

NOTICIAS del PUERTO de MONTEREY

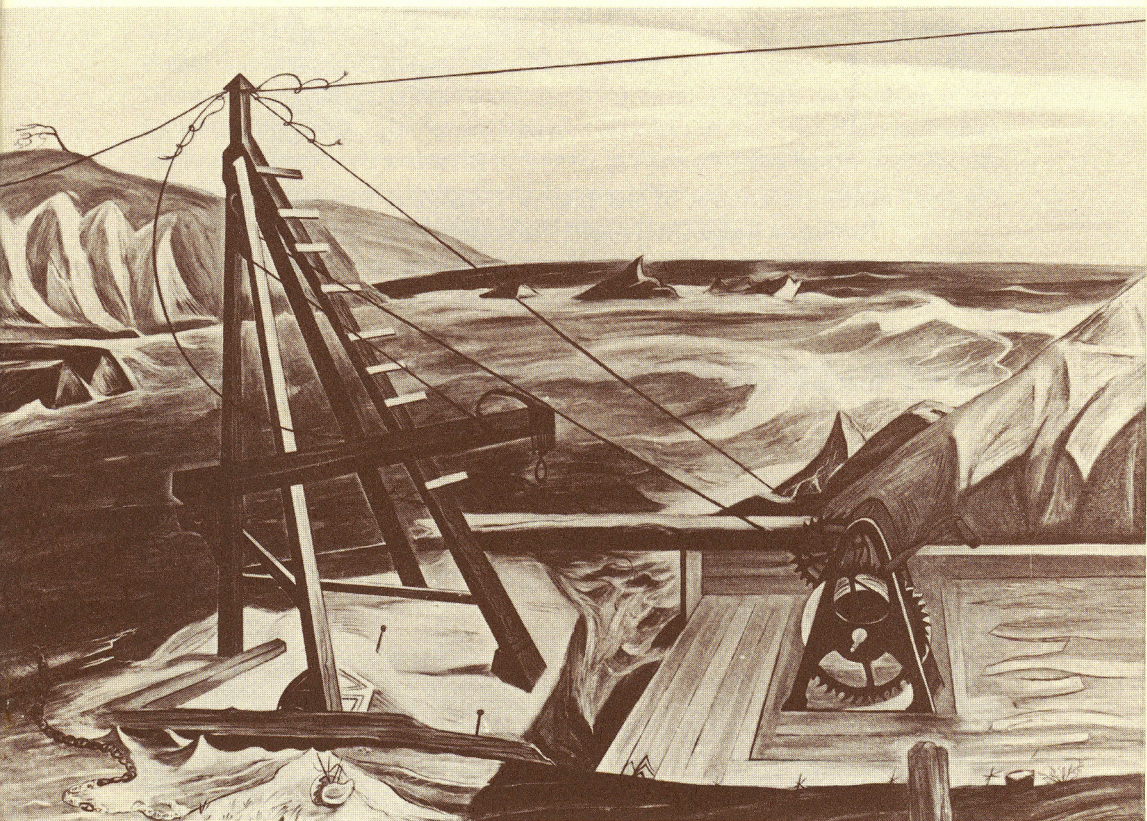
**A Quarterly Bulletin of Historic Monterey Issued by
The Monterey History and Art Association**

Contents copyright 1988 by Monterey History and Art Association

**Member: National Trust for Historic Preservation
California Historical Society • Conference of California Historical Societies
American Association of Museums**

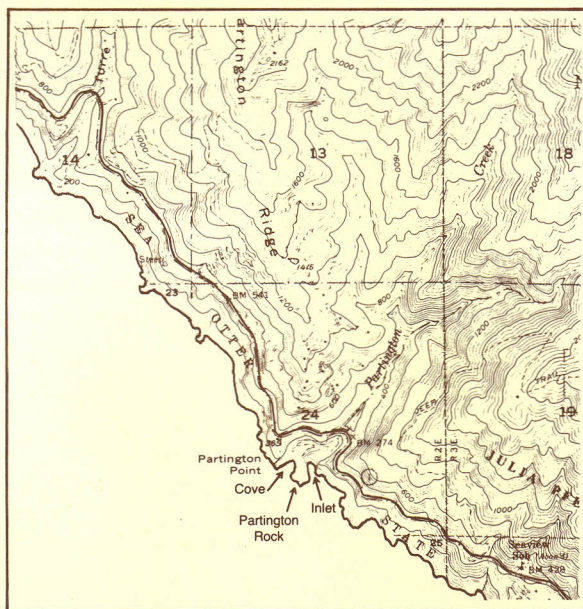
Vol. XXIX, No. 3

September, 1988



“Partington Landing, 1940”

Edward Weston photograph of an oil painting by Jean Kellogg. The original hangs permanently in the Allen Knight Maritime Museum where its glowing colors add a decorative note to the Stone Room. The artist Jean Kellogg (in private life Mrs. James M. Dickie) gave the painting to the museum in 1972, shortly after it moved to Calle Principal in Monterey. This original Edward Weston photograph never before has been reproduced.



U.S. Department of the Interior Geological Survey: The Partington Ridge Quadrangle, California - Monterey County (compiled from 1981 aerial photographs [and other sources], photorevised in 1984 (DMA 156 II NW - Series V895).



The map of places passes.
The reality of paper tears.
Land and water where they are
Are only where they were
When words read *here* and *here*
Before ships happened there.

Now on naked names feet stand,
No geographies in the hand,
And paper reads anciently,
And ships at sea
Turn round and round.
All is known, all is found.
Death meets itself everywhere.
Holes in maps look through to nowhere.

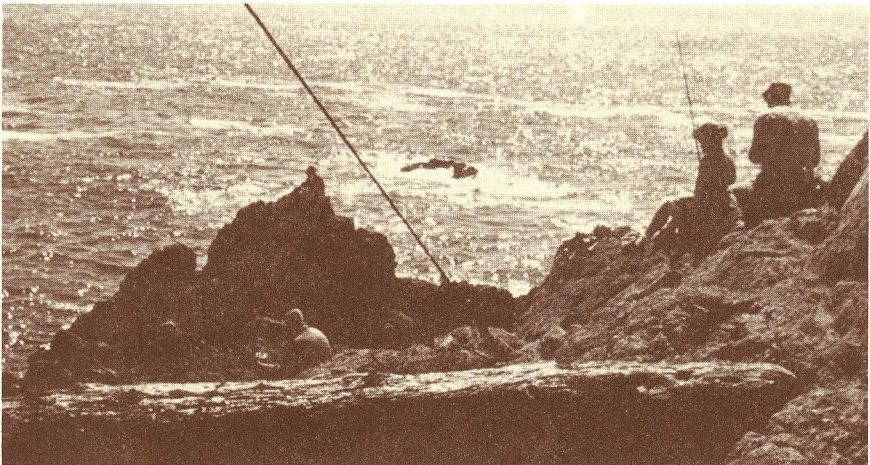
—Laura Riding
(from *Collected Poems*, 1938)

Partington Landing: of Poets, Artists, and Ships in the Big Sur Country

by Betty Hoag McGlynn

Probably no two people are able to agree on a geographical description of the Big Sur country. It has been called "a state of mind." Purists insist the title can mean only lands around the Big Sur River and its tributaries. However, for this study we prefer to adopt a more lenient definition as given by local historian John Woolfenden: Pacific Ocean coastlands lying in the shadow of the Santa Lucia Mountains and extending from Carmel Highlands south to Kirk Creek. There is no problem locating Partington promontory on such a map. About midway, Partington Ridge snakes down a steep hillside to terminate in Partington Point, one of many crags characterizing the shore of California's State Sea Otter Game Refuge. At the south foot of the Point there is a small cove which is fed by Partington Creek. The stream flounces off rocks in little waterfalls as it seeks the beach. The cove's south flank, known as Partington Rock, juts dramatically into the sea. The rock's leeward side is called Partington Inlet. There, boats can lie protected from the prevailing summer northwesterlies.

In early days sailing vessels found the Inlet deep enough to afford safe berthing. The entire Partington promontory has a history of service to man. Always it has been fine fishing ground. Once it was a center for fur hunting activity. Twice it was the hub of important shipping businesses. Today it is enjoyed by hikers hardy enough to maneuver scrambling down the steep trails which lead from Julia Pfeiffer-Burns State Park.



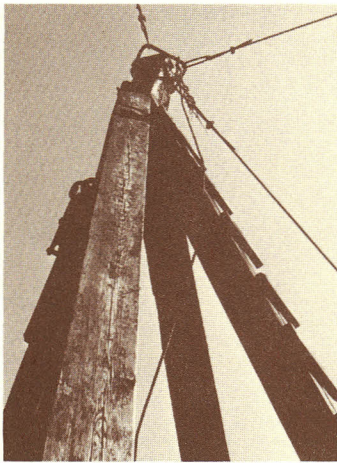
"Fishing from rocks just west of Landing, 1960" (taken by Jean Kellogg)

Earliest residents of this part of the Big Sur were an Indian tribe known as Esselen. (The spelling varies. Mission records from Carmel use "Excelen.") They foraged from Point Sur to Point Lopez and inland to the high peaks of the Santa Lucia Mountain Range. Esselens could not converse with their northern neighbors, Costanoans who spoke in Penuitian tongue. Nor could they understand the Salinians who lived just south of them yet used a Hokan dialect different from their own Hokan. A scattered group of Esselen Indians who lived in the hinterland used to migrate seasonally for fishing from the Partington rocks. However, most of the clan were concentrated at a hot springs some thirty miles down the coast, a settlement of primitive huts which they called Tok-I-Tok. It is said that there were about five hundred people at the village in the 1860s when the first pioneers arrived. These Esselens were frequent fishermen of Partington waters.

At one time during the last century the Esselens shared their use of Partington promontory with exotic foreigners: Russian fur traders camped at Tok-I-Tok, bringing with them spear-throwing Aleuts who carried *bidarkas* (ocean-going skin boats). Following their departure the carnage of sea mammals was continued by other unscrupulous fur hunters. By 1900 it was believed that the entire population of Big Sur's otters had become extinct. Happily, in 1938 a few pairs were again sighted, prompting protection from the State of California. The otters' numbers have now been reestablished. Like the area's native grizzlies and condors, the Esselen Indians were not to be so fortunate. In the 1860s settlers usurped their spa where waters are said to be therapeutic. After a residency of at least five thousand years the Esselen Indians simply faded from history. Only a ghost of their name appears on maps of the 1960-70s, corrupted in spelling to "Esalen Institute." Today even that wraith prosaically has become "Big Sur Hot Springs." Carmel's revered poet Robinson Jeffers caught the ephemeral quality of these aboriginees in his reference to their pictographs:

HANDS

Inside a cave in a narrow canyon near Tassajara
The vault of rock is painted with hands,
A multitude of hands in the twilight, a cloud of men's palms, no more,
No other picture. There's no one to say
Whether the brown shy quiet people who are dead intended
Religion or magic, or made their tracings
In the idleness of art; but over the division of years these careful
Signs-manual are now like a sealed message
Saying, "Look: we also were human; we had hands, not paws. All hail
You people with the cleverer hands, our supplanter
In the beautiful country; enjoy her a season, her beauty, and come
down
And be supplanted; for you also are human."



"Top of hoist, 1960" (taken by Jean Kellogg)

Partington Landing was built in the late 1870s at Partington Inlet. It met no kinder fate than had the Esselen Indians. Partington was one of several similar landings on the Big Sur rocky shore, taking the place of harbors. Known as "dogholes" to seamen, they played a part in the lumber industry until well after the turn-of-the-century when most of the heavy timber was depleted. At Partington Landing schooners sailed into the Inlet and were moored to deadeyes embedded in rocks of the adjacent banks. From the landing the cargo was sent in slings along a cable winched onto the waiting ship. Supplies brought *in* by the vessels were snaked up the hill from the landing with help of a donkey engine. In addition to shipping tan oak bark, Partington served residents of the area as "supermarket and post office." Because the land route from Monterey was impassable much of the time, ships brought provisions and mail to be deposited at the landing. By 1912 such traffic had been replaced by the more convenient rural postal delivery.

For a short time in the 1930s Partington Landing again became a port of entry: building materials were brought by boat for use in construction of the Carmel-San Simeon highway. (The California State legislature passed a bill to grant funds for the road in 1919. The first contractor, George Pollock, began the work about 1922 with aid of the landing. Construction had moved just south of the Partington headland in 1924. Dedication of Highway One took place on June 27, 1937.) It is said that at least one load of cement and reinforcing steel capsized during the work and today rests on the bottom of Partington Inlet. Throughout the 1930s and 1940s the two sons of pioneer Sam Trotter kept a boat at the landing and fished the region regularly for ling cod, red snapper, and the big and ugly-headed cabezone which makes excellent stew. Abalones clung to the rocks, and those delicacies could easily be pried loose with aid of a tire iron. (Sea otters have their own methods!)

Over the years, gradually and plank by plank, the old landing came apart and was torn away from the continent's rim by the Pacific Ocean. Today nothing remains but a few deadeye bolts embedded in boulders a century ago. Jean Kellogg's 1940 painting shows the hoist still in place, a few wooden timbers yet standing.



"Schooner at Partington Landing, loading tan bark, about 1905" (*Pat Hathaway collection*)



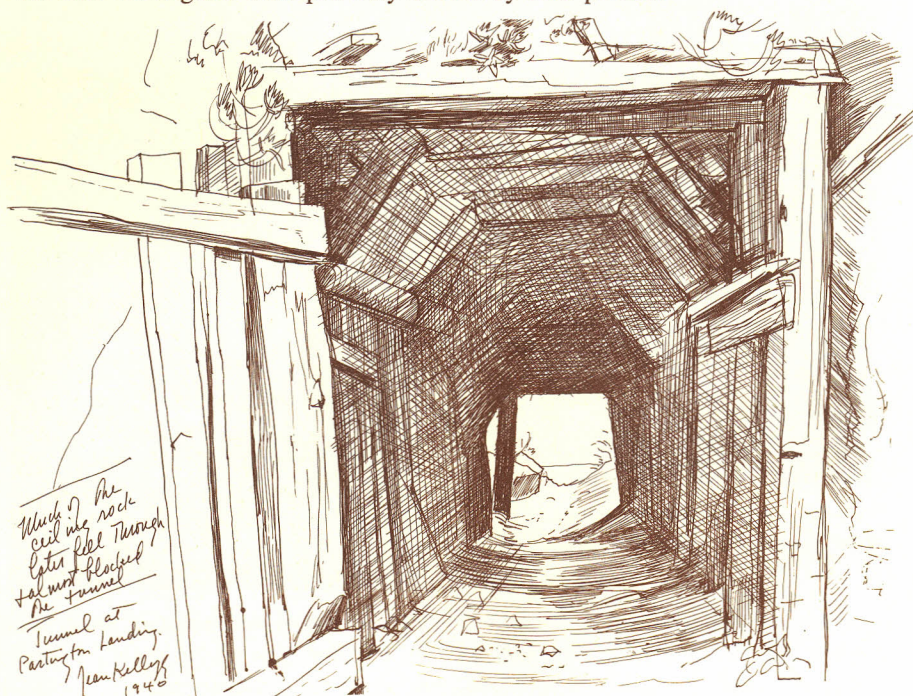
"Boat bringing supplies for building of Coast Road" (Engineer's photograph, Mr. James Knapp, May 12, 1924) (*Pat Hathaway collection*)

The Partington promontory was named for John James Partington (1831-1888). Born in Maine, at age nineteen he sailed around the Horn to San Francisco. By the 1870s John was working as an engineer for an oil-drilling company. Before 1874 (exact date unknown) he was sent to the Santa Cruz mountains to superintend the drilling of exploratory wells. No oil being found, the young man decided to continue his search farther down the California coast. John rode his horse over the ten miles of crude wagon road which serviced scattered settlements as far as Bixby Landing. Then the horseman plunged into a wilderness of redwood and oak groves, of sycamore- and willow-lined streams. For some thirty miles he followed faint trails, sometimes near the ocean where the cliffs stood in outline like a Chinese painting, sometimes on hills far above the fog which so often blankets the Big Sur country's fierce escarpments. The whole territory was staggeringly beautiful, undefinably mysterious, and seemed remarkably uninhabited, almost as pristine as when early Spanish explorers had clanged their way north from Mexico to help the Catholic church establish missions. After 1849 occasional gold prospectors had packed into some of the Santa Lucia back country; many remained to eke out a hermit's life there. In most of the canyons other squatters tended tiny farms. One solitary male built a shack on the Big Sur River bank and devoted his time to raising bees. Several of the streams were being utilized by lumbering businesses. John Partington probably took special interest in the one at Notley Landing; it was extremely active. Following up a ridge which later would bear his name, John guided his horse through a gap and into a cul-de-sac valley radiant with sunshine. He had found his Shangri-La. Forsaking the oil business, John hurried back to Santa Cruz where he formed a company to market the lumber and tan bark he intended to log near his new home.

First, there was the problem of moving his wife and their five children (one a babe in arms) into this remote region. On his exploring trip the engineer had met three men who were taking advantage of the federal government's 1862 land grant offer: 160 acres free to anyone who could show proof of establishing a homestead. Although these men had widely separated grants, all were helping each other set up domains. (Each would leave a mark on California maps of the future. Thomas Slate who, about 1870, bought the Esselen's Tot-I-Tot from an earlier squatter, would see "Slate's Hot Springs" on maps for many years until "Esalen Institute" replaced it. James Anderson would give his name to a canyon, a landing and a mountain peak. Philip Dolan would also have a namesake creek and an off-shore rock.) Bachelors, all three were delighted to learn that a real family would be coming to their part of the world. Each offered the project his own packtrain as well as his own services. At an unknown date in 1874 the family of seven plus the three young helpers set out from Monterey, their fifteen-mule packtrain laden with most of the Partington's household furnishings, including a sewing machine. Midway on the trip, while negotiating a precipitous twist of the trail, one animal missed its footing and dragged three more mules, Thomas Slate and the sewing machine 250 feet down the hill. One mule died. Slate was badly cut and broke a leg; he had to be returned to Mill Creek (today's Palo Colorado) where a neighbor nursed him back to health for three months. The sewing machine was smashed to smithereens.

However, the saga does have a happy ending. The family reached its destination without further mishap. Mrs. Partington was delighted to find (as her granddaughter later told John Woolfenden) that "anything stuck in the soil would grow." Her flowers and vegetables and fruit trees became famous in the Big Sur country. And John Partington's business prospered.

With his family safe in the valley, John ordered a government survey of the land. Another bachelor, Bert Stevens, was hired as a full-time live-in "hand." (Bert later became a partner of John's in the lumber business. After the latter's death and when the family moved to Monterey, Bert lived on at the ranch until it was bought. Many owners later Shangri-La burned to the ground.) With help of the neighboring bachelors construction began on roads and fences, a seven-room log house with cellar, a dairy barn and sheds needed for a working ranch with cattle, hogs, horses and poultry. Even a school house was built; there all the little Partingtons were privately tutored by their parents.



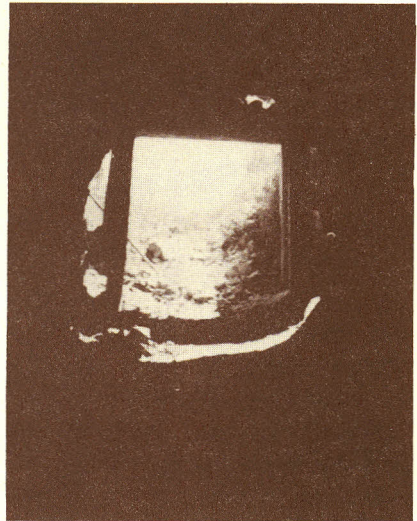
Pen and ink drawing by Jean Kellogg of Partington Landing in 1940

In addition to the ranch buildings the men hacked a path down the brush-shrouded ridge to Partington Cove where a tunnel was begun in the south bank. It took John Partington and Bert Stevens over three years to excavate the 200 foot passageway through the great promontory, to emerge on the Inlet side. The tunnel was about four feet wide, some nine feet high, large enough to permit passage of a horse-drawn wagon. Then on the Inlet a landing was made of heavy timbers secured by drift bolts driven into granite rock and sulfured in place.

Finally John Partington was ready to receive lumber and tan bark which had been hewn far up the hillside, piled into wooden sleds and hauled down a "skid road" by mules. At the tunnel mouth the bark was stored in a shed. For negotiating very precipitous grades sometimes "go-devils" were used. Similar to the Plains Indians' travois, these inventions were half wagon, half sled: wheels in front for maneuverability, sled rails in back for speed control. Another operation occasionally used was "jayhawking," developed from the knowledge that tan oak rots quickly and is a prolific, fast grower. In this logging the large trees were felled first. Then smaller trees were carved with an ax so that the bark would peel in small curls which fell to the ground; these were harvested later, when they had become less bulky and much lighter in weight. Although Partington shipped some fence posts, most of his traffic was tan bark which eventually would be used for its acid in astringents, inks, dyeing, and to tan hides and preserve fishnets. John Partington passed on in 1888. He was only fifty-seven. His two sons continued the tan bark business for several years; then it changed hands



"Go-Devil and tan bark storage shed near Tunnel" (*Pat Hathaway collection*)



"Tunnel, looking toward landing, 1960" (*taken by Jean Kellogg*)

several times. Apparently the final oak bark activity in the tunnel took place the summer of 1902 when Sam Trotter directed a forty-man crew which "brought out 10,000 cords with bark up to five inches thick . . . what is still regarded as the heaviest bark with the greatest content of tannic acid ever harvested in California history."

Jean Kellogg (now Mrs. Dickie) says that in 1940 the tunnel was very dangerous. The roof was crumbling in and beginning to obstruct the south entrance. Twenty years later other visitors to Partington Cove referred to the tunnel entrance as a "cave." Today tangled brush has obscured remnants of the tunnel as well as most skid marks made by go-devils on Partington Ridge.



Old bridge (now gone) over stream near ocean and leading to the tunnel to Partington Landing (photographed in 1960 by Dr. A.I. Melden, famous physicist and professor at the University of California at Irvine.)

Today Big Sur's magnificent coastsides is still an untamed area for ships, despite man's efforts to conquer it with lighthouses, buoys and accurate equipment. A visitor involuntarily senses the fate of many vessels foundered on the black rock dentitions which guard repetitive promontories. One breathes-in a Yin/Yang atmosphere of Life/Death. The Esselen Indians were cognizant of the presence of dark, evil sky people whom they named *tumas-atcacha*. It is not surprising that many powerful writers have become aware of "dark watchers," as John Steinbeck called them. Robinson Jeffers, known as "Big Sur's Poet Laureate," was mesmerised by the haunting beauty, obsessed with ominous symbols the landscape evoked in him. Jean Kellogg has spent most of her life in Big Sur country and been friend and sometimes creative partner of many other painters, poets and photographers, an intimate of famous archaeologists, statesmen and naturalists. She herself is a keen observer of nature, well attuned to the spiritual nuances of the *tumas-atcacha*, and is a gifted artist.



Jean Kellogg, 1934 (photographed by Horace Lyon, former mayor of Carmel and author of *Jeffers' Country*, 1971)

Jean was born at Berkeley, California, on July 16, 1910, only child of Vernon Kellogg, a biology professor at the university, and his poetess wife, Charlotte Hoffman Kellogg. When Jean was a baby, her parents bought property in the Carmel Highlands for vacation retreats. (Many of Dr. Kellogg's colleagues as well as other scholars from Stanford University owned houses in Carmel at that time.) Kelloggs' rustic cabin was built near the southern boundary of Point Lobos. The little girl's happiest days were spent exploring beaches and caves with a father who could answer all questions, from those about the most minute creature to the farthest away star. (After all, Dr. Kellogg was a member of the American Academy of Sciences!)

Before World War I Dr. Kellogg worked with Herbert Hoover to feed the world's hungry. In 1921 when Hoover asked him to help establish the National Research Council, Dr. Kellogg moved his wife and daughter to Washington, D.C. For the next decade the family lived occasionally in England and travelled extensively on the continent. For several years their home was Geneva, Switzerland, where the biologist served as America's representative for science and intellectual cooperation at the League of Nations. Young Jean was taken to great museums when she began to show interest in art. She also met illustrious people such as French painter André Derain. The physicist Madame Marie Curie was her mother's close friend. After the family returned from Europe, Jean attended Yale University. She was one of the pioneer women admitted to that male bastion.

In 1931 Jean went back to live at the Carmel Highlands cottage. Three years earlier a great New England marine painter, Paul Dougherty, had built a home nearby. Jean Kellogg studied with him for several years, his only student. She believes that he was the most inspirational teacher she ever had, including the masters she worked under for two years during the 1940s at the New York Art Students League: Kuniyoshi, George Grosz and Jean Charlot. A rigid taskmaster, Dougherty had his student work with pen-and-ink for three years, to strengthen line control. Jean did some experimenting with the medium after Helen Crocker Russell made her the gift of a Colonial writing pen (the type used to sign the Declaration of Independence!): Jean collected feathers from pelicans and sea gulls to make her own pens, achieving some interesting effects. Her drawings won several awards. Paul Dougherty bought a printing press but was able to use it for only a short time before his arthritic hands made it impossible. He sold the press to his student "for peanuts;" it became Jean's greatest treasure. (Paul Dougherty moved to Palm Springs for his health. There he died in 1947.)

After Dr. Kellogg's death in 1937 his widow and daughter remained in the Carmel Highlands. Two years later Edward Weston purchased a property nearby at Wildcat Creek; Jean and the photographer became life-long friends. Until this time Jean Kellogg usually painted landscapes at Point Lobos, as did most of the Monterey Peninsula artists. That changed in 1940. The young woman often visited Susan Porter who lived at the Coastlands, a real estate development a few miles north of Partington Point. There were always interesting gatherings at Susan's house. Sometimes the great and gentle Eric Barker recited his poetry. Sometimes Susan Porter gave readings of Celtic myths, with much the same fervor as did Jeffers' wife Una. One day Susan introduced Jean to Coastlands' agent, Mr. Fields, at his log cabin headquarters (where *Nepenthe* stands today.) He showed Partington Canyon to Jean. It became her favorite sketching spot for twenty years.

During the 1960s and 1970s hippies overran the entire Big Sur, making it unsafe for a lone woman. But in the early Elysian years Jean Kellogg used to drive her car to the side of Highway One, near the old skid road. She never bothered to lock the machine. Taking drawing materials and a bag of lunch, the artist spent many solitary hours absorbing the charm of the Cove and Inlet. No other artists came there: all were working in the Point Lobos area. This was *her* terrain. Once she brought a friend-painter, Adrian Beach, a young Britisher who spent a few years in Carmel before World War II. Later Adrian became a successful portrait painter in England but, he wrote friends, Adrian always missed the untamed Big Sur Coast.

In the 1940s the rich and famous began to "discover" the Big Sur coastside. Hollywood people purchased spectacular acreages (Ronald Coleman, Jack Nesbit, and Orsen Welles for his Rita Hayworth; that beauty refused ever to set foot on the soil of Big Sur, however!) The locals were suspicious of their intentions. Jean Kellogg was distraught when rumors increased that there was a plan to quarry granite from Partington Point, to be hauled away and used for a breakwater. She felt Partington should be kept a pristine heritage for people of the future. Why not make it a State park of some kind? She had an idea.

Nicholas Roosevelt, a cousin (and biographer) of Theodore Roosevelt, had spent his honeymoon at the log house in Coastlands and built his home on Partington Ridge a few years later. The man was liked and admired by his neighbors who had elected him president of their property owners' association. Jean had seen politics in operation in Geneva: she decided to try a bit herself. Although barely acquainted with the noted author and diplomat, Jean Kellogg invited Nicholas Roosevelt to dinner with her and her mother. He accepted and the threesome enjoyed a delicious repast with much small talk about nothings. When the after-dinner wine was served, Mr. Roosevelt turned abruptly to the young lady and gruffly demanded, "All right, Jean! Why in the world did you invite me here?" Jean blurted out her worries. She had done her homework well, even having Mr. Field's assurance that for such a worthy purpose the State of California could buy the whole Partington promontory and canyon for a modest price of \$40,000. Nicholas Roosevelt explained why the idea was impossible. Partington Properties Company owned the harbor and adjacent lands in the hills. Under a complicated legal arrangement the company was composed of many small shareholders. As president, Mr. Roosevelt could not afford to accept the low figure offered to the State because that would deprive many people of their sole source of income. Jean had to accept such reasoning. Mercifully, Partington Point was not blasted away for its granite. Later both Roosevelt and Jean joined with people like Margaret and Nathaniel Owings in the fight which made Highway One a "scenic highway," never to be a freeway.

Etching absorbed much of Jean's time. The years 1950 to 1956 were devoted to etching and printing nine plates for a limited edition of Robinson Jeffers' *The Loving Shepherdess*, a narrative verse laid in Big Sur country. Edward Weston's friend Merle Armitage designed the book, Ward Richie printed it, and Random House was the publisher. It was highly acclaimed. Perhaps in celebration, Jean made a trip to India and Ceylon. Mrs. Kellogg died in 1960.

That same year Jean married James M. Dickie, a Scotsman who had worked in Hollywood at the Disney studios and as staff artist for the *Oakland Tribune*. Jim now wrote and illustrated books for children. The couple moved to Carmel Valley. During the next several years Jean produced a monumental set of twenty-four monoprints called "The Conscious Molecule." They were a memorial tribute to her father who had written an unpublished book by that title. Referring to it, Jean once wrote that Dr. Kellogg "constantly strove to bridge the gap between science as a study of life and the spiritual nature of life itself." Jim passed away in 1986. Jean Kellogg Dickie no longer goes to Big Sur country to paint, but thoughts of the Cove and Inlet, of the Point and vanished Partington Landing are often "in her imagination," where the poet Jeffers had once advised her to keep them intact. Highway One from Carmel to San Simeon is said to be one of the most beautiful drives in the world. Today thousands of cars daily roll past the point where Partington Landing once stood; there is no marker to tell the tourists so. The brooding sky people look on. They know. They know "the map of places passes . . ."

BIBLIOGRAPHY

1. Bostwick, Ronald, *A Short History of Big Sur* (Monterey: d'Angelo Pub. Co., 1970).
2. Card, Carol, "The Road Through Big Sur" (*What's Doing*, June, 1947).
3. Culleton, James, *Indians and Pioneers of Old Monterey* (Fresno, Calif.: Academy of California Church History, 1950).
4. *Exploring Big Sur, Monterey County, Highway One Country*, ed. by Maxine Knox and Mary Rodriguez (Pasadena: Ward Richie Press, 1973).
5. Fink, Augusta, *Monterey, the Presence of the Past* (San Francisco: Chronicle Books, 1972).
6. Harrington, Mary, "Partington Landing" (*Big Sur Gazette*, May 14, 1979).
7. Maclay, Mira, "Robinson Jeffers, Californian by Choice" (*California Arts and Architecture*, July 1933).
8. McNairn, Jack and Jerry MacMullen, *Ships of the Redwood Coast* (Stanford U., Calif.: Stanford U. Press, Oct. 1945, 3rd printing, 1946).
9. *Not Man Apart: Photographs of the Big Sur Coast; Lines from Robinson Jeffers*, ed. by David Brower (San Francisco: Sierra Club, 1965; co. pub. in 1986).
10. Powell, Lawrence Clark, "California Classics Reread" (*Westways*, November, 1968).
11. *Recipes for Living in the Big Sur*, ed. and pub. by the Big Sur Historical Society, 1981.
12. Woolfenden, John, *Big Sur, a Battle for the Wilderness, 1869-1981* (Pacific Grove, Calif.: The Boxwood Press, 1981).

Much gratitude is due Jean Kellogg Dickie for many interviews making this article possible, and for her loan of photographs and original art work. I also thank my husband, Thomas A. McGlynn, for his nautical lore and memories of Coastland, going back to 1926.



"Base of the hoist, 1960" (taken by Jean Kellogg)

**THE EDITORS
MONTEREY HISTORY
AND ART ASSOCIATION
Post Office Box 805
Monterey, California 93942**

Non-Profit Organization
Bulk Rate
U. S. Postage
PAID
Permit No. 88
Monterey, California

Return Requested

Officers and Directors

OFFICERS: 1987-1988

President: Mr. Gordon Paul Smith
Vice-President: Dr. Phillip Nash
Secretary: Mrs. John McCune (Jane)
Treasurer: Mr. Frank Fulton
Member-at-Large: Mrs. Kip Hudson

EDITORS:

Virginia W. Stone
Betty H. McGlynn

DIRECTORS:

Mr. Michael Albov, Mrs. Charles Aucutt, Mrs. Glenn Engholm, Lorraine Faherty, Mrs. Roger Fremier, Mr. Gerald Fry, Mr. Frank Fulton, Mrs. Kip Hudson, Mrs. John McCune, Col. Richard D. McFarland, Dr. Phillip Nash, Mr. Rodolfo Nava, Miss Joan Peacock, Mrs. James Poland, Mr. Robert Reese, Mrs. Andrew Resendez, Mrs. John Robotti, Mr. Richard Rotter, Mr. John Sewald, Mr. S. A. J. Slade, Mr. Gordon Paul Smith, Virginia Woodward Stone, Dr. Charles A. Sweet, Jr., Mr. Kenneth Walker.

HONORARY LIFETIME DIRECTORS

Mrs. C. Tod Singleton, Mr. Ted Durein, Rear Admiral Earl E. Stone and Mrs. Amelie Elkinton.