

*Dale and Virginia Leipper
Book of Memories*



*Message from
Bill Holloway*

10537 Brookside Dr.
Sun City, Az. 85351
April 22, 1992

Dear Dale and Virginia,

Congratulations on your fiftieth wedding anniversary. I wish the big celebration get-together in Reno were closer to Arizona. Jeanne and I would enjoy being able to offer our congratulations in person.

Our contacts over the years have been mostly by mail but there have been some special occasions too - being able to visit your home-in-the-woods in California, dinner by the ocean in Salinas and our Wittenberg 50th in Springfield. Not a large number of times but all were very special.

Thinking back to our school days, Dale, I remember several special things - the many, many quartet practices and performances, our Saturday morning no-pads football games behind the McArtor greenhouse and on a vacant lot in Clair's neighborhood (as an apposing fullback you were a real Bronco Nagurski - it was like trying to stop a Mack truck. Coach Stone would have been very unhappy with his varsity captain, Gordon Keyes, and other varsity players who took part in those games if he had been aware.) Easter always reminds me of our long walk on a hot Sunday morning to a church in southeast Springfield to play in the Easter Service. A sousaphone being carried that far to church was a little unusual.

Added to the list would have to be the Ferncliff kitchen - you on the dish washer machine and Marion and I drying and carrying the huge stacks of dishes to storage in the dining room. Best of all was our access to all the food we wanted - even a huge sundae from the freezer to finish off - thanks to "Cookie". By the way Dottie and I kept in touch with her for many years after college.

Enough reminiscing - ENJOY YOUR VERY SPECIAL DAY.

Bill Holloway

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*Message from
Don and Betty Hood*

DONALD W. HOOD
OCEANOGRAPHIC CONSULTANT

P.O. BOX 57
FRIDAY HARBOR, WA 98250

206-378-2966

April 21, 1992

Mrs. Virginia and Dale Leipper
716 Terra Court
Reno NV 89506

Dear Virginia and Dale,

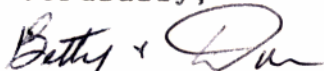
So this is your golden wedding anniversary! In 3 more years it will be Betty's and mine to claim. It , looking back, seems to have been such a short interval of time that has encompassed all of our years, except those when we were growing up. Yet, looking at what you have accomplished during those years is very rewarding.

Its no small package to raise a family, held important professional positions, and finish you careers with dignity and respect. Your lives have been full and much appreciated by those who know you. You are an example of what marriage and the full life is all about.

I have been thinking about how ones life takes shape. Many a decision, which seems insignificant at the time, take on such a great importance . Often I recall the time I visited Dale's office at Texas A&M asking what this Oceanography was all about. Little did I know that a PhD in Biochemisty would lead to a career in Oceanography.

Maybe a small decision on your part may lead to the San Juan Islands one day. We would love to see you. Our hope is, that your life after your fiftieth wedding anniversary will be kind to you. It may be we'll be around to celebrate your sixtieth.

Cordially,



Betty and Don Hood

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*Message from
Glen and Jean Jung*

April 1992

Dear Dale and Virginia,

It gives us great pleasure to write a few lines on this very important celebration in your lives. We would have liked to be there in person but family commitments this month will keep us from traveling to Reno.

It was forty years ago that we had our first glimpse of the watertower and golf course at Texas A & M. On a very hot July day we arrived there with our year-old daughter to begin life as a Research Assistant and student in your new Oceanography Department. This was the destination of our long trip west and south from Massachusetts, and we had not yet met. However, your diplomatic response to our application for the United Gas Fellowship (which had already been awarded to our later friend, Randy Blumberg) was sufficient to attract us there. This career change affected the rest of our lives, and we were so grateful for the assistantship and challenge to complete studies for the doctorate.

You made us feel so welcome when we arrived; how good it made us feel when you asked us to call you by your first names. That had never been the case in Cambridge. We also appreciated the advance arrangements for us to live in the Project Houses, which was such a help financially and in other ways. We remember a great party you hosted for the Staff and students, even though your own children were small. The waffles and strawberries were a delightful treat!

Two years later we were thankful for the recommendation you sent for Glenn's application for the Fulbright Fellowship for the year's study in Norway under Dr. Sverdrup. On our return, you welcomed us with a marvelous dinner including a tray of fresh nectarines, peaches, etc.; that was a real treat after a year without many fresh fruits.

We were thankful in 1968 to have you move to Monterey and become the leaders of the newly formed Oceanography Dept. at the Naval Postgraduate School. You joined former friends Jack Wickham, Warren Thompson and others. Dale, you were a very diplomatic and inspiring leader both in teaching and research projects and we were all appreciative for your wisdom and patience. Now years after we can all look back at these times and consider them well spent. Most of the disappointments of the "NPS dream" in Oceanography have been overshadowed by the continued personal relationships developed in those years.

We can't forget to mention the delightful Christmas pot lucks, and the summer picnics you always hosted and the morning coffees for the staff wives. We have many wonderful memories of you and the years we were privileged to have a close association. We are happy to hear that you are enjoying your new home and are able to live close to part of the family. May the next years be as happy as these past 50 were.

With heartfelt love,

Glenn + Jean

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Art and Kitty Kellond



ART & KITTY KELLOND
255 WILDROSE AVENUE
SAN ANTONIO, TX 78209-3814

May 12, 1992

Dear Virginia and Dale,

I am delighted to have this opportunity to offer even a small contribution to help you remember those "fun days" with the Monterey Bay California Unit..... of course, we always referred to it as the "**M B C U**". You added a great deal of pleasure to our Airstream activities. How fortunate we were to have been with the two of you.

You were usually involved in at least one memorable event whether at a rally or travelling together on a caravan. To illustrate, let me recall some gems that I savor.

Picture... the Swiss Rifle Club... 1976... beautiful Saturday morning... an early spring rally... a new couple arrived in a Bambi... parked rather casually nearby... **NOT Comrie Style!**... 'twas our good fortune to be parked nearest to you... as other novice couples, you were inclined to keep a low profile and listen... you made a very good impression... like "smooth water running deep"... Eleanor and I were inspired to encourage your return at our next rally... you kept coming back... whenever Virginia's Girl Scouts released her....

Picture... King City... Fairgrounds... the 1977 WBCCI 12th Region Rally... we got to know you well... happened when we; Virginia, Dale and I, met in a shower bath... I was quietly invited (conned) to "assist"... we had no problem showering in *our* trailers... the Bambi had no shower... hundreds of Caravanners came to see *How to Take a Shower in a Bambi*... those in the know were more than somewhat curious but unaware of the ingenuity of the likes of you... at the appointed time we appeared on stage... Virginia draped in her robe and wearing a shower cap... Dale with a stove, water pot, a large ladle... perched atop a ladder, I was to supply steady support for the ladle filled with *just right temperature water* to be poured into the shower above Virginia's head... Dale warmed the next pot of water on his nearby fire while firmly holding the privacy curtain to protect the vanity of the bather... the action was enhanced by Dale's professorial explanation of the entire operation... his droll, humorous and vivid description evoked a warm appreciative response from his audience... new members only a few months earlier... you had been hiding your talents!

Our deeper appreciation of you which began with this eye-opening event has nurtured a long standing and valued friendship...

During a Baja caravan led by Lloyd and Ruth Brown, another very memorable event occurred.... Picture Baja... roads notorious for blind curves, unguarded steep edges, non-existent shoulders and erratic native drivers... in the latter phases of the tour... travelling northward... only a few miles south of Mulege, driving a road matching the

description above... you were performing tail-end "sweeper duties" that day when I suddenly realized you had disappeared from view... (We always tried to keep the trailer behind us in sight while also trying to see the trailer ahead.)... the Bambi failed to appear when expected... motivation to be ones brothers' keeper was never higher... this after more than a thousand miles of safe group travel... was not taken lightly... I stopped in one of the very few wide spots on the highway... unhooked my trailer... raced back up the road to locate you... only a few minutes had passed... enough to permit Dale to conclude that his "cornbinder" (International station wagon to you) had gone the full limit of its' capability... the noises which had distressed Virginia meant *something serious*... with Bambi stopped right on the very narrow road... Dale unpacked his bicycle... advised Virginia that he was going to get help... there was absolutely nothing in sight to encourage the least optimism... a few moments after his departure... I was racing as fast as safely possible to his aid... while rounding a sharp curve I came upon Dale very calmly pedalling along... we returned to meet Virginia and to remove the trailer and tired International to the safest spot we could find off the road... Virginia had, after Dale's departure, dutifully marked the road by placing rocks and cans in the road to warn oncoming motorists of the hazard ahead... a time honored practice in Mexico, particularly in Baja... the three of us were discussing what to do next... a lady, whose arrival went unnoticed, stood next to Dale... looked straight at him and in perfectly good English asked "Aren't you Dale Leipper?"... with eyes widened, he turned to her with his confirming response... the lady was an American resident... a neighbor to Dale's brother who also had a vacation home in Mulege... brother had suggested that she watch for you... tell you that he had returned to the States...

Meeting a friendly face under these circumstances should be enough for one day but there was more.

The "cornbinder" was coaxed into a roadside, palm shaded repair shop(?) operated by a local mechanic who spoke not a word of English... by some ingenious sign language exchanges, Dale conveyed the idea that he needed some help... the obliging mechanic just smiled and was soon seen hopping into his aged machine to disappear to the east... Virginia, who must have either had complete confidence in the outcome or was showing signs of too much tropical sun, calmly retired... with books and a chair she sat in a quiet, shaded spot under the mechanics ramada... let matters take their own course... since fate had provided a new found friend and a mechanic who, although no conversationalist, seemed to be doing *something*, I returned to Eleanor... attached my trailer and set out to catch the others... on passing the Leipper safe haven we determined that nothing had yet happened but Dale was full of hope and confidence... Virginia was absorbed in her books...

A few miles further down the road... at happy hour that evening, near Santa Rosalia... the Coxes, Gormans and Kellonds sat, comfortable in the meager shade of a small tree, but sadly concerned about the Leippers... just as we agreed to stay until noon the following day to let Bambi catch us... the cornbinder, Bambi, and you arrived... what a welcome sight... a great relief came over all of us. Throughout the entire trip

you had been pillars of strength and inspiration as well as sources of wisdom and never ending mirth and pleasure.

My recollections could run on for many more pages than you would like to endure.... but, let me mention... the experiences we had at Las Brisas RV Park near Cabo San Lucas.... Joe didn't know how mean Eleanor could be... until she thought that he stole her seat at breakfast... the stop at Juncalito beach and Joe Gorman's mechanical woes and Glen Coxe's mechanical prowess... those rare occasions when you provided oral reports at rallies... reports that gave new perspective on your subjects... like trains, weather etc... always resourceful, you still hold the world record for the highest mass ratio of tow-vehicle to trailer... who else arrived at the lumber mill rally north of Santa Cruz with a rig to match?... that year when Dale was President of MBCU and those years of refreshing readings of the minutes by Virginia... all in good humor... recall our meeting in Jackpot, NV... we homeward bound and you enroute to the Boise International?... and on and on... so many pleasant memories.

I do hope that my recollections of these events will give both of you as much pleasure as I derive from recalling them.

To both of you I offer my deep affection and congratulations on your Fiftieth Wedding Anniversary. May God bless you with many more years of good health and marital bliss.

Very sincerely,

Art

P.S. Kitty joins in extending our very best wishes & Congratulations.

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*Lake Wallowa
June 1989*

*Lake Wallowa
June 1989*



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*Clair King
Etta King
Doris King*



Dale and Virginia Leipper Book of Memories

*1929- Clair,
Marybeth, Cappy
337 E. 6th
Salem, OH*



*Meyer Hall
Wittenburg
Dale, Marion
Bill, Clair*



*Dunn Eden, 1931
Clair's first organized
band Dale-tuba
Boy Scout Camp
(pictures from Mary
Beth King Groner)*



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Henry and Jane Klose



Mrs. Henry J. Klose
2005 Morton Street
Ann Arbor, Michigan 48104

April 1992

Dear Virginia and Dale,

HAPPY GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY!

So very many unexpected things have happened to us all since the wintry weekend that we met. Was it 1942 when you two came to Ann Arbor, and Mac and Dale were wearing army uniforms?

You have always been so welcoming that you have made us feel like "family". I'll always have a great deal of admiration for you both for managing our "cavalcade" (2 station wagons, trailer, 7 children, 3 adults, and a dog) all the way from Ann Arbor to Texas that summer of 1956 after Mac died. Do you recall the radio announcer saying, as we drove into Texas in non-air-conditioned cars, "It is 108 degrees again today, for the eighth straight day." That was one of many new experiences for us. Your Enchilada recipe was so delicious that we have been using it all these years - one of our favorites. All my girls have fond memories of that trip, too. You folks showed admirable patience and understanding during those weeks!

You welcomed Henry in California in 1985 and 1990, too for lots of good times. Among other delights you introduced us to the Artichoke Capital of the World (and showed us how to cook them), and the marvelous Monterey Aquarium.

Here are lots of good wishes for a happy and healthy future!

Love

Fane and Henry

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John A. Knauss

McMurdo Sound, Anartica 1991



John A. Knauss
3910 18th Street N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20011

February 29, 1992

Dear Dale and Virginia,

I am sorry I cannot be with you to celebrate your fiftieth wedding anniversary, but if present plans hold I expect to be in Kuwait that day celebrating the conclusion of a 100 day oceanographic cruise of our NOAA ship Mt Mitchel in the Persian Gulf, co-sponsored by the International Oceanographic Commission and an organization of the Gulf states. It is part of an international effort to investigate the environmental consequences of the oil spills and fires of last year's Gulf war.

As the above paragraph implies, it has been an interesting 46 years since our paths first crossed in the operations room of the Navy Weather Central at NAS North Island. You may have forgotten, but I have not. My career in oceanography did not develop in a straight forward manner, but it would never have developed at all if I had not pulled the duty that day in 1946 when you came by to learn what you could about how we went about forecasting the onslaught and break-up of ground fog at the air station.

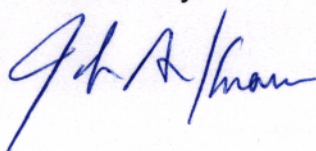
As I recall, you were engaged in a research effort with Sverdrup to learn more about the role of the ocean in generating coastal fog and you had come by the Weather Central to learn what if anything we knew about it. I was the duty officer, and I told you all I knew, which did not take very long, and then informed you that I expected to get out of the Navy soon, would need a job, had a brand new MIT bachelor's degree in meteorology which included a course in oceanography taught out of a Sverdrup book, and San Diego had a pleasant climate.

You carried my case to Sverdrup who apparently did not find my credentials all that impressive, but he did pass the word that the Navy Electronics Laboratory was going to establish a small oceanographic unit under Gene Lafond. I was quickly hired (I believe I was number four in the unit) and the rest as they say is history--or almost. After a year at NEL, I thought physics might be a more honorable calling, and it took two years of study in Ann Arbor and a tough job market to convince me otherwise.

I have had a wonderful life and a wonderful career, and, as I have said on a number of occasions, if it had not been for the luck of the draw--my having the duty on the day of your visit--it may still have been a wonderful life and a wonderful career but I very much doubt if the career would have been oceanography.

Thank you

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in blue ink, appearing to read "John A. Knauss". The signature is fluid and cursive, with the first name "John" being the most prominent part.



CONFERENCE HIGHLIGHTS

In the decade of the 1990's, ocean issues are clearly a major domestic and international concern. The MTS '92 conference theme, **Global Ocean Partnership**, captures the escalating role that global-scale activities play in resources, sensing infrastructure, policy issues and engineering. Industry, academia and government share a responsibility to ensure that coordinated and integrated activities are undertaken in marine disciplines.

The Conference will provide participants a unique forum for sharing ideas and knowledge. As we approach the twenty-first century, international marine activities will be a key element of global progress and prosperity.

Plenary Session:
October 20, 1992
0900-1100

Dr. John A. Knauss
Undersecretary of Commerce for
Oceans and Atmosphere
NOAA, Department of Commerce

Kathryn Sullivan
NASA Astronaut
Marine Geologist

Technical Sessions: ~~~~~October 19-21, 1992

Early Bird Reception: ~~~~~October 18, 1992

The Marine Technology Society will host an early bird reception in the Exhibit Hall at the Sheraton Washington Hotel. Hors d'oeuvres and light refreshments will be available. Conference attendees may pick up their registration packages.

Student Poster Session: ~~~~~October 19, 1992

Since the marine community is interested in knowing what tomorrow's ocean industry leaders are thinking and doing, MTS is again sponsoring a Student Technical Poster Session at MTS '92. Engineering students from universities are encouraged to submit abstracts for competition. The winning students will be invited to present posters, be on hand to explain their work and answer questions about their research projects.

For more information on presenting a poster please contact Mr. Terry McGuinness, Brown & Root, 713-676-7628 or Carol Busey, J. Spargo & Associates, Inc. at 703-631-6200.

MTS '92 Technology Reception: ~~~~~October 19, 1992

☆ *Special Attraction.....Nikon Exhibit "World without Suns"*

Catch the exciting debut of the Nikon exhibit sponsored by The National Geographic Society. "World without Suns" is a narrated compilation of Emory Kristof's journeys over the last 18 years. Explore Atlantic and Pacific hot water vents, Bermuda deep sharks, the Suruga Bay Japan, the Cayman Wall, the Monterey Canyon, the North Pole, and the Titanic.

MESSAGE FROM THE CONFERENCE CHAIRMAN

We have a single interconnected ocean on an earth made smaller by technology and communication. A growing population with an increasing standard of living has made international ocean cooperation desirable. Improved technology and communication coupled with easing of world tensions has made international ocean cooperation possible.

In areas such as in-situ ocean observations, weather forecasting, fishing, mineral exploration and retrieval, marine mammal protection, coastal management, satellite operations and others, international cooperation has become essential, as well as more effective. Interconnectivity of environmental factors and inadequate fiscal resources have impelled industry, academia and government to look for international partners in order to access international knowledge and resources. As the world shrinks, marine interests are moving toward a GLOBAL OCEAN PARTNERSHIP.

In the membership of the Marine Technology Society and its co-participants reside the leaders of the marine community. Leaders know that leadership and learning are indispensable to each other. At MTS '92, we will offer the cutting edge of learning in global ocean activities. We look forward to your participation.



Dr. John A. Knauss
Undersecretary of Commerce for
Oceans and Atmosphere
NOAA, Department of Commerce