FISH FRY. Marston says later, this astonishing social event, first of its kind, was connected with a scientific conference (AAAS, Pacific Division) to entertain guests. I’m sure I was in on the planning of it — probably also furnished a big salad.

Such a lot of exciting new people on campus these days. Some young scientists who originally came to UCDWR or MPL at Point Loma during 1941 - 1945, have now transferred over to Scripps; some ex navy officers have returned to obtain delayed PhD’s. Among the lively crowd — Jeff and Fran Frautschy, Fred and Mary Sisler, Bob and Virginia Arthur, Bill and Mary Hutton; the Sheldon Cranes. Ted Walker is a new instructor.

Marston is now Assistant Professor of Oceanography. What a fine title! Walter Munk is now Assistant Professor of Geophysics. Dr. Francis Shepard, Associate in Marine Geology, and his accomplished wife Elizabeth and two sons have a lovely home on the side of Mt. Soledad, and often entertain.

The Foxes are now living in the biggest house on campus, the one once occupied by the Revelles, then Jim Ross and family. Jim has now retired, and Carl Johnson is supervisor of Buildings and Grounds. The Flemings have left now for Washington D.C.,

where Dick is head of the Oceanographic Division of the Hydrographic Office, but before they left, I had fun with Alice and her handsome blonde trio of growing kids.

But best of all, we are living back on the Hill, in #27, and the Hintons are living next door in #26. Sam is now Curator of the little old museum and aquarium — which everyone hopes will soon be replaced with a wonderful new building (finally built in 1951). Percy Barnhart is Curator, Emeritus; he and Mrs. Barnhart, their daughter and granddaughter about Jeanie's age are still living on the lower campus.

Sam and Leslie are muy sympatico — they love animals and have a horde of pets. Leannie is a few months younger than Jeanie; they are great pals. Mattie is a year older than our Tommy. How many amusing memories of these friendly-neighbor years!

Take the Hinton two shepherd-type dogs (one is named Dog-Tommy, after our Tom's arrival). These two shepherds work as a team, hunting down rabbits; astonish me by never failing with a quick kill, and fresh meat. And then there's the handsome pet racoon, kept in a cage, who can't be counted on not to nip an unwary finger.

But my sharpest memory is of their beautiful Siamese cat and her kittens. It happens that I'd been hand-raising an orphaned young mourning dove; had just released it, with a survey band, when the Hintons were leaving for a couple of days. I agreed to keep their animal population fed and watered during their absence — they've done the same for us, once or twice.

So I enter the back porch of their house — empty except for mother Siamese and tumbling kittens. But what's this — *dove* feathers, and one leg with band still intact. *My* dove has been special dinner for Hinton kittens. Ah well — the Siamese is only “doing what comes natcherly”!

When I occasionally take care of Mattie, of an evening — he is easy to soothe to sleep. Just sing for him, not musically like his folks, but their familiar songs. Like:

Old Bosun is dead and laid in his grave mmmhmm,
laid in his grave.



They planted an apple tree over his head
The apples were ripe and ready to fall
There came an old woman a-picking them up
Old Bosun got up and gave her a thump
It made the old woman go hippity hop
If you want any more you can sing it yourself.

(Tommy soon loves this strange song too. As he loves my Dad, who soon comes down for happy visits with his namesake. But when Dad dies in 1949, at the age of 82, the song Old Bosun makes me weep. . .)

On the other side of us, are Professor George McEwen, his wife Mae, and pretty daughter Dora-Ellen; their son George is grown. Dr. McEwen is a shy and quiet man; Mrs. McEwen is an amiable neighbor, who luckily likes dogs too — between the three families we have half a dozen.

Beyond the McEwens live Martin and Lelia Johnson, and daughter Phyllis, whom we've enjoyed knowing. Phyllis babysits for Jeanie, sometimes. Then Claude and pretty Jean ZoBell, in the house close to the cliff; and the Dale Leippers in the highest and last house.

Carl and Laura Hubbs are living in the Community House, which we can see from our front windows. Marston is fond of telling of "*A pink fairy in our cypress.*" The optical illusion he gets one morning of a distant Laura, hanging out clothes — a sunlit, doll-like figure in a pink dress, reflected in our windows, as if poised in the dark cypress sprays. . .

Oh yes, Brian Boden, student from South Africa; and high-spirited Betty Kampa, student of Hubbs, who after a while marries Brian. . .

So here the Sargents are, on the day of the Fish Fry — with a lovely baby boy. The problem — children are welcome, all families will be there — but how to transport him?

Jeanie is quite mature, in second grade. When people ask her now "What's your name?" she replies "My name is Anne." So now we're beginning to call her Anne too.

Suddenly she shrieks “I know — we can put him in my *doll buggy!*”

She’s right. He’s just fits. Off we go, Anne importantly wheeling her new baby brother down the hill. *What a surprise for everyone!* He stares up at all the friendly people with those great blue eyes, as interested as they are; has his bottle; drops off to peaceful sleep.

The Fry is held in the wide shallow canyon-mouth, just north of the pier. (Some years later, this whole area becomes the technical and workshop center for Scripps, that it is today.)

Sam, and Jack and others have caught a big netfull of fine fresh fish off the end of the pier; it’s all cleaned, ready to go. Into the pot of hot fat go a few fish at a time; out brown and crisp onto paper plates; into eager mouths. After we wives have supervised serving of salad, rolls, coffee, dessert, we all sit down comfortably on the sandy ground, around a big campfire.

Sam, the hero of the day, gets out his guitar, and we sing and sing. Leslie has a high sweet soprano; sometimes she can be persuaded to accompany Sam’s fine baritone, teach us a new song. All kinds — with rousing or haunting melodies:

“Love - oh love - oh careless love. . .”

“I had a bird, and the bird pleased me, and I fed my bird under yonder tree. . .”

“I dreamt I saw Joe Hill last night, alive as you or me. Says I ‘But Joe you’re ten years dead.’

‘I never died’ says he.

Old Man Atom “Hiroshima, Nagasaki, Alamogordo, Bikini . . . Now listen to my thesis

Peace in the world — or the world in pieces.”

A great day, with Sam and the fish fry — and Tommy.

(But one family we miss — the *Revelles*. Roger is still in Washington, D.C., setting up the new *ONR* — the Office of Naval Research; he heads the Geophysics Branch. And when he does come back, in 1948, it is as Associate Professor of Oceanography, while Dr. Carl Eckart is Director of Scripps, replacing Dr.

Sverdrup, who has returned to Norway.

In 1950, Dr. Eckart resigns to return to MPL. Roger becomes Acting Director, then Director of Scripps, until 1964.

In 1948, Roger and Walter Munk achieve a scientific triumph: the “SVERDRUP SIXTIETH ANNIVERSARY” volume of the *Journal of Marine Research*. They have collected new oceanographic research articles from eminent scientists throughout the United States, with the Scripps staff fully represented. Marston is glad to be included:

“Marston C. Sargent and Theodore J. Walker: Diatom Populations Associated with Eddies off Southern California in 1941”

The data was collected on ten cruises of the E.W. Scripps in 1941, for Professor W.E. Allen, but he was unable to complete the study before his death, and only after the war could Marston and Ted do the job. Marston tells me in 1973 — he thinks this is the best paper he ever wrote.

But he’s proudest of the note on the flyleaf:

“To Marston C. Sargent — with warm thanks
for the contribution to this volume and
for years of friendship

from Harald U. Sverdrup”

In 1973, Ellen Revelle found me copies of this “First Annual Scripps Tease”, presented by an all Scripps cast in the Revelle home. Marston and I saw it there — and how we all howled with laughter. Johnny Knauss wrote the script; he was then a lively graduate student (now Head of Oceanography, University of Rhode Island).

The play centered on a pretend cruise of the research ship *HORIZON*. Helen Raitt and Ellen wrote most of the words, sung to catchy popular tunes. Roger played himself and the distinguished cast included Harold Urey playing a Regent; as well as John Isaacs, Fran Shephard and Carl Hubbs. Marston and I especially remember the roars greeting the ditty “*Where is Roger?*”. All of us wives enjoyed the Mermaids vs long-waiting Wives angle, on those long strictly-male research cruises. However the stricture was broken by Helen Raitt herself in the 1952 - 1953 *Capricorn* Expedition, later described in her book “Exploring the Deep Pacific”, published in 1956.

But this first farce, in 1953, had a deeper truth. It accurately reflected two bewildering dilemmas of the early fifties. This was the Sen. Joe McCarthy period 1950 - 1954, when all scientists and public servants were caught in a fog of suspicion. Not until 1954, did the Senate finally censure McCarthy and destroy his power. Regarding the special loyalty oath proposed for scientists, a retired Navy Admiral, living in La Jolla, had a pertinent remark. A prominent socialite was reported to have queried, “But *why* should a scientist object to signing a special loyalty oath?” To which the Admiral replied “Madame, how would you like to have to swear on oath that you are not a prostitute?”

The second dilemma of Scripps was that it was now a part of the huge University of California, with many campuses and endless pressing problems, both large and miniscule — all ending up in the laps of the Regents.

EPILOGUE 1953

FIRST ANNUAL SCRIPPS TEASE “ENDLESS HOLIDAY”

CAST — in order of Appearance

Story Teller — Jim Moriarty
Descriptive Passages — Hugh Bradner
Freshman Graduate Student — Bob Noson (and assistant)
Senior Graduate Student — Carl S.
Staff Member — Bill Van Dorn (also Fran Shepard)
Staff Member with Tenure — John Isaacs (also Carl Hubbs)
Business Office — Parker Foster
Captain — Manny R.
Chief Scientist — Roger Revelle
& Director

Regents

President Sproul — Jack Clark
Wilbur — Russell Raitt
1st — Harold Urey
2nd — Ben Volcani
3rd — Priscilla

Mermaids

1 Susan MacKenzie
2 Misty Wolfendon
3 Ellen Brooks

Wives

1. Pat Erb
2. Ellen Revelle
3. Helen Raitt

FIRST — ANNUAL SCRIPPS TEASE
“Endless Holiday”

ACT I

Scene I

(Story teller wanders out in front of curtain. He is a bizarre combination of the salty sailor and scientist. Somehow or other his costume and props should bring out this combination. This is the future, and the story he tells is of back in the nineteen fifties, when men were men, and oceanographers went to sea, leaving behind them pregnant wives, as they fought the elements on their crude vessels, while they searched for TRUTH.)

STORY TELLER

Now listen to me, while I spin you a short dissertation entitled “A Brief History of the summer cruise of the Research Vessel HORIZON during the summer of 1953.” That was a long time ago, 1953. Legends and stories have grown up about that cruise. You may have heard something about them. It is my purpose today to review what actually did happen. To separate the fact from fancy. To set down in the literature once and for all, a true record of this cruise.

I was a mere graduate student then. Those were the days when there was no shame attached to being a graduate student. Those were the days when you had to know German to be a PhD. Why, we had graduate students who had been on our staff for twenty years. Men were men in those days, me hearties, they weren't Doctors.

But about this cruise. It was planned for the HORIZON. That was our research vessel then, and a small crude, rough and tough, bailing wire vessel it was compared to floating palaces I see the (pff) doctors going out on now. Doctors they are. Why some of them are even less than forty years old. And research, ha, why they don't know what it is to work over the fantail of a small vessel

with a seven meter sea and a 2000 centimeter per second wind. They don't realize how difficult things were back in the fifties.

But as I was saying, this was a major cruise. The HORIZON was to be gone several months. Almost everybody was going. Nobody at the time, of course, realized how important and how long a cruise this was going to be. There was considerable last minute confusion before we were ready to shove off. I see that even today with all the new fangled instruments and accounting methods that the (pff) doctors still have confusion when they decide to make a cruise. But they don't really know what confusion is. Why I remember once. . .but that's another story. However, in spite of all the last minute delays the ship and the scientists were ready to leave. It was eight o'clock, the morning of May 25th, 1953.

(Curtain opens on an almost empty stage. The cast is engaged in building the set. The actual setting up of the set should take no longer than two minutes.)

STORY TELLER

As you can see, we weren't quite ready to leave at eight o'clock.

(He then goes over to assist in setting up the stage. As set is completed, the ship is then loaded with equipment, being brought on from the left wing and stowed below off the right wing. Equipment could include long core barrels, boxes labeled TNT rolled nonchalantly on and off stage, cases of champagne, etc. At conclusion of loading everyone goes off stage and the STORY TELLER comes forward.)

STORY TELLER

But we were ready to leave by eight o'clock in the evening. The scientists and crew came aboard.

(We have the Grand March from AIDA. Slowly and solemnly the scientists and staff come aboard. The STORY TELLER announces each as they enter.)

The freshmen graduate students:

(dressed in short pants and beanie with rotating propeller)

Senior graduate students who have passed their German examinations.

(wearing letter sweater with large G.)

Staff members:

(patched and disheveled)

Staff members with tenure: (same, only with mortar boards on their heads)

The business office: (wrapped in red tape)

The captain: (gorgeous, musical comedy type uniform)

And the chief scientist and director: (he doesn't show)

And the chief scientist and director: (he still doesn't show. Music slows and then stops. Rest of cast has lined up in front of stage.

They now begin to look. *Finally*)

ISAACS Where's Roger?

ALL Where's Roger?

ISAACS It's time to go

ALL (chant) We want Roger, We want Roger, We want Roger

SM w T Here comes Roger

(Enter Roger strumming guitar and with the long clown shoes which he wears throughout show. He is strumming guitar. Enters nonchalantly. Head in clouds, strumming.)

ROGER Are we ready to go my merry men?

ALL Yes, Roger

ROGER Is all the equipment aboard?

SM w T Yes, Roger

ROGER Are all my merry men aboard?

ALL Yes, Roger

ROGER Is there enough fuel oil aboard, and is the ship ready to go?

CAPTAIN Yes, Roger

ROGER Do we have enough sample bags and data sheets?

SM w T Yes, Roger

ROGER Do we have enough money to make this cruise?

BUSINESS OFFICE Roger, Roger

ROGER Do we have *permission* from the University of California at Los Angeles, the University of California at Berkeley, President Sproul, the Office of Naval Research, the Bureau of Ships, and Beach Erosion Board, the American Petroleum Institute, the Rockefeller Foundation, the California Fisheries Commission and the Board of Regents to make this cruise? *(No answer) I said,* do we have permission from the U. of California at Los Angeles, the U. of California Berkeley, President Sproul. . .(voice trails off to himself almost.) *That was one of the things I was going to do.*

SM w T Do you mean, Roger that we *don't have permission* from the U. of California at L.A., the University of California at Berkeley, President Sproul, the Office of Naval Research, the Bureau of Ships, the Beach Erosion Boards, the American Petroleum Institute, the Rockefeller Foundation, the California Fisheries Commission, Lloyds of London and the Board of Regents?

B.O. *What are we going to do?*

ROGER (With scarcely a moment's hesitation) *We'll go anyway.* It's too late now, John. You can take care of it while we're gone. (Strums his guitar a bit as he hums to himself) "I must go down to the sea again".

It's all right. I'm sure they'll all say yes. (Turning to the rest. Are we ready to go, my merry men?

ALL Yes, Roger

SCENE 2

STORY TELLER (In front of Curtain) As you can see we got off

all right. I can remember as though it were yesterday that wonderful feeling of going off into the unknown. Oh, it was a great crew we had back in the fifties.

Notice how we said goodbye to our sweethearts and wives. None of that sweet sentimental stuff for us. As I've often said, in those days, men were men, not doctors. Why now, I've even known some of these (pff) doctors to — well never mind, but at least we went to sea in the fifties. And we loved it.

(Curtain opens)

FRESHMAN GRADUATE STUDENT We're coming on station, captain.

CAPTAIN I know. (Looking at watch and charts) Due there in exactly 3 minutes and 35 seconds. All engines forward two-thirds. (*Bells ring*)

FGS (executing orders) All engines forward two-thirds, Captain.

(This same routine of captain giving the orders, and the assistants answering and executing them, and bells ringing goes on to the following orders and at an ever increasing tempo and CAPTAIN works ever more feverishly over clock, LORAN, and chart.)

Port engine forward, three-eighths

Starboard engine forward, seven-ninths

Right rudder about a dozen and half degrees.

That's one and a half degrees too much.

FGS Yes Sir

CAPTAIN (Back to orders) All engines, stop. All engines, back a third. All engines, stop. Oh damn, all engines, back one twenty-seventh. (Turning to Roger who has wandered on stage) On station, Roger.

ROGER (Bellowing) Rise and shine. All my merry men on deck (as SM w T comes up) What station is this?

SM w T This is station one hundred and eighty-three.
(Scientists come out carrying scientific instruments.)

ROGER Well, who's first?

(Staff members gather about and match pennies to see who gets to send their instruments down first. SHEPARD wins.)

STAFF MEMBER Hurrah, geology wins again. (Whips out sextant and starts shooting angles.) Go get the snapper somebody.
(Graduate student exits, later returns and starts rigging it.)

ROGER Let's get some sea and swell observations. (Two of the chorus run off stage.) Do you want to take them this time, John, I'm rather tired.

SM w T You know, Roger, I've thought of a better way to take this data.

ROGER You had *this* idea only last week.

SM w T This is this week — I tell you — if we could (Men come back with large dart board, but not so large that the partitions can be seen by the audience. They set it up and as JOHN steps back to throw darts, one acts as recorder as other reads values that JOHN makes with darts.

FGS (Looking to see board after first dart is thrown.) Sea, three feet.

SGS Sea, three feet.

FGS (After second dart) Swell, ten feet.

SGS Swell, ten feet.

ROGER I didn't think it was that rough, John (Hands John the dart, and John tries again.)

FGS (After John tries again) Swell, four feet.

SGS Swell, four feet.

FGS Period thirteen seconds.

SGS Period, fourteen seconds.

FGS No, period, *thirteen* seconds.

SGS Sorry, period thirteen seconds.

SM w T (To recorder) Watch that. One must be very precise in making sea and swell observations. See, watch my follow through
(Throws dart)

FGS Direction 184.5 degrees.

SGS 184.5 degrees.

SM w T That's all for this station (Dart board is removed).

ROGER O.K. my merry men. Let's get on with the station, what's next? There's still a lot of ocean left.

GRADUATE STUDENT Gee, Dr. Revelle, it must be wonderful to be as smart as you and be able to think of all the rest of the ocean.

ROGER It's nothing son.

CHORUS How do you get to be as smart as you? *How did you get to be* — director of the Scripps Institution of Oceanography?

ROGER Well, son, if you really want to know, I'll tell you (Read).

How I got to be director of oceanography

When I was a lad, I went to Scripps
A campus down south where they had some ships
The swimming's fine and the grunion run
And there's time for tennis out in the sun
The best thing of all occurred to me
That I'd never, never, never have to go to sea.

Oh physics and chemistry I acquired such a grip
That they give to me an assistant ship
That junior assistantship I ween
Was the only only ship that I ever had seen
The assistant ship so suited me
That I chose to stick to oceanography

Students all, whoever you may be
If you want to rise to the top of the tree
Take all the dry courses that you can in school
Carefully be guided by this golden rule
Stick close to your desks — yes. And never go to sea
And you'll rise high in oceanography.

SM w T Ready to move on Roger?

ROGER Good

FGS (Bells) All engines forward full speed. What's our course, captain?

CAPTAIN Oh, I don't know yet. Head her over in that general direction.

ROGER We've got to get off a letter to the home front. Call our merry Press Technicians.

SM w T (bellowing) Press Technicians!

ROGER What new have we discovered this week?

SM w T Remember that little hump we got on the fathometer on Wednesday?

FGS (Singing of course) "Bahli High we found you. *Bahli Hi*, you're ours."

SCENE 4

(REGENTS MEETING *They are a group of nice ineffectual men and women seated around a table along with President Sproul*)

1st REGENT Pre. Sproul we are here to discuss things of importance. (*Pres. Sproul throws back his head and gives the Sproul laugh*). We are here to discuss matters of importance to our great university. Wilbur, what are you doing? (*Wilbur had been looking under the table. In fact he was almost completely under the table.*)

WILBUR I thought I saw one.

2nd REGENT Really, where (*He gets under table too.*)

1st REGENT Don't be silly. We got rid of all those people in 1950. There are no more left. They have all signed loyalty oaths.

WILBUR I know, but I never saw one. I've always wanted to see one. What do they look like? Do they look like Machiavelli?

3rd REGENT Who's Machiavelli? Is he on our faculty?

1st REGENT (*Turning to Sproul*) Is he, Pres. Sproul? (*Pres. Sproul just gives a Sproul laugh.*)

2nd REGENT What is the first order of business today?

1st REGENT You remember that at the last meeting we approved the installation of electrical wiring to the new horse barn for the Davis College of Agriculture, well, now we. . .

WILBUR When did we approve the horse barn?

1st REGENT (*Consulting notes*) We approved that in April, 1952.

4th REGENT Is it too late to reconsider our vote?

1st REGENT No, but I don't really think that we should. The barn is almost completed. As I was saying "In line with our new policy of requiring separate approval for all items of construction in new construction". . .

2nd REGENT That's a good administrative policy.

3rd REGENT Keeps a tight check on public funds. (*Regents nod sagely.*)

1st REGENT As I was saying, we now have a request in for approval of the purchase and installation of electric lights and fixtures now that the wiring is completed. Everyone got the picture?

5th REGENT Do we vote on the whole request, or on each section separately?

1st REGENT Either way is all right, I think.

2nd REGENT Let's vote on how we should vote.

1st REGENT That would be the most democratic.

6th REGENT (*Approvingly*) That would be the most fair.

7th REGENT The most untainted.

1st REGENT Well then, gentlemen, shall we vote on whether we should consider the purchase and installation of electric lights in the new horse barn of the Davis of Agriculture all at once, or, whether we should first consider the purchase of the lights, and then consider the installation of the lights. (*Passing out what look suspiciously like silver dollars to the other regents*) Have we considered each part separately? (*The Regents as one man flip coins into the air, catch them, slam them on the table and then peek at coin under hand.*) What is the decision of the Regents on this matter?

2nd REGENT Approve.

3rd REGENT Approve.

4th REGENT Opposed.

5th REGENT Approve.

6th REGENT Heads. . .I mean approve.

7th REGENT Opposed.

8th REGENT Opposed.

1st REGENT And I approve. By our vote we must now consider the two problems *separately*. (*Pres. Sproul laughs*) Are we ready to vote on the approval of the *purchase* of the lights? (*REGENTS pick up coins.*) All right. . .Do you approve the purchase of electric light fixtures for the new horse barn of the Davis College of Agriculture? (*Again coins go up in air. Same procedure is followed as last time. But this time the request is turned down. Each Regent votes the opposite of what he voted before.*)

1st REGENT Well, Gentlemen, shall we now take up the matter of the *installation* of the electric lights? (*Regents pick up coins.*)

5th REGENT Pardon me, but I wonder if there is much point in voting for the installation if we have already turned down the purchase of the lights. (*Other Regents look surprised, then nod sagely as they now see the wisdom of this remark.*)

1st REGENT (*After considering matter*) That is true, but we bound ourselves by our first vote to take votes on *both* parts of the request. We'll just have to go through with it gentlemen.

6th REGENT But what shall we do, if after considering the merits, we vote for approval of the installation, but have disallowed the purchase?

1st REGENT We'll consider that when we come to it. There's a 50-50 chance we'll disapprove. All right, how many in favor of the installation of the electric lights we have refused the college permission to purchase for the new horse barn of the Davis College of Agriculture? (*The coins are flipped, the vote taken, and of course, the installation of lights is approved.*)

1st REGENT Gentlemen, have you fully considered the merits of this case? (*The Regents look once more at the coins beneath their*

palms.) Nobody changed his mind?. . . Oh dear. . . what do you suggest, Pres. Sproul? (*Pres. Sproul laughs.*)

WILBUR Maybe they could swipe them from someplace. (*Other Regents show disapproval.*)

4th REGENT Maybe when they see the approval of installation, they will think we approved the purchase at the previous meeting. (*This is met with nodding approval.*)

1st REGENT But we must send them the record of our first vote against the purchase of the lights.

6th REGENT Do horses really need electric lights?

5th REGENT Maybe they could get them as government furnished equipment from the Office of Naval Research. (*Other Regents brighten, smile.*)

1st REGENT An excellent suggestion. Pres. Sproul, when you transmit the Regents' decision on this matter to Davis College, give them our suggestion.

6th REGENT Does Davis *have* an ONR contract?

1st REGENT Never mind, we can't be bothered with details. Let's see, what's the next order of business? (*Picks up paper from top of pile*) Oh, yes, the *Scripps Institution of Oceanography*.

3rd REGENT Do we own that too?

1st REGENT Of course. They request. . .

3rd REGENT I'm tired. Let's go home.

4th REGENT Me too.

5th REGENT We can't make our best decisions when we're tired.

6th REGENT That's what it is, all meeting long — decisions, decisions.

SONG "WE ARE THE REGENTS" (Tune — Little Buttercup)

Oh, we are the Regents, University Regents,

Appointed for sixteen long years.

We manage each college,

Unhampered by knowledge

By playing on Faculty fears.

It takes great sobriety
And even some piety
To run such a variety show —
For there's much diversity
In our University —
Stars, students, cows AND whales that blow. . .
We check our professors,
And also their lessers,
To be sure they're politically pure.
Unless they can show it,
So enough of us know it —
We cannot allow them ten-*ure*.
So—we are the Regents
University Regents,
Administering oaths and degrees.
We spend all your taxes,
And brother, the fact is —
We're in red tape up to our knees.

Curtain

STORY TELLER (In front of curtain) Well, they didn't get permission that time. And by the next Regent Board meeting, a new regulation had been issued changing the request form. So when the Regents found the request for the cruise was in the wrong form, naturally they refused permission. Moreover, having seen the request in the obsolete form, they were emphatic about not allowing the cruise to start until the people at Scripps made the request in the proper form.

Now this caused a bit of a dilemma down at La Jolla. The ship was almost ready to come home from a highly successful cruise, and approval for the cruise had not been given, and the Regents had forbidden the cruise until approval had been given.

You might think if the ship could sail without the Regents

knowing about it, it could sneak home without them finding out, but — you forget — this was 1953 — right at the height of the oceanographic publicity era. It had begun after the 1950 cruise, called MIDPAC, which unfortunately had found a mountain range. Then there had been a Book-of-the-Month Club best seller on the Oceans, and those Norwegians had drifted across the South Pacific, and the sardines were continuing to play coy with the coast of California. It got to be a point long about 1952 when a man couldn't identify a new foram without it getting mentioned in the papers.

Now, the only way the folks back on shore had managed to keep this cruise out of the papers so far was to promise the newspapers *unlimited* interviews when the ship returned. The scientists wouldn't be allowed to leave the ship until all questions were answered. It just didn't seem possible to keep this cruise out of the papers once the ship returned. Then the Regents would see it, and there would be hell to pay.

Well, the result was a decision to *keep the HORIZON at sea* until the Business Office could get permission from the Regents to make this cruise. While the Business Office worked hard trying to interpret the new request form, the HORIZON drifted off the Coast of California while waiting for approval to make this cruise from which they were ready to come home.

Curtain Opens

Captain and assistant on stage. Things look a bit run down. Many possibilities for how set could be changed to show this. Laundry hanging on line. Everyone reading pocket books and fighting over new ones, etc.)

FRESHMAN GRAD. STUDENT (*Bored*) Time for another station, Captain.

CAPTAIN Oh God, not again.

FRESH. GRAD. STUDENT Any orders, Captain?

CAPTAIN Yeah, . . .Where are we?

F.G.S. Same place we've been for the last 12 days. You'd think we'd know all there is to know about this part of the ocean.

CAPTAIN We do, but we haven't enough fuel to go anywhere. *(To Roger, who has just come on stage.)* On station, Roger.

ROGER Same place?

CAPTAIN Same place.

ROGER *(Shaking himself out of the lethargy with which this scene has been conducted)* Oh well, nothing like specializing, I always say. *(Bellowing)* Rise and shine! All my merry men on deck. *(Consulting notes).* Let's gather data from station 1043.

(Scientists come straggling out. They don't have the same enthusiasm as in the earlier scene.) Well, who's first? *(Scientists gather together to flip coins. This time it isn't the winner goes first, but the winner gets to be last.)*

STAFF MEMBER WITH TENURE Hell, I've lost the last three times. OK, get ready to lower away the trawl. . .Come on, everybody help. Let's get the trawl over. Who knows *what* fish we'll catch this time.

ROGER Who's going to get the sea and swell data?

STAFF M w T I'll take it.

STAFF MEMBER You *always* take it.

S.M.w. TENURE Well, it's my instrument.

STAFF MEMBER I'll challenge you. I bet I can make it rougher than you can.

S.M.w. TENURE Is that O.K. with you, Roger?

ROGER Of course, my merrymen. Two observers are better than one. *(Isaacs brings out Shoot the Moon game. SMwT and Staff Member start shooting alternately. They shoot four times each as everyone gathers about to watch. Comments vary depending on the shots; such remarks as the changing of the sea from 10 to 16 feet, etc.)*

ROGER *(After all shots have been made and results studied)* Sea

and swell data as recorded by John Isaacs is: sea 8 feet, swell 14 feet from the north northwest, period 10 seconds. Sea and swell data as recorded by Shepard is: sea 11 feet, swell 37 feet from the southeast, and period 3 seconds.

STAFF MEMBER (*As Shepard's results are read, the guy gulps twice and dashes to the rail.*) Good lord, I didn't realize it was *that* rough. (*After disposing of lunch off rail and coming back on stage wiping chin and blowing nose, he sings*)

STAFF MEMBER — SINGING LAMENT
(Tune, Stormy Weather)

Why do I, every time a wave rolls by,
Retch and quiver,
Can't blame it on my liver,
I'm sea-sick all the time.

I can't die, even though I often try,
Nausea's got me,
Mal-de-mer's really caught me,
I'm sea-sick all the time.

FRESHMAN GRAD. STUDENT (Who has been watching trawl)
There seems to be something the matter with the trawl, Dr. Hubbs.
(As group comes over to him) See—look at the wire.

STAFF MEMBER WITH TENURE It might be on the bottom.

FRESH. GRAD. STUDENT Look at the accumulator, it *has* to be on the bottom.

SMwT We'd better pull it up before we lose it. (Dredge is pulled up. Group gathers around to watch it.)

SENIOR GRAD STUDENT Maybe it was being bounced sideways by rocks.

STAFF MEMBER On our last 23 cores of this sport we picked up *sand*.

STAFF MEMBER WITH TENURE Here comes the trawl
. . . Good God, it *can't* be!

OTHERS What? What is it? What do you see, (etc.)

STAFF MEMBER I see them. . .look. . .here. . .over there. . .My God. . .they're *girls!*

ROGER No, they're mermaids.

SMwT But they don't have any tails.

SEN. GRAD. STUD. They certainly aren't whales.

CHORUS Hope they aren't plankton.

ROGER Here, help them aboard. (They do, and all the mermaids come aboard.) **ROGER** (for once at a loss for words) Ahhh. . . welcome aboard the good ship **HORIZON**.

MERMAIDS I guess you fellows didn't know
Such things as we exist.

And we, now we've seen *men* again

Recall all we have missed.

STAFF MEMBER Why. . .you speak English!

MERMAIDS Naturally.

STAFF MEMBER W. TENURE And you can live out of water
. . .or. . .aaa. . .

MERMAIDS Of course.

FRESHMAN GRAD STUDENT And you're really mermaids?

MERMAIDS Of course, can't you tell.

STAFF MEMBER But you don't have any tails.

1st MERMAID Have you ever seen a mermaid?

STAFF MEMBER No. . .

2nd MERMAID Have you ever known anyone who has seen a mermaid?

STAFF MEMBER No.

MERMAIDS Well, then what makes you think mermaids have tails?

ROGER But all the stories and legends tell of mermaids wearing tails. The ones Ulysses saw had tails.

1st MERMAID (Hurt) Those weren't mermaids, those were sirens.

2nd MERMAID (In explanation) They always overdress.

1st MERMAID Every time they take a trip to the surface, they always come formal.

2nd MERMAID Why, I haven't had my tail on in 6 months.

1st MERMAID The girls in the Atlantic, I think, wear them more than we do.

2nd MERMAID We're so much more informal out here in the Pacific.

ROGER But why did you decide to come up in the dredge?

1st MERMAID Do you realize how long you have been in this same spot in the ocean?

CAPTAIN 12 days, 14 hours.

2nd MERMAID And do you have any idea how many times you've lowered a bottle, or a bucket. . .

3rd MERMAID Or that silly long tube of yours, to the bottom?

ROGER About four hundred times, maybe?

MERMAIDS Four hundred and thirty-three times!

1st MERMAID We want you to quit (Others—please stop, we don't like it, etc.)

2nd MERMAID It's not safe down there anymore.

1st MERMAID You're making us all nervous wrecks.

2nd MERMAID You're giving us all ulcers.

1st MERMAID You don't seem to realize what you have been doing to our community life. . . This continual bombing, day and night.

ROGER We're sorry, but we're oceanographers.

1st MERMAID We *know* you're oceanographers. Oh dear God, how we know about Oceanographers. Why, when the sardines decided to move out in 1946, and you started that abominable survey program of yours, we all had to move west. Life just wasn't worth living in close to shore anymore. Why, you should see what that Marine Life program has done to off-shore real-estate values. The bottom just fell out. Nobody who could afford to live anywhere else, stayed.

ROGER Really?

2nd MERMAID That's why the sardines came back, of course.

ROGER I don't quite understand.

2nd MERMAID Well, the reason they moved out in the first place

was that southern California was becoming so popular. I mean *off-shore* southern California, of course — and property values became so high that the sardines just couldn't afford to live there any longer, so they sold out and moved.

STAFF MEMBER W. TENURE But they came back the next year.

3rd MERMAID Well, what do you expect. You start this damn survey program of yours, dropping bottles, towing nets, carrying on with a really unnecessary amount of enthusiasm, and what happens? Property values are ruined.

ROGER But what has this got to do with the sardines coming back?

3rd MERMAID I'm coming to that. You get the fisheries industry to subsidize your survey. We have a lot of money and effort put into our homes so everybody living off shore gets together and subsidizes the sardines so that they can afford to come back and live in the offshore areas. We were a bit naive, I guess. We thought that once the sardines came back, you'd call off your survey. But no. You *keep on* dragging dredges, pulling nets, and dropping bottles, trying to figure out *why* they came back. . .that makes you even more naive than we are.

ROGER From what you say about the reasons that the sardines moved out and then came back again, I suspect that there are a few details about the ocean that we don't quite understand.

MERMAIDS Are you kidding?

1st MERMAID Let's put it this way. What do those tubes, and nets, and bottles really tell you?

ROGER They tell us all we know about the ocean.

2nd MERMAID That makes you kind of ignorant, doesn't it.

STAFF MEMBER WITH TENURE It's the best we can do.

3rd MERMAID Why don't you go down and see for yourselves.

1st MERMAID You just come with us, and hold your breath.

ROGER This is indeed difficult to believe.

2nd MERMAID Well, if you don't *want* to find out about the sardines. . .

3rd MERMAID And density currents. . .

1st MERMAID And ripple marks on the bottom. . .

2nd MERMAID And the deep scattering layer. . .

3rd MERMAID And the sinking rate of diatoms. . .

1st MERMAID And the temperature gradient in the bottom sediments. . . (At each remark, one scientist, or scientists, comes to life, makes a dive for the wings. At finish, all come on stage with swim fins, swim suits, and face plates. Face plates on foreheads so they can speak.)

SCIENTISTS We're ready to go. (Roger doesn't have fins—he doesn't need them.)

ACT II Scene I

STORY TELLER (In front of curtains). I told you this was quite a cruise we had back in fifty-three, when men were men, not doctors. The ship had now been out more than three weeks beyond the date when it was supposed to come home. Back at Scripps the business office was still struggling over the form of the new forms. They were trying, but they weren't making for much headway, I'm afraid. Out on the ship we really didn't care when we came home. At home, however, I'm afraid the wives were becoming a bit impatient. And I'm afraid that news from the ship didn't make them any less impatient. (Wives come on — still in front of curtains).

BUSINESS OFFICE Good morning ladies.

1st WIFE When are you going to get our husbands home John Kirby?

BUSINESS OFFICE We're working on it. It takes time.

2nd WIFE But they're having such a miserable time out there. Their messages are always so cheerful.

3rd WIFE The heroic little dears always try to be so optimistic.

BUSINESS OFFICE That's what I came to see you about. This week's message just came in. Do you want to hear it?

1st WIFE Is it news, or adjectives?

BUSINESS OFFICE It's a bit different than the others I'm afraid.

2nd WIFE Then it must be news.

3rd WIFE Read it to us, John.

BUSINESS OFFICE (Reading). “The sea is a lousey mistress. She is dull and unexciting and we are listless. We wish we were home, teaching classes, answering memos, talking to visitors, accounting for equipment and funds; in short, doing all those things we love best. We’d like to see our wives also. There is nothing of note to report this week. Nothing new of any consequence has happened. We are still drifting in the same place doing the same things. We suppose there is no progress to report on the Business Office securing permission for us to make this dull, listless cruise so we can come home to life and excitement. This is too bad, but we will be brave, and try to bear up under it. Goodby until next week. (*Murmur of disapproval from all wives at once.*)

1st WIFE Well, I’ll be damned.

2nd WIFE There’s something mighty suspicious about that letter.

3rd WIFE Do you suppose they’re drunk?

2nd WIFE Surely not!

1st WIFE Well, you can bet your bottom dollar that they’d never write such a dismal letter unless they were having a good time.

2nd WIFE They certainly write cheerful enough ones when they’re miserable.

3rd WIFE I’m worried. (Others: So am I — I don’t like it, etc.)

1st WIFE Where’s the ship now, John?

BUSINESS OFFICE About fifty miles west of here.

2nd WIFE Let’s go out and see them.

1st WIFE How’ll we get there?

2nd WIFE We can get Giff Ewing to loan us his boat.

1st WIFE Don’t you tell them we’re coming, John. Whatever it is that’s happened, we don’t want it hidden.

(They go off stage and curtain opens).

ACT II
Scene 2

STORY TELLER (In front of curtain). The wives were mad, but there wasn't much they could do underwater, so they came home. And when they got home, they went straight to a member of the Board of Regents that one of them knew slightly. (*Two wives and regent come out on stage in front of curtain*).

REGENT I'm sorry ladies. I appreciate your interest in your husbands' work, but that expedition cannot leave until after they have received approval from the Board of Regents. The next Regents meeting is not for three weeks. And I doubt that we will be able to get at it even then.

1st WIFE Not even then?

REGENT I'm afraid not. You see we have a special commission's report to act upon. They have been looking into the possibilities of using candles or some other form of illumination to light a new horse barn that is being built on one of the other campuses.

2nd WIFE Then it will be seven weeks before you can possibly take up this request for Scripps to make a cruise.

REGENT I'm afraid so.

(*WIVES go into huddle together, then emerge*).

1st WIFE What would you say, if we told you that the ship was already out?

REGENT Impossible.

2nd WIFE And has been out for three months, and has been ready to come home for three weeks, but didn't dare because of they hadn't gotten permission to go yet.

REGENT Improbable.

1st WIFE But they have. They're out at sea now and we want them to come home.

REGENT Oh dear, when will these campuses learn to stop using their initiative.

STORY TELLER (From other side stage). Once they had gone this far, the wives couldn't back out, and they talked to that regent

for a solid hour. He was much more alarmed about the shoddy paperwork at Scripps than he was surprised about the mermaids. In fact mermaids didn't seem to interest him at all, until suddenly one of the wives happened to say. . .(*backs out of scene*).

1st WIFE (*The three have been talking strenuously, but inaudibly all the time the story teller is speaking*). It's not fair the way those girls operate, they're un-American.

REGENT (*Suddenly coming to life*). They're what?

1st WIFE They're not fair.

2nd WIFE (*Coming quickly to rescue*). They're un-American.

REGENT Really, are you sure?

2nd WIFE You don't know any Americans do you that can live under water.

REGENT No.

1st WIFE And if they're not American, they must be un-American, musn't they?

REGENT That's true. You say your husbands are associating with these people.

2nd WIFE (*Quickly*) No, no, they're not associating. Not yet anyway. They're down there together, but I wouldn't say they had associated yet, would you?

1st WIFE No, but they may, if we leave them out there much longer.

REGENT My, my, we can't have our professors associating with un-Americans. It isn't right you know.

2nd WIFE I'm afraid they will, if we don't get them home.

1st WIFE And we won't get them home unless you give them permission to go.

REGENT Well, now I'll take care of that. Don't you worry. Anything to save our faculty, I always say. That's what we regents are for. If we can keep your husbands from becoming contaminated, then we will.

2nd WIFE Oh, thank you sir.

REGENT Now you leave everything to me. I'll get them permission, and I'll get it quickly, too. (*Wives and Regent exit*).

ACT II
Scene 3

STORY TELLER Well, the regent went off to call a special meeting of the Board of Regents, but even special hurry up meetings of the Board of Regents take time to call, and in the meantime, the wives worried about their husbands and the mermaids. So, they all packed up on Ewing's boat and came out to visit us. They came to stay and stay they did. We, of course, came to the surface. The day of the special meeting of the Board of Regents we had a party to celebrate what we thought would be our last day of our cruise. We were in touch with the Scripps campus all day, but they couldn't give us any word.

So, the day after the Regents' meeting we held another party to celebrate what we at least hoped would be the last day of our cruise. (Curtain opens on party on shipboard).

ROGER Any word from shore, Captain?

CAPTAIN Not a thing. Everytime we call Scripps we get the same answer, "Relax, you'll find out." Those regents had better make up their mind soon. We'll be out of water in another ten days.

FRESHMAN GRADUATE STUDENT Let them drink mud.

ROGER It will be good to get back though.

STAFF MEMBER To all those classes, and entertaining visitors.

3rd WIFE And bringing them home for dinner and not telling us ahead of time.

STAFF MEMBER WITH TENURE And fighting with the business office and filling out forms.

1st WIFE And fixing the plumbing and mending the roof.

STAFF MEMBER WITH TENURE And writing progress reports.

3rd WIFE And yelling at the children.

ROGER I'm getting a little homesick too, but I think the thing I miss most of all are the Wednesday afternoon seminars.

STAFF MEMBER WITH TENURE Really?

STAFF MEMBER Been missing your sleep recently, Roger?

ROGER Well, a bit, but what I really miss are all of those inspiring ideas so cogently put.

MERMAID What's a seminar?

2nd WIFE I'm not sure, but it's what makes him late for dinner on Wednesdays as distinguished from the things that make him late to dinner on the other evenings.

STAFF MEMBER WITH TENURE Do you really want a seminar, Roger?

ROGER I'd love a seminar right now, John.

CAPTAIN We just got Scripps on the radio again.

ROGER Any news?

CAPTAIN No, they asked us if we had heard yet?

STAFF MEMBER WITH TENURE How would we know if they didn't?

CAPTAIN That's what I told them. But they said that if we hadn't heard already, we'd be hearing pretty soon.

ROGER Good, in the meantime, who's for more globigerian booze? (He goes over to pot and fills his glass.) We're running out.

STAFF MEMBER I'm having some more processed, Roger. It should be about ready. It's coming now Roger.

(Enter two men bringing in pot and singing)

Song: "I'm in love with Globigerina" (Corny as Kansas)

I'm as cozy as globigerina

I hunt for, I search for, I dig for a core

For I'm in love with that wonderful mud

I go to the bottom of all the big oceans

Hoping to verify Phleger's fine notions

And that's where I get all the samples I crave

Of that wonderful, wonderful, wonderful, wonderful mud.

(After song, everybody fills up their cups).

STAFF MEMBER Good Lord, we're being boarded.

CHORUS Where? What do you mean? There over there. It's the CREST, but who's on her. There's John Kirby, and the rest of our wives. But who are those other men? I don't know. They're not part of Scripps.

ROGER Good lord it's the Regents.

CAPTAIN Let's give them a hand aboard.

ROGER Here, let's clean this place up. (He downs glass and throws it in pot, as do others. Place is tidied up. Mermaids spruce up. Observations begin again. Regents and Kirby enter).

ROGER Welcome aboard, Mr. Regent.

1st REGENT Good to see you again Mr. Revelle. Ah these must be the young ladies we've heard so much about.

BUSINESS OFFICE They wouldn't let us tell you we were coming, Roger.

1st REGENT We didn't want to take a chance on not seeing these young ladies (looking them over closely — maybe testing them with litmus paper). I'm afraid you've put something over on us Mrs. Revelle, these delightful young ladies couldn't possibly be un-American, could you (he moves in on eager **MERMAID**. . .other **REGENTS** tumble over themselves to line up.)

2nd WIFE Well, you can judge for yourself.

REGENT We have. The chemistry group up at Berkeley have developed a special litmus paper for us which we tested these young ladies with. None of them are the least bit pink. But we won't hold it against you. I can see why you wanted your husbands home. And here sir is the official permission of the Board of Regents for you to make this cruise. (Cheers)

ROGER Thank you, sir. Prepare to get underway, Captain. Now that we have permission to commence we can go home.

REGENT The important thing is the welfare of these young ladies. (Regents line up and mermaids begin to pucker). What educational facilities do you have down there?

MERMAID What?

REGENT Do you have any chances for higher education, any colleges or universities?

MERMAID Gosh no, are we supposed to have them?

REGENT Gentlemen I think I see an opportunity to establish our ninth campus. What do you think?

ALL THE REGENTS Swell, you bet. Yes siree.

REGENT We'll need a small committee to go down and investigate the possible sites. Would you be so kind to take a few of our members down with you?

MEMAID You bet, sure.

REGENT Do I have any volunteers for the committee? (ALL REGENTS raise their hands to volunteer). There's no reason why we can't all go is there?

MERMAID You're going to get a bit wet I'm afraid. Do you have any other clothes?

REGENT I think we've all come prepared my dear. (They all immediately strip down to bathing suits. Old fashioned kind if possible).

MERMAID Well, what are we waiting for?
(The exit over the fantail).

CAPTAIN (Coming in). Ship is ready to start Roger.

ROGER Well, then let's be on our way.

The End

SUMMER, 1958 OFF TO LONDON, O.N.R.

We're at a farewell party at the Raitt's fine new house in "Scripps Estates", right smack on the edge of the cliffs. The Raitts drew lots with other staff members to get this magnificent view — similar to the Sumner's old place a little to the south, now in other ownership.

Marston is sharing the guest-of-honor role with a European scientist — I forget who — so many Very Important Visitors reach Scripps these days. And Helen Raitt, like Ellen Revelle, is a wonderful hostess; intriguing food, exciting conversation, and unusual people — are served up in generous portions.

(I remember once, an earlier shindig at which Ellen was main hostess — *her* house and Helen cohostess, (was it the wedding of Helen's elder daughter Allison?). At any rate, here is Helen rushing about, with eyes alight, vivid face sparkling — and I remark to some eminent male guest "*Helen thrives on confusion.*"

Her guest snorts "*Thrives on confusion! She creates it!*" True perhaps — but life is sure fun around Helen!)

So here again, at Helen and Russ's house, are the Revelles, probably also the Shepherds, Carl Eckart, several others and a merry old time.

Marston has a two year leave of absence, as Oceanographer, Office of Naval Research, at Scripps, a position he's held since 1954. The whole Sargent family will soon take off for his new position at O.N.R., London. He's raring to go; English history is one of his hobbies.

I have resigned as President of the San Diego League of Women Voters. My two year term beginning June 1957 had one more year to go; *sorry*, gals — but I'm raring to go too.

Roger has been Director of Scripps since 1950, and the place is humming. Fine new buildings, big new research ships, greatly enlarged staff and graduate students; a series of extraordinary ship expeditions, acquiring basic information about the world oceans.

One of these explorations was *Operation Capricorn* 1952-1953,

with research ships *Baird* and *Horizon*, supported with U.S. Navy funds, and with one main purpose, to investigate the vast deep of the Tonga Trench.

And Helen Raitt wrote a book about it, “*Exploring the Deep Pacific*”, published in 1956, with a forward by Roger.

Although Helen is not a scientist herself, she’s an oceanographic pioneer — she broke the iron-clad taboo against women on ships. It happened this way: she had flown out to the Fiji Islands to spend Christmas 1952 with Russ, who was Senior Geophysicist on the *Baird*. And ended up returning on the *Baird*, carefully noting the experiments made.

Excellent photos in this book show other young oceanographers on this trip — Walter Munk, Gustav Arrhenius, Bob Dill, Bill Bascom, Art Maxwell, Ted Folsom.

(This book was reprinted all over the world, and I well remember an Oceanid meeting in the 1960’s at which Helen shoved us some strange royalties. Russia had pirated her book, but they did offer her royalties, which she must *collect* and *spend* while *in* Russia. Which she did, on a trip with Russ, and brought back dozens of Russian *children’s* books. How fascinated we were, with these lively, illustrated books, in the unfamiliar script.

One other sharp memory — when Roger, Helen, Russ return from this trip to the South Seas — their languid movements, and bemused expressions — at a return celebration.

I ask Roger “Do you wish you were back in the South Seas?”

His face lights. “Yes.”

And Helen does go back, several times, especially to her favorite — Tonga. . . In 1973, she is writing a book on the history of Tonga.)

Helen has brought back a vast supply of native arts and crafts — how delightfully exotic they are, in Southern California. She is generous with her friends. She gives me a handsomely carved solid hunk of reddish wood. “It’s for pounding and mashing, in the kitchen — *use it.*”

But I don’t. In July, 1972, she comes over to visit our Jean

Anne, husband Mike Greene, now a solid-state physicist at the University of Maryland, and our two beautiful little granddaughters, Lesley and Diana. Some time in the evening, I bring out that wooden utensil, still like new. Helen exclaims “Oh — they don’t make these any more — I don’t have a one left.” I say “Borrow it any time you want.”

Generous, busy, Helen and Russ. . .

But back to that evening at the Raitt’s in 1958. Sometime during it — perhaps after I’ve had one martini (a lot for me), and Roger has had several (not unusual for him) apropos of what I don’t know — I say to Roger — with some self surprise,

“Never realized it before, but I’m an *organizer*. . . You are too, Roger.”

Roger sits with that big frame slumped on a couch, silent for a moment, thinking. That’s characteristic of him — he *listens* to people. Then he looks at me with that slow grin.

“No, Peter. I’m not an organizer. I’m a *promoter*.” (It occurs to me later that Marston is already an *administrator*.)

But now, with Roger, I nod. Yes, it’s true. Roger is skillful at promoting Scripps, getting research funds. But already he has an even bigger dream, and is taking steps to make it a reality.

Although San Diego has a flourishing state college, it should have a UNIVERSITY. And on the mesa above Scripps is plenty of land for a University of California at San Diego. (La Jollans would prefer La Jolla.)

And indeed, Roger becomes the first *Acting Chancellor* of UCSD. And the first solid phalanx of buildings is *Revelle College*.

Twice now, the second time in July 1973, Roger has been back in San Diego to lecture on his newest, and vitally important field “World Populations”. How the auditoriums were jammed with eager students!

And now, in 1973, another honor — he is President of the prestigious American Association for the Advancement of Science.

Happy landings, Roger — in whatever field you undertake.

**1959 GREETINGS
FROM THE PERAMBULATING
SARGENTS**

This has been our year to roam:

Marston — oceanographic visits to *Sweden; Holland; Germany* and *Helgoland* (the red rock island off the coast); *New York* (internat. conf. in Sept.); *Denmark, Norway, and Finland* (Oct.).

All the Sargents — April tour of *southern England*, in our little Ford Prefect “The Wild Blue Yonder”. August — *France, Switzerland, and Austria* (Marston — conference in *Vienna*). Back via *German* autobahn.

We have been revelling, not to say — wallowing — in HISTORY: *Castles* — from the ruins of Tintagel on the wild black cliffs of Cornwall (a Celtic mnoastery before the legend of King Arthur) to Richard Coeur de Lion’s Les Andelys, on the Seine.)

Palaces — from fairytale Windsor, part time residence of Queen Elizabeth II, to the faded relic of Versailles, and the empty Hapsburg grandeur at Vienna.

Cathedrals — the quiet English splendour of Exeter and Wells, contrasted with the grinning gargoyles and violet transepts of Notre Dame de Paris, and lovely Chartres; then the gilded Austrian churches, with onion shaped spires.

Not to mention *Roman* ruins from Switzerland to Colchester, the oldest town in England (Roman temple in 50 A.D.)

Or the vivid *prehistoric* cave paintings of Lascaux, and the underground river chasm of Gouffre de Padirac, France. (And how Marston enjoyed French cooking!)

Anne — passed tough exams in 3 subjects in June; working on 3 more this year. French exchange student Jacqueline Dupeyroux spent 3 weeks with us in July; then Anne returned with her for a week in Paris and 2 weeks with her family in central France. When we picked A. up on our way to Switzerland, the hospitable Dupeyroux regaled us with champagne.

A's friend Veronica Parry arrived from San Diego on Sept. 30 to spend the winter. Both girls studying hard at City of Westminster College (in London); having a lot of fun, too.

Tommy — has climbed from last in his class at Elmhurst, to first, with all Excellents on latest report card. He is now a subprefect, and vice captain of the football team. (Also on cricket team.) His English friend Roger went with us to Vienna, friend Robert to Cambridge. Still likes baseball best of all.

Peter — from a new wife at O.N.R. to an old hand — recently entertained 18 wives at 2 luncheons. At Mrs. (Ambassador) Whitney's has heard such striking personalities as Hugh Gaitskell (Labour Party Leader); Madame Pandit (sister of Nehru); Dame Edith Sitwell (Poetess). For Embassy Wives Speakers Bureau — 9 "Friendly Chats" on the U.S. before English groups — school children the most fun — how they fire questions! With Warlingham friends — wonderful horseback rides, and a Writer's club. (P's mother recovering after serious injury in June when struck by car in Pasadena — so far away!)

We've been delighted to see quite a passel of you right here in London — Come on everybody — come see us — we leave in August, 1960 for San Diego.

Navy 100, Box 39
F.P.O., New York, N.Y.
(7¢ airmail stamp)

248 Hillbury Road
Warlingham, Surrey, ENGLAND
(15¢ airmail stamp)

EPILOGUE



PETER AND MARSTON SARGENT

JUNE 6, 1970 DEDICATION OF THE MELVILLE

Oh what a lovely day! A great new research ship for Scripps, moored at the Point Loma dock. A dock thronged with Scripps scientists, young and old, graduate students and professors emeritus, almost all of them our friends.

And Marston is a guest of honor and author of the remarks which follow. And Dr. Nierenberg, Director of Scripps since 1965, presents Marston with a spectacular gift for his retirement as Oceanographer, Office of Naval Research, at Scripps.

Along with the ceremonies, the fun of going aboard the *Melville* and being ushered all over her. And a scrumptious feast on the dock, prepared for all by the ships' cooks.

Warm greetings from old pals: Associate Director Fred Speiss and wife Sally — how many civic projects Sally and I have worked on together; Assistant Director Jeff Frautschy, who arranged this shindig, and lovely wife Fran; George and Betty Shor; Russ and Helen Raitt; Doug and Ruth Inman; Carl and Laura Hubbs; Warren and Polly Wooster; John and Mary Carol Isaacs — to name only a few — what fun!

The gift — a framed world map, with routes of Scripps research trips etched in gold and the words:

EXPLORATION BY SHIPS OF SCRIPPS INSTITUTION OF OCEANOGRAPHY

1950 - 1970

In grateful appreciation to

Marston Sargent

Worthy Colleague and Friend

Who Has Helped Scripps Reach the Far Corner of the World

June, 1970

Scripps Seal

O.N.R. Seal

And best of all — Marston will continue at Scripps as CalCOFI Coordinator. California Cooperative Oceanic Fisheries Investigations — that is. His office will be in the handsome National Marine Fisheries complex; the California Academy of Science will pay his salary for the half-time job.

His dedication remarks on this day — a brief, life-time summary on oceanography follow:

Sargent Remarks at Dedication of R/V George Wallace Melville June 6, 1970

I shall not pay tribute to those who have made this moment possible, the great men from Ben Franklin to Max Silverman. I shall not dwell on the advanced engineering features of this first of the truly modern oceanographic ships until the day when they also possess the ability like FLIP, to execute a 90° turn around a horizontal axis.

I do want to say some affectionate and optimistic words about oceanography. This is because from my first contact with it to my last, I have known that oceanography is the greatest of scientific pursuits.

In the first place, a good part of it has to be done outdoors, in the world that is real to our senses, and part of the experiences of our whole lifetime. And in the work at sea, traces of the human experience of the past are still apparent in some of the ancient arts that survive. There is still need aboard ship for lashing and tying, for wedging and bracing. The man who is working at sea is living more fully than the man who is scanning a printout or watching an oscilloscope. The thing he is dealing with is real and concrete, not something abstract and expressible only in numbers.

Oceanography is social and cooperative; it takes a lot of people working together. Part of the time they are literally shoulder to shoulder, and part of the time, mind to mind when they are planning a program or interpreting the results. It thus counterbalances the somewhat monastic and reclusive tendencies of many studies. Typically, it involves combining the efforts of different disciplines, and different institutions. By the very nature of the world ocean, it encourages cooperation between nations and to some extent, counterbalances parochial and chauvinistic tendencies.

The sea and everything about it is interesting to people in general, directly and for itself. Only a handful of specialists can work up much enthusiasm about the fragments of the nucleus of an atom, or the manufacture of window frames, or the doctrine of consubstantiation, or the game of bridge. But millions are drawn to the beach, to boats and fishing, to see great whales, or leaping porpoises, and to cherish shiny stones and beautiful shells. The Scripps aquarium is the daily proof. However beautifully presented are its exhibits, it is a modest show, without spectaculars, which nevertheless, draws hundreds of thousands of visitors a year.

Finally, I have a belief, based at least on a good sound superstition, that the oceanographer knows more than most scientists about the difficulties of establishing a fact, such a fact as a simple straightforward measurement. Not only does he understand how approximate his position is, and how soon after he has gone the conditions at that point will change, but he also realizes from the beginning, that weather and accident may prevent him from making the measurement at all. He must always be prepared to repeat the attempt, or to make other observations to avoid aborting the cruise.

Not only is oceanography the greatest of scientific pursuits, but also, it has a great future. There is little enough known about the most commonplace phenomena in the sea, the processes on the beach under our noses, and the mechanics of the currents past our

door. In addition, the occurrences within the great part of the body of the sea are just coming under systematic scrutiny and there are vast areas in which we hardly know what goes on, even in the superficial layers. In biology, especially in ecology, population dynamics and genetics of marine organisms, we need several successive human lifetimes of study to get an adequate understanding. There is no possibility of an accelerated aging method. Carl Hubbs has planned all this by having a daughter and a granddaughter marry ichthyologists.

I remind you that the process of locating a suitable site for the Scripps Institution was in large part, one long flight from sewage. San Pedro, San Diego Bay, La Jolla Cove were the successive positions from which the early establishments were driven before the institution acquired a half mile of beach property two miles north of La Jolla.

It is a sobering thought that Scripps has now nowhere to go, that pollution must now be fought everywhere in the sea as well as ashore, in spite of the fact that hardly anybody inhabits the sea. We have become so capable that we have easily in our grasp, the power to damage the whole world irreparably.

Besides polluting it, we can overexploit the sea in many ways. Most people are now convinced that we can overfish any population of fish or marine mammals (or abalone or lobsters for that matter) and could overfish them all. We are now working as hard as we can to extract and transport petroleum without taking adequate precautions against seriously contaminating the sea. The possibility certainly exists of overexploiting the ocean for defensive and offensive purposes. Even recreational use locally, can interfere with other legitimate uses. Where do we stop?

While the most difficult part of the answer is political, namely an estimate of what part of their accustomed habits people will sacrifice in order to preserve other benefits, the measures of the costs and benefits will depend largely on scientific studies.

By its very nature of studying all aspects of the sea, the waters, the adjacent features, and the inhabitants, and being sensitive to

the relations between them, the combination of arts called oceanography is especially fitted for this work. The emergency is great, but fortunately, the great art of oceanography has developed (mostly, it is true, within our lifetimes). The opportunity challenges. Long live oceanography!

Marston C. Sargent

(NOTE — August, 1978. Yes, Marston enjoyed this CalCOFI job as much as he thought he would. He continued the work until 1974, when he retired for the second time, with a fine celebration, and his children and grandchildren present.)

Marston wrote for the 50th Anniversary Report of his Harvard Class of 1928:

“My most intensive experiences in oceanic biology were: first, during six months in 1946 when I was project officer for a biological survey of the waters of the northern Marshall Islands; and second, during four years with the California Cooperative Fisheries Oceanic Investigations, concerned with the welfare of the Coastal fisheries. My greatest contribution to social action was organizing a cooperative program with the marine fisheries experts in Mexico which has been and is, of benefit to both countries.”

**TWO HAPPY MEMORIES OF 1978
PUBLICATION OF DR. SVERDRUP'S
"AMONG THE TUNDRA PEOPLE"**

Although this book was published in Norwegian in 1938, and then translated and published in Russian, it had never been published in English. Sverdrup's sister-in-law, Molly Sverdrup, had indeed made an English translation, but Sverdrup had been too busy with more pressing scientific work, to carry matters further.

In 1976 Betty Shor and Helen Raitt unearthed the manuscript at the Scripps Institution Library. Betty is now Archivist at the Library. Marston, Betty and Kitty C.C. Kuhns co-edited.

As a young man, Dr. Harald U. Sverdrup had a unique opportunity to travel with, and observe, in 1919 - 1920, in *Siberia*, a primitive native Chukchi tribe, who herded reindeer. Sverdrup at first titled his observations "*Reindeer Hair in my Soup*" because the Chukchi lived completely on their reindeer herd, using hides for tents and clothing, eating the meat, making blood soup. Sverdrup travelled with the tribe in its trek from grassy mountain valleys in the fall, to coastal tundra in the spring. A neighboring tribe, the *Lamut*, not only herded their somewhat larger reindeer, but *rode* them. Siberian tribes like these, might have crossed the ice sheet to Alaska.

SCRIPPS 75th ANNIVERSARY BANQUET

June 24, 1978

What fun to see a huge San Diego ballroom filled with old friends, many we hadn't seen for years. Dick and Alice Fleming are down from the University of Washington. Alice even invites several of us gals to a luncheon on June 22 at the La Jolla Town and Country Club. How we chatter about old and new times! Ellen is there, and Katherine LaFond.

Then the night of the banquet. First, Marston and I, and all the other guests wander about, being introduced to new people, gladly welcoming old friends . . . In particular, for me — Dale and Virginia Leipper, from Monterey. Mitchell Lyman, John Lyman's lovely wife. She is recently a widow — we are sad — we miss John's strong presence.

And of course, it's great to have Roger and Ellen back in La Jolla. We have seen them now and then, through the years. In 1964, Roger left Scripps to become Director of the Center for Population Studies at Harvard. A strong memory comes back: Roger was on a lecture tour — he was speaking this night at the San Diego Civic Auditorium, jammed with eager college students. As he finished, several students jumped to their feet, plying him with questions about the state of the world, about the role of science. Patiently he answered each one.

Dr. Bill Nierenberg, Director of Scripps since 1965, presides over after dinner speeches. And Roger delights us with several anecdotes from the early thirties — the Depression years at tiny, struggling Scripps.

Here they are. How we roared with laughter. Some of us remembering. All of us amused.

The Adolescence Of The Elephant

Roger Revelle

Talk given at the 75th anniversary banquet of the Scripps Institution of Oceanography

You have just been given the opportunity to acquire a fine history of the latter days of SIO, written by Betty Shor. This is a continuation of Helen Raitt's and Beatrice Moulton's story of the beginnings of the Institution and its first 50 years. I propose to tell you some tales that did not get into the history books, mostly about the days before the War that changed all our lives.

In those depression days of the 1930's most of the faculty, graduate students, and staff lived on campus, in cottages belonging to the University, for which we paid a negligible rent. Though we were landless tenants, we could easily be divided into two social classes — upper and lower. We all received about the same incomes, but there was a clear social distinction between those who lived in the small, double-walled wooden cottages on the hill, and those who lived in the slums, the even smaller single-board -and-batten cottages of the lower campus. The road in front of the lower houses was not paved and whenever it rained, the houses and the road were washed by a sea of mud. Dick Fleming, who lived in one of these cottages, kept two shovels handy to help dig out the automobiles that got stuck in front of his house.

Ellen and I, and our daughter Annie, lived in cottage 24. We were able to afford it because she had an income of \$25 a month from a small legacy left to her by her Aunt Ellen. Next to us, in cottage 23, lived Horace and Frances Byers and their small daughter Henrietta. We had a live-in mother's helper named Esther, whom we shared 50/50 with Horace and Frances, at a total wage of \$12 a month, plus room and board, such as it was. Esther lived with us because we had an extra bed, and she would work on alternate days for Frances and Ellen. The two wives and Esther always tried to leave the dirty dishes for each other to wash up the next morning. Sometimes they succeeded, but often the dirtiest pots and pans were left for the next day.

One of the few things Ellen had learned how to cook before our marriage was a dish called "Shrimp Wiggle", and very good it was too. When Ellen asked Esther whether she could make a Shrimp Wiggle, she replied "No, but I can make a Salmon roll."

As the depression deepened and the Institution's income became progressively smaller, we research assistants began to be afraid we would be fired because of the lack of funds. At first we thought of a wild scheme — squatting in the Community House, the largest cottage on the campus, which stood where the Institute of Geophysics is now. We could cut the wooden bridge that connected it to the rest of the Institution and defy the authorities to eject us. As far as I know, this would have been the first student occupation of a university building, thirty years before Mario Savio and the Free Speech Movement at Berkeley. However, this idea did not seem very practical. As an alternative, another research assistant and his wife and Ellen and I went to inspect a lemon grove near Riverside that belonged to Ellen's mother. As a possible means of survival if we lost our jobs, we could grow lemons. None of us had ever farmed before, and between us we had few manual skills, so I shudder

to think how this enterprise would have turned out. We were saved by the faculty, who voluntarily took cuts in their salaries so that we could continue to exist on our magnificent stipends of \$100 a month.

Life on the upper campus was not without its special problems. One of these we would now call population density. There were three separate sets of occupants in cottage 24. Ellen and I and our daughter Annie and our shared mother's helper Esther lived upstairs. John Wells, who later became a great professor of Paleontology at Cornell, lived downstairs, and a family of skunks lived under the house. We all got along pretty well, but the skunks were both noisy and arrogant. They thought of our garbage cans as their private grocery store and regularly turned them over every evening with a great banging and clattering, to pick and choose among the contents for their dinner.

One of the other crosses we had to bear was Prohibition. This problem was somewhat lessened by making home brew — most people made their own beer. It was awful stuff but it was strong, and for several years after Prohibition was abolished there were fanatics who still claimed that home brew was better than brewery-made beer. However, most of us thought that the commercial stuff *must* be better, thought we had never tasted it. The day of Repeal there was a severe shortage of brewery-made beer in Southern California, and Nelson Wells and I drove all the way to El Centro and back in one day, in order to pick up about 150 bottles for the great upper-campus Repeal Party. This, needless to say, was a glorious occasion.

Dick Fleming and I also tried to make wine. We were conned by a slick salesman into buying a five gallon can of white grape juice. We poured this into a five gallon Puritas water bottle, added a culture of yeast, and hid the bottle in the chemistry lab in what is now old Ritter Hall. For reasons we did not understand, it never turned into wine, but we kept hoping a miracle would occur. The bottle and its contents sat in the lab for years, looking and smelling ever more awful, until John Lyman finally

took over the lab and threw out bottle and all. When my mother in law accidentally saw the can of grape juice, before we had transferred its contents into the five gallon bottle, she said “Oh, you have gotten a can of maple syrup from Cousin Leon Potter in Ohio”. We didn’t try to disillusion her, for she was an innocent woman who saw good in everyone.

Another problem was the university’s anti-nepotism rule. It was strictly verboten for both a husband and wife to be employed by the Institution. Like many silly rules, this sometimes had comical consequences. One night Gene LaFond and I worked very late on some drawings for a paper I was writing. When we were finished, I said, “I’ll drive you home”. He said, “Oh, you need’nt do that, I can easily walk.” I said, “I wouldn’t think of letting you walk that long distance up to the top of the hill”. I knew Gene lived in what had once been the mouse house, up where the radio station is now. This was a relic of the early days before the Institution, in Professor Frances B. Sumner’s eloquent phrase, “went wet”. Sumner had spent fifteen years cultivating desert field mice to see if they would change their color in the different environment of La Jolla, thereby proving or disproving Lamirck’s idea of the inheritance of acquired characteristics. At the height of his experiments, the largest number of any species of animals at the Institution were neither graduate students, nor staff members, nor fish in the aquarium, but Dr. Sumner’s mice. When Scripps was transformed from a biological Institution into an oceanographic one, Dr. Sumner was coerced into abandoning his mice, and the mouse house was converted to a human-being house. I *knew* that Gene LaFond was living there, and I insisted on driving him home.

He meekly went along but he seemed a little quiet, and not very grateful. Long afterwards I learned that after I left him he walked all the way down the hill again to the house on the lower campus where his secretly-married wife Kitty was living. Kitty was a skilful and patient chemist in Moberg’s laboratory, but

the University would have fired her if they had found out her secret. World War II came along before any harm was done.

The anti-nepotism rule was reinstated after the war. I remember, when I was Director, two graduate research assistants wanted to get married and still keep their jobs. I wrote to Dean Vern Knudsen of the Graduate Division at UCLA asking that an exception be made for them. Somewhat to my surprise, that seemingly puritanical man wrote back a scribbled note: "Sin the only answer", I later heard that he was put up to this rather enigmatic message by John Isaacs.

The Director during the early depression years was Dr. T. Wayland Vaughan, known as T. Whaley to his somewhat irreverent students, but never to his face. He was a small excessively dignified southern gentleman, with a carefully trimmed mustache and beard, who took a walk as regularly as Immanuel Kant around the campus every evening, trailed at a respectful distance of two paces by his wife Dorothy (a Massachusetts Quincy) and two paces behind Dorothy by his huge police dog, Spooks. Dr. Vaughan apparently felt that Spooks needed a good deal of shouting at and he always spoke very roughly to him. We were all petrified when our daughter Annie, age three, one day said in a clear childish treble, "You should not speak to your dog like that".

Even when he was not shouting, T. Whaley seemed rather fierce. Lewis Browne, the author, described his voice as sounding like a lot of empty milk bottles rolling around in a bath tub. Actually he was a gentle, kindly man. It was possible to say during his directorship, as it has been ever since, that the Scripps Institution is one of the few Institutions in the world run by its inmates.

Dr. Vaughan's successor as we all know, was the great Norwegian oceanographer, Harald Sverdrup, whose wife's name was Gudrun. One of the Sverdrup's duties in taking over the Institution was also to adopt the dog, Spooks. Gudrun Sverdrup spoke good English but she sometimes missed the nuances.

One day she told us with great delight that she had seen Spooks being chased by a street walker. What she meant, of course, was a Road Runner. Harald's English was also very good, except that he always pronounced bowl as if it rhymed with vowel. This was sometimes embarrassing.

Dr. Vaughan's purpose in becoming Director had been to turn the old biological station into a genuine oceanographic institution. But he was severely handicapped, because our only boat was an old converted purse seiner called *Scripps*. I have had many jobs in my life, but I think my proudest moment was when I obtained a small boat operator's license and became part-time captain of *Scripps*. She was just under 65 feet long, and thus qualified as a small boat according to Coast Guard rules. *Scripps* had only two professional crew members, Murdy Ross, the engineer, and Frank, the cook. In earlier times, Murdy Ross had been a railroad engineer, and his idea of keeping a boat in top notch shape was to keep it covered with grease like a railroad locomotive. This habit of Murdys' caused severe laundry problems for the wives, when we returned home with all our clothing smelling strongly of grease.

Scripps eventually came to a bad end, like almost all early oceanographic vessels, and this enabled Harald Sverdrup to persuade Bob Scripps to buy a fine sailing ship, built along the lines of a Gloucester schooner, as a replacement. This ship, named *E. W. Scripps*, was the beginning of the real sea-going life of the Institution.

Another of our silly rules in those days was that women were not allowed on an oceanographic ship. This rule perhaps made some sense on *Scripps*, the greasy little old purse seiner, but it was much less rational on *E. W. Scripps* and consequently was more rigidly enforced. By that time we had a small professional crew. The Captain's word was law on matters of this kind, and he was firmly convinced that women on ship board brought bad luck. On our first expedition to the Gulf of California, Dick

Fleming and I came into port at Guaymas to find a telegram from our wives:

There once were two young men in Guaymas
Where the "Filles de Joie" are so faymous.
They wrote to their wives,
"Having the time of our lives —
but for God's sake — don't come and jine us"!

I have mentioned Lewis Browne, the writer. He had been educated as a rabbi, and in the 1920's, he wrote a famous bestseller entitled *This Believing World*. In the 1930's he spent several weeks in La Jolla and wrote a novel about the Institution under the title *Oh Say Can You See*. In order to give his novel a realistic touch, we took him out to sea on *Scripps*. He became quite sea sick. Dick Fleming said "Don't be sea sick to windward, go and lie down over there", pointing to the leeward side. "We don't want you to contaminate our samples."

Until after World War II, the Scripps Institution was very remote from the rest of the university. It was almost never visited by the president or his staff, let alone those unimaginably grand creatures, The Regents. Their contract with Scripps can only be described as slight. They almost never thought about the Institution except at budget time. One of them is said to have remarked "So far as I can see, The Scripps Institution consists of only two things, a pier and a sea wall, both in need of repair". The University Administration forgot about Dr. Sverdrup's existence, and never raised his salary during the 12 years that he was Director because he was too modest to put in a request for his own salary increase on his annual budget sheet.

In 1912, when the University of California took over responsibility for the Scripps Institution, William E. Ritter said "One cannot adopt a baby elephant for a pet without sooner or later having a big elephant on his hands, if he treats the creature humanely". Tonight, I have tried to tell you something about the adolescence of the elephant.