

PERSONALITIES IN CALIFORNIA FISHERY RESEARCH

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Good afternoon, my friends. I've attended many CalCOFI meetings, but this is the first time I have participated in the program. I am very honored to be here, and I thank Dr. Lasker for inviting me.

I feel inadequate in the presence of all these people whose brilliant scientific research, compassion, understanding, and ideas have made this conference significant in developing ocean research in the eastern tropical Pacific. I've only been an observer who has been included as part of this team. I am very grateful for this. To me, CalCOFI is a group of people who have worked together in spite of their personal differences, and anyone who has been associated with them in their work has been considered part of the team. Looking at the 1950 progress report, which was the first one published, I was delighted to find my name listed in the back as one of the people working on the program together with the most prominent scientists, the ship cooks, the crew, clerical assistants, technicians, and all persons who contributed to the launching of CalCOFI. I thought this was beautiful.

When I was twelve years old, I had to write a paper for some school assignment, and it just so happened I came across a description of Scripps Institution of Oceanography. I wrote about it, and I felt I'd love to work there. To me, assisting this institution would be the most wonderful thing I could do. Well, twenty-five or more years later, I began to work with the Department of Fish and Game, California State Fisheries Laboratory, which was engaged, in part, in similar research. I felt like a pilgrim who had come home when I began to participate, such as I did, with this research. I was hired as a librarian. I knew nothing about biology or marine science. But I had the whole wealth of published research in these fields to organize, index, and pass on to persons engaged in marine research. I felt that I finally was participating in the work that I really wanted to do.

There is a saying that what mind can conceive, man can achieve. CalCOFI to me is an example of that. Also it is said that when there is an idea whose time has come, it will come about. The idea for expanded, cooperative ocean research came in the postwar years, and the timing was right. Dick Croker said today that many people who had served in World War II had traveled far from their home localities and jobs, from a routine or sometimes sedentary existence. They had been exposed to many peoples and many different kinds of activities and places. Also, World War II made this a nation that worked together as a team. We came out of the war with a feeling of exultation at

having won. The Californians in the field of marine science came back to settle down to their jobs, with expanded concepts of research. They were the Wib Chapmans, the Benny Schaefers, the Dick Crokers, and numerous others who would probably have gone their separate ways had it not been for the war.

There was an excitement in the air in the late 1940s. New activities, new opportunities opened up in many fields. The fishing industry was bursting wide open. People used to come into our laboratory and our library, looking for information on the fishing industry, boat building, marine research of all kinds. They wanted to go into fishing. They wanted to learn about it and expand it. Students wanted to take up marine biology or oceanography as a profession. The time really was right for expansion. And the right people happened to be at the right place at the right time to bring it about. The failure of the sardine fishery was the crisis that brought together the fishing industry, businessmen, and the scientific community, and evolved the present CalCOFI program.

Again I refer to Wib Chapman, Elton Sette, Ahlie Ahlstrom, John Isaacs, and many, many others. Wib Chapman was working as curator at the California Academy of Sciences. He envisioned feeding the world through expanding fisheries. He became a crusader while he was at the California Academy of Sciences, writing letter after letter to people in places of importance, saying that there should be a national oceanographic program. I remember one letter which said that we were the only country in the world that did not have a research program to study ocean currents, the fluctuations of fisheries, and our marine resources.

When the sardine fishery failed, the fishing industry formed a California Fishing Product Institute. Dr. Sette was engaged as its consultant. Dr. Chapman and Dr. Sette worked together to organize a multidisciplinary cooperative research program that would expand throughout the entire North Pacific Ocean and include physical oceanography, biological oceanography, meteorology, and geophysics. All significant research and industry personnel in these fields were contacted and asked to cooperate.

One of the first meetings of these groups is described in a letter written on January 20, 1947, by a Colonel I. M. Isaac, chairman of the California Fishing Products Industries, to Don Loper, lobbyist for the sardine industry. Colonel Isaac said, "A recent meeting which was held at the California State Fisheries Laboratory included Dr. H. U. Sverdrup of the Scripps Institution; W. M. Chapman at the California Acad-

emy of Sciences; Dr. Frances N. Clark and R. F. Croker, California Fish and Game; Montgomery Phister, Van Camp Seafood Company; and Mr. Dave Rubinette, I. M. Isaac, W. M. Morehead, and D. T. Saxby, all from the research committee of California Sardine Products. It was a unanimous opinion of all authorities present at this meeting that expanded oceanographic research was imperative if the important fisheries resources of the Pacific Ocean are to be on a competitive footing with those of foreign countries."

Now, that meeting took place in late 1946. It was perhaps the first time industry personnel and scientists sat down together to find political and economic means of solving this problem and to bring about action in the California legislature to create a marine research committee and to propose a tax of fifty cents a pound on sardine landings. Well, this isn't the subject of my talk, but that meeting really stirred my imagination and aroused my excitement. It was held in my library, and I was present as an uninvited observer.

Dr. Frances Clark is a brilliant scientist. She was my boss and exceptionally patient. She had been interested in the library and organized it herself according to standard library procedures. For the first three years I worked there, she taught me marine biology. I asked her a million questions, and she never once was impatient or annoyed, although she was very, very busy. Then she felt that I should extend my knowledge and attend the meetings about fisheries research to find out what was going on, so I would know what to buy for the library, what to catalog and index, and how to meet the needs of not only our scientists but also of outside agencies. Dr. Clark is extremely modest about her accomplishments, but many young biologists came to me and said they wanted to work with the Department of Fish and Game because they wanted to work under her and be trained by her, which is a very great compliment to a wonderful lady.

Dr. Chapman used to come to our library; he loved literature and was an inveterate collector of books, reprints, reports, and any publication containing ocean science or fisheries information. He would tell me of new laboratories that had opened and how I could get material from them. So he and I established a rapport, as I had with Dr. Benny Schaefer and others who loved to acquire information and get it to the attention of others who wanted or needed it. Dr. Chapman was constantly going from country to country, promoting marine research, but often he would take the time to write me a note or to send me documents and papers from meetings he attended that I could not get otherwise. I found him a most human, warm, and interesting person. Dr. Clark told me this story about him: she

said that when she was acting chief of the Bureau of Marine Fisheries in San Francisco, and they sometimes tended to forget her, Wib Chapman always made sure that she was never overlooked in any conversation or discussion or any situation that arose. That was typical of the man.

One of the things that I loved about CalCOFI was the meetings. I attended them in the daytime, listened intently, and diligently took notes, trying to be quiet. It was not until the happy hour, when I could sit at the table and talk with people, that I really came to life, and it wasn't the fruit of the vine that did it. It was the stimulation of talking to these people and asking them questions and getting answers to things that any high school student should have known, but I didn't know. All my questions were patiently and fully answered. It was my first graduate education in fisheries and scientific research, so to speak, and it was a delightful one. But, also, I'm a very outspoken person. So I didn't hesitate to express my own thoughts on what they were doing and how the research should go; of course this was very presumptuous, but I never once was put down. I was politely listened to, and sometimes my advice was taken, which was very surprising! My library work supplied me with a wonderful source of knowledge about fisheries.

After the happy hour and dinner, the group would retire to the conference room, and then there would be an open discussion led by Professor Isaacs, Dr. Wooster, Dr. Ahlstrom, Dr. Tully, and many others. Anyone present participated in these meetings. You could say what you pleased, and attention would be paid to anything that was said. The ideas that came out of those meetings were absolutely fascinating. I can remember when Professor Isaacs first brought up the idea of an unmanned buoy. Surprisingly enough, everybody accepted it. Well, it was surprising to me. The idea became a significant part of later research programs. But in the beginning it was just thrown out by Professor Isaacs in one of those evening discussions the way you throw a bone to a dog to gnaw on. He just wanted to get some feedback on it, which he did.

Another time he said that since there was a water shortage in California we ought to lasso an iceberg and haul it to southern California and anchor it offshore as a source of fresh water. Since then I have found quite a few papers expounding such plans as practical, particularly in the Red Sea area and in the parts of other continents where water is scarce. I don't know whether it could be done or not, but it has been taken seriously. Those meetings would go on until ten or eleven o'clock at night. When people who had conceived the CalCOFI program got together, there was

seldom friction in their differences of opinion. Yet there was an abundance of divergent ideas.

I also was impressed that published reports, such as the Three Johns Report discussed earlier, were expected to be unanimous before they were presented to the chairman of the Marine Research Committee. When groups that have widely diverse ideas of what should be done can come up with a unanimous opinion, it is remarkable. This reflects the caliber of the personalities involved.

Dr. Chapman, as you have said, had joined the jet set. I was fortunate enough to go to Ghana at the request of that government to organize a fisheries library and set up a system of obtaining information to continue it. Later, I went to all the west coast countries of Africa to see what marine fisheries information facilities they had. While I was in Abidjan for two days, to my surprise Dr. Chapman came on FAO business. He arrived about eight o'clock one night. He saw me in the hotel lobby, came up and put his arms around me and gave me a great big bear hug. He turned to the people with him and he said, "Take her to the bar. As soon as I get into something comfortable, I'll be down." So for the next two hours, we talked about CalCOFI and the work that was being done and had been done and what future plans were; it was a delightful evening. I thought I was a nobody compared to the people who formed CalCOFI, but to him I was an interested participant, and my interest merited attention.

Dr. Ahlstrom was conservative, but open-minded and a very disciplined scientist. I had great respect for his ideas. He wasn't outgoing like Dr. Chapman, but he never hesitated to speak up and say what he wanted to say. One morning at one of the CalCOFI meetings he called me to one side and told me about the new laboratory that had just been built in La Jolla. He said, "Pat, I would like you to be our librarian." Well, this startled me. I was speechless for once. The rest of the day I was on cloud nine and didn't hear what was said—not that I wanted to leave my job, but I thought this was a great honor.

During the next few weeks, I filled out the forms that the federal government required, and he offered me the job at a high government rating. He had told me that I would have a chance for advancement, that I could attend meetings, and would not be inhibited in any way. I could run the library to suit myself. Dr. Clark and Dick Croker and my other supervisors in California Fish and Game had always given me a free hand. I didn't consider I was under supervision. That was my library, and I was going to see that it was run the way I thought it should be.

When it came down to really deciding, I found I

couldn't leave my library. I couldn't leave the people I had worked with. I was part of their team, and the hardest thing that I ever had to do was to tell Dr. Ahlstrom that I couldn't accept the job, but would help in any way I could. He was so gracious in his acceptance that from that time on whenever I saw him, I always felt a warm rapport with him.

Dr. Sette was an entirely different person. He was, to me, an intellectual giant, very quiet, but—as the saying goes—still waters run deep. I was fascinated by the way he would conduct his meetings, and by his comments. I would get into a discussion with him when he had the time, and he, too, showed me all the patience in the world.

I got to know Dr. Sette very well, particularly after he retired and had his office in our Menlo Park Laboratory. One of the great loves of his life was his library. It was well organized and documented, especially his extensive reprint collection. Whenever I was in Menlo Park, he would ask me to lunch, always a different place, and discuss the disposition of his library. I told Dr. Sette I would do what I could to help keep his collection intact. I visited him in the hospital a few days before he died. He could barely speak. He looked up at me with those big blue eyes of his, and I said, "Can I do anything for you?" He nodded and said, "Yes, take care of my library," which touched me very much.

His reprint collection is intact, and his index cards are located in the Marine Resources Library in Long Beach. We had no room for the bound volumes there, but they are in Menlo Park, at the California Marine Resources Laboratory. There is a listing of all his material. Most is bound volumes, like the *Journal of Marine Research* of the Sears Foundation, and can be found in major university libraries. This list can be useful in checking on literature sources he used in his research.

John Isaacs just delighted my heart, too. He was a brilliant man whose ideas came fast and furiously, and he was flamboyant in the way he expressed himself and in the things that he did. I used to be amused at the CalCOFI evening meetings when he would suggest seemingly impossible ideas to be researched, or make comment on others' ideas just to throw them off balance. He was annoyed when addressed as Dr. Isaacs. He said he was a professor, didn't want to be called a doctor, and didn't wish to have his name associated with a doctoral degree.

Once we had a meeting at Goleta. I always went out for early morning walks; I loved to bird-watch. Also, many wonderful people in CalCOFI would get up at six o'clock in the morning to go walking before the meeting began. Frances Clark started me bird-

watching and helped introduce me to birds, trees, wild flowers, and many other interesting aspects of nature. Often others joined us. As usual, at Goleta I was out early one morning, and met Professor Isaacs. As we walked along together he said, "Pat, you must be one of the original women's libbers." I said, "No, I'm not a women's libber. I enjoy my status as a woman and the courtesies that men show me." We went into the cafeteria for breakfast. When we went to pay our bill, he said, "Pat, since you're not a women's libber, I'll pay for your breakfast, and I'll carry your tray for you!"

Later that evening, before the social hour, he came to me and asked, "Did you bring any liquid refreshment?" I said, "No, I didn't have time to get any." He said, "I have my car here. Let's go into town." So we went in and found a store and he bought all sorts of crackers and nuts and goodies and a quart of Wild Turkey. When we got back to the dormitory, he handed me the package, saying, "Now, why don't you take this to your room and invite people in. I'm sorry, I have some business to attend to, but I'll stop by later on." It's a side of him that I think many people did not get to know.

I was national chairman of the biological sciences section for the Special Libraries Association one year, and part of my job was to set up a program including tours and a luncheon with a keynote speaker. It was to be at the Hilton Hotel in San Francisco. About six months before the meeting I saw Professor Isaacs at our Long Beach laboratory. I asked if he would be the keynote speaker for the meeting. His answer was, "Pat, I'll be glad to. I like librarians. Check with my secretary to see if that day is free."

The day was free and the day came. I met him at the airport and took him into San Francisco, where we had provided accommodations for him. He would not accept an honorarium. On the way into town, I said, "Professor Isaacs, please don't talk down to this group. These special librarians are experts in their fields." He looked at me very seriously and said, "Pat, I never talk down to anyone."

He gave a talk that the librarians would never forget. He brought his underwater pictures of fish. Everybody was fascinated. Years later people have told me how much they enjoyed his presentation.

He told me at the time that he and his sister had run a boutique in Maiden Lane in San Francisco, which rather surprised me. Later on, Mrs. Isaacs, a member of the People-to-People organization in La Jolla, asked me to help get books together for the marine school in Ensenada. When the time came to deliver the books, she asked me to come down and have dinner with her one Sunday and spend the night. Professor Isaacs was

away. I went and had a delightful weekend and enjoyed their home very much.

That night when I went to bed, on my bedside table was a book of short stories by Saki (H. H. Munro), who was one of my favorite English writers. The next morning I commented on it, as well as the fact that the room was full of books of significant literature, of poetry, travel writings, and biographies, as well as light fiction. I commented on the fact that the short stories by Saki were by my bedside. She said, "Oh, yes, that was one of Professor Isaacs' favorites, and mine too. We used to go salmon fishing when we were first married, and I would read him those stories and the poetry he loves while we were fishing."

At another time, at a San Clemente conference, Paul Smith told me that Roger Hewitt was writing a history of CalCOFI, and that he was a young lieutenant, fresh out of the Navy. I thought, "What does he know about CalCOFI? Who is he to be writing a history of CalCOFI? He has no idea of all that has gone before, and he really has no access to some vital information." Much to my regret, I told him my opinion of his lack of background for such an undertaking. I really embarrassed myself. Well, I apologized, but he told me today that I could tell this, and he said that what I really asked him was what right did he have to write about history if he hadn't lived through it! I felt so strongly that any history of CalCOFI should have a personality reflecting the personalities of all the wonderful people that created and guided it so brilliantly and successfully.

Now, I would like to tell another story. I want to tell you about Dr. Schaefer. When he used to come to the California State Fisheries Laboratory to see Dr. Clark and others, he never failed to come into the library to say "hello." Then, since he read Russian fluently, he would translate all of the titles of Russian publications in the library into English for me. Finally one day he said, "Pat, I learned how to read Russian in six hours, and you can do the same if you put your mind to it." He overestimated my ability, but he never failed to try to help, if he could, in any way.

Another story I think is interesting concerns Anatole Loukashkin, from the California Academy of Sciences. Anatole is such a conservative, perfect individual. He always appeared correctly dressed, and he would never say anything off color. CalCOFI met in Avalon one year in December, and Anatole was there wearing the long coat and black hat that he always wore. He customarily carried a little container of brandy in his vest pocket. After the luncheon meeting one day, he brought out the brandy. Gertrude Cutler, Laura Richardson, and I were there, and he shared it with us. Then we walked back to town from the meeting,

which was up the hill in the clubhouse. Since it was close to Christmas, and having had the brandy, we started singing Christmas carols. We went all over Avalon, belting out Christmas carols at the top of our voices, with Anatole singing as loudly as we were. I thought this was a charming insight into the dignified Anatole.

Another thing I want to say—one night, and I think it was at Torrey Pines, we moved from room to room where there were still drinks available. I walked into a room where Joe Reid and Professor Isaacs were lying on the floor on their backs, with their heads against the entrance to the bathroom, stretched out. They had their socks off and two peanuts, which they maneuvered with their big toes. They were trying to see who could be the first to get his peanut to the entrance of the room. I think Isaacs won because he was longer than Joe, and his toe was bigger!

Well, I know my time is up. I could go on indefinitely, telling stories, but these are some of the things that have made CalCOFI very special to me. In fact, I've had a love affair with it for thirty-four years. Thank you for having me here!

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Reid: I believe that Dick Croker wants to interject one more sentence into his diatribe.

Croker: When I heard from Reuben that they were going to write all this stuff down, I remember that I woke up during the night and thought of a sentence that goes like this: With all of the trials and tribulations and frustrations and minor victories, I enjoyed almost every minute of my career, and I would start right where I did a second time around and go through it again.