

Dale and Virginia Leipper
Book of Memories

Don and Brenda Whitsett



April 15, 1992

Virginia and Dale Leipper
716 Terra Court
Reno, Nevada 89506

Dear Virginia and Dale:

Best wishes on your fiftieth wedding anniversary. What a nice way to celebrate with memories and family and friends.

Don and I will be several states away in New Mexico wishing we were with you.

In looking over the years - actually the time we shared since 1978...the memories we have are of common interests and experiences....from Girl Scouting, to our favorite dogs, to Girl Scout camps and buildings, to places in San Diego, lots of lunches and dinners especially those with homemade bread or scones and many thoughts of people.

I thought to include some snapshots of Girl Scout days . . . Virginia - from meetings to presiding at Council Dinners, going to National Council Meetings, girl events and of course making strawberry cream puffs!

Virginia, you covered all the bases in Girl Scouting....from District Chair, leader, Self-Evaluation, National Delegate, on the stage at the National Presidents and Executive Directors meeting in St. Louis....and not to forget....Council President of the Monterey Bay Girl Scout Council.

And, of course there are Girl Scout photos of Dale...from property committee to recognitions for Finance Committee work, too. Dale was always on top of things...from working with the U.S.Army to close Camp Cawatre to analyzing on spreadsheets our current net worth!

You have brought special richness and value to our lives.

Have a beautiful celebration . . .and know we think fondly about you.

Brenda & Don
Brenda and Don Whitsett
213 Crocker Ave
Pacific Grove, Ca. 93950

Training
Karen Limes
Virginia
Phillis Biggs



*June Deome, Virginia
at the annual dinner*



Monta Connie
Pat Moria

Virginia at the Strawberry Festival

Virginia, Bill Melendez, Pegge Gould





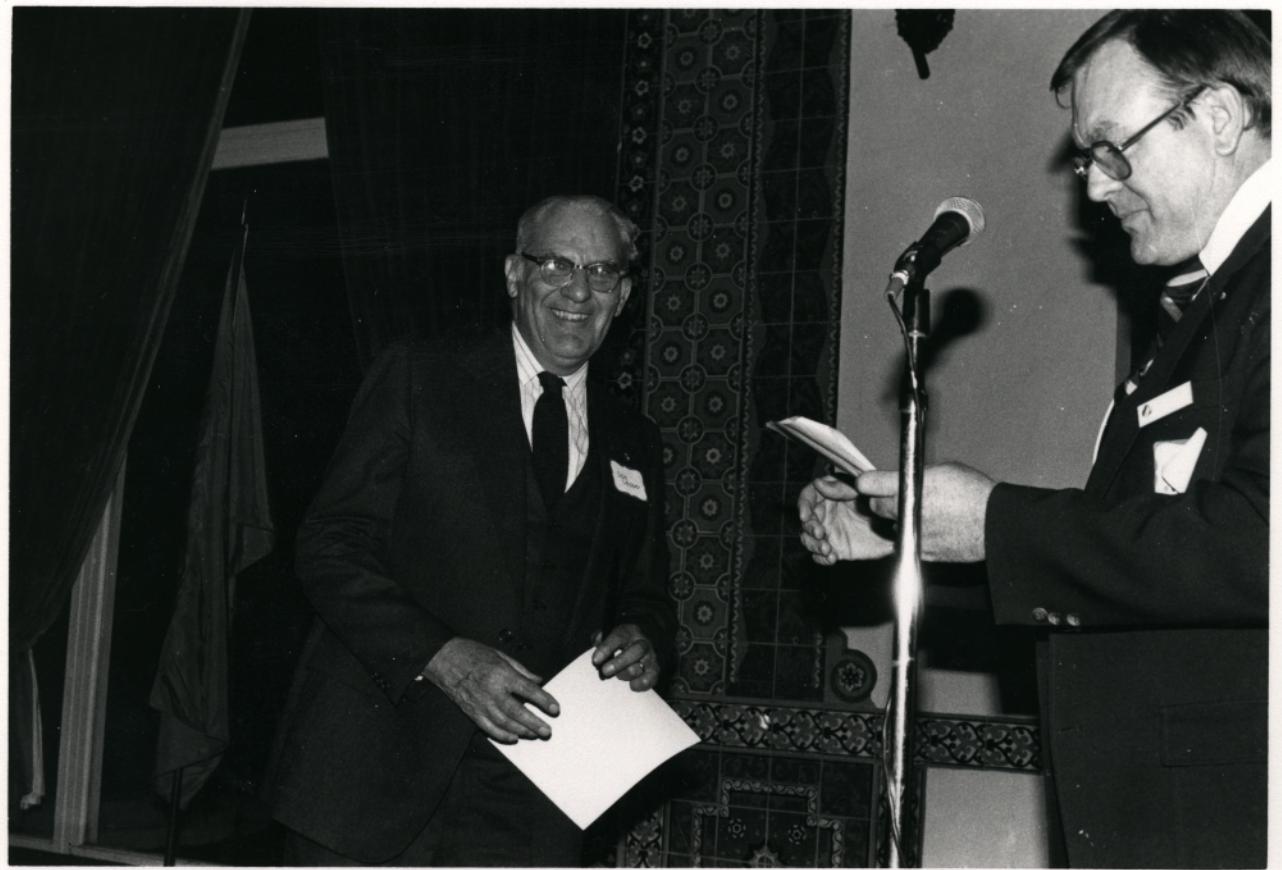
*Virginia, presenting
Award to Delanie
Neiberger*

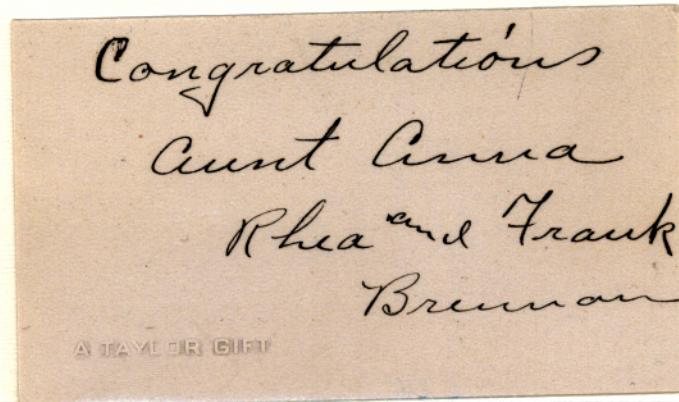
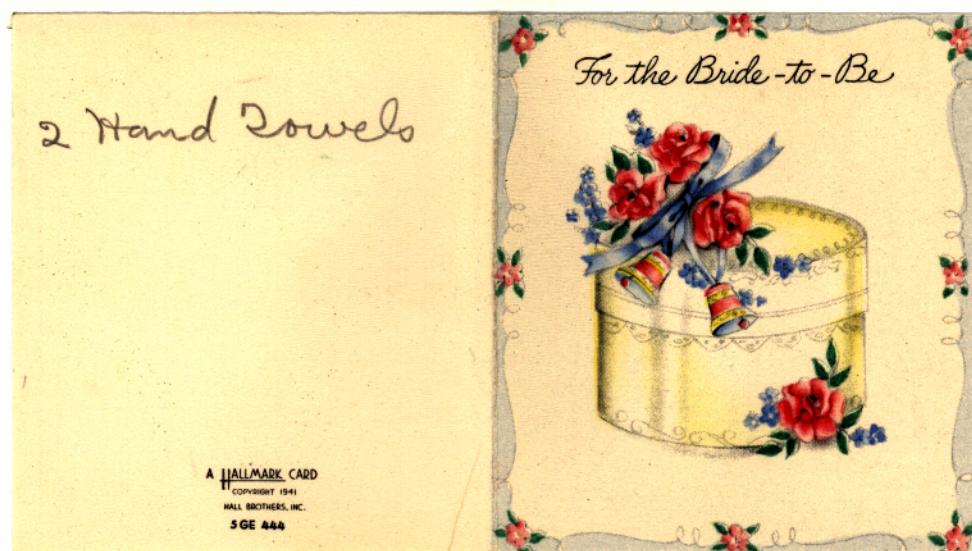
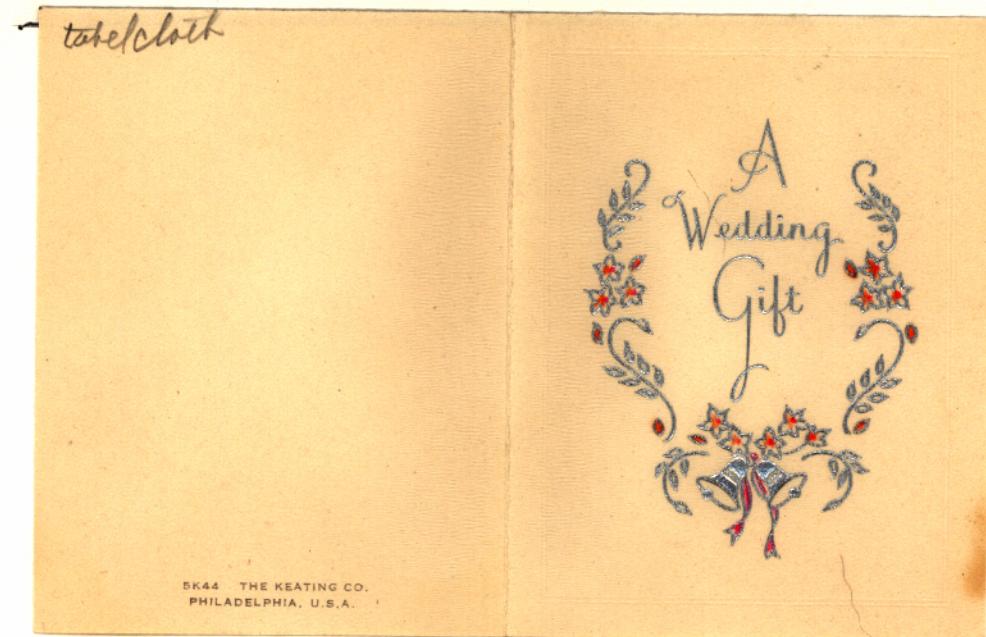
*Bill Melendez, Dale, Guy Nolan, Dardell McFarlen, Margaret Green
June Deome, Gloria Moore, Jonue Anderson, Joey Gasnak
Property Committee at the Salinas Program Center*





Dale and Gene Moore





Virginia and Dale:

With all

good wishes

to you

Alice and Ord.



Just a little
something
That's all wrapped up
and tied
Bringing many happy
thoughts and wishes
for the Bride.

Patty and Peggy

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.

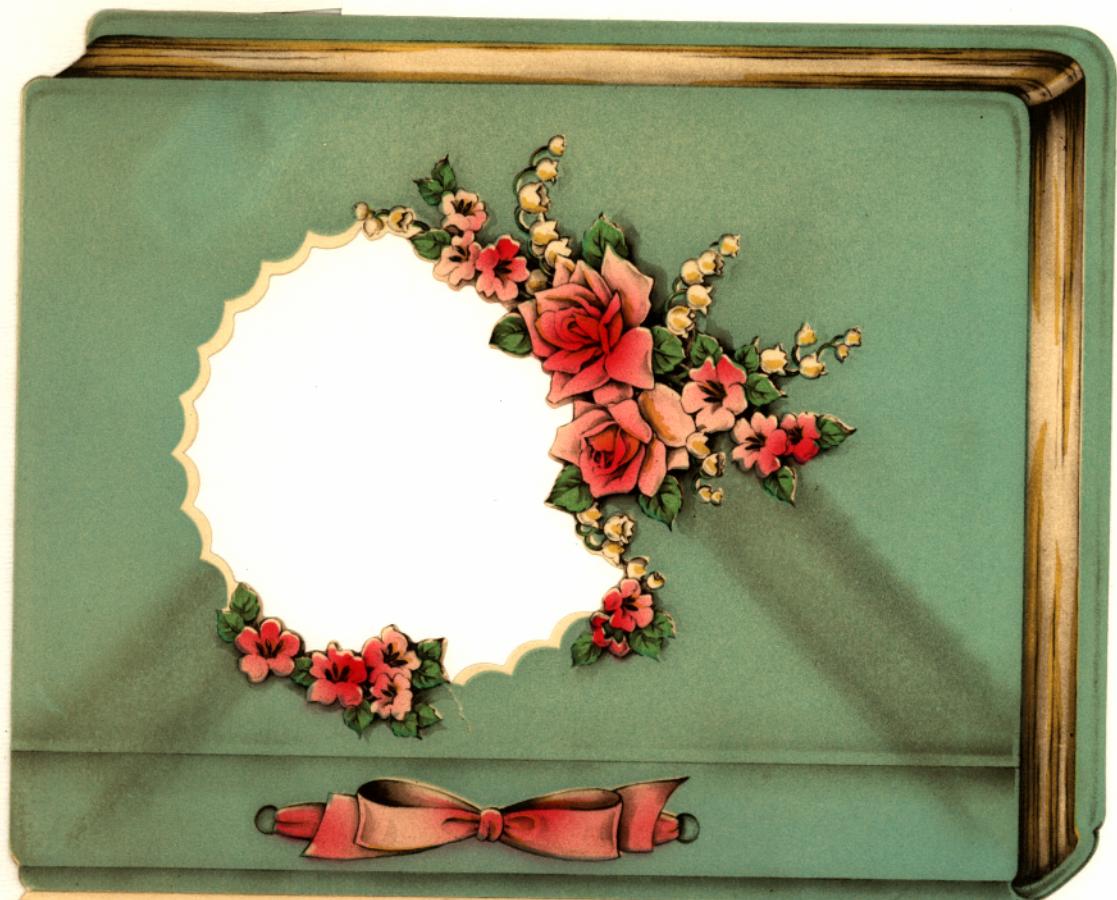
The matron was thinking: "What a fine, upstanding young woman she is to have repulsed the insolent advance of the German officer in such deserving manner!"

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.



Yen Shallow.



Best Wishes
on your
WEDDING DAY

Congratulations! May Good Luck
Attend you both forever,
And sweet contentment light the path
You travel down together.

Dot



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 to 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

