

*Dale and Virginia Leipper  
Book of Memories*

*Message from  
Hugh and Alice  
McLellan*

3715 Whispering Lane  
Falls Church VA 22041  
26 April 1992

Dear Dale and Virginia:

Alice and I want to congratulate you on this occasion. Imagine being married to the same person for Fifty years! We have just lately made Forty and consider that an accomplishment.

I little imagined when I met Dale at Scripps in 1948 what an influence he was to have on my life. That meeting led to my becoming a Texan (though not permanently), to my being a University Professor (also not for ever) and to my having an awful lot of fun doing what he and I thought needed to be done (the administration didn't seem to share our notion but seemingly couldn't stop him) for seven years. It also led to the remainder of my career as what I chose to call a science administrator, which, almost up to the last, seemed like taking pay for what I would do for fun.

Alice and I have a memory of Dale that amuses. Soon after we moved to our current abode he visited, and after our evening meal we three sat on the deck talking and watching a spectacular sunset. Some half hour later, still sitting talking, Dale pointed toward that significant sector and asked "What direction is that?". I had trouble explaining to Alice that we were only Oceanographers and not Astronomers.

We are sorry not to be with you for the celebration, perhaps for the sixtieth.

Fond Regards

  
Hugh McLellan

*Dale and Virginia Leipper  
Book of Memories*

*Vance and Barbara Moyer*



210 W. North Ave.  
Bryan, TX 77801  
April 17, 1992

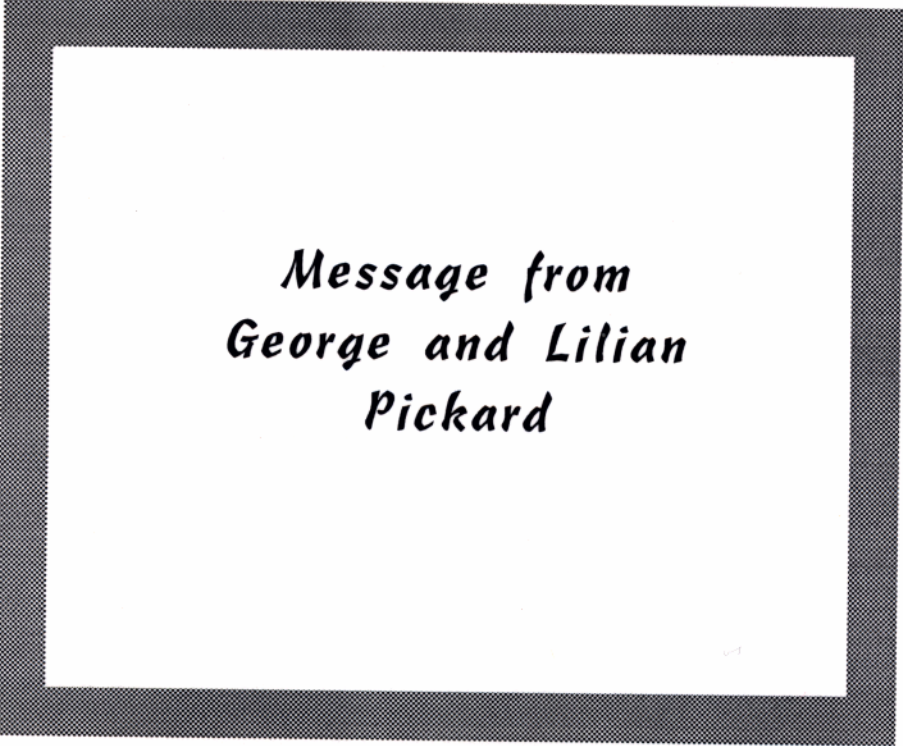
Dear Virginia and Dale,

We are sorry that we cannot shake the dust (it's more like mud right now) of Bryan/College Station to share the celebration of your Golden Wedding Anniversary in Reno on May 16th. We were not sorry to have joined the Department of Oceanography and Meteorology in 1958. Remember those O&M Wives' Club parties? And the annual Christmas bashes, MC'd by Pieter Groot?

O&M was a good department—because Dale was a good Department Head, the best under whom we ever served. We hope that ten years from now we will be able to make a contribution to the memory book for your Diamond Jubilee.

Barbara and Vance Moyer

*Dale and Virginia Leipper*  
***Book of Memories***



*Message from*  
*George and Lilian*  
*Pickard*

4546 WEST 5TH AVENUE  
VANCOUVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA  
CANADA V6R 1S7

Dr. & Mrs. Dale F. Leipper,  
716 Terra Court,  
Reno, Nevada, 89506.

27 April 1992

Dear Dale & Virginia,

First we send our felicitations on your attaining your Golden Wedding anniversary in May this year. On the occasion of ours in 1988, our daughter Ann collected an incredible number of letters and pictures from our friends right back to pre-wedding days when we were at Oxford, and we enjoyed being brought up to date on their lives, particularly those whom we had not seen for some time. Ann even managed to persuade Lilian's bridesmaid to make the trip from England for the occasion!

Dale - our contact must go back to my time at La Jolla just after Sverdrup's. I had been co-opted into the field by Jack Tully of the former P.O.G., had got my feet wet with a couple of cruises up here, and went to Scripps to learn more from faculty and students there. We (Lilian and children Ann and Andrew) enjoyed our stay there, when the Institution was small enough that I soon knew everyone on a first name basis - I will always remember the sandwich lunches on the small lawn beside Sverdrup Hall.

I have always been glad that I got into the field in its relatively early stages so that I got to know most of the North American oceanographers, and many others, personally in a few years. Not so easy to do this these days! Also I have appreciated the opportunities to travel widely. Fortunately Lilian has never complained about my going off on cruises and to meetings, leaving her to cope with the family.

I well remember my short visit to Texas A. & M. in 1958, as part of a tour to visit several of the few oceanographic institutions in North America in those days. You, Dale, picked me up on arrival and you and Virginia entertained me to supper after I had visited another Canadian expatriate (Hugh McLellan) in the afternoon.

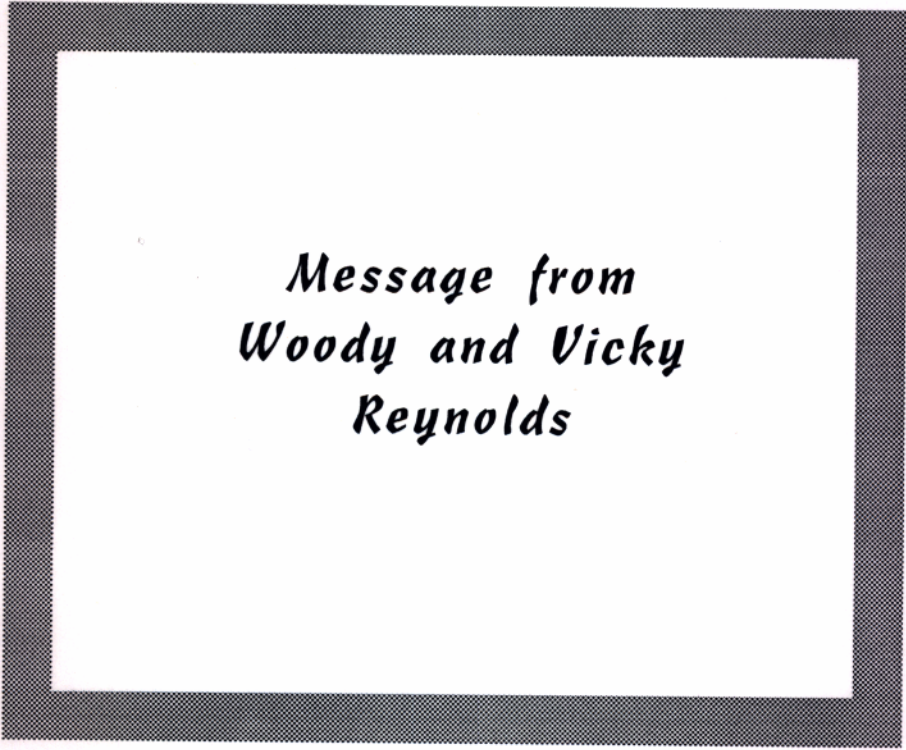
Again, our very best wishes to you both - now you will be joining us in aiming for the next one, the Diamond Anniversary.

Yours very sincerely,

*George & Lilian*

George & Lilian Pickard.

*Dale and Virginia Leipper*  
***Book of Memories***



*Message from*  
*Woody and Vicky*  
*Reynolds*

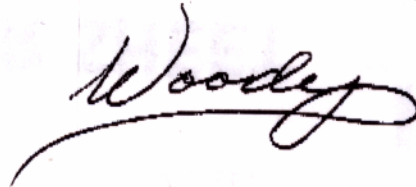
MAY, 1992

Dear Dale and Virginia,

It's great to be able to congratulate you two on your 50th anniversary! You're a wonderful couple who deserve happiness and good health for another 50. Go for it!

When I got your phone call in 1971, Dr. Leipper, I was glad to hear about the possibility of staying with the Acania, but I didn't imagine then that that phone call would lead to such happy and rewarding years. You're one of the finest and fairest persons I've ever worked for. I liked knowing that you were always available to discuss the ship's operations and that you knew what you were talking about when you did! The crew appreciated your relationship with them, too. We all had a great time with the ship for all those years, didn't we?

You two are perfect models of how a department chairman and his wife should be and act and look. It was and still is a pleasure to know you both.

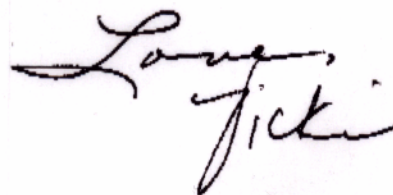


Happy, happy 50th anniversary! This gives me a chance to tell you how much you both have been loved and appreciated all these years.

When Woody and I moved to Monterey, knowing no one, I was pleased when you, Virginia, invited me to attend the oceanography wives' monthly get-togethers. The meetings were great -- no secretary's or treasurer's report, no old business, and no new business except to announce the place of the next meeting. They were relaxed, fun times which let us get acquainted and feel a part of the department. All the wives greatly appreciated your interest in making them feel welcome and involved. It was good of you, too, to encourage us wives to participate in the Faculty Wives' Club.

The annual affairs that you both promoted -- the Christmas parties (with Dale at the organ) and the summer picnics (with Dale playing horseshoes) -- were tons of fun, and we thank you for them.

You are both good, fine people who make a wonderful couple. I hope you know how much Woody and I like both of you!



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*Dale and Virginia Leipper  
Book of Memories*

*Warren and Dorothy  
Thompson*



**WARREN C. THOMPSON, PH.D.**

CONSULTANT IN OCEANOGRAPHY

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MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA 93940

(408) 373-2096

March 16, 1992

Dear Dale and Virginia

We were pleased to receive the invitation from your children to contribute favorite memories of you both on the approach of your half-a-century wedding anniversary. My thoughts range back over a friendship and professional association of almost as many years, and I have chosen to write a testimonial of long association for family and friends.

My fond early recollection is of the first post-World War II graduate class in oceanography at Scripps Institution in La Jolla. There in September 1946 a quite remarkable group of nearly all veterans from all of the services, most trained as weather forecasters, came together to study under the tutelage of Dr. Harald Sverdrup and his exceptional faculty. Some of this group, like you Dale, were married and lived in an enclave above the campus while we bachelors resided in town, so there was limited opportunity for me to get to know Virginia at that stage. However, we students shared hours upon hours of lectures and came to know one another very well. In the late 1940's, when our professional interests began to diversify, I would drop by Dale's office to find out how his coastal fog study was going, and later what the Marine Life Research Program that he ably headed was doing.

In early 1950 two events occurred which brought the Leippers and Thompsons together as families--this time in Texas (by then Dodie and I were married). Dale accepted the rare opportunity to build from scratch and to head a department of ocean sciences at Texas A&M College. Almost at the same time an exceptional opportunity came for me and fellow student Paul Horrer to undertake a large research project for the United Gas Pipe Line Co. of Shreveport on how to lay a major pipe line across the Atchafalaya River delta and miles out into the Gulf of Mexico. United's investment was too big to entrust to two small contractors so through Dale's timely and able intervention the financial management was handled as Project 25 by the Texas A&M Research Foundation. That project gave a boost to the young Foundation and, in turn, to Dale's new oceanography department.

While I ran the field program for that project Dodie and I lived for a year in the small town of Franklin in coastal Louisiana in the heart of Cajun country. We then moved to College Station where I resumed graduate studies in oceanography--in Dale's department this time. There we bought a house a few doors from Dale and Virginia, and also near the Bob Reids. Our families were all in an early stage with more children to arrive later. There was a lot of interaction among us so that we came to know the Leipper family well and enjoyed many good times together.

In June 1953 I was awarded the Ph.D. degree (with Charles Bates), the first in oceanography by Texas A&M, and Dodie and I said goodbye to our Texas friends and headed west to Monterey where I accepted a faculty appointment at the Naval Postgraduate School. In the following years we kept in touch with Virginia and Dale through Christmas cards, the Letters from Oceanographers that Dale had initiated, and a few professional visits to College Station.

A long and fruitful period of renewed close association began when Dale and Virginia moved to Monterey and Dale assumed the chairmanship of the newly designated Department of Oceanography at the Naval Postgraduate School. I enjoyed those years of professional and personal contact with Dale, which continued after Dale retired. I miss our frequent get-togethers over lunch.

Dodie and I recall with fondness and miss the hospitality of the Leipper home. In College Station Virginia set a table, sometimes at a moment's notice, for seemingly innumerable guests brought home by Dale. In Monterey Virginia organized and led the Oceanography Wives Group. And at year end she and Dale would host a friendly Christmas party for the oceanography people, accompanied by Dale at the piano. A truly generous and gracious team.

So it is that Dale's and my professional careers intertwined over a considerable number of years. Our association with Virginia and Dale over all those years has been a really pleasant one for us.

Our fondest regards go with you on this happy anniversary.

With love,

Warren and Dorothy Thompson

*Dale and Virginia Leipper  
Book of Memories*

*Basil and Betty Wilson*



GREETINGS TO DALE AND VIRGINIA LEIPPER  
FROM BETTY AND BASIL WILSON  
ON THEIR 50th WEDDING ANNIVERSARY  
CONGRATULATIONS!

Maybe you will remember the occasion of Prof. John D. Isaacs visit to your Department of Oceanography and Meteorology at Texas A & M, sometime in 1954 (I think it was). Betty and I had newly arrived on campus in early 1953. You had invited us to your home for an evening's socialization with John Isaacs and other senior members of the Department. Conversation was convivial and many stories were told over cocktails and refreshments. In the course of the evening I piped up with a story I had read in South Africa (before leaving), in a Reader's Digest of the late forties, I believe. It was a World War II story that so intrigued everyone that there was loud and prolonged laughter, and John Isaacs was so taken with it that he there and then whipped out a small pad of paper from his pocket and proceeded to write it down so as to be able to tell it himself when he got back to Scripps in La Jolla. My narration of the story went something like this:

During the German advance into Eastern Europe in the early forties a German officer happened to be travelling on a train through Roumania. In the first-class compartment in which he was sitting, were three Roumanian citizens - a beautiful fashionably-dressed young lady, a more elderly matron-like woman, neatly attired, and a uniformed officer of the Roumanian Army. The two women sat opposite each other in the window seats of the compartment. The German officer, resplendent in Nazi uniform sat cat-a-corner from the young lady, near the door, and the Roumanian officer in the door seat opposite him. The two ladies, who obviously were unacquainted, were looking out the windows at the passing countryside. The two men also looked towards the windows, but allowed their eyes unobtrusively to survey the two women, especially the younger one. The train was express and whistled occasionally as it raced through wayside stations. Suddenly the train emitted an extra long, loud whistle and plunged into a long dark tunnel. There were no lights on the train and the passengers were enveloped in darkness, sheer and black. For several moments there was only the sound of the onward rush of the train along the track. Then suddenly there was the sound of a prolonged kiss in the compartment, followed immediately by a dull thud and an ejaculation of pain and low moaning. When at long last the train emerged from the tunnel again into the daylight, - lo and behold! - the German officer was sitting doubled up in his corner, nursing a very black eye, while the rest of the company looked querulously at each other without saying a word, but their thoughts were all very active in trying to explain the situation.

The matron was thinking: "What a fine, upstanding young woman she is to have repulsed the insolent advance of the German officer in such deserving manner!"

The young beauty was thinking: "How strange that in trying to kiss me in the confusion of darkness, the German officer inadvertently kissed the other woman and got socked in the eye for his temerity!"

The German officer was thinking: "He's a lucky guy, that other fellow! He gets to kiss the girl, and then in evading her outrage in the darkness, I get to receive the blow intended for him!"

But the Roumanian officer was thinking: "I'm a smart guy, I am! I kissed the back of my hand, socked the German in the eye with my fist, returned quickly to my seat, and got a way with it!"

*Basil W. Wilson.*



Dear Dale and Virginia,

16 May 1992

*Fifty Years!! Oh boy, it seems as if only yesterday, well, you fill in whatever thoughts pop into your minds. From my viewpoint, as a friend and colleague, it has been a great fifty years. Jeani and I send our most heartfelt congratulations to you for being such a wonderful couple, and for your tremendous contributions, both professional and personal, to so many people.*

*I remember well when I first met you. It was 1955 and Dale was looking for a marine geologist to add to his staff. Somehow, he paid for my visit from Los Angeles to College Station, via Houston. I recall that Bert van Straaten, visiting A&M from Groningen, Netherlands, and someone else met me at the airport for the long drive (or so it seemed to me) to the depths of Texas. Virginia later told me how much she liked College Station because "it's right in the middle of everything!"*

*Well, I met a lot of guys of whom I'd heard; such as, the acerbic Hugh McClellan, saw all of the Oceanography Department, the campus, and learned to say "Howdy" every time one of the student Corps passed by. It seemed as if everybody, other than oceanographers, were members of the Corps. The part of the visit that really sticks in my mind, though, was the journey to see the facilities in Galveston.*

*We travelled from College Station to Galveston in the Leipper family car. When I say "we," I mean all of the Leipper's and me. Dale drove, Virginia was in the back seat with the girls, and Bryan was in front with me, mostly sitting on my lap so he could see out (To look at Bryan these days, it is difficult, perhaps, to remember him as a very young, small boy. Not so for me, because that day is my most vivid recollection of Bryan. Seeing him many years later, a grown and gracious man, he simply seems another person; not my 1955 "lap-mate."). I guess my greatest concern on that outing was when we stopped in Galveston for lunch at a drive-in. Bryan had a huge hamburger and fries, all too big for his small lap, and too juicy for his little mouth. I had brought but one pair of pants, so I was busily watching Bryan, wiping his hands, his mouth, and holding his paper plate, as well as mine, so that nothing would drop on my trousers. All to no avail. Oh well, what better way to be introduced into the A&M family than to be so close to the chairman of the Department.*

*Dale hired someone else, I forget who.*

In February 1961, I was sitting in my Hancock Foundation office, University of Southern California, staring out at a crystal clear, Santanna wind sky, realizing, in the back of my mind, that it would all end in a dense "Leipper fog." I was distraught by the disappointing disinterest of the University regarding oceanography (K.O. Emery would leave the next year for WHOI), and totally fed up with Los Angeles; traffic, smog, and a 35-mile drive morning and evening. I needed out. I needed a friend. The reminder of a "Leipper fog" did it. I picked up the phone and called College Station.

"Hi, Dale, this is Bob Stevenson." "Well, Bob. How are you? How's it going?" "O.K. Dale. To the point. I'm finishing up the final report on this State survey of the southern California near-shore ocean. This place is getting impossible; I think even Emery is fed up and going to leave. Do you have a place for me at A&M?" "Sure, Bob. When do you want to come here?" "I've got to finish this report by the end of September. I can be in Texas by mid-October? And, I want to be in Galveston, not in College Station. Is that O.K.?" "That is no problem at all, Bob. I will send you a letter confirming the position. You just sign it and send me a copy." "Great. Thanks, Dale. Talk to you later."

*"t was a less-than-five-minute conversation.*

I then called to my secretary to tell her the news. "Oh, that's great," she said. "What is the salary?" "Oh wow, I forgot to ask him." Dialing telephone. "Hello, this is Bob Stevenson again. May I talk once more with Dr. Leipper?" In about 5 seconds, "Yes, Bob." "Dale, I forgot to ask--what is my salary?"

I forget now what it was, but the amount was more than I was getting at USC, so I said "Great, Dale, talk to you later and see you in October."

I arrived in Galveston a week after Hurricane Carla. The town was a mess, but everyone was busy and very friendly. In a week, or so, I drove to College Station for a few days of "orientation," then back to the coast ot settle-in. And so, that began a close friendship, between Dale, his family, and me, that has lasted for now more than 30 years. It has lasted through a lot of trials and tribulations, but that is the test of a true friendship, and it has never failed us.



We did some good science, too; in that Galveston-College Station scientific axis. The most memorable, I think, was the determination that hurricanes not only influence the near-surface ocean to depths of up to 100 meters, or so, but that the energy to sustain a hurricane comes from the ocean's upper mixed layer.

I remember well plotting those bathythermograph traces that Hugh McClellan said were no good because they showed huge temperature inversions and "That just can't happen in the Gulf." Then, the realization that the BT's were taken shortly after and near the track of Hurricane Carla; getting the track from the Galveston Weather Bureau office, and seeing that the BT's locations were all within 25 miles either side of Carla's path, and, WOW, "That's about the width of the eye!" The temperature inversions were deeper right under the track of the eye, and the salinity of the near-surface water (from the rains?) was sufficiently low to maintain the inversions for a couple of weeks after the hurricane passed by. "Could it be?" I thought, "Could those temperature inversions in the ocean represent the amount of heat lost to the hurricane?"

Realize, I knew absolutely nothing about the theory of the origin and the energy needed to sustain hurricanes. If I had, I never would have asked the question. All hurricane experts "knew," in those days, that the thermal energy to sustain a hurricane came from the marine boundary layer. But, I didn't know that. So I not only asked the question, but I got Reed Armstrong to calculate the volume of the inversions, and the amount of heat that volume represented.

He did, and it turned out to be a lot of gram calories per day; enough, as we later learned, to represent 5-times the amount of energy put out by a hurricane each day. Then we learned that a hurricane is only 20% efficient in using the available thermal energy, so the amount of gram calories Reed calculated as coming from the ocean was the total amount of energy needed to sustain a hurricane. Yet, we didn't know that no one else knew that.

In our blissful ignorance, Reed and I went to the International Hurricane Conference in Mexico City, 1962, and gave our paper to a crowd of some 300-400 meteorologists in a huge auditorium at the University. To this day, I can still vividly remember the great hurricane theorist, Herb Riehl, Colorado State, leaping from his seat and running down the stairway as I finished the presentation. He was yelling, "No, No, No!", as he nearly stumbled climbing the stage to the podium, to tear the microphone from my hand, despite the effort by Joanne Malkus Simpson (or whatever she was then) to intervene.

Yelling into the microphone, he described our study as useless, poorly done, with lousy data, improperly analyzed, etc., etc. & etc. He then called out to one of his former students, at the time a member of Weather Bureau's hurricane-forecast office in Miami (I forget his name, but not Riehl's), and asked, "What do you think about this nonsense?" The answer came, clear and precisely worded, "I am going back to Miami and re-think our forecast model."

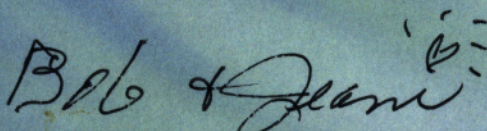
Thankfully, Joanne then stepped up and called for a break. Otherwise, Riehl might have had more than just a conniption fit on the stage.

It was clear to me that neither oceanographers nor meteorologists were ready to accept the influence of the ocean on hurricanes, and the reaction of the upper-ocean to the hurricane's air-sea interaction. It was only after you, Dale, made a few cruises on the old Alaminos in the Gulf of Mexico, both before and after a couple of hurricanes, that the hurricanologists found the concept not only acceptable, but inevitable. So, we did good; that was all good stuff.

There were many more good days to come, while you were developing a new department at NPS, Monterey and I was doing my thing with ONR. I always had a warm, pleasurable feeling whenever I was on my way to Monterey, and it was even better than that when I was visiting with you, both of you. I miss those days!!

I know you are comfortable in Reno. Sometime we must come and visit. And, we will.

All our very best wishes, regards, respect, and love,

  
Bob & Jeani Stevenson

July 30, 1992

Dear Dale and Virginia:

Bryan's package relating to your 50th anniversary arrived and it was great fun to get your note and all the information about the anniversary gathering - what a marvelous response you received! Your organizing it into various phases of your life and career was most unique and interesting. I knew alot of your friends.

Regarding World War Two, I had forgotten that you and Charlie Bates were in the same program - and surprised to learn of Virginia's work as a rivetor at Rohn Aircraft. I spent a year as a rivetor at Consolidated Aircraft (later called Convair) on PBYS - 10 hours a day, 5 days a week and the pay \$27.50/week. I thought I was well paid and since I lived at home I was able to save money. That was 1940 just after graduating from high school and prior to going to Maine and Bates College.

I noted that you are in touch with the Thompsons - I always liked them - spent two weeks active duty at Monterey and got a two week course in wave forecasting - I have often wondered what has happened to his friend, Paul Horrер - haven't heard of them in years.

You really did an outstanding job of getting the department off the ground at Texas A&M and it was great fun to be a part of that program. I learned a great deal from you as to how to deal with people and to manage and sell an organization. I appreciated all the responsibility you gave me with regard to projects, ship activities and so forth - You taught me a great deal. I can remember asking myself, "What would Dale do in this situation?" I remember when we had only one string of reversing thermometers and a limited number of Nansen bottles - I was so fearful of dropping them in the ocean; our trips to Galveston together and the stops for a milkshake along the way - sometimes an off-hand comment about the cost of some item being the equivalent of so many milkshakes; I remember all the kindness and thoughtfulness you extended to people and you always treated everyone the same - race, color or creed didn't seem to matter to you - I would try to be like that; when I dated Signe Jakkula and you thought that was a great move; and the wonderful parties we had at your home and our grand Christmas get-togethers - and Sam as Santa. The years at A&M were good ones and I have wonderful memories of those days.


I have made a major course change in my life and it is for that reason that I was unable to join in on the celebration of your anniversary as I had hoped. I was in the midst of a divorce. Marion and I have parted after 37 years. WE had just drifted apart after the children departed and Marion directed her interests and energy toward graduate school and landscape architecture and I retired from LSU. WE have parted on a friendly basis. Marion received her M.A. in landscape architecture in May and is working as Director of Research for the LSU Hilltop Arboretum. She remains in Baton Rouge and is living in our home on ten acres until it can be sold. As for me, I have moved to Maryland.

I am living in Severna Park, near Annapolis - a truly delightful area of our country. I am living with Patricia Nimmerrichter and her daughter, Tracy. Patricia is a lawyer with offices in Upper Marlboro and Tracy is an M.D. specializing in internal medicine - we have 4 dogs and a cat named George. Patricia and I plan to be married in December of this year. Our friendship goes back a long ways. We first met while working at Texas Instruments some 27 years ago; Then didn't see each other until six years ago at a TI reunion in Washington, D.C. I told her at that time that I always thought that someday we'd be together - those were my parting words. Then, last year I told a mutual friend that I was getting a divorce and he told Patricia. She said to tell me that she didn't want anyone else to have me and that she wanted to marry me. She had already been divorced for about 5 years. Anyway, we got in touch and I flew to Baltimore to see her in January - and we've essentially been together ever since. We are so very happy together. Since being up here I've joined the Methodist church and gotten involved in church activities; gained membership in the Big Vanilla Racquet Club and am playing tennis regularly and also teaching Patricia to play; become involved in community programs; biking up to 15 miles, working out on a treadmill we have at the house, lost 15 lbs. and have been able to discard all blood pressure pills - things are great! This weekend we drive to Seattle to attend a wedding - it's on a small Island not far from Friday Harbor - If I am able I will see Don and Betty Hood - We do lots of traveling - in May we drove across country and all the way down to the tip of Baja California - a first for the both of us - It was delightful and beautiful country - and the snorkeling just marvelous.

That's about the news from here. I am beginning to contact old friends in this area - a call the other night to Earnie and Eugenia Sorgnit - we plan to get together soon - both doing fine and still going West a couple of times <sup>a year</sup> to ski and just took up golf - Earnie is now 75. Will get in touch with Bob and Bertha Darrow - they live about a half-hour away.

All the very best to you and your family. By the way, our children are scattered. Carter is in Boulder as mgr of a restaurant, (age 25), Finlay is in Baton Rouge with a rubber Co and married a girl with 3 children and Laurie, now 36, single, is teaching at St. Georges Univ in Austin and working also for a publishing Co. there - all are fine. Maybe one of these days we will get together again - I'd like that!

Warm regards,



Kenneth H. Drummond  
One St. Ives Drive  
Severna Park, MD 21146

# International Maritime Incorporated

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29 May, 1992

Dale F. & Virginia Leipper  
716 Terra Court  
Reno, Nevada 89506

Dear Friends:

Joan and I were so sorry that we could not be with you, your children and friends to celebrate your 50th wedding anniversary. However, we were in Europe from the first week in April through the 20th of May. We simply missed the whole thing, and even the opportunity to send a letter for your commemorative book.

Of course, if we had been in the U.S. we would have certainly come up to help you celebrate. From the carefully planned and organized materials we received it is clear that it must have been a marvelous occasion. You are certainly blessed to have such thoughtful and loving children.

It seems like a long time ago when you two took in Joan and myself when we arrived in College Station during the winter of 1965. You took a gamble on a pretty mediocre student when you gave me the departmental scholarship that made it possible for me to come to A&M. By almost any test, I should not have gotten a scholarship but you took the chance and so did I. Then when I was permitted to go on for my doctoral studies I knew that many in the department didn't think I was PhD material. But again we took the risks. Hopefully you now feel that these risks were justified. I think I have put a lot back into the ocean community since leaving A&M and like to think I have contributed in my own way.

During those early days, your friendship, hospitality and counsel meant a lot to us. Joan and I struggled to concurrently learn about married life and reenter the world of academe as students. We had been married about two and a half years but I had been at sea most of the time. This was the first time we had actually set up house. And I was trying to get back in to intensive study habits having been out of school 11 years. And not a very good student then. They were tough times but "The Leippers" were always there to help us along.

Dale, you have truly been my mentor in oceanography. I can still remember our first discussions about the importance of ocean science to the Navy and your delight in having naval

officers at A&M to learn their lessons in your department. Later, after graduation, whenever our paths crossed you were still helping me to find that better job so I could apply what I had learned at College Station.

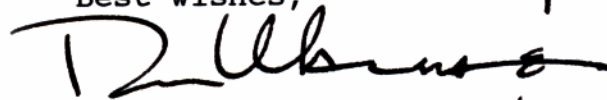
I suppose what is most impressive is that you have never stop caring about your students and the wellbeing of the schools where you helped mold them. I was recently reminded of this when I reread your letter to President Mobley of TAMU. There was that same energetic expression of ideas and concern to help him appreciate the value of his university's rich heritage and resources in ocean studies. The president was well advised to listen to your counsel. History does repeat and those who know it and remember become pretty good forecasters of the future.

It's been nearly 25 years since I defended my dissertation and you came out of the room to say, "congratulations doctor". But I remember it vividly. Although I drove away to command a submarine rather than commit research, the knowledge I gained under your direction at A&M has always served me well.

I am proud to say I was trained by Dale Leipper.

Joan joins me in wishing the two of you many more happy years of wedded partnership. I hope it will not be long before we meet again. Now that we are soon to move to our ranch in southwest Oregon perhaps it will be easier to get to Reno.

Best wishes,

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'D. Walsh', with a long horizontal flourish extending to the right.

Don Walsh  
Joan Walsh