

The Missing Six Months
At CRI St. Thomas, US Virgin Islands
1966
As retold in 2014
by Margaret Howe Lovatt

“On the planet Earth, man had always assumed that he was more intelligent than dolphins because he had achieved so much — the wheel, New York, wars and so on — whilst all the dolphins had ever done was muck about in the water having a good time.

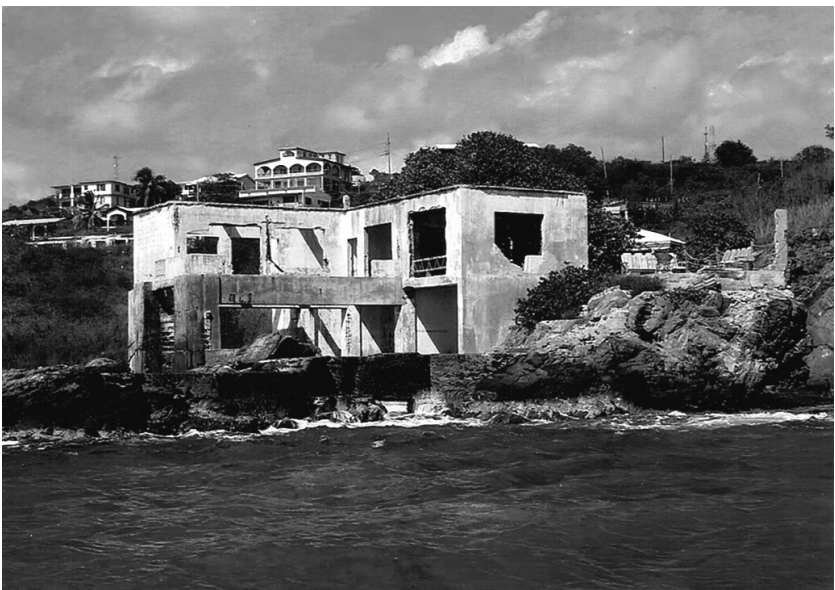
But conversely, the dolphins had always believed that they were far more intelligent than man — for precisely the same reasons.”

- Doug Adams, in Hitchhiker’s Guide to the Galaxy

Communication Research Institute (CRI)
Nazareth Bay,
St. Thomas, US Virgin Islands



1964



2014

Timeline

1963

DECEMBER: First heard about CRI in St. Thomas.

1964

FEBRUARY: First met Gregory Bateson. Began as volunteer at CRI.

FEBRUARY – SEPTEMBER: Worked as volunteer for Gregory, doing dolphin and octopus observations. Met John Lilly.

OCTOBER: Gregory Bateson and family leave for Hawaii.

My first proposal to flood rooms and do live-in program.

Lilly agrees.

1965

JANUARY – FEBRUARY: Prep for phase 1 live-in.

MARCH: Phase 1 ONE WEEK live-in with Pamela dolphin.

APRIL – MAY: Prep for phase 2 live-in.

JUNE – AUGUST: Phase 2 THREE MONTH live-in with Peter dolphin

SEPTEMBER – DECEMBER: Prep work and planning for Phase 3 live-in.

1966

FEBRUARY: Will Munson at CRI. Prep completed for Phase 3 live-in.

APRIL – SEPTEMBER: Phase 3 SIX MONTH live-in with Peter.

SEPTEMBER: Pam swept out to sea, hurricane, death; Miami lawsuit, LSD , financial breakdown.

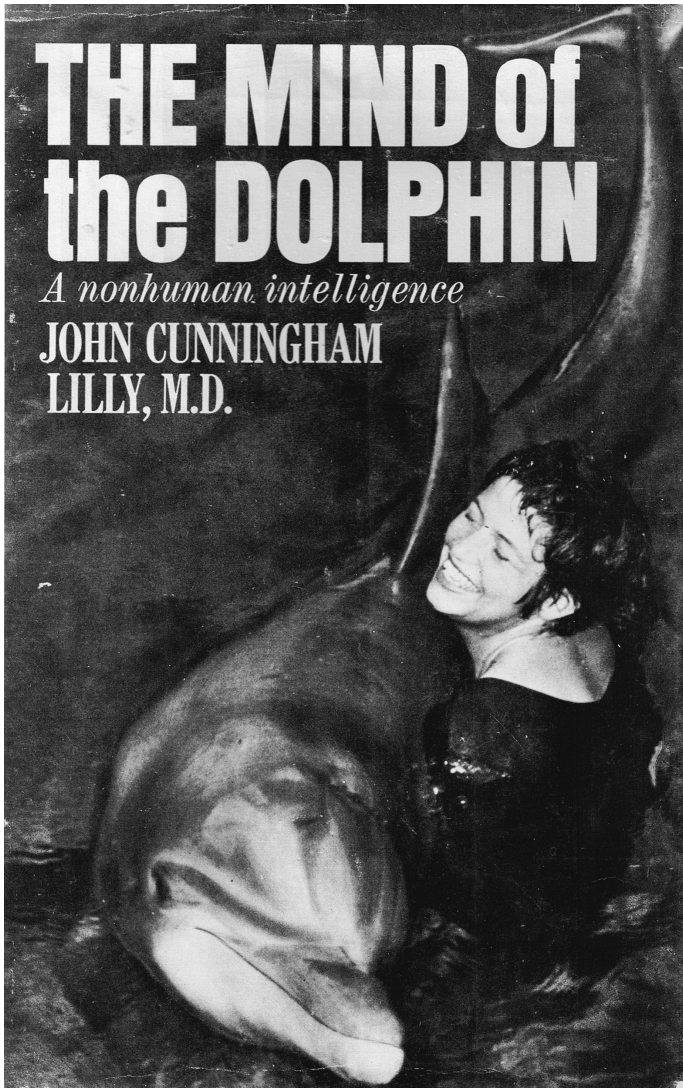
OCTOBER: Peter and Sissy shipped to Coconut Grove, Lilly Lab.

John Lovatt surgery, John and Margaret married.

NOVEMBER: CRI building closed down, sold. Margaret move out.

1967

Publication of *The Mind of the Dolphin*, by John C. Lilly



2014

BBC broadcast of "The Girl who Talked to Dolphins".

Printing of *The Missing Six Months* for Lovatt family.

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Dedication

They were there that day, so long ago, in early 1964, when I first drove down that long winding hill to the CRI building. And Richard Turnbull and Aubrey Pickering remained working there with me long after: supporting me, helping me, putting up with me, and keeping me safe. Richard had to learn to use a telephone (see story "A Phone for Richard"). We worked together long days and nights. We shared many good times, lots of unusual times, we went through hurricanes and power outages, sickness of the dolphins and of each other. We drank gallons of pink Kool-Aid. I got married, Aubrey got married, Richard turned down serious bribes from ill meaning people to get onto the property (see story "Richard Keeps Out a Creep"). We built an isolation flotation tank as instructed by John Lilly, we built walls, side pools, and septic tanks. We buried Pamela Dolphin together.

We caught fish and eels. Richard showed me how to eat a white sea urchin. We talked about voodoo. I patched up cuts and washed away blood. I lay Aubrey on the floor and poured sterile water into his eye that had been filled with particles of wood when he was working. Richard grew delicious cantaloupes in the ashes where we burned some of the CRI trash. Together we three put two dolphins onto a plane and watched them disappear into the sky.

We closed the building and the CRI in the end, and the relationships faded as we went our separate ways. But we never lost touch, and the smiles when we chanced to meet acknowledged the awareness of what we had done and accomplished together.

Richard went back home to his big family in Tortola, Aubrey stayed on St. Thomas and became a dad and a successful Taxi driver, and I became a mom, taught Scuba and worked later at a Marine Park.

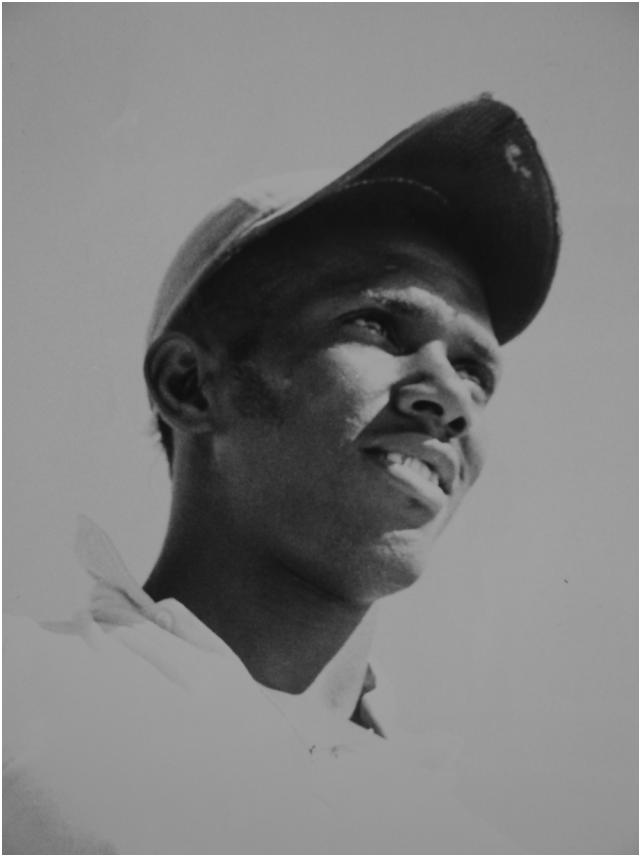
I loved them both, and know they loved me. I had a visit with Richard and his family one day years later in Tortola (see story "Taking a Day Off"). I would see Aubrey working from time to time, and we danced together as the sun came up very early one Jouvert morning on Tortola. He knew my husband John Lovatt and was always quick to appreciate John's humor (see story "Skeletons in the Closet"). John knew both Richard and Aubrey well, and understood what we all meant to each other.

This book is written for my family and may never find its way into the hands of these two very special people. I hope it might, or at least one day be in the hands of their families. The work I did then and the life I have had since could never have happened without either one.

I was in my early twenties working with them, and I grew up under their care and influence. Certainly at the time I was not aware of this, but that is what happened none the less. Their names are mentioned continuously in my notes of this "*missing six months*" live-in project.

In jest, I told them each many times that they were fired! They often fired me in turn.

So it is only right that this book be dedicated to Richard Turnbull and Aubrey Pickering.



Aubrey Pickering



Richard Turnbull



Richard, Margaret, Unknown, Aubrey

The Beginning...

My mom always went all out when we had a big family dinner...and this occasion for Christmas of 1964 was no exception. I had flown up from the US Virgin Islands to be in New Vernon, New Jersey, and my sister Cathy and her young Navy husband Eric were there...my younger sister Connie, our Grandfather, Baba, and a few others. There was lots of passing around of dishes, linen napkins, I am sure a centerpiece of red somethings.

My memory is that the conversation must have turned to me and my new adventure living in St. Thomas, what was it like, who had I met etc... when Eric, who was directly across the table from me, suddenly asked if I knew anything about the dolphin research project happening down there. Excuse me?

I had never heard of it, and questioned him. Eric knew nothing about it, just that it was happening, and he said maybe I should check it out. I made a mental note to do so. (See story: "Meeting Gregory Bateson")

By the following February I was working at the Communication Research Institute every day as a volunteer and soon after I joined up with CRI in that February, a coworker named George introduced me to John Lovatt.

It was a rocky beginning, but John and I eventually married and ended up spending about 26 spectacular years together. In an odd twist, we ended up living back in the CRI building which became our (unusual!) home and was where we raised our three young daughters for about ten years. (See story: "A Final Chapter: Dolphins Out! Babies In!")

But this is only telling about the beginning and the end...There is a large part in the middle when I was involved with the dolphins at the CRI, and that is what this little book is really all about.

Meeting Gregory Bateson

I was on St. Thomas in the early sixties, and had heard of some sort of dolphin project happening on the far east end of the island. No one seemed to know much about it, so I decided to investigate. I drove out in my rusty old \$300.00 (I remember that because it was the first car I ever bought) Volkswagen Bug... and sort of followed some back roads and dust trails, when suddenly I came to a nailed up sign that said "Danger! Keep out!" I immediately took that road, and passed a few more signs saying "No trespassing", and "Keep out !" On I went, winding down a fairly steep hill, and suddenly stopping on a cliff at a large white building, two story, with a metal garage door type of roll down blocking the front. No one was anywhere to be seen.

I got out of the car, and approached the front of the building calling out "Hello? Hello?". Suddenly a door opened and closed with a clang, and a small grayish haired woman, with sturdy brown shoes and a dress (!) which seemed odd, came flying at me. Her voice alternated between shouting, almost hissing, and a quiet whisper as she peppered me with, "This is not right"... "what are you doing here?"..."You can't be here!" ... "Who ARE You??"..."You must leave immediately!" On and on...

My heart was pounding... I HAD seen the signs, I WAS trespassing, and I was beginning to think I might be in pretty big trouble when suddenly a very tall, large figure shuffled into the situation, and the lady stopped speaking.

This was Gregory, and he had a cigarette with ashes on his shirt front, which was open by a few buttons exposing a pretty good belly. But his eyes were the focal point, and they were twinkling. He mumbled something like, "Mmmm, what's happening here?" and the woman, Helen was her name, almost saluted and said, "Oh, Dr. Bateson, I am so sorry, this person just wandered in and I am telling her to leave immediately and..." Bateson eyed me, and said, "Mmmmmm, and what ARE you doing here?"

This was the first chance I had had to say anything, and I blurted out, "Oh, I heard they had dolphins down here, and I came to see if there was any way I could help."

Bateson then said, "Mmmmm, well, we were just going to have a bit of lunch, would you like to come in and chat?"

Helen hissed and wandered off, and I went with Gregory where I met his wife Lois, and a young worker named George, and we all sat at a wooden table and ate bread made that morning by Lois and butter and sausage. It is still one of the most memorable meals I've had.

The chat was a few questions about me, some laughter about island stories, and in general a very nice beginning. Gregory gave me a yellow pad and a chewed up pencil, and sat me at the top of a spiral staircase looking down on a sea pool with three dolphins swimming around in it. He told me to just watch them and write down any thoughts I had. Well, I had never seen a real dolphin, and fell in love, and managed to write about three or four pages of whatever, it was all so exciting. Gregory came and got me after a while, and we went back to the wooden table. He read my notes with smoke in his eyes and an occasional, "uh huh", "hmmmm", "I like that", "mmmmm".

When he looked up at me, he said, "Well, you have a good eye, you write well, you think on your feet, and we could use some help here. If you like, you can come here any time you want and find things to do, interact with the dolphins, collect octopus with George...would you like that?"

Well, I did like it, and it turned into my life for quite a few years. (Lilly, John, *The Mind of the Dolphin*, Doubleday).

John Lilly So Far... - John C Lilly, 1991

Page 118 - "But before his departure, Bateson performed one crucial service for CRI: He discovered Margaret Howe..... and during their conversation he immediately recognized that she was an extraordinarily meticulous observer of behavior. In spite of Howe's total lack of experience with dolphins – or in any other field of scientific research – Bateson followed his intuition and brought her on staff at CRI, where she soon became central to the research program."

Communication Between Man and Dolphin -John C Lilly, M.D.

Page 22 - "Bateson spent 18 months in the (CRI St. Thomas) laboratory making very fundamental behavioral observations on the three dolphins. He also found Margaret Howe on the island of St. Thomas and found that she was one of the best behavioral observers in his experience. When he left after 18 months to go to Hawaii to the Oceanic Institute, Margaret stayed on and worked for an additional period of two years."

Her results were given in *The Mind of the Dolphin* and in numerous tapes.

A Quick Word About Carl Sagan

I am putting this brief story in here because it might help clear up some confusion that is bound to happen.

There are several sources (online and in books) that report that Carl Sagan was the person who introduced me to Gregory Bateson and ultimately to John Lilly. In one of the biographies of Carl Sagan, written by William Poundstone it is reported as follows:

Sample Chapter: "Flooded House"

Carl Sagan: A Life in the Cosmos (c) 1999 by William Poundstone

A frustrated romance of Sagan's played a small role in Lilly's most famous dolphin study. One night in St. Thomas, Sagan dined at a remote mountaintop restaurant. The hostess caught his eye. She was an attractive young woman with dark hair and a healthy, tomboyish quality. Her name was Margaret Howe. She told Sagan that she was bored. Her job as a hostess was evenings only. She wanted something else to occupy her on the island.

Sagan tried to get Howe into bed. Howe rebuffed him, but the meeting had one result: Sagan introduced Howe to anthropologist Gregory Bateson, who was then running the St. Thomas facility. This led to a job and plunged Howe into one of the most unusual experiments of the 1960s.

In fact I did know Carl Sagan, but I met him a good while after Gregory Bateson had left St. Thomas, and even after we had built the John Lilly isolation tank in the end room of the CRI building in St. Thomas. I met Gregory Bateson as I have previously described. Not through Carl.

I was informed (by Lilly) that Carl would be visiting, and staying up the hill at the Seahorse Cottages.

I was told he wanted to see and learn what he could about my live-in program with Peter, and that he would be staying for several days. I picked him up at the airport, and we went from there.

I had no idea (this was 1965-66) who Carl Sagan was or was to become, but he was charming and fun and interested in what I was doing. We shared several meals, and he spent time observing me with Peter and wandering around the lab. Two things stand out:

ONE: Carl took me to his cabin at Sea Horse cottages and showed me two photos he had brought with him. One was of a planet surface and had a straight line across it. One was of a planet surface and had no lines of any kind. Carl explained that the obvious plain one with no signs of life was in fact the Earth, and that the other one, with the very structured straight line that seemed man made, was in fact, Mars. Carl was fascinated with Mars, said one of his main dreams was to visit that planet. Carl had observed me with Peter and knew that I was eagerly enthusiastic about exploring the possibility of communication with another big brained species here on Earth, and we spent a bubbly afternoon together imagining the future. Fun!

TWO: Carl wanted to try out the isolation tank. I should describe it. It was built in a squarish room. The walls of the tank were built about a foot away from the wall rooms, and they extended up towards the ceiling and there was about a 1½ foot gap between the tank walls and the ceiling... sort of a square within a square. It was filled with salt water, kept warm, and deep and large enough so you could float in it and not touch the sides or floor. A switch could turn off the lights, the window in the room was painted out with black... and the switch could also turn off all the power in the building so there was no electrical hum. Total blackness, total quiet, and total temperature comfort with nothing touching you or stimulating you in any way. Isolation. Deprivation.

Spending time in this was not natural, and Carl was understandably a little edgy and concerned. He was not a naturally relaxed person in the water, never mind water in this setting. He was a natural sinker...not a floater. I was familiar with this environment, and was very comfortable.

We took it slow, lights on, getting over the giggles, learning how I had to support him from underneath so he could "float". He had to relax, trust, and slowly let lights go off, let power go off, and let my encouraging voice stop speaking and just relax in that very odd situation. He did: he got heavy in my arms, his breathing settled down, eyes closed. I relaxed my support of Carl as he acclimated...and he felt the isolation of an isolation tank. I have been asked about all this... and to begin with it was a bit awkward, then it blended into nothingness and Carl was "alone". And that was his goal: to experience this. He did. I never left him.

My only other contact with Carl was years later at the Biosphere in Tucson, Arizona. Carl was not there, but his influence was and the people there knew of his support and interest in creating a self-contained Earth

like environment that might one day be set up on Mars.

With Carl, it was always all about Mars.

But...he did NOT introduce me to Gregory Bateson.

Meeting Robert Jastrow...

Another brief friendship and interesting person I met while working at CRI.

John Lovatt and I had met and were dating for a while, and I had gone from doing volunteer work at the Communication Research Institute to taking over and setting up to do a live-in with a dolphin program I had asked John Lilly for permission to do. It was very much in line with his thinking, and we were happy to be planning it together.

John Lovatt and I knew we were a match, and he was working in town and living there working with *The Daily News* as their photographer.

The situation included the fact that John had a serious girlfriend back home in England, and our relationship would not really be comfortable until he returned to England and made a decision: basically, her vs me. John felt he had to go there to make this decision, and I agreed. Before he left he gave me a small little wooden sort of statue with a stick pin of his with a gold nugget on the end. I gave him a small green and white ceramic stamp with a gold flat surface. It was used to seal the wax on the back of old envelopes to assure they did not open... I gave him my "seal of approval". He left, and I stayed on St. Thomas with a lump in my heart not knowing the outcome.

I spent some time one day at Sapphire Beach, and noticed a very attractive young man in green trunks. He was with a friend, and we started chatting, and I think he told me he was a professor at Columbia. I explained to him briefly what I was trying to do at CRI, and we had lots to talk about. He invited me to have dinner with him, I agreed. Sometime later a friend of mine came over and said that a nice guy had come up to her and told her he would pick HER up at 7:30 for dinner!

Louise and I were known to be look-a-likes, and she laughed and said I don't think my husband would like me to have dinner with him, so why don't you go? We decided that he must have taken off his rather hefty eyeglasses, and simply thought he was speaking to me!

His name was Robert Jastrow, and we did have dinner that night, and for several more. I may have taken him to see the CRI, but I have no clear memory of that. Certainly we spoke of the work, and he was interested. He explained about his background and told me about the Goddard Institute and that he was involved with NASA. I remember asking him

why, when I had asked him what he did, he told me he taught at Columbia. He explained that the truth about all the things he was involved with was too complicated, and he did teach at Columbia, so that just made things easier.

Over the next month or two (John Lovatt was still making his decision in England) Robert and I spoke on the phone and he made several visits to the island. We did not have an affair, but we did have a romance. He was extremely interesting and good company, but he did have a snappy temper (for instance with a waiter) that let me know this was not going to last. I missed the Lovatt temperament: I missed the Lovatt.

One time he arrived with his mom and dad, and they stayed at Morningstar Beach Hotel. I was introduced, and got the feeling that I was being either approved of or disapproved of for their son: turns out I was disapproved of. This decision helped the relationship fade out, and I have only the fondest memories of Robert Jastrow. I have read that he married not too long after that, but that his marriage was brief.

A good punchline to this story is that John Lovatt did eventually make the RIGHT decision (well, THAT took long enough...) and returned to me and the island. He came in as a surprise, and that was all well and good except that I had a date with Jastrow that night, and I would not break it! John took it like a man, but after that was never fond of any mention of Robert Jastrow.

Will Munson Visit to CRI

For several weeks before I actually began the six month live-in program with Peter, we were very busy setting up systems for recording, making sure dolphin food was in place, and cleaning and rebuilding the Dolphin House with a few changes from the 3 month live-in program.

During this time, Will Munson (formerly with Bell Labs in New Jersey) had met with John Lilly and it was planned that he would come to the lab in St. Thomas and work with a new device (photos) he was testing to see if he could make progress in lowering the dolphin pitch and in raising the human pitch... It was an attempt to do what the computers and touch screens today are getting very very good at.

While he was there, he took an interest in the 6 month program we were setting up and made several very useful suggestions that I was quick to implement. Will became a good friend, and I was honored to work with him, and look back on our brief time together as one of my fondest memories of my time with CRI. I have a small bit of black and white film of Will by the sea pool working with Sissy, and included in that film is my Mama Cat, who was gently scooped out of the way when she tried to get into the bucket of butterfish.

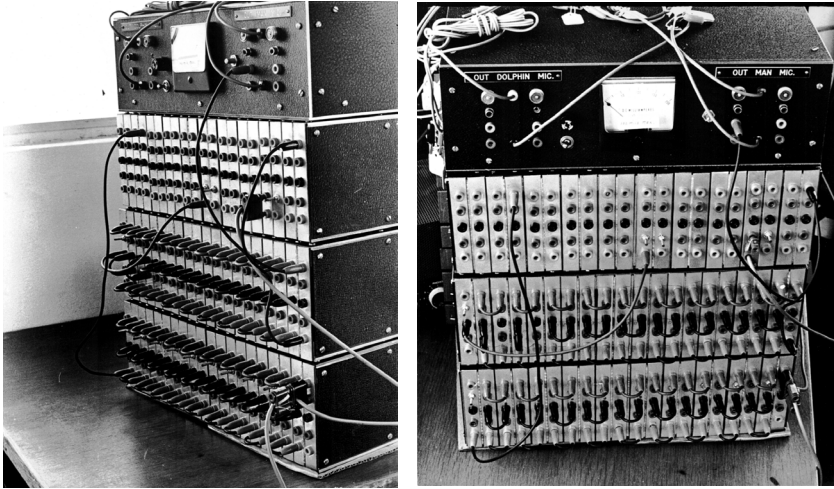
Will was generous and smart and loved a challenge! He told a great story of working at Bell Labs with a partner on a telephone system, where they were trying to get the number of wires in the system drastically reduced. He and his partner one-by-one eliminated wires, and held conversations to make sure they could still be understood. They got it down to an unbelievably small package, and came the day when they had to demonstrate it. On two different phones in two locations, Will and his partner held a conversation as a demonstration.

The confusion in the observing panel was palpable: Will told me with great humor that apparently he and his partner had simply learned to fill in the blanks in each other's speech, and what was coming across this greatly reduced bundle of wiring was complete gibberish: to everyone except Will and his partner! Their work was a total failure, and Will could only laugh and smile and loved telling the story.

He told me he remembered advising the 3M company that working with metal was the only way to record: that the 3M introduction of celluloid tape would never hold up to recording needs. Will could only

shake his head and smile.

In a letter I wrote to John Lilly dated March 1, 1966, I talked about Will's visit as well as the early preparations being made for the six month live-in.



Will Munson put together this wonderful machine which attached to microphones and hydrophones. Long swoopy cables were thrown out the window three stories down into the sea pool, and Will would go endlessly up and down adjusting things. The dolphins seemed to think he was on to something and paid close attention to all the activity. Of course Will was a quick study, and always had a bucket of fish close by. THAT kept their attention! March, 1966

Tuesday, March 1, 1966

Dear John,

Will Munson has been here just a week now, and I thought I would write and tell you briefly how it is going...as I know you must be thinking of us.

I will not try to tell you what he has been doing in detail, all I will do is tell you about my part of it.

First of all, I will say that we are very compatible. I suspected this would be so and it is. He is very likeable and fits in so well here with me, the dolphins, and Richard and Aubrey...there is no conflict anywhere. He is enjoying us and we are enjoying him.

For this first week, I decided to make my main effort getting Peter back on a level of happy little dolphin rather than the crank I have had for two weeks or so (whether a cold caused this or not is not clear).

I did not work with him in lessons, rather spent a lot of time with toys, with loving sessions, and with a new game of "catch me". I decided that if his main drive seems to be sex, that I would make him work a bit for this pleasure. We run around and around the elevator shaft. I can just barely keep ahead of him. We stop, and look at each other across it. He changes direction suddenly. We stop again, and have long exchanges in air about what is going on...finally I allow him to catch me, he rolls on his side and rubs his tummy and genital area on my leg or foot. This goes on for a few minutes, and then I announce chase time again, run squealing away, and he chases. He can get quite foxy. But the point is we pause often for vocal exchanges, and he seems to have a lot to say. All of this business has been to the good, because Peter has lost his irritation with me, and we are back on a lovely best friend basis. It is incredible what a little time and attention can do, I must have been working him too hard and long.

So...while I have been accomplishing this with Peter I have had time to look in now and again and listen with Will. He has been doing a lot of listening, both of Peter in air, and Sissy underwater. And we have talked and talked and I am beginning to get a feel for what his device is all about.

He has been very helpful and has pitched right in and helped me draw up brief plans for the new building business in the flooded living room. I have ordered the wood, it will be delivered today. I have changed the design slightly from what we discussed, because the elevator switch would have been included in the house and I feel that it should be free so the operator of the elevator will be free to use the switch and at the same time lean down the shaft to see what is happening. I am concerned that there could be problems if that switch had to be operated from within the new dry area.

I PLAN to get this new dry area room built as soon as possible. It may take two weeks. Elect, vinyl, etc. During that time I will feel free to potter a bit and keep up with what Munson is doing. All three are in the sea pool together (dolphins).

Once the room is finished...I will move in with Peter, say goodbye to the world, and concentrate on individual sounds, as I had started to do. We are getting down to brass tacks now with Peter, and success or failure here will mean a lot. It is certainly worth a sincere, intensive effort.

Also during this building period I will see what I can whip up by myself in the way of new and interesting things for dolphins to do. AND TALK ABOUT.

Oh...the dry well business is dug and being built this week. YUK.

I am off to my day.

Sincerely,

M

Will takes a wonderful interest in the animals – adores Pam – is delighted with Peter’s progress – and plans to make Sissy “his” dolphin for his work. He has a nice way with them all.

The Missing Six Months: Introduction to the Notes

You are about to read that I took part in three experiments at CRI in St. Thomas, US Virgin Islands. The first two have been published in John C. Lilly's book, *The Mind of the Dolphin* by Doubleday. In it are some of my daily notes and a good bunch of photos.

Exp. #1 was for one week. I lived in the fiberglass tank that was in the main room when I joined CRI. I was with Pamela Dolphin, and stayed in the tank, with her, 24 hours a day for one week. I slept at her side... and the point of this week was to basically see what my needs would be (see story "A Phone for Richard"), and how to try to be fairly comfortable while mostly wet for the next project, # 2.

Exp. #2 was for three months, and is well documented in the Lilly book. It was designed to have me and Peter live together in isolation 24 hours a day 6 days a week. Basic recordings and lessons were done, as well as interaction that developed between us on a 24-hour basis.

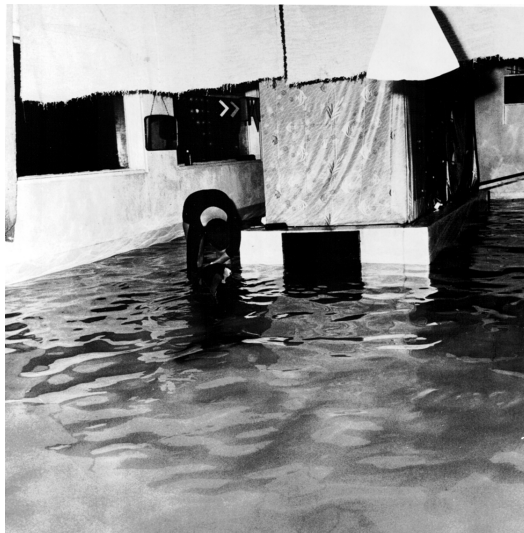
Exp. #3 was six months of similar (to #2) isolated living with a dolphin with a few changes in the environment and plan.

The notes in the book you are reading now were never published. I have added some of my own recently written material to them, plus some photos I have had all these years. I am printing this account in a limited quantity really for my three daughters, and for any other family and friends who might have an interest. I wrote these notes during "The Missing Six Months", as I was doing the live-in with Peter in 1966. I am printing them privately, but they will not be published.

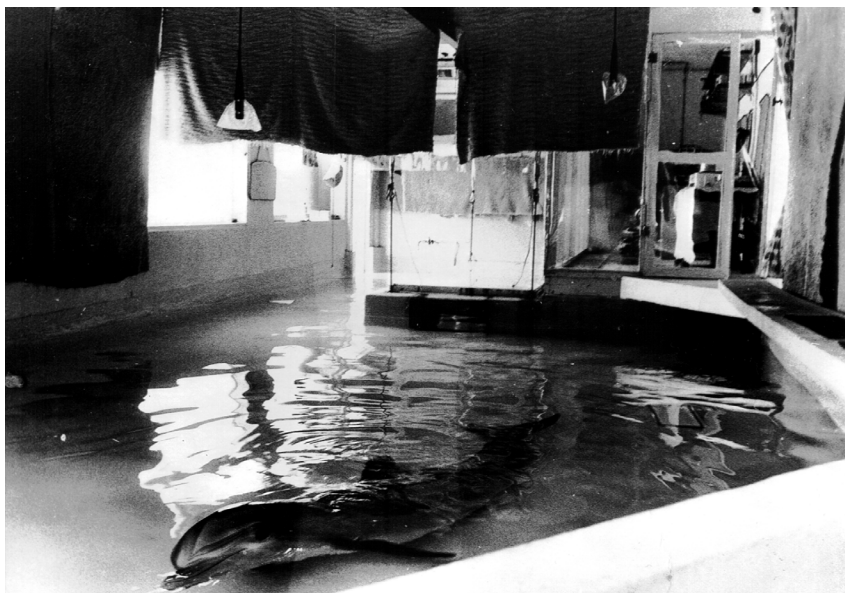
On the following page I have placed photos of the One Week, the Three Months, and The Six Months, with a brief explanation of the changes in the setting, just to help you understand what changes were made and why.



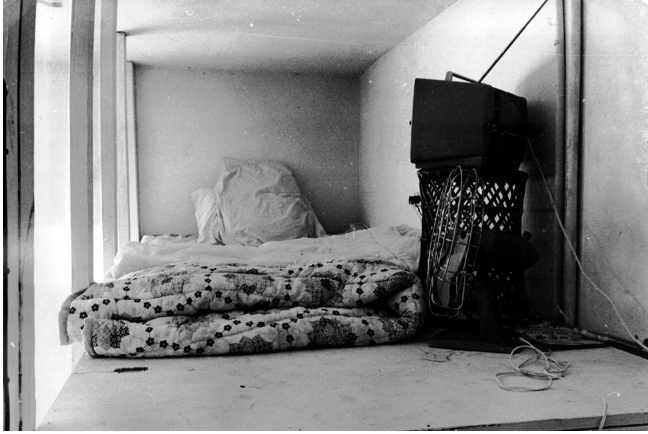
ONE WEEK: The one week tank with Pamela, showing sleeping pallet I used. Desk, phone, etc.



THREE MONTHS: The three month set up, with entire room flooded around the elevator, which is surrounded by shower curtains and is where I slept. For a while I had no curtains around it, and found it too wet for longer term. This room connected to the outside, flooded balcony.



SIX MONTHS: The six month set up, with floor built up on one side of the elevator, and the area surrounded by clear plastic. This was needed dry space for six months of living in a wet environment. I slept on a platform just below the ceiling at the far end of elevator.



My bunkbed just below ceiling at far end of elevator. Peter slept in water just below my bed.



SIX MONTHS: Small office and hot plate built into the left of the elevator. Having this dry area allowed me to do 6 month program. Small stairs at far end to the left of coiled wires led up to my bunkbed just under the ceiling.



THREE AND SIX MONTHS: The flooded balcony, an outdoor area Peter and I could both use during three and six months. One dolphin can be seen in the sea pool below. Upper right hand corner is top of spiral staircase leading down to the sea pool.

**My Notes of Live-in
Experiment with
Peter Dolphin 1966**



“A Phone for Richard”

When I was involved at the Communication Research Institute and it was planned that I would live alone, with one dolphin and two in a pool below, there was isolation built into the program, to give as much time as possible for a one on one living situation between a person and a dolphin. Day and night, alone together, for 6 days and 6 nights a week. For several months.

There were two workers who assisted with keeping pumps going, fish for food thawed and weighed out, power maintained etc. One man, Aubrey, came every day from town, and the other, an older gentleman from the neighboring British Island of Tortola, lived in a small rough little house at the top of the hill above the laboratory. His name was Richard.

There was no phone, and I decided for safety I wanted Richard to have one. This was complicated as we were so isolated at one end of the island, and phone lines were not easy to extend. But it was possible, since the lab itself already had a phone, so eventually the island phone company put up the wires, and we bought a phone, and presto! Richard had a phone!

I soon discovered that Richard had never actually had or used a phone, and there was going to be a learning curve involved. I stayed for periods of time on several days and had a friend call his phone, and I can still see the joy on his face when it rang and we both stood and listened. He watched and listened as I answered and spoke. He listened, carefully holding the phone up to his ear, and smiling broadly as he heard a voice and nodding Yes! Yes! to me, letting me know that he could hear it. That was good enough, and he handed the phone back to me.

Soon I left it to him, and went down the road and called him myself. The phone picked up, and I could hear him breathing, but that was it. I would shout “Richard, can you hear me?” And he would boom back, “Yes, Moggee! I hear you good!” That seemed good enough for the moment, and then I told him we would hang up, and I would call again, and this time, when he picked up the phone, he should say “hello”. He said, ok, but without much conviction.

I called again, and the phone was picked up, and again, there was breathing. I spoke, and said, “Richard, you should first say hello!”

I could feel the amused correction coming through the line as he shouted and informed me...

"No! No! Moggee...YOU are calling ME...YOU must speak first!"

And so it was. Most times when I needed to call him, I had to speak to the breathing first, say his name and who I was, and then we were off and running.

Richard was proud but shy, and one Sunday he must have issued an invitation, because down the hill came walking 5 or 6 of his family and friends who had come over by boat from Tortola. Most were dressed in black, with hats, suit jackets, all really quite formal, if a bit sweaty. They sat and visited in the small building, and the star of the show was the new phone. I called him, he shouted into the phone, and I think it was all a big success. It was the only time in three or four years I ever knew him to have a visitor.

Years later I went to visit this wonderful old man in Tortola, but that will be another story.

April 1966

Tuesday, April 12, 1966

Beginning, the third experiment in "Living with Dolphin" series.

Experiment #1 March 1965

Experiment #2 Summer 1965

Experiment #3 is to begin in the middle of April, 1966 and hopefully carried out for a period of 6 months. Detail of the planning for this experiment are in this report.

GENERAL PLANS AND EXPECTATIONS

The general design of the layout for this experiment is very much like the second experiment. It is to take place in the same environment with certain changes (see below) and the daily process of work, both for the dolphin and for the human, will be much the same. That is, the human and the dolphin will spend 24 hours a day, six days a week, together within the same two rooms, one indoors, one outdoors. They will work together, play together, eat together, rest together, etc., with as little separation and as little interruption from the outside world as possible.

It has been found in the two previous experiments that this type of contact can lead to rapid progress in air vocal mimicry (dolphin) and in developing complex interacting strategies. It is hoped that this third, longer experiment, will lead to further development of the interactions between the two, and to more perfected, understandable, and understood vocal mimicry on the part of the Dolphin.

PARTICIPANTS

Miss Margaret Howe, the human participant from both experiments one and two. Peter Tursiops, the dolphin participant from experiment #2.

FACILITY

The Dolphin Point Laboratory, St. Thomas, USVI. The same area within the laboratory building that was used for the second experiment will be used for this third experiment, with certain changes

indicated by results of the second experiment. These changes are as follows:

The dry living area has been increased in size, and in dryness. A floor has been built about a foot above the water level, and walls for the "house" have been installed, of clear vinyl. The area is large enough to hold a full desk, chair, shelves, recording equipment, cooking facilities, and can be lived in quite comfortably.

It was found before that having the dry living area surrounded by water with no dry access to the other parts of the building was inconvenient and bothersome. This meant that every time Margaret had to leave the dry area, she had to get wet at least from the knees down. In this new facility, a ramp has been installed affording dry entrance into the dry living area.

3) Cooking facilities are the same as before, a two burner gas stove. It was found from the last experiment that lack of refrigeration meant a heavy reliance on canned foods, most of which are fattening, and Margaret had a considerable weight gain. A search through the supermarket world has come up with Mott's Figure Control Foods, a new type of complete meal that is calorie controlled. A supply of this has been purchased and will be tried in this third experiment.

Shower facility has been improved in that now the shower is located directly over the ramp, and Margaret will be able to stand on the ramp, OUT OF THE WATER, to take a shower. Previously she had to stand in the salt water pool to shower, and this left her legs from the knee down salty. This would then get into her bedding and cause discomfort. Now she can take a shower, and get completely dry, and enter her new living quarters dry.

Electricity. In experiment 2, there were no electrical outputs in the living area. Any appliances were fed through a cord leading to an adjacent, dry room. This new facility, however, is so protected and indeed dry, that it is possible to safely have electrical outputs within it. There are several.

6) Recording set up. In experiment #2 all recording equipment was in an adjacent dry room, and to start a tape, Margaret had to leave the experiment area, turn on the equipment in the electronics room, and return to the experiment area for the recording. She would then have to go back to the electronics room to turn off the equipment, and once again return to the wet, experimental area.

This was a lot of in and out, and meant that spontaneous chatter that developed between Peter and Howe could not be recorded, could only be told about. Improvements in this system have been made as follows:

a) All recording equipment has been installed within the dry living area itself. (Note that dubbing system has not yet been installed but should be so that Margaret can do dubbing analysis while still within experimental area). This means that Margaret can work with the tape system while still within the experimental area, and will not have to "leave" to go next door. This has been further aided by the installation of a pull switch, hanging between the two mikes within the sound proof recording area. If Margaret gets involved in a spontaneous vocal interaction with Peter, she will not have to break it up to run into the dry area to turn on the recorder...she can simply pull the switch, and a light in the dry area will indicate to her that the recorder is on. Pulling the switch again will turn the recorder off. This type of a system is essential to get on record spontaneous, spur of the moment games, vocal play, vocal experiments, scoldings, loving sessions etc. that are the main guts of how the progress is made in this type of a live -in situation. Formal, controlled, recorded LESSONS can only show part of the picture, and this system of now being able to catch some of the rest of the work that goes on on tape is an important step.

b) A second, smaller sound proofed "studio" has been installed. This is in another part of the room from the main studio, and increases the area of where Peter and Margaret can be and still get recordings. Peter has favorite places in the room, and it is a shame to have only one of them "recordable". A switch is here, also, so that when Peter and Margaret find themselves in this area and a "conversation" develops, this can be put on tape with little effort. This area is also located so that Margaret can stand within her dry house, talk to Peter and he to her, and get it all on tape. (see photos of installation)

?) Sleeping for human. It was found in experiment #2 that sleeping was still too damp and uncomfortable for the most part, so this has been improved. A high platform, only several feet below the ceiling, has been built, connected to the dry living area, and surrounded with clear vinyl see-thru walls. It is high and dry, and should be very satisfactory. From it Margaret can see Peter, Peter can see Margaret, and Margaret can open a trap door arrangement at the foot of the bed and be in direct vocal contact with Peter. The small

recording studio is directly under the bed, (the floor of the bed is the ceiling if the recording studio) so these conversations, midnight chats, early morning awakenings, etc, can be recorded.

8) Several comments on the facility in general. I have found just from puttering around getting ready to begin this experiment that the area can get very hot, and a small fan is not enough to make it comfortable. I will have to get a larger fan, but suggest that eventually, if the human is so inclined as I am most definitely, there is nothing like air conditioning to break the mugginess of tropic heat, and quicken the thinking. I would like to have a system of pulling in air conditioned air (not a steady thing, but available), or an air conditioner proper. There are only a few times when it is needed most of the time just being wet keeps the body cool, but when it is needed it is almost essential. Anyway, it is a thought for any further program.

Another obvious lack is toilet facilities. This is no great hardship, but it does mean that every now and again, I will just have to leave the room. I think that the eventual program should simply have a toilet and eliminate this bother.

Nothing has been said here about changes in the dolphin part of the facility, mainly because for this third experiment there has been none. (Correction, Peter's wet area has been reduced by the size of my living area.) In the present set up, it is impossible to have Peter's wet area connect directly with a deeper, more comfortable area for him. This will be taken into account, however, and he will take periodic trips on the elevator down to the sea pool for a romp. Plans for the next step in the program, experiment #4, are already being considered, and at that point I hope we will be ready to move to a different area, where the dry area, the mutual ground flooded area, and the deep water area will be available.

TIME PERIOD

The goal of this program is to develop a situation where a man and a dolphin can live together comfortably for perhaps several years. With each experiment along the way, the comfort for both should increase, and the time period together should also increase. I think that this third experiment should be run for six months. I feel this will give long enough time to make substantial progress with the vocal work, if it is going to be made, or to find gaps that are going to contradict the original assumption that dolphins can be taught to speak and understand English. In other words, six months should

be time enough to take another big step forward, or to find that there is a block we can not at this time overcome.

If during this six month period considerable progress is made, then I feel we should go on and develop the next stage of the experimental series, so that both will be even more comfortable, and the system will be more permanent. If during the six month period we find that there is a block and we are not able to make further progress, then it will be time to look the whole program over and consider new methods.

I personally feel that progress is definitely going to be made during these 6 months. I am quite sure I can teach Peter to enunciate, to more clearly make himself understood vocally, etc.

METHODS

a) Formal lessons in speech. I will continue using the method of connecting an object with the word, demanding that he say it...teaching him to play with various toys so that he will want to ask for them etc. I have collected some new items for this experiment, and will continue to look for objects, toys, games, etc. that are appropriate.

b) Informal lessons, as before, involving Peter in games, playing with him with toys, and making a vocal signal part of the play... getting him to speak more freely in natural interactions with me.

c) Detailed, enunciation lessons. I will spend time also with Peter, in this third experiment, drilling Peter in small sounds, working on individual letter sounds. In a general sense I have gotten Peter to copy the number of sounds I make, the phrasing, the inflection, the pitch. Now I will get more detailed and begin to emphasize individual sounds, MMMMM, OOOOOO, EEEEEEE etc. I have done some work on this sort of thing with him, between the second experiment and the beginning of this third experiment, and I have found that as long as Peter gets enough other diversion, he is very willing to spend periods of time trying to say MMMMM or EEEEE. I will use the method I devised of wearing a heavy make-up. I worked with it a bit, and found that stark white around my mouth, and grease black on my lips, seemed to emphasize the area for Peter, and he seems to "see" my mouth better. I would like to continue this interlock between my mouth and Peter's blowhole.

I plan to continue a close physical relationship with Peter. Our physical knowledge of each other, our loving sessions, our fights,

our scoldings, are all very important in our general interlock and learning progress.

SCHEDULE

For the moment at least I am not setting up an hourly schedule, as I know full well that it will take a bit of living in the new set up to establish a practical schedule, and it will be changed from the second experiment now that I will be able to do more recording. In general days will be made up of formal lessons, informal lessons, play periods, meals, time to myself to relax or do reports, analysis etc., sleep, rest.

I plan to stay with Peter Monday through Saturday, probably spend most of Saturday away, Sunday away, and return to him on Monday. I want to try and work out a balance so that I am affected with isolation enough so that I have to turn to Peter, as I did before, to pull out of it, but I do not want to be affected with isolation to the point of causing needless, useless, adverse affects on myself. I want to reach a point where I can get the good out of isolation, but not the bad. So I cannot yet set up my exact weekday weekend schedule.

The one thing I can set up for sure, barring the unexpected, is my monthly schedule, and that will be a flat 6 months from when I start.

REPORTS

I found in experiment #2 that it is a good idea to keep some daily running notes, but that sometimes they are not complete and do not have to be.

Weekly reports will be done, summing up the weeks work. General reports will be done on spurts of progress, problems that come up etc. Fish reports will be kept as usual for all three animals.

VISITORS

The same policy will apply as in experiment #2. Visitors will be allowed only with Margaret's approval, and all will be recorded in the guest book. In general the lab will be closed to outsiders.

Wednesday, April 20, 1966

Today is the first day in the third phase of the Living with a Dolphin program.

It was not a complete day...as the first ones never are...because of last minute details.

Frank Grissman is here, to take back the vocoder to Miami, and obviously that is somewhat of a distraction. He should not be here for too long.

I finished getting the recording equipment switched (I had to replace the Sony system with the Ampex and Voice of Music,) and it has taken a while to get the switch system back in order. It is still not as convenient as the Sony system would have been, volume readings etc. are different...but it seems to be fairly well installed.

I made a recording in the AM, and it is overloaded. This will be corrected. The lesson was so-so, it has been a while since Peter and I have had a formal lesson, and it will take us a while to get back into the swing of it. But at least we have started.

I spent most of the day going over notes, helping Frank sort out the vocoder leads, organizing my things, etc.

The weather is very gray rainy, and a bit cold, and in general not a very good day to spend a lot of time in the water with Peter. But I have spent the day in my "room", which means that Peter and I have at least been in voice contact most of the day. He plays with a sign board, Ki Ni Po Po and one of my shirts that fell in.

I will have to leave this afternoon to pick up one of my cats from the vets, and will probably go out this evening. (St. Thomas carnival week, and I have been sick for over a week and have not been out.)

So I have halfway moved in with Peter...and we will go on from here.

Thursday, April 21, 1966

I have reached a point now with Peter, where materials, and my lack of them, are becoming a serious handicap.

Peter and I are ever in need of things to talk about, things to do.

I feel that if I do not keep his interest at this point, he is going to backslide...and I cannot keep his interest without the aid of some new things to do...some new way to play a game...some new something.

I have been stewing over this problem for a long time on and off and I am having trouble with it.

I am going to try to get Peter to make choices. I am going to try to get Peter to match things.

I will begin by making a second set of the wooden shapes we have... square, triangle, circle, oblong, and diamond. And I will paint them the same...white with a black outlining border.

I will give Peter, explaining each, say a triangle and an oblong. I will throw them out and let them float. I will then hold, for him to see, MY triangle, or oblong, and insist that he get his matching object and bring it to me.

This is going to be a new problem for Peter...when he sees my object he will spend a lot of time yelling at me to give it to him, and I will somehow have to teach him that he must go and get his and bring it to me.

I will bring the vocal work into this as much as possible.. having Peter name what we are playing with.

This type of work can also be done with numbers, colors, various toys, etc.

But to get the idea going, of matching his with mine, is probably going to take a while, I will begin with this as soon as I get a new set of shapes made up.

Saturday, April 23, 1966

I think I am going to find that Saturday is a good day to clean the living room pool, and if time the balcony pool. I did not today, however, because the living room pump is stopped, and until Monday I will not be able to get it going.

I spent the day mainly working with Peter and the TRIANGLE. I have decided to start out slowly, and with one object at a time.

I have two sets of each now, and I played with both triangles at the same time. In the morning lesson, I used only one, showing it to Peter, and trying to get him to say TRIANGLE. We worked on just this one word.

Later on in the day, I got both triangles, and played with them underwater. Peter was very quiet, very attentive, and seemed

enthralled. I held the triangles underwater, and in air, moving them around points to points, side to side, and. one on top of the other, trying to show Peter that they are indeed, the SAME shape.

I then threw one out a bit, naming it, and asked Peter to get it. He did. I meanwhile, held onto the other one. We did this over and over... never did Peter complain and ask for the one I still held, although I did not at this time really show it to him and ask him to get the one like it.

Each time he brought back his triangle, I was all sorts of delighted, and showed him again how the two matched.

I did not press the game...I don't want Peter to lose interest. I quit when he was still in the mood to play.

Sunday, April 24, 1966

This AM the balcony pump stopped, meaning that now both the balcony and the inside pump are off. I call Aubrey, and he comes to fix them both.

I put Peter outside and clean the inside, fill it.

In the afternoon I put Peter inside, and clean the balcony. Fill it.

This cleaning of both pools takes all day...what with draining, cleaning, and refilling.

I feed Sissy and Pam in the afternoon (morning also) and because they have been sluggish and not too hungry lately, I put about 3 cc bejectal in each ones fish. They eat it all.

I do not have any formal lessons with Peter, but in the afternoon we play with the toy motor boat, battery operated, it propels itself through the water. Peter is quite gentle with it...seems to like it. Boat is cheap...will not last long.

Four friends come in the afternoon for a visit...so all in all I spent the day at the lab, but not entirely in with Peter.

Tomorrow we will bring Sissy and Pam upstairs, so Aubrey etc. can clean the sea pool, which is mucky dirty. I wanted to get upstairs clean before the other two come up.

Richard is on vacation, left Friday and will not be back until May 1.

Aubrey was on vacation all first week, and will return Monday morning. He will bring his brother or cousin to help clean the sea pool.

Monday, April 25, 1966

Before AM feeding, we bring Pamela and Sissy upstairs, to start draining sea pool. No lesson with Peter, all three eat upstairs, Pam eats too.

Aubrey, and two others clean sea pool. Sissy and Peter venture outside several times...Pam stays inside, and generally all three stay indoors.

Not a very active day, as all three are up here and there is not much I can do except leap in and join the crowd. Lots of swishing around, water flying, great fun.

The tide is very low, and the sea pool does not fill in time to put Sissy and Pam back down. They spend the night with us (me and Peter) upstairs, and a joyous night at that. Towards dawn, things settle down, all three seem exhausted.

Tuesday, April 26, 1966

Aubrey Pickering and his brother arrive in AM to move Pam and Sissy downstairs. They have a bit of trouble...but all goes well.

I have a late lesson with Peter...A VERY good one. We work on just the word TRIANGLE again, and this time I get several very good sounds. He seems to be working on a garbled "gl" sound.

I am delighted! If we can just keep up the progress. I think one secret will be to work for periods of time on just one word. In the past I may have been too anxious to work with say, three shapes at a time...and this may have not given him a chance to really grasp any one.

I am thinking ahead to some other words for these shapes. TRIANGLE is a very good word...three clear sounds, a strong I and A.

OBLONG is also good...I will use it.

DIAMOND is not too good, but will do.

SQUARE is very bad it seems...I would like a new word for the square.

CIRCLE is not very good either...perhaps I should get a new word for it.

Wednesday, April 27, 1966

This morning I had a lesson with Peter, and I brought in our second shape, the OBLONG. Along with it, I used the TRIANGLE several times, And showed each to Peter as I named it.

I can not seem to get Peter to name the shape by himself...he waits for me to say the name first, then he repeats.

I must try to get it so that when I hold it up and say something like "What is this?" or "This is a"...and he will pipe up with the name.

Until that happens, I will not know if he is telling the difference himself, or if he is just repeating after me.

A note on Pamela. For several weeks last month, beginning of this month, her eating was very lax, only a few pounds every two days. I felt she needed vitamins, and after checking with the local vet, I began injecting Bejectal into her fish. She ate them, and her appetite improved. For a while, she would not eat fish unless they had Bejectal in them. Note that the fluid in the fish probably makes them softer and easier to "chew".

Now that Pam is down in the sea pool with Sissy, her appetite continues to improve, and she looks much better. Every other day or so, I have kept up the Bejectal in the fish, and I have noticed that the white bumps on her gums seem to be receding.

Several weeks ago, Dr. Andy Williamson came by to look at Pamela, who was not feeling well. When he came, he had his dog, a dashound, Suky, with him.

I have never seen a dog react to the animals the way Suky did, and I have never seen Sissy react quite this way...both Andy and I were fascinated.

Suky got onto the seat along the wall by the seapool, and, just barely not touching Sissy, proceeded to move her nose up and down Sissy's body, seemingly inspecting every inch. And Sissy was just as fascinated...lay very still...her only movement being in a sort of game to keep just barely out of Suky's touch.

Suky shook and quivered...and we could now and again here a high frequency whine from her, and some high whistles from Sissy. It looked as though they were "saying" a lot we could not hear. They were together about 20 minutes...and it was a very exciting time. There was certainly a very strong "thing" between Suky and Sissy.

Note that Sissy was alone in the sea pool, and had been for several weeks.

At the time, I did not have film, and we made a date for Suky and the Williamson's to come back.

Today they did, and lo and behold the reaction was very different. Note that this time Pam was in the sea pool with Sissy, and it was also a different time of day. Suky was interested...but none of the shaky, squeely kind of fascination of before, Sissy was not as intrigued either...spat a few times at Suky's approach.

Andy got into the pool, Suky went with him. I too film of the rather comical Suky leaping out of Andy's lap, swimming like mad after Sissy, who would whip around and dash away. We all decided that Suky's sharp claws would make real contact between the two unlikely.

It is hard to describe exactly what went on, but I did shoot a roll of film, and that should show it.

Thursday, April 28, 1966

Just a brief note on the weather.

Since I moved in with Peter...it has been AWFUL. There have been very low, low tides, spurts of high wind, rain every day at some time, lots of big clouds, and the air and water have been cold.

One factor that makes this program with Peter possible, is that usually the weather is such that I would rather be wet than dry...and therefore I am in the water with Peter more often than not.

For the past two weeks, however, this has not been so at all...I have been uncomfortable in the water...wear a sweater during the day, sleep under a quilt at night...etc. I have a stuffy nose, and in general am not inclined to casually flop into the water at any time during the day or night.

I know that this will not continue...I have never seen such weather in St. Thomas. I understand that it is all over the Caribbean.

I long for the return of steamy hot days, when Peter and I will have more in common...the love and need for water!

At the moment, the rain is pouring down, the wind makes everything flap around, the water has a grey look, and BRRRRRRRRR!

The day was cold, and the only real contact Peter and I had was briefly in the afternoon when the sun broke through. We played with the TRIANGLE on the balcony.

The most interesting part of the day was at night. Peter normally sleeps by his mirror. This evening however, when I had had my dinner and was on my bed to watch TV, Peter took up a position directly under my bed.

I could reach down between the edge of the bed and the vinyl protection, and could toss Peter bits of string, etc. He rolled on his side, eye looking up, and wagged a flipper.

I got out of bed, went and sat on the edge of the elevator, and Peter came and cuddled his beak in the back of my knee. He was very quiet, loving, gentle...and just seemed to want contact.

I adjusted the TV so I could see and hear it from in the water...and spent the next two hours both watching TV and stroking, loving, cooing at, and generally sitting with Peter in my lap. He was in one of his I am dead spells, I could roll him around, he was like putty.

There was a sweetness, and a feeling of loneliness and just wanting to "be in touch" with someone. I was delighted...it is this kind of need from Peter that I am here to satisfy. At no time did he become sexually aroused...this was not a pushy, aroused type need...

Peter would spend long periods of time with his beak cuddled in my knee bend...this seemed quite enough...and he was not inspecting me this time. He was just nestling...secure. Other times he would sink to the bottom and take my foot in his mouth, eye closed, and just seem to catnap that way. I finally got cold and left him. Peter spent the rest of the night under my bed.

It was a lovely evening.

Friday, April 29, 1966

I spend most of the day cleaning both the living room pool and the balcony pool.

Note that Richard is on vacation, and since it is carnival parade day, Aubrey is away too.

I feed Sissy and Pam, and do not record with Peter as he is outside part of the time, and drains etc are going.

In the evening, Peter again takes up his "bed" under my bed. I do not go to him, we coo for a while up and down at each other.

Saturday, April 30, 1966

Today is the big parade of Carnival, and friends call and ask me to come into town. I would have, but a look at the sky told me the weather had changed...and we were in for a warm, sunny day. I declined. And am I ever glad I did!

I have put a platform on top of the observation hole on the balcony, so that I can get up on it...several reasons. I can sun, sleep etc. here. I can jump out of the way when Peter is snapping, and I can leave the water when he is not doing some thing that he should...a strong punishment.

Anyway, today I got on the platform, and was reading. Peter was very vocal, long involved things, and again did the rock and splash routine of yesterday. I joined him, and got the TRIANGLE. We started a new game...a very good one. Peter sinks almost to the bottom. In all of this he was very gentle. I then slide the TRIANGLE under him, between his flippers. It is buoyant, and tends to float up...Peter presses it down. I then say TRIANGLE...and Peter moves up in the water, allowing the TRIANGLE to slip out from under him, and into my hands. We did this over and over...I am sure that it feels good to him, the TRIANGLE is smooth wood and slides over his body. Peter did not vocalize at all...he was of course mostly on the bottom holding down the TRIANGLE until he released it.

I slowly walked away from Peter, and he followed. I went inside, Peters beak between my legs all the way, and got an OBLONG. We went back outside, this same train fashion of walking...and I brought the OBLONG into the game. Switching one to the other, and naming them, I showed Peter the OBLONG and the TRIANGLE. I held them under water, and held first one on the left side of Peter,

then the other on the right side of Peter. Peter may have looked at them with his eyes, but I am also sure that he sonared them, for he moved his head from side to side, as I slipped first one then the other into the water. He was very quiet, very gentle, and VERY attentive. I felt that he was listening to what I was saying...that he was THINKING about it. I then played the slip under and let slide out game with both the oblong and the triangle.

Then I demanded that Peter speak.

Peter would not speak...he was very relaxed, looking at me, but would not speak. I jumped up on the new platform and left him. Peter went inside.

A few minutes later, Peter was inside, peeking around the door, and saying all sorts of elaborate, humanoid things. I was obviously being told to come inside.

I came inside. Peter was still gentle and slow moving...I sat down on the elevator, and Peter came to my knee.

We then proceeded to have what can only be, as far as I can see, an anatomy study. Peter spent over an hour...lying there, running his beak up the inside of my leg, around the inside of the knee, and down the shin bone...looking at each toe, and back up again. I held still for a while, and then started flexing each muscle I could find and control...I wiggled my toes and Peter dove down immediately and glued his beak to the big joint in my big toe. I flexed the muscle in my calf, and Peter pressed against it...hurting a bit. Peter knows how to bend my knee, he just gently punches the inside and it automatically bends. He did this over and over.

I decided to go a bit farther. I named my KNEE, and then gently touched his FLIPPER, he was lying on his side and the flipper was exposed, and I named it for him. I then pointed my finger almost touching his eye and named EYE, and then brought my finger to my eye and named it. So we had KNEE FLIPPER EYE EYE.

Peter was quiet, hushed really, and seemed to pay very good attention.

In the late afternoon, I noticed Peter gently moving around by the outflow. I had caught him in the act: he had a toy fish and was about to block up the outflow. I was about to tell him what I thought of this maneuver, but hesitated for a moment to watch. And I am glad

I did...because I learned that Peter is NOT, I repeat NOT putting the fish in the outflow.

The fish is broken, fills with water, and stays underwater...is heavy. Peter pushes it gently with his beak...not INTO the outflow, but NEXT to the outflow. He then backs off a bit...and watches the fish get sucked into the outflow stream. He then goes to it, removed it from the hole, and this time places it a bit farther from the outflow.

Again he backs up to watch. Over and over he does this, seemingly trying to find the limits of how far from the hole he can put the fish, and still have the suction pull it in.

In this particular instance Peter's point was obviously not to just block up the outflow...he was playing a rather interesting game.

I do know, however, that sometimes he MUST just mean to block the outflow...because he would struggle with very buoyant balls, etc., punching them down, holding them there, and forcing them into the outflow.

All in all, today was a very good day for both of us. I felt that Peter was interested in what I was telling him, interested in shapes, in differences, in my company. I was certainly delighted with his.

In the evening I did go into town, to Carnival Village...and got home about 1:00 am. I slept in with Peter, he was under my bed.

May 1966

Sunday, May 1, 1966

This morning I woke up about 6:00 AM, and looked around for Peter. From my bed I can look out the window to the balcony, and that is where he was. He had a toy fish, filled with water, and he was gently bobbing it against a wall.

He would play with this for a while, then back up and do a rocking thing I have never seen him do.

Friday and Saturday he was doing a rocking thing, flipping his tail down hard and splashing.

This morning, however, he would curl into a U-shape, and rock, so he would almost stand on his beak with his tail out of the water, and

then, rather than whipping around and smacking his tail down, he would rock the other way, so he was almost standing on his tail, with his head far out of the water. I think this lets him see over the wall of the balcony...he would rock like this about 5 times, and then go back to the fish game.

I spend the day at the lab. In the afternoon John Lovatt comes out and takes some photos of the new installation. Not with me and Peter.....just the facility.

I do not know if the shots will turn out...he said something was missing from the camera.

Monday, May 2, 1966

All today I had very bad diarrhea and sharp stomach pains, (could be some food I ate at Carnival) and this evening I had a fever of 101 and slept in my old room.

Also all today, Peter is very sluggish. I have never seen him so slow moving...he seems to do everything in slow motion. However, he is eating well, and looks well. He does not look sick, but he acts somehow different.

He spends a lot of time gently nudging his toy fish.

The power is off from 3:30 to about 4:00...I do not record.

Tuesday, May 3, 1966

Again today I had very bad diarrhea, and decided I should not have contact with Peter...I am sure he could catch some form of this.

Peter continues to be slow moving...I am very sure he also has a bug of some sort.

He has been doing a coughing thing that jolts his whole body. He does not cough often, but when he does, it is a series of very body racking snorts. I have not heard any wheezing.

I will keep a close eye on Peter...and I will not attempt to work vocally with him until this cough stops.

Wednesday, May 4 - Thursday, May 5, 1966

During the above time I continued to have a rather bad case of diarrhea, and was not able to spend much time with Peter. I did have

several lessons with him, but did not play with him for periods of time.

Obviously I do not feel well, and am weak and somewhat dehydrated...the weather has been unceasingly poor and cold — generally not a good few days.

Peter has a bad cough/sneeze...I am very worried about him.

He is eating well, but he is slow still...and in all he acts as if he were not feeling well.

I feel so responsible for his health...I know so little about it really...and every time he breaks into a frenzy of coughs I panic.

Dr. Lilly is due here soon, and I am anxious to see what he thinks.

Friday, May 6, 1966

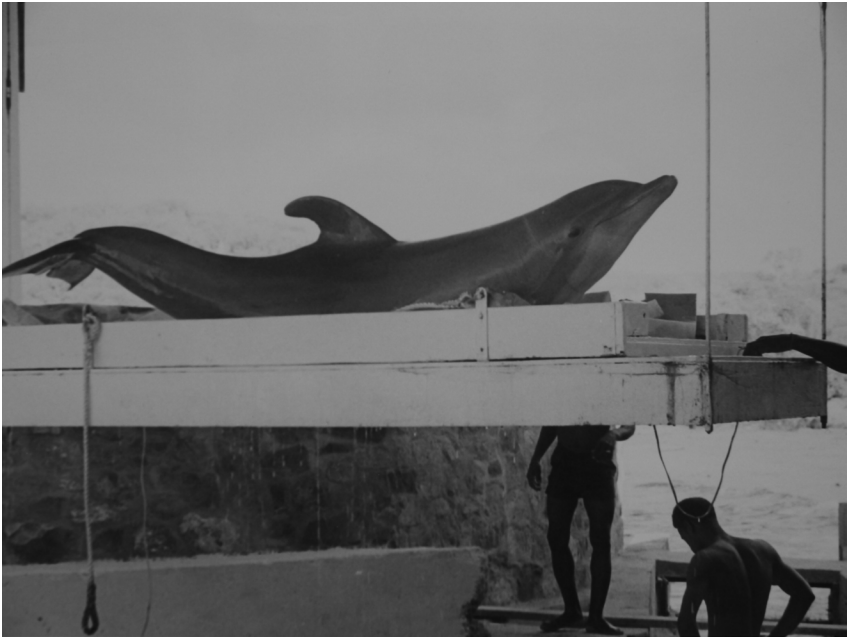
Today we brought Sissy and Pamela upstairs, drained the sea pool, and Aubrey and Richard cleaned it.

While they did that, I drained and cleaned the balcony pool.

Yesterday, Thursday, I drained and cleaned the living room pool, so by Friday evening all is clean.



In the sea pool, Richard and Aubrey urge Sissy onto the elevator platform. She will rest on large thick foam pad. This is the platform that was my bed for the three month live-in. Flooded living room is directly above, and Sissy is being put up there so the sea pool can be cleaned. I am upstairs watching and operating the elevator. Pamela is observing, and it will be her turn next.



Sissy on her way up.



Richard, Aubrey, and assistant have run around the building and up to the living room flooded area to help greet Sissy and get her settled into the water. The area where Aubrey and I are standing is the area that was built up and became my "dry" office area for the six month live in. My bed for that period was just above the mattress hanging on the back wall and the electronics that operated the elevator. To the left of the hanging mattress is the door going out to the flooded balcony. Elevator platform will automatically stop when it touches the black rubber edging at the top.



I greet Sissy as she arrives upstairs on the elevator. Pad she is on was my bed for the three months, and note water all around the elevator shaft. This is in the main room.



Richard (left) and Aubrey (right) and unknown, assist me with swinging Sissy out over the water before lowering her down to swim away.

Saturday, May 7, 1966

Today, finally, we have a sunny day. I spend most of the day on the balcony with Peter...get a whopping good sunburn...

Diarrhea is gone, and I feel much better.

Sunday, May 8, 1966

Spend day at lab, but not with Peter. Wash, cook, etc. John Lovatt picks me up and we leave lab to visit friends in early evening. I sleep Sunday night in with Peter.

A word about sleeping. In the past experiment, (see REPORT) I found that Peter's sleeping was a now and again thing, and that he was quite prone to waking me in the night with sounds, splashing, or throwing a ball etc. Note that at that time I was sleeping only several inches above the water, with curtains around the bed.

Now I find that, once I am asleep, I do not wake up during the night to Peter's calls. I do not mean that I do not wake up, but I do not wake up because of Peter's efforts to wake me. It may be that he does try to wake me, but because of where I am sleeping (now several feet above the water and protected by a vinyl screen) he is unable to.

I do usually have to get up several times for the bathroom, and then if Peter is awake and playing, we usually have a hello exchange, or if he is resting he usually wakes and comes gently over to me.

Generally I find that he is settling into MY pattern of sleep...he does not seem to crash around and romp most of the night the way he used to...he does indeed seem to be picking up the nighttime sleep pattern. How convenient!

Peter now spends his nights directly under my bed. This is a definite change from his old sleeping position of in front of his mirror.

I usually wake up about 6:00 (note sun rises shining directly into my bed) and find that Peter is already awake.... Usually gently playing with his toy fish.

Monday, May 9, 1966

I spent most of the day in with Peter...in the living room pool.

I introduced him to his new toy...it is plastic, brightly colored...and it is a horse on wheels, with a seat and little handlebars...the type

small children can sit on and ride by pushing on the ground with their feet. It is hollow...and by filling it with water it becomes neutrally buoyant. I would like to fill it with something heavier than water...and be able to let it roll on the bottom of the pool. As it is you have to hold it down in order to make it roll along the bottom.

I am going to call it PONY. I decided that horse is a bad word for Peter, and POH NEE is rather good.

Peter was a bit cautious...this is a large toy and he is not sure about it yet. I played with it as he watched...I pushed it back and forth...rolled it on the bottom...named it etc. I dropped it for a while...and we got involved in play with Peter's TOY FISH. After a while...Peter swam over to the PONY and swished around it...pulling it by water motion into the center of the pool. He would ignore it for periods of time...but I felt that he was conscious of it and just sort of biding his time. He swished around it several more times. I think this swishing thing is important...

Peter will sometimes try to swish my foot and he finds that I have control of my foot and that he cannot control it by making the water move. I think Dolphins may use this swishing thing to determine "who is boss", as it were... to see just how much power, or how strong, or how alive even, the object they are thinking of is.

Anyway...Peter gave it the swish and ignore routine several times before he would touch it...and when he did, he gently nudged it towards me...in an almost "OK, show me again what this thing is for" attitude. I would play with the PONY again...and again Peter would nudge it back to me.

Later in the day I decided to play a game by myself and ignore Peter. I got some hoops and tossed them over a stick in the pool. Over and over I did this...moving around the pool...completely ignoring Peter. He watched for a long while, and then suddenly I would find that he was between me and the hoops I had just thrown...and that in order to go and pick them up I would have to go over or around Peter. I would pat Peter, walk around him, and go right on with my game.

Soon I found that it was not so easy to go around him...he would block me. I said OK, and started tossing the hoops at Peter. He was startled at first...but soon settled down to it...and would swim slowly around as I aimed the hoops for the water just above his beak.

The game made very little sense and didn't really go anywhere...but it started with me playing alone, Peter expressing that he wanted some attention...and my bringing him somehow into the game. Neither one of us knew quite what we were doing...but we had fun. Peter knew that he was not part of whatever it was I was doing...and I knew that Peter wanted to be part of whatever it was I was doing.

In the early evening I got two balloons, and filled them with water... tied the ends. They are neutrally buoyant (by that I mean that they do not float or sink) and make a fine toy. Peter of course takes them into his mouth and squeezes...I hold my breath...but the balloons do not burst. They have a lot of give...and we played for over an hour with them and they did not break.

We got into a rather fast moving game of: 1) I have one balloon, Peter has the other in his mouth. 2) Peter spits his balloon at me, and I swish mine to him 3) having thus exchanged balloons, we do it again, a very fast juggling sort of thing...both balloons constantly traveling between us. It keeps us both busy...catching and receiving...

Tuesday, May 10, 1966

This morning, I go into town. Richard and Aubrey clean the living room pool...for some reason a lot of sand and grass has come in the inflow and it is very dirty. Peter is on balcony.

I go into town to do several things: the bank, food, and mainly I want to get a Polaroid camera. I will buy this for myself. . . the lab can buy the film. I think it is becoming important that I be able to catch some of the interesting little daily things by myself. There are of course things that I will not be able to get...I will not always have the camera in hand...and I will not be able to get full shots of me with Peter. But I will be able to get shots of him alone doing various things, and of say, my foot and him in contact. Some of these things are almost impossible to get with a photographer here...I am off and Peter will not react to me...he is too interested in what the photographer is doing.

These shots should be helpful in illustrating my reports. I will use black and white...I do not think color is necessary...perhaps at some point it will be.



Sample of Polaroid shot – not very clear. Peter in front of his mirror, looks up at Margaret.

Wednesday, May 11, 1966

Yesterday I purchased a Polaroid Swinger and some film and bulbs.

I have made a few test shots...and so far I am very pleased with the camera. The results are certainly good enough to go along with ray reports and illustrate some of the things I am trying to describe.

Enclosed are several test shots of Peter, one shot of Peter showing how light on the water can confuse a picture, one shot of Peter nudging his RING toy...a game I play when in the water with him, but one which he so far will not play. In this photo he is about to dump over the board so the rings will scatter. Two close up shots...one of Peter inspecting my right knee, and one of him inspecting my left knee. I hope I can get better shots of this, but these at least show it.

Note that I do not have copies of these pictures, so it will probably be best to keep them together with the reports, and to keep them clipped to the cards supplying date etc.

All during the day I am trying to figure out a fish feeding, very simple, device to work with Peter. I will not write all the problems and various thoughts I have had about it, but I will say that I spent half the night making one, out of plywood and hinges, that is a

total flop. I think I know what is wrong, and I will try another one tomorrow.

Friday, May 13, 1966

Dear John,

The enclosed is an outline for a new toy/game/teaching/testing device for Peter.

Please understand that I am not planning any sudden big testing...10 wrong and 12 right and that is that.

It is going to take Peter a good while, I am sure to even care about this thing at all. He has never had to mechanically DO something to get a fish...so he will have to learn that.

I am sure he will be able to make the proper identification with his eye in the air of an object in the air...if this should not be so I will have to figure out something for underwater sight, touch, or sonar. I would prefer to keep it in air as I want him on the surface to listen to me...and of course to speak.

I do not want to spend all sorts of time and trouble at this point setting up a perfect experiment...with no room for questions later etc...I am anxious to go ahead with it and start working with it. I want to see Peter's reaction.

I will be happy, however, as we go along, to take tests of his progress and get some NUMBERS out of this...it is after all a very good way to get VALID numbers, and it will be valuable to have a check on what he is learning.

I am just trying to say that my goal is not so much to see what he can do...as it is to see what I can help him to learn to do.

I still have problems of how to work it...how am I going to work with Peter, put a fish in the correct slot...and change the panels? I may have to get Richard or Aubrey to help...or maybe I can work it by myself. Anyway...the paint is still wet on it so I will have to wait a bit before I face THAT!

How about that camera? I think it is terrific!!

Best,

Margaret

For a good while now I have felt that Peter and I needed some new toy/game/problem type thing to work with.

I want something that will include me in the system, not just something Peter can work/play with by himself, something that will include vocal work, something that will teach Peter, something that will test Peter, something that can have enough variety to keep him interested, and something I can make and operate by myself or with present staff.

I have made a fairly simple device. What it is in effect is a board with two panels on the front that swing out, attached with hinges at the top. A string and bobble is tied to the bottom of the panel, so when the bobble is pulled, the panel swings out.

Behind the front board is a slanting board, making a "V" with the front board. Two grooves mark the place to put a fish, and when the front panel(s) is opened, the fish drops out.

The front panels are attached to the back board with elastic bands, so that when the panel is released, it will snap back into place.

On the front of each panel are two L-hooks. These are to support various placks, to be displayed on the panels.

The whole front of the device is painted with a heavy glossy white.

The rest of the device simply consists of sets of placks.

A more detailed description of the operation of the device follows.

It is obvious from the construction of the device that Peter will be working with TWO centers of attention. He will have to choose one, the left or the right.

I can see that later on a wider range of choice might be desirable... say three or four or five choices...but for the moment I want to work with two.

Each problem will consist of Peter having to choose one or the other panel...and pulling on the appropriate bobble. If it is the positive panel for that test, he will get a fish as it drops out. If he chooses incorrectly, the negative panel for that test, no fish will drop out.

With this device I hope to be able to TEACH Peter by forcing him to learn how to make correct choices according to the problem given,

and I will be able to TEST Peter by giving him a series of problems and scoring his results.

And I will be able to teach and test a number of different kinds of things.

I will begin, as I have already done by making materials, with shape identification. Following are outlines for several different ways to use the shape in this device.

I will probably begin with the SAMENESS SEQUENCE. Here Peter will have to pull on the TRIANGLE each time, if we are doing the TRIANGLE series, or pull on the DIAMOND, if we are doing the DIAMOND series. Peter should be able to learn to consistently choose one shape.

The MATCHING SEQUENCE will be next. Here a third plack is displayed on top of the device, and Peter has to pull the bobble of the plack that correctly matches the third one.

The VOCAL SEQUENCE may be next. Here, I will vocally indicate, by naming it, the correct choice for Peter to make.

The ORDER DOMINANCE SEQUENCE as I have described it will be a more advanced form of a test. Here Peter will have to figure out a dominance sequence, and will have to make the correct choice according to that sequence. This can be varied in many ways...and can of course get very complicated.

The list of shapes can be added to endlessly...shapes in different positions can be worked with, different angles, etc.

Another series this device can work with is color. I have made up two sets of color placks...using only four colors...blue, green, red and yellow. The color combinations can be used in the same sequences as the shapes...described above. We know so little about what color a Dolphin can see...it will be interesting to learn. I will not use color sequences until I have been through several shape lessons with Peter.

I can also work with numbers with this device. There are endless possibilities of number combinations that can be worked out for this device...I will not list them here...suffice to say that they are available and can be employed in the future.

Sizes can be worked with. We could find out how small an item Peter can distinguish...

The more I think about it, the more possibilities there are. One point I want to make clear...I am using this device for sight identification only, Peter will not be able to touch the various placks... and he will not be able to sonar them. And I hope that he will look at them with his eye in air. He usually looks at the objects we work with...with his eye in air...seldom does he seem to stay under water to examine an object I am holding in the air. So this will be eye(s) in air seeing object in air.

SAMENESS SEQUENCE

Suggest this as a beginning exercise. A simple, steady identification series.

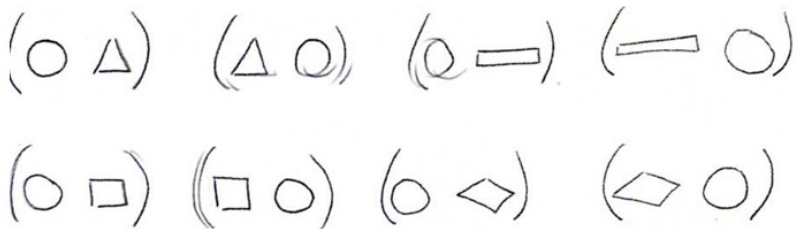
All possible combinations of two containing a triangle are presented. Triangle is always positive.

All possible combinations of two containing an oblong are presented. Oblong is always positive.

Etc.

This can be reversed so that in triangle series triangle is always negative, in oblong series oblong is always negative, etc.

Following are all possible combinations for the CIRCLE series. All shape series follow this pattern.



MATCHING SEQUENCE

All possible combinations of two may be used.

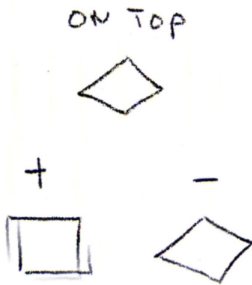
Two placks are displayed. A third plack, similar to one of the two already shown, is displayed on top of the device. Peter must choose the panel with the matching plack for a positive response.

Examples:











This matching can be reversed so that Peter must choose the panel with the plack OPPOSITE from the thirs one displayed.

Examples:



VOCAL SEQUENCE

In this sequence, all possible combinations of two may be used. Two placks are displayed. Howe SAYS name of one. Peter must then choose the one that has been named for a positive response.

- | | | |
|---|-------------------------|--|
| 1)  
displayed | 2) "TRIANGLE"
spoken | 3)  
response |
| 1)  
displayed | 2) "CIRCLE"
spoken | 3)  
response |

ORDER DOMINANCE SEQUENCE

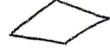
Triangle

Oblong

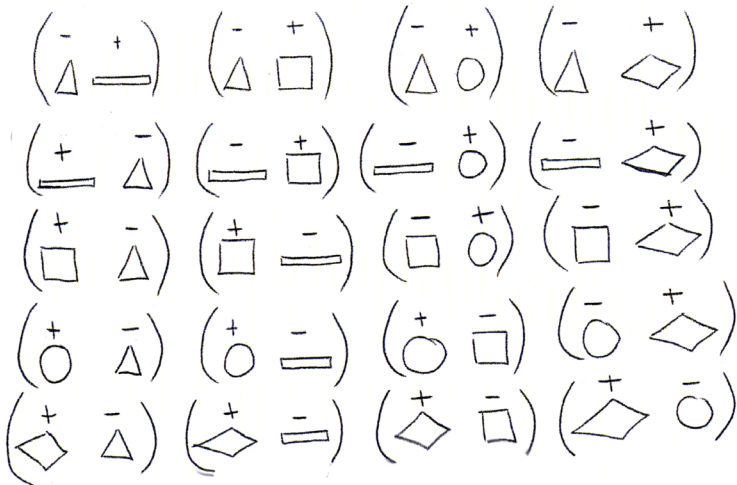
Square

Circle

Diamond



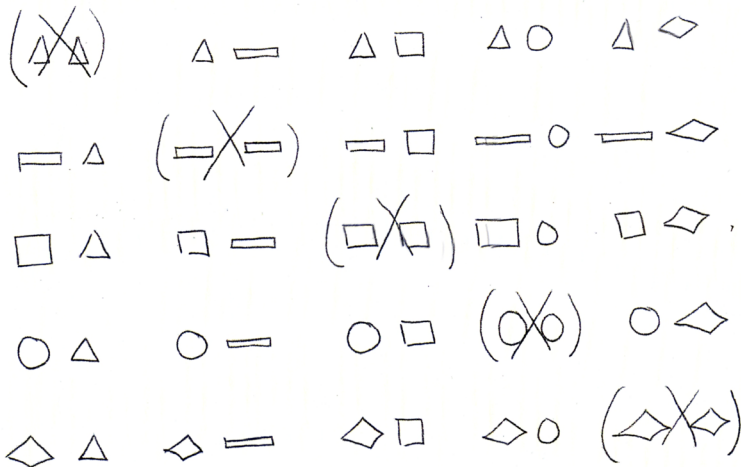
In the sequence above, the shape nearest the right hand of the page is positive. The shape nearest the left hand of the page is negative. Thus in the combination of square and triangle, square is positive, and in the combination square and diamond, square is negative. All combinations of couplets for the above sequence follows:



POSSIBLE COMBINATION SERIES

The shapes to be used at the start are triangle, oblong, square, circle, and diamond. (see photo attached)

All possible combinations of two follow:



Note that combinations of two like shapes will not be used.

Saturday, May 14, 1966

Today I cleaned the balcony pool, leaving Peter inside as I cleaned.

Later on in the day I made the first steps with the new device. (Since I think of this thing, as a Teaching and Testing device, I will call it the TT from now on.)

I set up the TT with three beads on each string as a bobble. I put it on the elevator...right on the edge so the bobbles dangled in the water. I did not put any placks on the panels...I do not want to confuse things. First Peter must learn HOW to operate this thing.

Peter spent most of the time yelling...spitting at me...and, when I tried to show him how to pull on the bobbles, he would bob at them in irritation. He makes no connection whatsoever with the bobble and getting the fish. I made sure that each time he hit the bobble, in irritation I am sure just to get it out of his way...a fish shot out of the slot.

Peter seems to flip the bobble more than pull it...I am concerned about how to teach him to pull it...but we made a start...more tomorrow.

I go to town in the evening to help with a play at the high school... return and sleep in with Peter.

Sunday, May 15, 1966

This morning I clean the living room pool, Peter is out on the balcony.

Again I work with the TT and Peter. I find there are awkward problems: the slanted panel is wood, and not slippery enough for the fish to always slide out when the door is opened. I will have to make a more slippery surface.

Another thing, one of the panel doors does not close quite all the way...and when I put a fish in the slot...it sticks out a bit. These are small problems...but very important. It is imperative that this device work properly...if Peter should pull on the positive bobble and the fish won't slide out, he must think that it was a wrong choice.

Anyway...today I feel much better about his being able to operate it. He still will not pull on the bobble...but I held the bobble in my hand... and he strongly nudged my hand. I would then make a fish slide out to him. We worked at it long enough so that he was regularly nudging my hand to get a fish. So we made progress.

Peter still does not operate the device by himself: but he does have the idea that by doing something, i.e. hitting my hand...he can MAKE a fish come down.

And that is a step in the right direction. I could see him hit my hand and then ANTICIPATE the fish drop by moving his head slightly to right under where it would drop.

It is this anticipation I like to see...Peter KNOWING that doing one thing will lead to another.

Slow but sure...Peter MUST learn to pull the bobble enough by himself so that the fish will really drop out and I won't have to push it out or help him in any way.

Try again tomorrow.

Again I go to town this evening for last performance of show at the high school.

Monday, May 16, 1966

This AM, before feeding, I had Aubrey cut and fit some glass sheeting into the grooves where the fish go in the TT. It has a very slick surface when wet, and the fish slide on it without sticking. One problem solved.

I had him put it low enough in one of the grooves so the gap that the fish was going through is closed...both doors now fit tightly as they should. Another problem solved.

I shortened the strings on the bobbles...they now hang down about 4-5 inches from the panel.

And in the first part of the feeding Peter broke the bead bobbles...so I put on two plastic red balls instead.

At last! Peter has stopped bopping the balls...he puts his beak on top of them and pulls it DOWN! I was hoping to get him to take it in his mouth and pull it...but if he can pull it down hard enough with his beak it will work. Most of the time he did not pull it hard enough...and I had to open the panel a bit to let the fish through. I helped him less and less, though...and towards the end, Peter was forcing it down hard enough to open the panel by himself...and the panel would open and release a fish with out help from me. He did it! I am so pleased.

I am still not using any shapes or color placks...I want to be sure Peter is in control of the mechanics before I start anything else.

Peter seems, incidentally, very fond, of the TT. He lies by the elevator watching all the changes we make, and when Aubrey brought in the fish this morning Peter made a beeline for the elevator and the TT!...he did not go to the usual feeding station! I am so pleased with him...and he seems a bit pleased with himself.

Progress progress! I am having such fun. I have never worked with this sort of thing with any dolphin before...vocal work is different from mechanical work. I am very pleased to see how quickly Peter learns to DO things.

This PM I fed Peter using the TT and I planned to begin a very simple exercise using one shape.

I started with the TRIANGLE...and was going to move it from one panel to the other...the fish only being under the TRIANGLE...not under the blank panel.

Two problems: One, when Peter opened the panel with the shape on it...when the panel snapped back into place...the shape dropped off. I will have to fix the plack holders so that they hold the plack secure and yet are still simple to slide placks in and out of. There are lots of ways to secure a plack on the panel...but I must be able to quickly move them and put in a new one. The ideal thing I think would be a magnet on the front of the panel and one on the back of each plack. Then I could just slap them on. But I will try to work out something with the hooks I have.

The other problem was that one of the balls kept coming off. I did not want to take the time out to fix it properly. I fixed it about three times while Peter was kept waiting and got annoyed...and each time it came off again. So that will have to be fixed.

I continued with the feeding...using just the panel that still has the bobble...and Peter opened it by himself every time and got the fish with no help from me.

So now Peter can fully operate the TT by himself...and as soon as I have made the necessary changes and corrections in the thing...I will begin the introduction to choice making.

Tuesday, May 17, 1966

This morning I fiddled with the TT and tried to fix it so the placks would stay on the panels and not fall off when the panel slammed shut. I adjusted the L-screws, and now it seems to work fine.

Again the balls kept coming off...so I tried to fix them with a large nail inside to stop them from coming loose.

I had Aubrey and Richard put a heavy board on the bottom...the TT is mounted on it really...and now when I work with Peter I sit on the heavy board...and this keeps the TT from falling in if Peter pulls too hard on a bobble.

All of these adjustments were going on as I worked with Peter, so it was a broken session. However, I tried this morning to show him the idea of the shape.

I worked with only one, a circle...and each time the fish was under the circle. The other panel was empty and showed no shape.

I moved the circle back and forth, not in any set pattern, just at will and Peter invariably went to the panel he had just gotten a fish from no matter where the shape was.

Towards the end I began switching the circle in a regular pattern left right left right etc...and Peter seemed to pick up the pattern and started going to the right panel.

I am not sure yet that he has made the connection between the shape and the fish being under it, but I am sure that within the next few feedings he will.

I am going to try to get him to work for bits of fish...it will go farther and give us more time to work.

Wednesday, May 18, 1966

This morning I went to town for some necessary shopping, and Richard and Aubrey cleaned the sea pool. Pam and Sissy were moved upstairs and spent the day with Peter.

In the afternoon I spent time trying to further modify the TT device by changing the bobbles from balls on a string to balls on a piece of wood...now the lever is steady and I hope Peter will be able to operate it with less trouble. The string arrangement had to be flung around a few times before it would open...I do not think this is good as several times Peter will try to open it, it will not open, and he will give up and try the other one. With the new arrangement, each time he pushes on the ball the stiff arm will now open the panel. I hope!

Saturday, May 21, 1966

I have spent the past couple of days working with Peter with the TT...trying to improve it...it keeps breaking and I am losing my temper...Peter is lots rougher with it that I thought he would be...for instance when he nudges a piece of wood that is nailed to the board with three long nails, about three nudges and it rips out...it is exasperating, I begin a lesson with him, and two minutes later I have to stop to fix the thing again.

Anyway...we have had several long sessions with it, and as far as I can see Peter has not made any connection with the plack and where the fish is.

I am losing my temper with him...I never dreamed it would take so long for him to make such a simple connection...of course it seems simple to me and I must remember that it is a totally new idea to him.

He is, however, extremely interested in the TT...and would, I think, spend, literally hours playing with it. Even after we have been at it a while, and he has had 10-12 lbs. of fish...when I quit he spends several hours yelling and screaming...bobbing up and down looking up on the elevator at the TT, turning over and wagging flippers at me...and running through a large dose of all the dolphin sounds on record...trying, I am sure, to get me to continue playing with him and the TT.

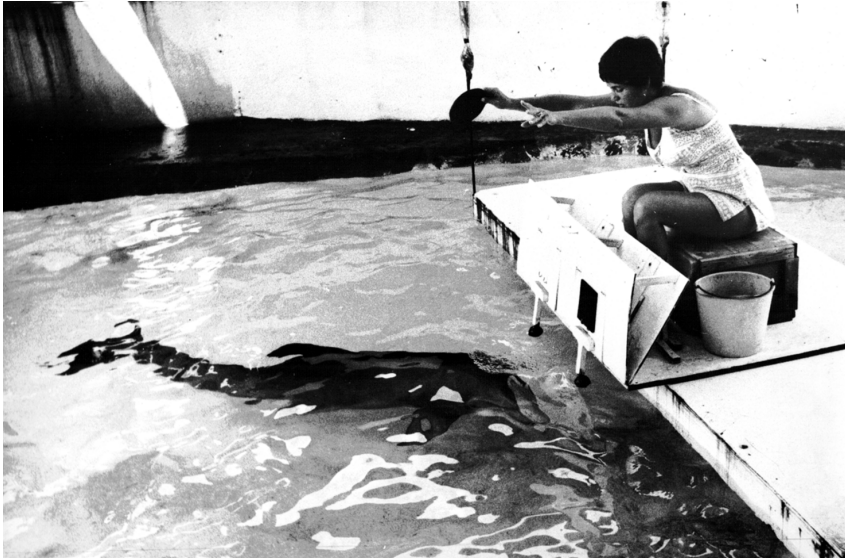
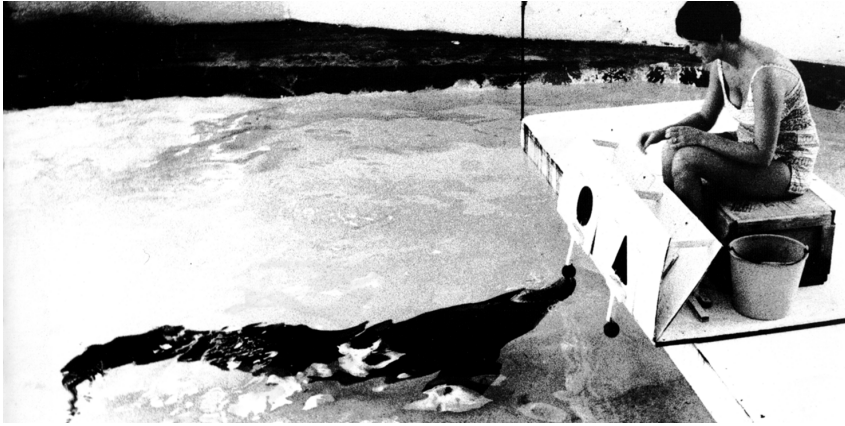
HE LOVES IT!

At the moment this is my main encouragement...Peter seems to sense that there is a problem...and that there is something here that he does not understand...and the madder I get at him and the more fed up I become with his lack of understanding the more he seems to want to work with the problem.

He is actually beginning to annoy me with his constant yelling and screaming...he is something like a very spoiled child who yells until he gets his way. There are times, like right now...when I must do paper work etc...and Peter will have none of it...he flies around in a rage until I either speak with him or get in and play with him.

I do not give in to him all the time...he must learn that there are times he can not interrupt me!

As I complain and argue with him and scold him for being so noisy I am inwardly clapping my hands and saying that-a-boy, Peter...
SPEAK SPEAK SPEAK!



Photos working with Peter and the TT (Teaching Testing device) in the downstairs sea pool. It was handmade and troublesome at first, but eventually we got the kinks worked out. 1966

Sunday, May 22, 1966

At last! As I said in my last report, I have been having a lot of trouble getting Peter to make the connection between where the plack is and where the fish is.

I have tried all sorts of things, and have grown very impatient but no go Peter just did not seem able to make any sort of connection whatsoever.

Today I thought of a new approach: instead of a plack, I put a fish into the L-hooks, and worked as before. Peter did not seem to take to it right away...so I slapped the fish gently on the panel that was the right one and at last! We went through a whole meal with very few mistakes...and those were halfhearted on his part...almost a "I am close to this bobble right now so I might as well give it a try" kind of thing. I am quite sure he made the connection between the slapping fish and the fish he would receive. He did not get the fish he was seeing, mind you...the fish he got came from out of the slot as usual.

This may seem like a very small connection for Peter to make...but I think it will prove a major one:

Peter has for the first time realized that there is a visual way he can tell where the fish will be...indeed, the wrong choices may just be a testing to make sure that the panel without the fish in front really did NOT have a fish for him.

From here, and I will do a few more turns with this fish identification thing...I will slowly substitute the plack (any one) for the fish...and hopefully he will learn that.

During all of this I am doing a lot of vocal encouraging and discouraging...and Peter is looking directly at me. I felt this strongly this morning...he seemed to be looking to me for clues about the fish.

I will taper this off a bit...and at the same time I can get behind the TT in such a way that he can not see my face.

I am VERY pleased!

Saturday, May 21, 1966

I go out in the evening. The night is unbearably hot...and I sleep in my room with the air conditioning on. Also this morning I cleaned the balcony pool.

Sunday, May 22, 1966

I spend day at lab (see other sheet for details). Towards late afternoon I go out for a drive, and spend evening and night with Peter.

Monday, May 23, 1966

In the AM, I work with Peter and the TT. I record, one channel only at the slow speed, and give a recap of the TT so far. I give a lesson

to Peter with it and record it also. I try to keep track of how many wrong, how many right. Now I can listen to the tape and take a count.

I did not keep the lesson rigid...I changed somewhat the rules as we went along. Peter still has a bit of trouble understanding what is happening...I switch back and forth using now a fish to mark the correct panel...and now a shape to mark it. I have not counted how he did yet...

All the fish I used had been cut in half...at first Peter rejected them... but as we went along he went back and ate those he had at first rejected and then there was no problem.

In the afternoon I go into town for an hour or two of shopping...and Aubrey and Richard clean the main living room pool.

Aubrey left CRI early, Richard there alone. I arrived back after being in town. (See story: "Richard Keeps Out a Creep").

“Richard Keeps Out a Creep!”

The setting is back at the CRI building on St. Thomas: I lived in the big white building over the water, and at the top of the hill that led down to the site was Richard’s home, a small building where he lived with his dog Whisky.

Occasionally I had to go into town to attend to making a purchase, or dealing with immigration officials. When I left the grounds, Richard always knew I would be gone, and that he was in charge.

One such day I came back, and naturally stopped by his house to say hi and see if things were in order. This day Richard came out, and I could tell things were not right, so I got out of the car and went around to where he stood.

Richard told me that a man had come there, with a big camera, and when Richard greeted him he had said he needed to go down to the building and photograph Miss Howe’s bedroom.

I can only imagine Richard’s confusion: this man not only had a fancy camera, he seemed to have some kind of authority, and Richard was not in a comfortable position to deny him. There were various people from time-to-time, perhaps sent by Dr. Lilly, who came to the lab and had legitimate reasons to be there.

But Richard had a sense that this man was not expected, did not have a legitimate reason to be there, and in fact was up to no good.

Richard told me “No! Moggee, I told this man no! I said he could wait for you, but he could NOT go down to the lab building.”

And then Richard grew very uncomfortable and picked at some grass and spoke to his dog, until he finally continued “Yes, Mon, he offered me money! Right from his pocket!” and Richard reenacted it all by putting his hand into his pocket and pointing to his empty hand to indicate the money. He was angry, and added “Big money, you know!” He told the man to leave.

We both kicked at the dirt on the ground, and eventually our eyes met. I thanked him and told him he had done entirely the right thing.

But in fact more than that was communicated: we both realized that Richard was a very essential part of my security, and that the trust we had in each other had been tested. I knew that Richard would hold tight doing what he thought was right for ME, and Richard knew that he had the right to make hard decisions and I would never question him.

It was a moment.

Tuesday, May 24, 1966

This morning I again recorded the feeding with Peter and the TT. One channel and at the slow speed.

Again, I keep track on the tape of how many right and how many wrong. This morning I started out indicating which panel was right, or positive, by gently snapping a piece of fish on the front of the right panel. Note that again today all the fish Peter got were cut in half. He dallied with them at first...but only for a few...then he ate them.

After Peter seemed to be getting most of his choices correct with the fish slapping routine...I switched, to gently tapping the CIRCLE on the right panel.

Again Peter seemed to get most correct...so instead of tapping the CIRCLE I slipped it into the L-hooks and let it rest.

I switched the CIRCLE at random...and (I have not gone over the tape yet with the scores) as far as I could tell Peter seems to FINALLY understand that the circle gives the clue as to where the fish is.

Most of the time he was correct...I feel certain that he understands at least this much of the problem: there is a fish under only one of the panels...and the fish is under the panel with the dark shape on the front.

My next step will be to begin using two shapes...and having only one be positive each time. Example: in all combinations of circle and other shapes...circle is always positive.

We are on our way!

Some early results from Peter and the TT:

While Peter is still in the stages of learning the basic rules of the TT, I thought it would be a good idea to tape some sessions and take a count of how many correct, how many wrong.

GRADING

On the tape, aside from speaking and scolding Peter etc., I say CORRECT when he has chosen the positive panel, and I say WRONG when he has chosen the negative panel.

I occasionally indicate the side that the positive panel is on, Peter's right or left...and when I make the positive panel switch from one side to the other I say SWITCH. When the positive panel remains on the same side as it was in the last choice, I say SAME.

Thus from listening to the tape I can tell:

- 1) If Peter was correct or wrong.
- 2) What side, right or left, he should have chosen.
- 3) What side he did choose.
- 4) When the positive side switches, from one side to the other.

Tape sounds something like...

"I am on the right side"...panel on Peter's right is the positive one.

"correct"...Peter chose the right side.

"stay ...positive panel is again on Peter's right

"correct"...Peter chose the right panel

"Switch"...I move plack (circle, square etc.) from right panel to the left panel. Panel on Peter's left is now positive.

"wrong"..... Peter chose the right (negative) panel

To grade, or "score" the test, I simply listen to the tape, marking down what side the positive panel was, and whether his choice for that time was correct or wrong.

I can then total how many times I switched from one panel to the other, how many correct choices Peter made, how many incorrect choices Peter made...and how many choices he had all together.

Monday, May 23, 1966

During this test, I frequently tapped a fish on the front of the correct panel, tapped the plack rather than just putting it there...and vocally scolded Peter when he headed for a wrong panel. In other words, the test was not run straight...I was hinting and helping as we went along. I used a red plack instead of one of the shapes. I felt that Peter did not do very well...and I was annoyed with him at the end of the session.

Score follows:

119 total trials

73 switches 38+ % incorrect

73 correct 46 incorrect

Tuesday, May 24, 1966

During this test, I used the shape CIRCLE. In beginning of the session I gently slapped a fish on front, then switched to plack. I felt that Peter did much better then yesterday...and for the first time really did very well.

Score follows:

106 total trials

39 switches

81 correct 23+ % incorrect

25 incorrect

SAMPLE SCORE SHEET FOR T T

Tape recording going above score would sound like -

" I Am on Right Side — Correct, Stay — Correct.
 Switch — Incorrect — Stay — Correct.
 Switch — correct — Switch — correct
 Stay — correct — Switch — Incorrect. "

Counting above score:

6	correct
2	Incorrect
8	TOTAL trials
4	Switches

Lines drawn up and down are simply to count number of switches.

Sample score sheet

In the afternoon I left the room for a few minutes, and when I came back...I saw the following.

Peter was lying along side the elevator. He was on his right side, belly against the elevator side, and he had his left flipper up on the elevator (note the water is high right now...only several inches below elevator top) and was actually moving that flipper back and forth...feeling in fact...for something. I can't say exactly how I knew...but I could tell that Peter was NOT rubbing his tummy...he was NOT rubbing his flipper...he was using that flipper to feel up on the elevator.

The TT is of course on the elevator...and Peter spends a lot of time looking at it...bobbing up and down in the water so his head comes way up and looking at it...and he stretches and puts his beak up by the panels...sometimes opening them with his efforts...even though the TT is pulled well back on the elevator and is not in operating position.

But this flipper business was new...he was actually reaching up, with his flipper, towards the TT.

Naturally I did not have the camera, and to get it meant that I would have to walk right by Peter and interrupt him. So I have no picture.

Wish I could sketch!

Wednesday, May 25, 1966

Peter woke me at 5:00 this morning with an unusual sound. It was soft, but persistent. I swung over and looked under my bed, and Peter was lying very still underneath...and was gently, methodically, and very rhythmically spitting water up against the vinyl by the steps up to my bed.

This was not an angry spitting—it was not an attention getting spitting...Peter did not seem especially aware of me...he was involved in a game of his own one that I have never seen before. He stayed with it for several minutes after I started watching him before he noticed me. And as I said, he woke me up doing this, so I don't know really how long he had been doing it.

Just a side note...at about 7:30 I heard Richard yelling my name, and I went rushing out and downstairs and there was a very large deer in the ocean swimming just off the outflow...antlers held high.

What a lovely sight...Richard ran down the beach and tried to catch it...but didn't...thank goodness!

Peter and I have a session with the TT, for the first time using two shapes together...this morning I used the Circle...which was always positive, and the Oblong...always negative.

I did not record...simply tried to get Peter to understand this new step. There were several interruptions as the device started breaking down again.

I put Aubrey in charge of the trouble...and ask him to fix the TT so it will be sturdy enough. I am sick and tired of it breaking down.

I am also asking Aubrey to cut a hole in the bottom support board, so I can try putting the TT in the water, it will float, and standing in the hole of the bottom...almost putting the TT on like a harness and operating it from there. This kneeling on the elevator is bad on the knees.

Thursday, May 26, 1966

This morning I plan to have Aubrey and Richard clean the sea pool.

In the AM, we bring Pam and Sissy upstairs on the elevator.

About five minutes later the power goes off...and I am madder than hops. I have been keeping careful track of the announcements on radio of scheduled outages, there have been several lately...but I was sure there was none scheduled for today.

I called the power company, and they said they had been announcing it on the radio. I called the radio stations, and they knew nothing of it.

Typical.

I was just so mad...because if it had happened half an hour earlier, Pam or Sissy could have been midway up on the elevator.

I called the head of the power department...and this time found out indeed, that it was not a scheduled, outage...a bulldozer had gone over some lines in St. John and that had caused it.

The power was out from 10:00 AM to 4:00 PM. Peter and Pam and Sissy ended up in a rather thick green soup in the living room pool...and spent the night upstairs.

Once the power did come on and I was able to get the pumps going...I flushed out the pool and got the water as clean as possible. It is just amazing how dirty three animals can get a roomful of water in 5-6 hours!

Friday, May 27, 1966

This morning Aubrey and Richard get started very early in pumping out and cleaning the sea pool. Sea pool fills, and in late morning we put Pam and Sissy back into sea pool.

Upstairs is very dirty, and I will have to clean it tomorrow.

This afternoon I go into town to do some shopping, and to register to vote.

Aubrey and Richard clean balcony pool.

Saturday, May 28, 1966

This AM I clean the living room pool. Peter spends morning out on balcony.

In the PM, Peter and I play on the balcony.



Peter and I play on the balcony. May 23, 1966 and May 28, 1966

Sunday, May 29, 1966

I spend day at Lab, but go out several times and do not work with Peter.

Tuesday, May 31, 1966

This morning Antilles Land Development crews moved in on the beach plot of land next to the CRI dump pile, and began clearing the land and making a temporary jetty out into the water.

They have a bulldozer and one of the big scoop cranes.

I spoke with some of the Antilles men, and they tell me that Mr. Blackmere owns the land, and they are 1) putting out a temporary jetty to see how and if it will affect the shifting and collection of sand, and 2) clearing all the land on that plot to see what it looks like.

They have cleared from the little dirt road that used to lead to our dump, from that road over away from the lab.

There is of course a lot of squeaking etc. from the machines, but it is not too bad, and there is no danger of them piling dirt onto any of our pick-up lines etc.

I have snapped a few Polaroid shots from the roof.

They are not very good, but do show briefly what is going on.

June 1966

Wednesday, June 1, 1966

Pictures spoken of above are taken. Crew arrives and again spends day clearing the land and putting out jetty.

Thursday, June 2, 1966

I put Peter downstairs in sea pool. I am leaving St. Thomas for several days, and do not want to leave him upstairs alone. The exercise will do him good.

Tuesday, June 7, 1966

Today I return to St. Thomas from the States, where I have been since June 3.

Things are as I left them: all three Dolphins are in the sea pool, and Peter's upstairs pools are drained and dry.

Wednesday, June 8, 1966

Today spent filling Peter's pools. Only one pump is working, (the balcony pump has a short), so it takes all day to fill the two rooms.

Thursday, June 9, 1966

I go into town and do necessary shopping in the morning. We purchase another barrel of HTH, the chlorine we use to clean the sea pool. Plan to put all dolphins upstairs tomorrow and clean sea pool. Added note: the HTH is scrubbed into the cement and rock of the pool to clean, and then completely washed and rinsed out before allowing the seawater to flow through the pool again. The dolphins swam in only plain untreated seawater.

Friday, June 10, 1966

We had planned to clean sea pool today, but cannot...Aubrey Pickering's wife has had a baby, and today he must bring them home from the hospital and get them settled in a new home etc...I can not object!

In the morning, before Aubrey has to leave, we bring Peter upstairs. At least I will have him for the weekend. We will clean sea pool on Monday.

Saturday, June 11, 1966

I go into my "dry room" and try to read...Peter will have none of it.

He has picked up a sometimes endearing, and sometimes very annoying business of a very shrill scream...it is not a whistle...not a dolphin sound at all...it is simply a very loud, shrill scream. He lies just the other side of the elevator...and screams.

I try to ignore him for a time...impossible...so I go in and we play with the pony. I ride...Peter cruises QUIETLY along side...inside and out.

We spend several hours just rolling around and playing with the pony.

I leave the room, and leave him altogether by going into the kitchen. Peter is quiet...he does not scream or demand attention.

I come quietly back into the room and go into my dry area Peter starts the shrill scream, mixed with very annoyed sounding humanoids.

I am delighted at Peter's determined efforts to attract my attention...but I must try to ignore some of this business. He is getting very spoiled...and if this continues he will be difficult to live with...

He must learn that there are times when I must be left alone and simply can not come jumping in with him.

He does this screaming when he hears me on the phone also...and my call has to be ended.

A battle of wills...a good discipline lesson if I can get him to behave.

Sunday, June 12, 1966

I spend day at lab but do not work with Peter. In the afternoon I leave to attend the college graduation (University of the VI).

Monday, June 13, 1966

Vocal lesson with Peter in the AM. Peter and I have fallen behind with our vocal lessons...we have spent time with the TT. Anyway, Peter was very attentive...and seemed glad to have a lesson. I worked on vowel sounds, PONY, TRIANGLE.

I have the feeling that Peter is gaining better and better control over his vocal abilities. A hard thing to explain. I cannot yet go over tapes and hear a pronounced difference...but when I work with him, and listen to him carry on while he is screaming...I note that he seems very in control of where his pitch will go how loud he wants to be his short bursts are sharp and clear...he just seems to know exactly what he is doing.

I have not measured (indeed, how?). But over the past several months, when Peter has been with the other two, I have noticed that his blowhole is quite a bit larger than Sissy's...and it used to be that Sissy's large blowhole was one way to tell her from Peter. Peter is growing, there is no doubt...but can it also be that constant use of the muscles in his blowhole are somehow building them up...and he is indeed using new muscles and gaining control over them.

Wednesday, June 15, 1966

Dr. Lilly and Dr. Spencer due here today. In the morning we drain and clean balcony pool, and have to fill it slowly from the main room as the balcony pump is out of order.

We drain and clean living room pool, and refill it.

Richard and Aubrey make paint touch ups etc. to have the building looking swell.

I do not work with Peter today...too much cleaning and moving going on.

I do play with him while he is in very shallow water and the pool is filling. He enjoys having his throat rubbed.

Thursday, June 16, 1966

Fish are due to arrive here this AM, but do not. Animals are fed very little, and I do not work with Peter.

Dr. Lilly and Dr. Spencer leave for Caneel Bay meeting.

Friday, June 17, 1966

Fish will not come until tomorrow, so I am feeding very little and do not have a lesson with Peter. We play together in the afternoon on the balcony.

In the late afternoon Dr. Bruce Halstead comes over from St. John, I show him the lab, play some tapes, and drive him into town.

Saturday, June 18, 1966

Fish arrive in morning...Aubrey is alone to pick them up and unload them and it takes a long time. Several hours of hard work. Fish are in usual disorder. YUK!

I feed all three 9 lbs each...do not work with Peter just let him eat. All are full. I work on Peter review tape #5, and play with Peter outside.

Dr. Lilly back from Caneel Bay this afternoon.

Tuesday, June 21, 1966

I leave for the States and about a week's vacation.

Note: I make no mention of it here - but John Lovatt and I were engaged during this trip. See newspaper:



Wednesday, June 29, 1966

I return from the States. During the above time, Peter, Pam and Sissy were together in the sea pool, except for two days when Pam was put into her fiberglass tank for Dr. Lilly and visitor...who never arrived. Pam was put back into sea pool.

Thursday, June 30, 1966

Most of the morning and afternoon are spent filling Peter's two rooms, from one pump as the other one is out of order.

I visit the sea pool in the afternoon...all three come swishing over to me (Pam in the rear) and after I speak to them, Peter humanoids to me. Sissy whistles...but Peter carries on a brief conversation in humanoid...looking right at me. I am delighted!

This is the first time that Peter has been with the other two and given me that kind of recognition.

I have often gone down to see all three together or have spent time with them when Pam and Sissy are up with Peter...and during all of these times Peter has always, seemingly purposefully, done his best to make only DOLPHIN sounds. During feeding this would change, and both Peter and Sissy will humanoid.

But today Peter was not being fed, and he was with the other two, and he DID converse in humanoid when I approached.

July 1966

Friday, July 1, 1966

This AM we bring Peter up on the elevator. He is looking very well (all three ate well while I was away).

We spend the morning out on the balcony...Peter is his old self... seems to have missed this play.



Howe greeting dolphin arriving upstairs on elevator.

Tuesday July 5, 1966

A new thing has been going on and I have not written about it.

It started last weekend. Peter has a "ring"...an inflatable blue and white water toy. He usually plays with it only half inflated...Peter seems to like it better when it is not too buoyant.

We play with it, usually a catch and chase game. Suddenly, however, Peter has started a tug-of-war business...which in my experience, is most unusual for dolphins in general.

Peter has never before pulled anything...he will hesitate to "take" a fish away from me. But this was an out and out tug...I would try to gently take the ring from him, and he would close his teeth on it and hold. At first it was a brief hold...but it got longer and bolder and soon worked into a thing where I was literally pulling Peter around with the ring. He would lie there, eyes closed, or open, teeth clamped onto the ring, and I can pull him all around the room. He seems to enjoy this immensely...he twists now and again, rolling completely over on his back.

I am sure the toy will not last long with this kind of treatment.

I will see if Peter will continue this gripping business...and also if he will do it with any other object.

Wednesday, July 6, 1966

In the AM I have a lesson with Peter. He is at his most attentive...I have seldom seen him so quiet, alert, and responsive.

I work on several words, EYE, TRIANGLE...but spend most of the time trying to get Peter to follow me exactly.

I say a long steady aaaaaaaaa, and pause for him. He usually gave me a broken ah ah back...but after a while he seemed to hear what I was doing and gave a steady aaaaaaaaa. He did not do this consistently. I moved on to one, two and three long sounds...and Peter pretty well followed me.

He gets used to short choppy sounds...HE LO MARGRET etc...and I want him to learn to give longer, more relaxed sounds.

I was very pleased with the lesson.

In the middle of the day I have a terrible headache. I took two aspirin and spent several hours in the isolation tank...temp about 95. Headache goes away.

In the afternoon I again play with Peter with the ring...and we repeat the pulling business of yesterday. By now the ring has holes in it and will not hold air...but it works well just the same.

Thursday, July 7, 1966

Early in the morning we put Peter outside on the balcony, drain and clean the living room pool.

In the business of draining, the balcony pool gets very low for some reason, and Peter is more or less grounded.

I go in with him and find that I enjoy having him grounded...he doesn't move around much and we spend a nice few hours with Peter on my lap...stroking and talking.

He likes the following approach...as opposed to Sissy who comes onto my lap ACROSS my legs...

Peter comes straight at me...I sit with my legs straight out in front of me. He guides his body straight between my legs, with a flipper on the outside of each leg, until he has to come to a stop with his beak on one of my shoulders. This is all very fine until he decides to move his beak to the OTHER shoulder...my head is in between and as he whips his head supposedly OVER my head, I usually get a good crack in the jaw. I am onto him now, however, and can throw my head back as he switches sides.

At this point my legs can rub down the sides of Peter or wrap around him...and I can "pull" him farther into my lap by putting my arms under his flippers and hoisting.

The above cannot happen very well in anything other than very shallow water because Peter gets too carried away and flattens me under him completely.

In the afternoon the inside room is filled up and Peter comes indoors. He somehow gets hold of a magazine, and before I can stop it there are small bits of paper all over the CLEAN pool. A vacuum takes care of that.

Note: A vacuum is a siphon through a wide hose.

Friday, July 8, 1966

In the morning we bring Pamela and Sissy upstairs, and drain and clean sea pool.

At the same time we drain and clean balcony pool.

Cleaning, draining, and refilling takes most of the day.

I work on notes, tapes, feeding reports etc., and go to town to buy Peter some new balls. He has one way or another lost all of his other ones. He throws them over the balcony to Sissy, who plays with them for a while and then lets them go...they go out the outflow and down onto the beach. They have all been lost.

I buy a multicolored one and a bright red one.

When Sissy and Pamela have been put downstairs at the end of the day, I give Peter the new red ball.

It has been a long time since he has had a ball to play with. He happily slams it around the room.

Saturday, July 9, 1966

In the morning I work with Peter, have a lesson where he starts out with his "small, baby" voice, and I have to work him into a louder sound.

I spend afternoon at Lab but do not work with Peter.

Sunday, July 10, 1966

I leave lab early in morning to have breakfast with friends and go sailing.

I return to lab in afternoon, and play with Peter and ball. He had thrown both new balls over the balcony to Sissy. I found them both, and gave them back to him.

I spend night in my own, dry room.

Monday July 11, 1966

Have a lesson with Peter in the morning.

For some time now I have not been using the TT with Peter...I have tried to get back to straight lessons.

Now I would like to try combining the two, having Peter vocalize in conjunction with the TT.

I try it in the afternoon, but the TT again breaks down and I am what is known as discouraged.

It is probably going to take at least two people to properly operate the TT with Peter...but I will try again to fix it so I can operate it by myself.

Tuesday, July 12, 1966

In the morning I have a straight lesson with Peter -- not using the TT.

In the afternoon I am playing with Peter in the water, and for some reason I put on my flippers. I notice that Peter treats me differently when I wear flippers. He is somehow wary...he scoots by me in a rush...has less body contact...is less aggressive. I have never noticed such a difference before. I have played with him in flippers before of course, but then I got in wearing flippers, rather than playing with him first without them and then putting them on.

While I was wearing flippers, Peter would not come up into my lap.

After I have been in the water for several hours, my skin becomes so wrinkled that it is uncomfortable to keep the flippers on.

I will try this again.

Wednesday, July 13, 1966

This morning I drain the balcony and clean it. Peter remains indoors, and the water in the living room pool gets very high and overflows the elevator.

We are getting into hurricane season, and the day is windy and rainy. No big storms reported.

The water feels very warm, and the air cold. I spend several hours in the water with Peter. He is sexually aroused, and from his driving intensity I decide that I will put him downstairs this weekend for a few days.

Sunday, July 17, 1966

I spend all day Saturday and Sunday at Lab, but I go out on Friday and Saturday nights. Sleep in with Peter.

Sunday, John Lovatt comes to the lab and with his help Richard and I move Peter downstairs. A big excitement...Peter is glad for female company and Sissy is beside herself.

In the afternoon I feed from the basket while standing in the center of the sea pool.

Pam will not eat, but Peter and Sissy do. There is jumping and lots of vocalization...fun fun!

I plan to leave Peter with Pam and Sissy for a few days.

Upstairs is drained and cleaned. It is that time of year when algae grows very quickly...the balcony that was clean on Wednesday, is filthy today.

Monday, July 18, 1966

In a letter to J. Lilly, I set up a plan for the next month or so.

I feel that Peter and I need a change, and I plan to move around a bit...perhaps put Sissy upstairs and work with Peter (and Pam) in the sea pool. I have never worked with Peter in the sea pool...without Sissy there also...and I would like to try.

I proposed that I might set up a bed in the center of the three sea pool rooms and sleep there too.

At the same time I could work with Pam and Sissy, one at a time, upstairs and see if I can get them to vocalize and react in somewhat a Peter fashion.

Aubrey is on vacation...will be back on Thursday.

Dear John,

July 15 was the halfway mark, three months, with Peter. I enclose a brief summary.

The question is...where do we go from here?

We seem to have run into a rut...getting nowhere fast. I think we are both a bit weary, and should break completely for a bit.

Peter has not stopped learning: that is not the problem. The problem lies somewhere in our routine, in the isolation factor, in the building monotony of our situation and surroundings, I can not quite put my finger on exactly what is wrong...but I know that we both need a change.

Since we have reached the halfway mark it seems a likely spot to redo our program a bit, and I propose the following:

For at least a month, move everyone around, and free the situation up a bit. I would like to work with Pam and Sissy, one at a time, upstairs. This would: 1) bring both Pam and Sissy hopefully up to a level on a par with Peter on vocalizing and reacting with human 2) will give me a new outlook and oomph, and 3) will give Peter a break in the sea pool with some female company.

Also during this time, I would like to isolate Peter for a while in the sea pool and work with him there, probably put a bed into the middle sea pool room and sleep there also. I HAVE NEVER WORKED WITH PETER ALONE IN THE SEA POOL. I would like very much to try.

At the end of the month or so, depending on how things are going, I could either bring Peter back upstairs and finish the 6 month period as planned, or continue with him downstairs.

Please write or call or something and comment on my program... until I hear from you I will prepare to go along as I have described in this letter.

Dirty algae season is upon us...it is growing like weeds. And hurricane season is here, too. I am keeping a listen on the radio for reports.

Liz wrote and asked for the Remington Electric, and I have sent it off to her. Is there anything else I should pack-up and send to Miami? There is so much here that is not being used. Time, sea air and neglect is slowly taking its toll.

Poor Namu

Sincerely,

Margaret

Notes: At the end of my notes for July 18, I write simply "poor Namu..." I had been asked earlier by John Lilly if I would agree to go to San Diego and be the one to swim with Namu. It was all new then, and I declined only because I was in process of setting up and planning for the live-in with Peter. Good decision for me, but I did follow Namu and made this note when I heard of his death (July 9, 1966).

From Wikipedia: Namu (orca) was the second orca (killer whale) displayed in an aquarium exhibit (after Moby Doll) and was the first orca to perform with a human together in the water. He was the subject of much media attention, including a “starring” role in a movie, that changed some people’s attitudes toward orcas.

From IMDb (Internet Movie Database): www.imdb.com/title/tt0060737

Directed by Laslo Benedek. With Robert Lansing, John Anderson, Robin Mattson, Richard Erdman. Robert Lansing and Lee Meriwether star in this warm and compelling family drama about a compassionate scientist who forms an unlikely friendship with a magnificent killer whale.

Tuesday, July 19, 1966

Today the upstairs living room pool is filled. I think the door between it and the balcony...I would like to try and keep the balcony dry until the pump comes back for it. Lack of circulation there makes it very murky.

The pool takes all day to fill....and I notice it is leaking through into the balcony.

Looking over the middle sea pool room.....

At this time I do not want to spend the time or the money to make it into a really comfortable livable room.

I think I will, however, put a few boards in there and make enough of a floor to support a bed. The rest I will leave as is.

I want to free myself up so that I can spend some time “living” down there with Peter, or can move back up here and be with Sissy or Pam...etc.

It may be too buggy down there to sleep...but at least there is a good breeze.

Peter, Pam, and Sissy are still all in the sea pool. From all viewpoints, having a good time. When Aubrey gets back, we will put all three upstairs, clean the sea pool which needs it, and then move say Peter and Pam back down, and I will begin to work with Peter downstairs and Sissy upstairs.

Thursday, July 21, 1966

Dear Margaret,

Thank you for your two letters. In regard to the first one about the problem of jobs to be done:

(1) Have Aubrey and Richard clean up rust on the front of the railings on the balcony and outside staircase, and on the gate to the main building; scrape off rust, chip with a cold chisel from all this iron work. After this is finished paint with Rustoleum undercoat and finish with a black paint. The concrete under the iron work should have the rust cleaned off with muriatic acid.

(2) The roof over the upstairs rooms and the main roof are to be painted over and the whole space covered with enough thorseal to give a uniform white surface and to seal any minute cracks and cover the sealant that is there at present. This should also be done for the machine shop building.

(3) All externalized wiring and conduit must be painted with a waterproof white paint both against the side of the building and that against the wall outside.

(4) The walls and ceilings of the inside rooms are to be painted white with the exception of your dry room. The outside of all windows including those on the west should be cleaned and all wood around the windows painted white. The outside west wall of the building should be painted.

In other words, put them to work on sprucing up the appearance of the lab and cleaning up the permanent structure. If you look carefully you will see that there are areas of deterioration and dirt in numerous places which can be easily fixed with paint.

In answer to your second letter I think it is a very good idea to work with Peter in the sea pool for a change, I would like to see recordings come from that work even though it may be difficult to get them. We need some sort of scientific records of the changes induced in both you and Peter.

I suggest that you move Sissy upstairs and try to induce her to vocalize, trying the idea of long trains of English words broken up into syllables with syllable counts from 5 to 30. If you can write out some sentences that you know such as, "Mary Had a Little Lamb", you can record how many times it takes your presentation

of a given sentence before she has the correct syllable count. This is an important thing to do scientifically because we can then get comparative data from a human using a foreign language which she does not know. Do not use nonsense syllables. Use full complete sentences that you can remember. Have enough variety to keep your interest and Sissy's going. If you have long enough sentences and do not allow her to interrupt you, you may find a rather startling performance. Scott made the mistake early in our series of allowing Elvar to break his pace by interpolating syllables. This was later corrected by coaching Scott. The presentations were then made at a uniform syllable rate. I will copy one of the tapes of this sequence and send it to you merely as an example.

Any time Sissy fails to respond, you have several alternatives.

(1) Test her with sort terse sequences, say 2, 3, or 4 syllables. If she then continues, move on to longer sequences again.

(2) Leave the game saying you are doing so because she is failing and then come back in five or ten minutes and retest.

These two tactics worked extremely well with Elvar.

The data from Elvar is mountainous and I am gradually working my way through miles of tape. At the moment I am content with correlating only syllabic or sonic burst counts and leaving timing to the computer.

Apparently I will be unable to come to St. Thomas until the second or third week in August. If there is any pressing need to discuss your data and go over tapes, I suggest that you come over to Miami and that we work it up that way. Okay?

Best regards.

Sincerely,
JOHN C. LILLY, M.D.
DIRECTOR JCL/mo

Friday, July 22, 1966

Aubrey back from his vacation. We move all three dolphins upstairs, drain and clean the sea pool, and then put Peter and Pam back into the sea pool, leaving Sissy alone upstairs.

Once left alone, Sissy is quiet and spends time sitting on the broken ball. She is quiet.

Saturday, July 23, 1966

In the morning I go in with Sissy and Pam. I sit for a while at the outflow end of the pool. Peter comes and sits in my lap, very much as Sissy does, except he comes straight at me between my legs and Sissy comes across my legs into my lap. Peter gets behind me several times and pushes me out deeper. Pam watches.

I feed Sissy by dumping her fish after first feeding her a few. She will not pick them up. I come back in about half an hour and she has still not eaten any. I get in and pick them up one at a time, and she eats them all. Big baby!

I remember it was a while before Peter would pick up his own fish.

In the afternoon a very sudden gale blows up. I have not seen one this strong for at least two years. I bring in all the cats after being knocked down by the wind in the driveway. The sea pool is full of foam, and big suds-like foam covers the walk around the pool. Peter and Pam are together on the protected side of the observation booth. I call the radio station to find out what is going on, and apparently it is just a freak gale that was not expected and did not hit town. It lasted only a short while. I was VERY glad the awnings were down.

Dear John,

About Sissy and Mary had her Little Lamb...

At the moment, Sissy is a very quiet, rather sulky dolphin. She doesn't even do the spontaneous whistle business she does downstairs.

When I feed her I get clicks every now and again and humanoid. Sissy has a habit of only giving me a humanoid after I have released the fish to her. And then it is not a prolonged sound, just the humanoid ending to a click train.

To go in with her now and try even a 5 much less 30 syllable string would be pointless. She, in a sense, just doesn't know "what I am talking about".

I will have to take a good chunk of time first and teach her that the name of the game is to do what I do...that the humanoid sound

is the one I want, that she listens to me and then repeats etc. Sissy does not yet know all these things, and I think she should before we start any counting of how many times it takes her to get the correct number of anything.

What I can do is get some clear tapes of where she is now...zero... and then hopefully in maybe two weeks or less we can have tapes that will show that she knows enough to begin giving her "test" presentations.

In the comparative test for a human, the human knows that the other person is going to say some words in a strange language, that the word should be listened to, and that the person is then supposed to repeat as best he can. Right. Those are the rules. But to try this test now with Sissy would be like having a total stranger come up to you unexpectedly on the street and say a blurb in Greek. You don't know what to do. Run away, jump up and down, ignore him, or just what. So if you agree with all this, I will first get Sissy aware of what we are doing.

Dear John,

I have just walked around the building with Richard and Aubrey, going over your letter one part at a time, and I hear some scraping and banging, so things must be beginning.

Several things: you say "clean up rust on the front of the railings on the balcony etc.". What do you mean by "on the front"?

Aubrey started chipping the staircase, and hole after hole developed. It is in such bad shape, John, that it doesn't really make sense to chip it. It will just simply fall apart. I am asking them to take off the big chips of falling off rust, brush it down, and paint it.

Also, you say to paint with a Rustoleum undercoat and paint over it with the black. There is a black Rustoleum and I am using that. Probably two coats.

Where do I get Muriatic Acid? (I will find some.)

Roof, walls, etc. will be done. Also, when I can, I will get them to do the underside of the elevator. Black.

We may have to wait a bit for some of the wall and outside painting as it rains every day...Yuk...

Thank you for your suggestions. Aubrey and Richard are BUSY.

Smile...

Sincerely,
Margaret
And Peter.....

I would like to try the TT again. Using it downstairs, I think I will have a better chance by myself than I did upstairs.

I want to try putting it on the elevator, downstairs, and setting it on the edge so Peter can work the panels.

The difference is, that downstairs, I will be able to get RID of Peter, like so...in between each test, I will toss a fish to the other (inflow) end of the pool. Peter will swim away to get it. This will now give me time to change the placks, put in a new fish, and get ready for the next test.

The trouble was that Peter would stay right there, and not only see where I was putting things, but also as soon as he had eaten his fish he would start opening the panels again, which was too fast for me.

This way, he will have to go away, or "start" each test from across the pool, and I will not be so harried and rushed. It will be a much fairer test.

After a time, MAYBE, I can get him, by an arm action or something, to go to the "start" position by himself and without a fish thrown.

But either way, at least the test will gain some order.

And this kind of thing I can record, right and wrong, etc. which doesn't need to be crystal clear - which it won't - be because the wind at this time of year is quite strong.

Perhaps when we are ready to come back upstairs, I can try Peter on the longer "Mary Had a Little Lamb" business.

At this moment, I don't see any reason to come to Miami.

Sincerely,
Margaret

Sunday, July 24, 1966

Sissy has been presented with three toys...a broken white ball, she has been sitting on it, the pony, and a toy fish.

She does not show much interest in any of these, and will not "share" them...or hit them to me. I try to show her a game of catch... she does not join in.

In the afternoon I am cleaning up a bit with the long green garden hose, and suddenly Sissy comes to life. She comes over to me and starts twisting in and out of the hose. She has several times played with this hose when it has fallen into the sea pool. I give it to her, and she seems very happy dragging it around and winding and unwinding herself in it.

Also, Sissy has started the old "rocking" business that is so typical of her when she is in a small tank. Peter NEVER made this motion upstairs...it is a very steady slow, smooth action, and somehow she gets the whole room just slightly rocking (water). It is not choppy just big, smooth ripples.

After a while she stops this and "paces" up and down, turning around under my bed, going to the far end of the room, and back again. She has not gone outside, even though I opened the door this morning. She swims past the door, though, and I am sure she is thinking about it. She has been outside before, following Peter.

Wednesday, July 27, 1966

This morning I feed and record with Sissy. This is the first time we have recorded. I get in and stand in the same place I used to work with Peter. Before this I have fed Sissy while I was on the elevator or outside leaning over the wall. Sissy is almost totally quiet for the first part of the feeding. She starts to make some clicks, and I encourage these. Every now and again I get a humanoid...but very soft and short.

I end up by demanding louder clicking...as much noise as possible...I talk to her as she improves. When I end the lesson, Sissy is clicking loudly for each fish. Step-by-step we will get there.

In the afternoon I go down and play with Peter. He is very loving... seems to want to snuggle and rocks a bit on my lap. He backs off and I see him open and close his mouth...I know he is not being nasty to me because he has been too friendly...so I watch him and sure

enough a cloudy substance comes out of his mouth. Peter jerks in a convulsive cough-like business...he seems to choke a bit and rides up onto the cement where the water is shallow (outflow) and seems to catch his breath, Pam comes over to him.

Then he swims off...and all seems to be well...He did not eat this morning. Richard gets ready to feed, and Peter is obviously going to eat...Pam (who ate this morning), will not eat this afternoon. While Peter is being fed, I walk into the water to my hips, and offer Pam a hand. She comes immediately over and starts her rubbing business. Just as she did in the fiberglass tank. This is most unusual, and Pam has never done it with Sissy in the sea pool with her. But she seems freer with Peter, and we had a very nice little eat session while Peter was eating.

Friday, July 29, 1966

This morning I feed Peter and Pam. Pam is not eating, so I have a chance to work with Peter.

I stand in the water with his bucket and do the following: I hand Peter a fish, and he eats it.

I then say "Go get it!", and throw a fish across the pool...Peter goes to get it, and comes back.

I hand him another fish, and then throw another, etc.

After a time, I just made the motion of throwing a fish, and squealed. Peter dashed off. I then threw a fish, to indicate that he had done the right thing.

We did this all the feeding, and I was very pleased. Pam did not interfere. I have thought, however, that it might be wise for a time to move her upstairs with Sissy. This would give Sissy company, and perhaps make her happier, and would get Pam out of the way so I can work with Peter more often. Also, when Pam is upstairs, she usually only eats one meal a day, so I would still have a lesson a day with Sissy upstairs without Pam interrupting. I will move her next week.

I find Sissy much improved over yesterday... she seems lively and obviously hungry. I talk with her a bit and then we have a lesson. I feed her from the walkway going into my little room rather than from in the water. Sissy seems more vocal when I am out of the water, and I thought it might help her at this stage to do what she

is most used to. The lesson was interrupted, and when I was getting back to it and setting up...for the first time I completely lost my balance and fell into the pool with Sissy. I had to take a quick leap to keep from landing on top of her, and I landed rather harshly on my heels. It was very unexpected and awkward, and Sissy looked appalled! Anyhow, I finished the lesson from in the water, and Sissy came along quite nicely. She is already giving me much more noise than she was a few days ago, and she is coming along with the humanoid sound.

August 1966

Monday, August 1, 1966

This morning Aubrey is on vacation for a week. The pump for the upstairs pool has been mostly off all weekend due to very high seas clogging the pickup...and consequently Sissy's water is a mess.

Richard and I and John Lovatt move Sissy down to the sea pool.

We drain and clean the living room and balcony pools.

When we move Sissy, the stretcher rips down the middle. Sissy gets moved all right, but the stretcher is shot.

In the afternoon I bring it to Economy Furniture, where we had the awnings made, and they will make us a new stretcher. I will not be able to move any animal again until I have it.

Friday, August 5, 1966

In the morning, I am using the hose outside the living room pool, and I could hardly believe it. Sissy came up and "chinned" herself on the side wall. This is at least a foot and a half above the water level, and has a very rough surface. Sissy chinned herself three times and then quit. She was most determined. I would not have thought she could do it.

She obviously wanted attention just then, so I sprayed the hose on her. She turned into a clown! Rolling over so I would spray by her flippers, holding her tail up so I could spray under it.... She couldn't get enough. Finally I turned the hose off. At last I have found something she is interested in!

Note: Accident week. Wednesday, Aubrey fell off a ladder and the next day discovered that his hand was badly swollen. X-ray at hospital \$10.00, and \$8.00 medication.

I fell putting the fish out, and took a chunk out of my knee. Lots of blood but no real problem. Salt water stings like HELL!

Tuesday, August 2 - Sunday, August 7, 1966

Most of the week spent doing odd jobs on the building.

All three dolphins are together in the sea pool, as the stretcher is being repaired (remade).

Aubrey is on vacation.

Richard and I paint the main roof of the building, and the small roof above the upper office and bedroom.

We paint side of building (east) and some of the inside corridors.

I spend time observing all three dolphins together, I have not seen them together for some time.

I do not take notes: general observations are that Peter and Sissy engage in sexual activity and Pam is the silent third.

Peter humanoids to anyone approaching the pool, especially at feeding time but other times as well.

They are all eating very well...Pam is keeping up with the other two.

Monday, August 8, 1966

Aubrey is due back today but does not make it as heavy rains prevent the boat from coming back to St. Thomas from Tortola.

We will clean the living room and balcony, so we can put animals in it tomorrow.

We get back the stretcher.

Over the weekend, the foam mattress that we use to put under dolphins on the elevator blows away in the heavy wind and I cannot get it.

I buy a new one today.

Richard and I try to get pumps going to fill the fiberglass tank... a circuit is broken and I cannot fix it. Will need an electrician.

I am anxious to separate all the dolphins, I will put Pam in the fiberglass tank, Peter downstairs, and Sissy in the living room pool.

Tuesday, August 9, 1966

This morning we bring all three animals up on the elevator using the NEW piece of foam mattress and the NEW stretcher.

We drain and clean the sea pool, and re-fill it.

We put Peter back downstairs, and leave Pam and Sissy in the living room. Neither one ventures outside.

I am planning to move Pam into the fiberglass tank, the electricians are due here tomorrow to repair a bad circuit breaker system, and as soon as that is done we can fill her tank.

I feed Peter in the afternoon, and Sissy in the afternoon. Pam will not eat.

Wednesday, August 10, 1966

This AM I put the TT on the elevator and lower it to the sea pool.

The day is calm, and it is ideal for working with Peter.

I use the TT with a diamond, only, switching it back and forth at random from one panel to the other.

Every other fish is thrown out, and Peter has to swim away to get it, which he does willingly.

While he is away, I have time to switch the plack and reload with fish.

I am SO pleased with this new system! Peter seemed to enjoy it, and pays close attention.

The two balls that are under water that he pushes to open the panels, were both red. Now one is worn and almost all the red color is off it...Peter repeatedly chose the panel with the still reddish ball. In other words he was confused by underwater differences in the System...when I want him to be getting clues ONLY from differences in the system that are ABOVE water.

I will change the balls.

Thursday, August 11, 1966

This morning both Pam and Sissy eat, so I do not have a lesson with Sissy.

I put the TT on the elevator and lower it to the sea pool and work with Peter.

He has the routine down nicely...

Swim across pool to get a thrown fish. Come back to TT and make a choice of panels. Swim across pool again.

He enjoys the test...and while I do not keep count of how he does because I am still showing him the rules, he seems to do fairly well. I have not gotten new balls on the panels yet, and I am sure that it is causing trouble.

In the afternoon Pam will not eat, so I record and work with Sissy.

In the morning I had tried, to go in with her, and she was very nasty and made me leave. Sissy is testy and nasty...she does not like being upstairs at all. Even with Pam with her, she rocks by the hour, will not take any interest in DOING things...I have tried toys, balls, pony, me, etc...and she is in such a sulk she refuses to cooperate.

In the vocal lesson, I stay up on the plank going into the pool... and Sissy is very vocal...almost too. She does lots of humanoiding, but does a continual loud, clicking, even while she is eating, and I have trouble making myself heard if at all. I lose my temper a bit in the lesson, I can't help it. Sissy is such a difficult person when she wants to be, and unless things are just the way she wants them, she wants to be!

Friday, August 12, 1966

This morning Aubrey brings help and we move Pam into her fiberglass tank. The electrician was here yesterday and fixed the pump.

Pam eats 8 lbs shortly after being moved which is very unusual for her. She accepts stroking happily.

I am so glad to have her up here again!

I have made up my mind that in her present mood and in my present mood it is just not right to keep Sissy upstairs. She has won, damn her! I would like very much to keep working with Peter downstairs, but Sissy will not seem to settle down anywhere except in the sea pool.

So...I put Sissy in the sea pool and bring Peter upstairs. I am also very glad to have him back here, and I give him a big hug. He is hungry and eats a full 3 pounds.

Ok Sissy...what about you. If you are going to insist on being in the sea pool, then you are going to have to learn to work with the TT. Which when I think about it isn't a bad idea.

I lower the elevator with the TT on it, and for the first time show it to Sissy.

I coax her close to it, she is reluctant at first, and towards the end she suddenly seems to see what it is all about and starts opening the panels like mad. I do not throw any fish out at this point, she must learn how to operate the device first. Which she does! She is very quick to learn! At the end of the meal, she was opening panels as fast as I could load them, and she would not eat the fish. If I gave a fish directly to her, she ate it. If the fish came out of the panel she had opened, she would not eat it! She is full of surprises.

I am glad to have found something that seems to hold her interest, and will try again this afternoon.

This afternoon I go in with Peter and ride around on the pony for a while, and then just sit and play with Peter.

He seems SO glad, to have this contact. He is gentle, we play with a ball for a while, he noses the pony at me, and then he just comes and sits in my lap...for the first time he sits crosswise the way Sissy does, rather than head on the way he usually does. He gets a bit rambunctious, but I am able to calm him down. He seems to want big hugs, and as I do hug him he twists around and turns over, belly up in my arms. Really a big baby.

He does not have an erection, but makes a point of seeing that his genital area is rubbed and pressed against. He is a wiggly, squiggly teddy bear.

I get a good bop in the chin at one point when he is turning over, ah well...

Saturday, August 13, 1966

Everyone seems hungry this morning. I lower the elevator with the TT and feed Sissy first.

She will not open the panels to begin with as she had learned to do yesterday, and I had to show her again. About halfway through the feeding she started doing it for herself.

I then started switching the shape, a diamond, and tried to get her to learn that the fish was only in one of the panels, the one with the shape on the front.

She is slow and pokes around a bit, inspects the elevator, looks around at things, so I decided to move on.

I began throwing fish out every other time, and she went to get them.

When she came back to the elevator, I would have the next puzzle set up.

She did well, but several times wouldn't come back to the elevator. She wanted more fish thrown. This may come from her work with Will Munson where all fish were thrown. Anyway, I am very pleased with her progress so far, and this is only her second exposure to the TT.

Pam was very hungry and vocal. I fed her her 3 lbs. and she continued to scream at me. I fed her about 2 lbs of Peter's fish, and she would have eaten more but I would rather have her eat in the afternoon. She so far will only eat one meal a day, in the morning.

Peter was also very hungry, and I recorded a lesson with him.

For the first time I used "Mary Had a Little Lamb", but Peter was so hungry he overrides me. He really should be well-fed before I go into long sequences that require him to listen a lot. I am so glad to have him back upstairs.

Monday, August 15, 1966

This afternoon I have a lesson with Peter and for the first time give him "Mary Had a Little Lamb" for 13 sounds (through snow).

Peter was in a fairly good mood for listening, and several times gave me back rather long, complicated strings of sound, most of which I couldn't count on the spot. Recorded.

I spend several hours with Pam...she wants to be rubbed all over, I give her a thorough "cleaning".

Pam is getting bolder, and after a time I just lean over the tank, and putting my face very close to hers, I talk to her. She stays put, looks me over with that eye and with a bit of cooing from me she starts to softly click. I encourage her, and soon she gives little humanoid sounds...and eye-to-eye we very softly make sounds at each other. I am again impressed with the sweetness of Pamela.

We have this eye-to-eye session in the afternoon, and Pam had eaten in the morning, meaning she probably would not eat in the afternoon. But she had been vocalizing and I have never seen her do this unless she was hungry. Sure enough, she ate an evening meal...yeah! Pam!

Tuesday, August 16, 1966

This morning I lower the elevator and lower a mike to make the first recording with Sissy using the TT.

I get settled downstairs, and Peter suddenly flies around upstairs, sending a ton of water down the elevator shaft to land on top of as, a direct hit, and for once I was in clothes, not a bathing suit, as I am getting a head cold and wanted to stay dry today.

I solve that by putting Peter on the balcony, and try again with Sissy. She does pretty well, several times I have to interrupt the sequence to review, and point out to her the shape I am using (circle).

Several times Sissy would make the correct choice several times in a row and I would just begin to feel that now she had it, when suddenly she would begin making the wrong choice without fail, and I couldn't stop her.

She seems to feel that the harder she tries, the more successful she will be. By this I mean that if she makes a wrong choice, she doesn't then go to the other panel as Peter was quick to do. Instead, she bangs away on the wrong panel, apparently feeling she just isn't opening it with enough force. Even after I open it for her and show her that it is empty she will continue to open the wrong one.

But as I say, several times she made many correct choices in a row with no problem.

In the afternoon I paint the two balls on the opening part of the panels in black. Now there will be black balls, and black shapes. This may help.

Wednesday, August 17, 1966

This morning I feed and have a lesson with Peter. I work on Mary Had a Little Lamb, eye, and a few numbers. He pays very good attention, lies very close to me, he seems to want me to speak loudly and with my mouth very close to his head. I do so, and am pleased with the lesson.

I put Peter on the balcony, having learned a lesson yesterday, lower the elevator and work with Sissy and the TT. I have painted the balls black, and am anxious to see if this makes a difference. I do not record the session, it seems too complicated at this point to do so.

Once again, Sissy has me fooled. She will make correct choices many times in a row, and I think she has got the “point” of the device in her head, and then she will make a wrong choice many times and I am sure she is not understanding the point.

Midway through, having used the circle only as the positive panel and leaving the negative panel empty, I slipped the diamond into the negative panel. This was ok, and did not seem to confuse her any more than usual. I alternated between using just one plack, the circle, and using two and always having the circle positive. Sissy stayed with me throughout the lesson this time, and did not wander away as she has done before. She seems to be getting more interested in the problem.

Pam eats 3 lbs, wants more which she does not get, and I clean her tank. She has a long rub session, I rub her down with a sponge.

Government people come from the sanitation department to inspect the cistern, etc.

Note: Following story is not about the sanitation inspection – but it is about the cisterns and some John Lovatt humor.



“Skeletons in the Closet? Nope...in the Cistern!”

The CRI lab in St. Thomas, just like every other home in St. Thomas, had a cistern under the building. Actually there were two. These are large rooms, really, under the building, connected to drain pipes and used to collect and hold rainwater which is then pumped up and used for the building.

In the building, one cistern was under the meeting/lunch room, and the other was under the kitchen. They connected, and when one was full the water would flow into the other.

At some point during my time at CRI, something went wrong with a valve or some sort of thing, and the cisterns were losing water and things were not working correctly. Aubrey and Richard could not fix it, and I had to call for a local plumber to come out to the lab and see if it could be fixed.

John Lovatt knew about this, and showed up one day with a bulky, plastic wrapped package, and a twinkle in his eye. It turned out he had brought a plastic, very white, human skeleton... about 5 feet long.

He knew that workmen were somewhat intimidated by the whole lab building, and the sounds of pumps, breathing dolphins, echoing water sounds. His idea was to carefully place the skeleton on the bottom of the cistern directly below where the plumber would lift the hatch to have a look inside.

Richard and Aubrey got in on the plans, and it was a job because the skeleton tended to float and they had to tie some small rocks to various parts to get it to sink to the bottom. One arm was left unweighted, and it floated eerily up in a gesture of almost a wave. John secured it all with a line so it could be pulled out when the “joke” was over...and we were ready.

The plumber arrived, and with Aubrey and Richard looking on as casually as they could, I brought him into the room, and pointed to the closed hatch of the cistern.

He got down on one knee, slid the hatch off the square cover, and shone his strong flashlight down into the 12 ft eerie depths. He squinted and

then scrunched down for a little closer look. You could have heard a pin drop.

Suddenly he looked up, and you could see the smile in his eyes, and he glanced around at Aubrey and Richard and said in a very soft voice, "This ain't the first time I seen a trick like this, you know!"

Phew! We all laughed, and the plumber even said that he had seen two like this, but that this was the best one... and we all peered down to see the arm waving up... it was spooky and funny all at the same time, and John Lovatt was SO pleased it had come off so well. We chatted about various things that had been seen in cisterns... frogs, huge crabs, dead cats, many rats....

John pulled up the skeleton, and we gave it to the plumber, who had two kids and said they would love to have it.

Don't remember the details, but whatever was wrong with the cistern valve got fixed in no time, and things worked well after that.

Thursday, August 18, 1966

This morning we move Sissy upstairs on the elevator, drain the sea pool and clean it. Aubrey brings one fellow to help, as Richard is away on vacation.

End of day we put Sissy back downstairs into a CLEAN sea pool.

I am going to get J. Lovatt to get some photos of Sissy working with the TT downstairs. I have none so far.

I take both recorders out of the room in the living room and put them into the electronics room to try to re-record some of the tapes I have made with Peter.

Friday, August 19, 1966

I work in the electronics room, with recording material. Am having trouble with dubbing system, usually do.

Have a lesson with Peter, not recorded as recording equipment is out of pool room.

Work with Sissy and TT...trying more than one shape. Not very good.



Sitting with Momma Cat. This cat was with me during work at CRI, lived with us after the wedding in the Louisenhoj Gate House, and moved back into the lab building with the family.

Recording equipment shows just some of the reel to reel tape recorders, amplifiers and speakers that were hooked in to various positions around the live in flooded area.

Monday, August 22, 1966

This morning I again work with Sissy and the T.T.

I am getting discouraged. For some reason, she does not seem to understand what is going on. I am sure that I am doing something wrong or not doing something that I should be doing. Anxious for some help with this, as I feel it is a good project if I can just set it up right.

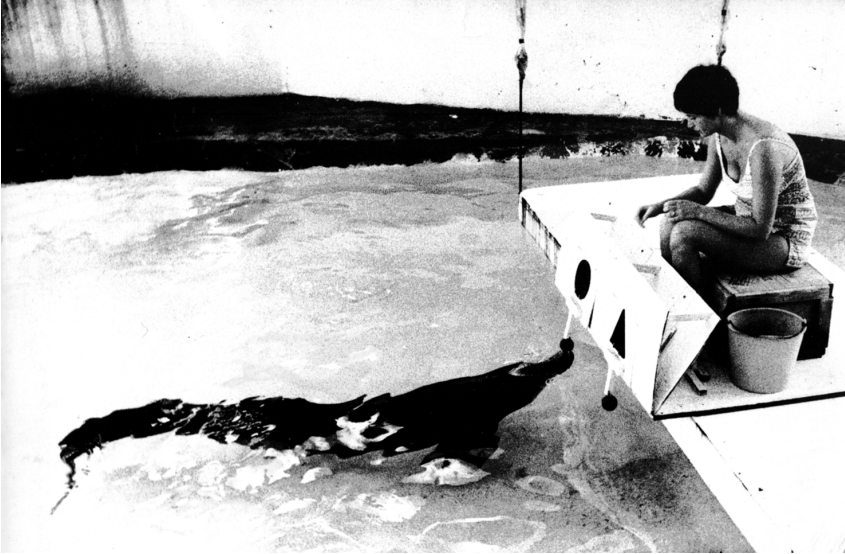
Sometimes Sissy does very well, and then she will consistently make errors...I think the main problem is that SHE DOESN'T SEEM TO CARE IF SHE IS WRONG. How can I make her want to do it right?

The fish reward that she gets from a correct choice doesn't seem to be enough.

Often when she is correct I vocally praise her...and when she is wrong I often loose my temper and tell her she is wrong etc.

I am so sure that Sissy could do any number of problems with this device, if I could just get it across to her that it is IMPORTANT to make the correct choice.

Suggestions?



Here Sissy is making a choice for the circle shape. Lifting the ball on the end of the stick lifts the panel and a fish slides out.

Tuesday, August 23, 1966

Today is my birthday. I decide to spend most of it with Pam. I get in the tank with her, and stay there.

I spend all together about 5 hours in the tank, and for the first time I can not get her annoyed. Always before, even after an hour, Pam would have "enough" and start banging her tail in irritation, and bopping at me. Not today. She reaches the point where she will almost come to rest in my arms, while I am in the water. She doesn't quite, but she just barely keeps moving.

She seems to be getting back more use of her injured flipper, and wants it rubbed a lot. I rub it, and almost pull her around by it...I can feel her resisting with it.

I do not work with Peter or Sissy.

I am supposed to go out in the evening, but plans change. John Lovatt comes here for dinner.

Note: August 23rd is also John Lovatt's birthday!

Wednesday, August 24, 1966

This morning as I am coming from the kitchen to pass in front of the living room tank, I notice Peter in a fascinating play.

A word before...when I am not with Peter, it is very hard to tell, from most of his toys, if he has been playing with them. Balls etc. can float onto the balcony without his help. But with the pony, it only moves when he moves it, so if I leave him for five minutes and the pony is on the balcony, and I come back and find the pony in the living room, I am sure he has moved it. In fact he spends a lot of his "free" time moving this pony from place to place...one day (see past notes) we had a thing going...I would put the pony by the front wall of the living room...leave Peter, and he would "park" it neatly under my bed. I would come back, put it by the wall again, and he would "re-park" it under my bed. This went on almost all day.

Back to today. As I came around the corner, I observed Peter pushing the pony WITH THE BALL. I have never seen this before, and it is a good example of Peter using something as a tool...the ball. He had the ball in his mouth, and was gently pushing the pony with the ball.

As soon as he saw me, he came over and gave me the ball, so the sequence was broken. But I was delighted to see Peter doing something with something else.

Hurricane Faith - August 1966

Hurricane Faith reached the northernmost latitude and had the longest track of any Atlantic tropical cyclone. The sixth named storm and fifth hurricane of the 1966 Atlantic hurricane season, Faith developed from an area of disturbed weather between Cape Verde and the west coast of Africa on August 21. Tracking westward, the depression gradually intensified and became Tropical Storm Faith on the following day. Moving westward across the Atlantic Ocean, it continued to slowly strengthen, reaching hurricane status early on August 23. About 42 hours later, Faith reached an initial peak with winds of 105 mph (165 km/h), before weakening slightly on August 26. Located near the Lesser Antilles, the outer bands of Faith produced gale force winds in the region,

especially Puerto Rico, the Virgin Islands, and Antigua. Minor coastal damage occurred as far south as Trinidad and Tobago.

Thursday, August 25, 1966

St. Thomas is on hurricane warning in the morning, and is put on hurricane watch in the afternoon.

Aubrey and I drain and clean the living room, and drain and clean the balcony. If I have to put all three dolphins upstairs and am going to lose power, might as well start off as clean as possible.

In the afternoon, the storm is due to strike very close to St. Thomas in the early morning hours.

I collect three men from the Lagoon Marina and we move Pam from the fiberglass tank into the living room and Sissy up the elevator from the sea pool to the living room.

Radio warnings about hurricane FAITH are continual, and I take the following steps to secure the lab.

- 1) All dolphins upstairs.
- 2) Water upstairs as high as possible.
- 3) Secure outflow loop with rope so it won't blow down.

Take down awnings, and make sure fiberglass tank is filled.

Tape up windows in living room and exposed in kitchen.

Put indoors all loose objects that will fly around.

Open all gates at sea pool so water can surge through. Iron grill left in as it is permanent. Pull institute raft up on beach and tie it to a tree.

Nail shut the door between the living room and the balcony.

Listen to radio for reports.

I am worried and walk around the building several times to check all points. Will the walls around the sea pool hold up?

When I go to bed, things are secure and calm.

Friday, August 26, 1966

Get up early and check around. Wind is strong, but obviously storm is not here yet.

Radio reports say it has veered a bit north, and will hit St. Thomas around 2:00 PM, passing about 40 miles to the north...

Peter, Pam and Sissy all fine, water is a lovely green.

Yesterday, I noticed, the pony was on the balcony, and I left it there, feeling that with all three upstairs, the pony might get in the way. The door over the water between the balcony and the living room is nailed shut...and yet this morning the pony was placed in the center of the living room, and the three are doing a wide circle around it.

(Note about the door: There is one doorway between the flooded indoor living room and the flooded balcony. Early on, I had it cut in two...so I can close the upper door (over the water), and leave the lower door "out" and not in place in a groove made for it.

Conversely, I can slide in the bottom door blocking movement by water to the balcony, but leave the top door open for circulation. And of course both parts of the door can be open or closed at the same time.)

Peter has gone outside, pushed the pony under the door, and brought it inside. Good for him!

High winds in afternoon, but new report that storm has swerved north, and will not hit St. Thomas.

Power is off for a short while.

Sunday, August 28, 1966

Power is off today from 3:00 AM to about 5 in the afternoon. Pain in the neck. Water in living room gets thick and green.

Afternoon feeding, only Peter and Sissy eating, I notice Peter has a good deep cut, from raking, on his back. Several as a matter of fact. The red underneath is showing...Peter does not seem to feel it at all.

Catch two eels (John Lovatt spends day) and a lovely 12 lb. red snapper.

Monday, August 29, 1966

Richard returns from two week vacation. Aubrey and Richard drain and clean sea pool.

Three dolphins remain upstairs.

I work in electronics room trying again to make re-recordings to send to Miami. I am having trouble with AMPEX. Can't get good tape. Time consuming.

Tuesday, August 30, 1966

This morning we move Peter, Pam and Sissy from the living room down into the clean sea pool.

We drain and clean the living room and the balcony, WHICH NEED IT.

Since we have to paint the spiral staircase and the bottom of the elevator, I decide it is best to leave them all in the sea pool for a while, until the paint is on and dry.

Wednesday, August 31, 1966

Peter, Pam, and Sissy in sea pool. Richard and Aubrey paint the bottom of the elevator and part of the spiral staircase. We leave upstairs pools dry, so paint will not get splashed.

I work with tapes in electronics room, cannot get a good re-recording yet.

September 1966**Thursday, September 1, 1966**

Finish painting the staircase, let dry. I again work on tapes, and go to town for shopping.

Friday, September 2, 1966

We move Peter back upstairs. Pam and Sissy remain in the sea pool. I work with Peter, but do not record as equipment is still in electronics room for re-recordings.

Saturday, September 3 - Monday, September 5, 1966

I go to St. Croix, Labor Day weekend. Richard Turnbull stays at Laboratory, Aubrey is on vacation.

Tuesday, September 6, 1966

All this week Aubrey will be on vacation. I speak to Dr. Lilly on the phone, and am able to make some tape re-recordings. Things are not right, and I am losing a channel somewhere...but I do the best I can and send them off to Miami.

Wednesday, September 7, 1966

I spend almost all day in with Peter. I work with the shapes...the large ones, white with a red border. I have two of each, and put them all in the water. I work on getting Peter to bring me the one that matches the one I am holding up...and it works out as follows.

Peter will bring me a shape...not necessarily the right one. But then he parks himself in front of me and demands that I stroke him all over...he seems very in need of loving and stroking....and I do so. Suddenly he will break away from me, go get another shape, bring it to me, and then park again and expect more grooming.

He almost seems to be saying, OK, if you want the crummy shapes I will get them, but you must do your part!

Are the shapes a form of payment to me? I am not able to get him to realize that I need a SPECIAL shape...he just carts the nearest one to me and that is that.

But one thing...I did not break off the stroking...Peter just seemed to know when "his time was up" and off he would go. He was very fair about it.

As usual, I was waterlogged and had to leave this game before Peter even showed signs of tiring.

Friday, September 9, 1966

This morning I go in with Sissy and Pam. At first, as I am feeding, I can get Sissy to go away after fish, and Pam will take SOME RUBBING.

When the fish is all gone, I slide in at the inflow, and Sissy does the lap sitting business. She is very rambunctious, and I am cautious and do not venture in too far. Sissy is best to swim with when she is alone. Pam is never far from her tail.

Saturday, September 10, 1966

I am not feeling well, and spend day alone away from Peter, Pam or Sissy. Sun has been very strong, and I have a headache that has me very out of sorts with everything and everyone. Best to crawl in a hole and stay there for day.

Sunday, September 11, 1966

In the morning I drain and clean the living room pool, putting Peter outside.

In the afternoon I leave the lab to go water skiing...Richard is here all day.

Monday, September 12, 1966

Aubrey will be back tomorrow...he is taking this Monday to make up for last Monday, Labor Day.

I go to town for supplies, Richard paints framework which holds awning above fiberglass tank with black Rustoleum.

Thursday, September 15 - Wednesday, September 21, 1966

Working with Peter on numbers of sounds, on vowel sounds...some interesting tapes. I have not been able to rerecord any of this as the VofM (Voice of Music) recorder is up for repairs.

During this time we also clean the sea pool, and clean upstairs pools. Pam and Sissy both have a sunburn, and I put Zinc Oxide cream on them both.

I continue to spend a lot of time with Peter on the balcony.

Wednesday, September 21, 1966

Meals are late today, and I do not have a formal lesson with Peter.

I do spend the whole day with him on the balcony. Peter is in a warm, gentle mood, becomes sexually aroused, and climbs up in

my lap over and over again, positioning himself so that my foot is rubbing against his genital area.

This play is broken by a very nice thing for me...Peter, instead of swimming up into my lap...parks himself along in front of me. I gently took hold of his dorsal...and we slowly took off.

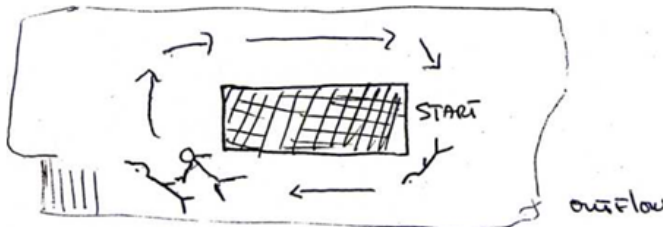
This happened over and over again...I have never had a real "ride" from Peter...but I sure got them today.

He would spend time riding up into my lap and then he would present himself and pull me all the way around the balcony. I found I had to hold onto his dorsal with both hands, one hand wouldn't hold me. I started out by dragging my feet and "helping" us along...but ended up just lying dead in the water...Peter pulling me.

We would circle once around the balcony, and when we got back to the beginning place Peter would flick me off with his tail.

A word about being pulled by a dolphin. This is the first time I have really been pulled this far...and I found that I held my breath a bit as I had my legs alongside his tail...and I fully expected to get whopped with the flukes. I felt them moving now and again, but didn't get bopped. Also, on the balcony, we had to go around the oblong structure in the middle...which meant Peter had to pull me around 4 right angles. He always managed to take the corner wide enough so that I didn't get pressed against the wall in the middle. I will diagram.

We had a lovely day...Peter seemed very happy.



Sunday, September 25, 1966

I get involved with Peter is a business we often do...only this time I suddenly saw things I haven't seen before.

I sit on the elevator side, with just my legs in the water. Peter comes along side, and jams his beak into one of my knees. I let my leg go limp, and Peter lifts my knee partly out of the water with his beak behind my knee. He looks at my foot, and just generally nudges my leg around. Now and again he tries to push my leg around so he can slide up under it and have my foot come in contact with his tummy. He only does this a little bit though, and since I am limp and do not help him, he is unsuccessful. I am not really sure what Peter is doing, but he spends a lot of time just nudging my leg and foot. Now, I will gently try to get him involved with my OTHER foot, which has been in the water all along, just limp. As has happened several times before, Peter takes great offense at this other foot, and bites at it.

I don't know what he is trying to do with the "good" foot, but whatever it is the "bad" foot seems to interfere. I try to fool Peter by crossing my feet and getting them as tangled as I can, but he continues to bite only the "bad" foot. This all turns into quite a game... almost a cowboys and Indians. Neither foot is hurting him, neither foot is stroking him or really in any way giving him pleasure...but for some reason one foot is good and the other is bad. And the good foot is gently nudged and inspected, and the bad foot is snapped at, bopped at, and ends up bleeding from his sharp little teeth.

I am fascinated that Peter does not get the feet mixed up, and that he bothers to show such emotion for two feet that are doing literally nothing.

Is Peter playing a pretend game?????

Monday, September 26, 1966

Peter will not eat this morning. Pam and Sissy both did, so I cannot assume that anything is wrong with the fish. It is most unlike Peter not to eat. He does play with a few fish, and yanks away with an open mouth asking for more. As I give him a fish, he spits it out and yells some more. ??????

Peter has been in a very loving, sensuous mood for several days, and again the same today.

I play with him on the balcony and we do a repeat of the 21st with a slight variation.

Peter continues to ride up into my lap, rubbing his genital area against my foot...spending a lot of time on his back.

This time, though, instead of pulling me around the balcony, he positions himself in front of me and goes limp. I take him in my arms, he plays dead, and I gently carry "poor dead Peter" around the balcony. Peter has eyes closed, mouth partly open, is obviously enjoying this part of the game. Then, after once around the balcony, he is back riding up into my lap. Then around the balcony again, etc. Several times going around the balcony Peter would go so limp I could pull him around with one finger hooked under his flipper, Peter floating on his side or on his stomach.

In the afternoon Peter again will not eat...at first.

After a lot of gently putting the fish into his mouth and playing at feeding him for a while, he started to eat and finally ate 8 lbs, doing a lot of fooling around in between fish.

I decide Peter should go down with Sissy and Pam for a while...I love having him in these sweet, gentle moods, but he is non-vocal while he is upside down with his eyes closed...and I think the cure would be Sissy for a while.

Although I love him dearly when he is upside down with his eyes closed!

Saturday, September 24, 1966

Hurricane Inez batters Caribbean

Hurricane Inez slams into the islands of the Caribbean, killing hundreds of people, on this day in 1966. The storm left death and destruction in its wake from Guadeloupe to Mexico over the course of its nearly three-week run. Inez was the most destructive hurricane of the 1966 storm season.

On September 24, Inez was a Category 2 hurricane when it crashed into the island of Guadeloupe. The torrential rains accompanying the storm caused mudslides and floods all over the island. Twenty-three people lost their lives, and the survivors were faced with the near-total loss of the island's banana crop.

By September 28, Inez had strengthened and hit the island of Hispaniola with 140-mile-per-hour sustained winds. In the Dominican Republic, the towns of Duverge and Oriedo were totally destroyed; only the town halls in each village were spared. In Haiti, many people lost their lives in flash floods in the mountains that literally washed away the victims.

Two days later, Inez spawned a series of tornadoes in the Bahamas. Fortunately, only one person died from the twisters. The hurricane was still a Category 3 storm when it struck the Florida Keys. Highway 1, running from the Florida mainland to Key West, was completely submerged at several points. Five people died in Florida, including one surfer who did not heed warnings to stay away from the beach.

Inez moved through the Gulf of Mexico over the next week, hitting Tampico on October 10. It finally dissipated the next day. Overall, the storm caused 293 deaths and \$40 million in damages.

Tuesday, September 27, 1966

This morning I put Peter down in the sea pool with Pamela and Sissy. As Peter leaves the elevator and enters the sea pool there is immediate excitement...Peter and Sissy both doing lovely leaps, and lots of racing around.

Richard and Aubrey drain and clean the pools upstairs.

Hurricane Inez is approaching Guadeloupe today, and I am keeping an eye out for reports. It is said to be a bad storm...and is heading this way.

Wednesday, September 28, 1966

On Tuesday afternoon I filled the pools upstairs in anticipation of putting all three dolphins upstairs on Wednesday morning, as Hurricane Inez was to hit St. Thomas with gale winds sometime Wednesday.

Inez gained speed overnight, and hit St. Thomas with heavy winds and rain in middle of Tuesday night.

I woke up felt building shaking a bit, and ran down to see the sea pool.

Power was on briefly, and water was very churned up. Waves in sea pool were very high, and Pam had been washed out of the sea pool and was near entrance to outflow. We put her in a stretcher and put her back in the pool upstairs. We brought Peter and Sissy up on the elevator.

Pam is bruised and has one or two minor cuts. I call Andy Williamson to come and look at her, and he gives her an injection of

antibiotic (I will find out how much of what and fill in report later) and an injection of vitamin B complex. Pam's appetite has been sluggish, she has been on one meal a day for past several weeks.

There is the possibility that she may have internal injury, and Andy will keep checking her for several days.

The sea pool has some big rocks in it...and the inflow entrance is completely blocked. I am having Richard and Aubrey clean it out (with help of two other men) before the next storm, Judith, arrives. I want the inflow clear so that the water can wash through.

Pam does not eat Wednesday morning, but does eat 5 lbs in afternoon. Her mouth seems tender, and I squash the fish for her before she eats them.

During outage the #1 pump ran dry and is not working. I will have to send it to Miami for repairs. Meanwhile I will put the pump that normally pumps to the fiberglass tank into the #1 spot...pumping onto the upstairs living room pool.

Andy Williamson arrives about noon to see Pamela. He palpates, finds nothing broken and no apparent fractures. He gives her two injections, bacillen and Vitamin B complex (see Williamson report for details).

Pam does not eat Wednesday morning, but does eat 5 pounds of fish Wednesday afternoon. Her mouth seems very tender, and I squash the fish for her.

Thursday, September 29, 1966

I try to contact Dr. Lilly, he is not available and will call back. Andy Williamson due today to check Pamela again. Pam will not eat in the morning.

She is moving and breathing well, is obviously sore from the bruises and cuts.

At approximately 11:30 she died, a very sudden, quiet death.

After death Andy Williamson arrived about 15 minutes after I called him informing him of Pam's death.

We call Dr. Lilly, inform him of the happenings, and Andy is asked to do an autopsy.

Andy goes home to get preparations for autopsy, and I get body down to sea pool, and keep it wet and out of sun.

Approximately 2:00 autopsy performed by Andy Williamson.

Head kept in freezer for Dr. Lilly, and carcass buried deep in sand at Lilly's beach, Nazareth Bay.

Autopsy Report separate report by Andy Williamson to follow.

October 1966

Monday, October 3, 1966

Report on death of Pamela in St. Thomas...Nazareth Bay

Death Pamela died approximately 11:30 AM on Thursday, September 29, 1966.

She was in upstairs living room pool with Peter and Sissy.

She had been injured (see below) and I found her being buoyed up by Peter near the elevator. When I got to Pam she was still alive, with a very rapid heartbeat. She was unconscious and almost gone, so I floated her outside onto the balcony away from Peter and Sissy. Peter was most distraught and followed. As I held Pam, the heart stopped.

I put her into the stretcher, put a wet sheet over her, put the gate in so Peter and Sissy would stay inside, and called the doctor, Andy Williamson.

Immediate History see below, September 27 note.

Tuesday, September 27, 1966, radio reports say hurricane Inez is approaching Guadeloupe today, and probable course will bring hurricane winds to St. Thomas in two days. I anticipate bring all three Dolphins upstairs for the storm. Power outage will mean dirty water. Best to start with clean pool.

Tuesday morning I put Peter downstairs and drain and clean upstairs pools.

Noon reports say hurricane has sped up and will strike St. Thomas with gale force winds sometime tomorrow.

In afternoon I fill upstairs pools, planning to bring Dolphins up in the morning.

During night, hurricane speeds up still more and strikes St. Thomas with heavy winds around 3:00 AM Wednesday.

I wake up in early hours of Wednesday morning, about 5:30 AM, and feel storm shaking building.

On Wednesday, September 28, 1966, I find sea pool with water rushing through it. Pam has been swept out, and is lying on beach by outflow. I get Richard and John Lovatt who lives up on the hill, and we put Pam into the stretcher and put her into upstairs pool. Aubrey arrived and we bring Peter and Sissy up on the elevator.

Pam is bruised all over, and has one or two small cuts. She breathes and moves well. I call Andy Williamson.

Pam Dies in My Arms

I have written before about the death of Pam. Pam was one of the three dolphins in St. Thomas, Peter, Pam and Sissy. Pamela had a history of having been in the film(?) and TV series *Flipper*, and had actually been harpooned I think twice in the making of the films. She was traumatized and had been injured, and was certainly the shyest and most fragile of the three.

The hurricane that day had suddenly increased, and we were not prepared for the intensity or the speed. Peter, Pam, and Sissy were in the sea pool.

During the night and towards morning, I ran down and shouted at the dolphins, and could only count 2. One was missing. I ran up the hill, alerted Richard, and then ran to the top of the hill by Seahorse Cottages where John Lovatt lived, and pounded on his door. He came to help. By the first morning light, Aubrey arrived, and we found Pam, who had been washed down the outflow onto the rocky beach. She was stranded, and we picked her up in a stretcher and brought her back to the lab and put her into the water upstairs. She was injured but internally, and we called the vet, Andy Williamson. He came, and gave her an injection, and could find no external injuries. He did note that my legs were very cut, and still bleeding. As I ran up the hill to get John, the mud and rocks rushing down the steep slope of the concrete tracks that led uphill had sliced my feet and legs.

I stayed with Pam, and tried to keep her separated from Peter. She was slow and sweet, and after a while as I held her, she went limp and I could feel her heartbeat stop. Pam had died.

I was exhausted, very emotional, and cried as I held her. Both Aubrey and Richard said words like "there, there" and "nothing to do" and "my my my".

I was physically drained, and there was still so much to do. The vet was called, and came and then left again to get equipment to do the autopsy requested by John Lilly. We had to drain the sea pool, bring Sissy up to be with Peter in the upstairs area, and carry Pam's body in a stretcher down into the now empty sea pool. It was the only available place to do the autopsy.

The vet assured me this would be rough, and wanted to make sure I thought I really wanted to witness what he was about to do. I did.

I sat on the spiral staircase slightly above to get a good view. It was interesting and shocking, but I was not emotionally involved. Until, as directed by Lilly to freeze her brain, Andy had to remove Pam's head. Pam's head was cut off. The sight of that went right to my weakest point, and I broke down and had to leave the scene.

Later, after Andy had left, Aubrey and Richard carried Pam's body in the stretcher and we went up the hill and down to the right to the sandy beach. Here they dug a very big deep hole, and we buried the body. Walking back up the hill and then down to the lab with that empty stretcher was a quiet, thoughtful time for the three of us. Small twigs from overhanging trees were plucked off and sucked on. A few stones were kicked. When we got to the lab, Richard washed off the stretcher. Aubrey thawed fish to feed to Peter and Sissy. No one was hungry, no one had energy.

We had to flush the blood out of the sea pool for a day after that, and when it was all fresh and clean, we put Sissy back down, and for a while, Peter with her.

Having two dolphins is very different from having three, and it never was the same. The project had come to an end, and what followed, the loss of funding, the selling of the building, the taking apart of the pools and the isolation tank, the shipping of Peter and Sissy on a plane up to Miami, and my wedding at the hospital, all happened in a blur.

October 14, 1966
Knud Hansen Memorial Hospital
St. Thomas, US Virgin Islands
Room 247



"John, I think we SHOULD go ahead with this. They brought a cake and EVERYTHING!" "Well, alright, Luv, if you think we should..."



"Not only did I make it through surgery, I am getting MARRIED!" "You could say I was cut out for this wedding..."

I Married John, but Spent My Wedding Night with Peter

We were married on the island of St. Thomas on October 14, 1966, and it was an unusual wedding. I recount here the events of that day, and some of the feelings I had.

John had been suddenly put into the hospital, and rushed into surgery with a bleeding ulcer. It was a touch and go situation, and the surgeon approached me in the corridor of the hospital and after we spoke a bit he asked me if I was going to marry this young man. I told him "yes!", and he said well, "how about tomorrow at about 3:00?"

So it was. I was working still at the CRI lab where I had been working for several years and recently been doing a series of live-in, isolation experiments with a dolphin named Peter, one for 3 months, and one for 6 months. This was closing down, but I was still very busy doing all sorts of things. I ran into town and got a white dress and a piece of lace from the arm of a chair in one of the stores (wore it on my head) and tried to present myself as a "bride" not just "get married". I wanted John to remember me as his bride. The word flew around, and suddenly I was clean and dry and in a white dress, with blue sunglasses, and driving alone in my Volkswagon at 2:30 in the afternoon into the town and to the hospital. I walked down the corridor, and smiled at people in wheelchairs and the occasional nurse. Found the room, and turned in, to be greeted by 15 to 20 friends who all were dressed, there were flowers, and Claire who became my maid of honor had even snapped up a wedding cake from the bakery that someone had ordered and then oddly, canceled the wedding!

Her husband John had a recording device, and was interviewing people and generally recording things. Someone had given John a red bathrobe, and after his blood pressure was taken (and announced as high but normal for the occasion), he stood up and we were married by a wonderful local judge.

Several nurses who of course adored John brought in some of the cafeteria's finest Del Monte fruit cocktail, a few funny toasts were made (I must say John, you were cut out for this marriage!), and it was a happy hospital room. People soon cleared out, John was back in bed, and I stayed. As we chatted for a good long while, I snacked on wedding cake, and to this day I adore the creamy white sweet cake and have actually

ordered several and enjoyed them just for no reason at all. Eventually I kissed my new husband goodnight, and whispered down the hallway till I was back in my car and headed to the CRI lab.

When I got there, I quickly got out of my dress, back into a bathing suit of some sort, and went in to find Peter in the upstairs pool. It had to be a bittersweet encounter. Peter and I had been together day and night for the past 6 months, and we knew each other well. I knew our time was almost at an end, he did not. My decision had been made: he had no choice.

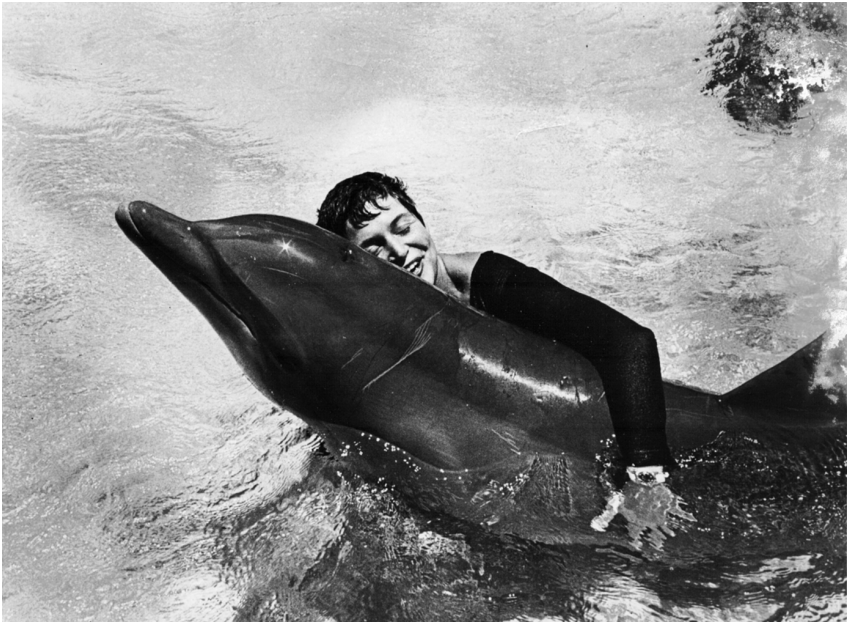
I would not have done any lesson that night, but would have gone into the water with him and we would have been quiet and tender. I am sure I cried (on my wedding night!) and kissed his eyes and stroked his gums and flippers and generally conveyed sweetness as we knew it between us. He was so special to me, and I to him...it was our real goodbye.

Putting him, along with Sissy on the plane that would carry them back to Florida a week or so later was rushed and busy and noisy...but that wedding night was our real goodbye. It pains me more now to think about that than it does to think about the moment I was told that he had died.

I can easily recall the sounds of the water and the feel of his skin.

It was an unusual, but memorable, wedding night.

Getting to know you. Meeting Peter for the first time!



First Class to Miami for Two

There came a time, when my research and live in program with a dolphin at CRI in St. Thomas came to a close, when it became necessary to fly the two remaining dolphins, Peter and Sissy, back to Miami for inclusion in the CRI facility in Coconut Grove. The third dolphin, Pamela, had died shortly after she was swept out to sea in a hurricane.

As I write this, I find it necessary to split it into two parts: the physical challenge and solutions to shipping two dolphins in an airplane to Florida, and the emotional upheaval it caused.

The physical challenge

Physically it was a challenge: I had to secure an air freight plane that could be stripped down and more or less hollowed out to accommodate two 450 pound, wet dolphins in wooden sort of high sided pallets.

The plane was secured with the help of local pilots who had the connections, and the next problem was how to get airborne without all the water sloshing out of the crates when the plane banked to head up into the sky.

As I remember there were two fiberglass moldings of the dolphin bodies kept through the years under the CRI lab. They were revived, big wooden crates were build around them, and then a sponge like bedding was attached to them. We now had sort of foam covered, form fitting beds for both Peter and Sissy. Long poles down each side of each carry case, so that four strong men could each grab a handle and do the lifting. Then we got plenty of soft foam mattress sheets, several for each dolphin. These would be used to cover them and keep their skin wet.

I went to the island dairy, and sought their help for carrying water. We came up with the sturdy plastic linings of the big milk containers that were used in the hotel industry. These linings could stand alone, and each held several gallons of milk, or in our case, water. I bought several hundred. Filling them with seawater was a job in itself.

I hired a truck that could handle the load, to use as transportation to the airport. The day came and we were as ready as possible. Both dolphins were carefully loaded into their boxes, filled with water to help relieve the weight of their bodies, and hauled into the back of the truck.

A very slow trip into town, and then through town and down to the airport. I don't remember any paper work at the airport, but surely there must have been some. We unloaded the precious cargo and hauled it up into the belly of the empty, stripped down plane. It was pretty crude, and Peter and Sissy raised their heads and looked around. I rubbed a moisturizing cream on as much of their skin as I could. We covered them with the soft foam mattresses, and wet them down as much as possible. Straps were checked and double checked. The water containers were put on board, and set next to each dolphin so that once airborne, they could be poured over them and into the boxes. Oddly I did not fly with them, and do not remember who was assigned to keep them wet for the trip. All the pieces were in place, and I had to say goodbye and get off the plane. I did, and watched it rev up, go down the runway, and angle off into the sky. Aubrey and Richard stayed with me.

An emotional upheaval

The term perfect storm is perhaps overused, but I was indeed in the middle of several factors that certainly would have seemed to point in that direction. All these things came together within a month or 6 weeks of each other.

I had ended my final live-in program (6 months) with Peter. This was the third stage of my work, and it had taken several years.

I had had a conflict with John Lilly when the Essapian trial took place in Miami, and was uncomfortable enough to know it would be impossible for me to continue working in that atmosphere.

My fiancé John Lovatt had been critically ill and had recent surgery in the local hospital, and we were suddenly married at the hospital. I had that same day returned to finish the work needed at CRI.

The CRI building had been sold, and it was left to me and Richard and Aubrey to "get it ready" for the new owner to take over. This meant knocking down the concrete isolation tank in the end room, a matter of a jackhammer and days of noise and dust. It meant knocking down the walls that had been built up to be able to flood the large indoor room and the balcony with seawater for Peter. It meant many trips to town and the airport and cataloging all the recording equipment and endless miscellaneous gear that years of working in and on the water had accumulated. It meant dismantling wires and plugs and pipes and pumps... Endless. Exhausting.

And my relationship with Peter had been ended abruptly. There was no real plan in place for me to continue with the work, the funding had dried up, and Lilly had moved on and was involved with his LSD interest. I had to get on with my life, and Peter had to deal with what lay for him at the CRI lab in Coconut Grove. In fact I received a call from Lilly that Peter had arrived in good health, but had committed suicide not too long after. Perhaps Peter felt the same angst in that CRI Miami atmosphere as I had felt at the trial: I could not have stayed and survived either.

And Then There Were None...

I have been asked to write about what it was like when there were no more dolphins left at the CRI lab in St. Thomas. It was a process getting to that point.

Pamela had died from injuries sustained in Hurricane Inez in late September, 1966. When that storm swept through the Caribbean it was responsible for the deaths of 293 people. The basic reports tracked it as it moved, but in the end it picked up speed and caught people in stages of preparation, but not yet fully prepared.

Because of Pam's death, and several other totally unrelated reasons, the CRI lab in St. Thomas was to be closed, which meant the remaining two dolphins would have to be relocated.

Sissy and Peter were scheduled to be flown out of the Islands to Miami, where they would be put into the Coconut Grove lab of CRI.

I spent days arranging details about the flight, the dolphins safety and relative comfort, the airline, the trucking, the water for their trip, etc. It was tedious and exhausting when the day finally arrived. Aubrey drove out to the lab, Richard was there, I was there, and several workmen for the truck were there. Every step of taking the dolphins out of the water, securing them onto the truck, driving through town, out onto the airfield, and transporting them actually onto the plane had to be supervised and managed safely. (I have written about this day.)

I had Aubrey (his car was still out at the lab on the east end) and Richard with me when I drove back out to CRI. We attended to cleaning up and sorting out the leftovers of slings and ropes and foam cushioning. There were leftover buckets and fish. That image of the plane taking off and swooping up into the sky was in my mind's eye. Separation.

Aubrey went home, with some last minute plans for what we would be doing the next day, and Richard took a few fish and said good night and walked slowly up the driveway slope to feed his dog Whisky at his little house on the hilltop.

And I was alone. Not alone with a dolphin, with Peter, but alone. Very different.

The lab was still all set up and functioning, a pump or two running still to keep the water circulating and fresh...we had not yet started to strip it down and do the brutal work of jackhammering retaining walls and the isolation tank and lots of other built-ins that had made this building into two flooded rooms for over a year. Endless electronic equipment and wires remained, and microphones were hanging oddly in place, still covered by sagging plastic bags. There was an echo in the big main room that was still flooded.... But the sound that screamed at me, because of its absence, was the explosive, breath out and then in (PHOOOSH OOOFP!) that had been surrounding me day and night for so long. Close to me or faraway, it was a constant. And now its absence defined... Silence.

I was emotionally spent from having to leave Peter, and I was physically close to dropping from the demanding work of the past few days. It was almost a relief to think of sleeping. But even sleeping was not a given: I went into my "dry" room where I would sometimes find comfort in being out of the water, and to cuddle with one of my cats. It seemed too isolated and lonely (even with the cats), and I wandered back into the echo of the big room. I walked along the board by the wall, not going into the pool or getting wet, and without even showering I climbed the few steps up to my bed loft. Here is where I slept with Peter usually under the bed, and it felt more comforting than being in the far away end room so removed from where I normally was. I still had a TV by the bed, and switched it on just to hear normal sound and feel connected. I don't know if I made any phone calls, perhaps, but I can recall just curling up under the slightly salty quilt I kept there and finding deep sleep and comfort. In the morning I would begin with new energy and communication and planning, but just now I only wanted to remember, and sleep.

End of the Six Months: Looking Back

In all the passing years, I have had times when I allow myself to go back and really remember and think about Peter and what we accomplished. And it seems to fit here.

I had set out to break through what I found unreasonable: If well-trained scientists with their brain studies and research were now saying that dolphins were very bright, had big brains, therefore big minds, why were we treating them like dogs in a boarding kennel? Each night, the lights were switched off, doors were closed, the dolphins fed, and then everyone would leave. We would drive up the hill, and go home to friends, warmth, perhaps a pet dog or cat that we would cuddle with, play with, talk to etc. Day after day we seemed to abandon them: as if to say, you are you, and we are us...it is a huge divide between.

In fact the only divide between that I could see was the business of we wanted to be dry and live in the dry, and the dolphins needed to live wet and in the water. A compromise, to bridge this divide, would be uncomfortable for both, but why not at least try??

When Gregory Bateson left CRI and went off to Sea Life Park, he did in fact ask if I would like to go there as well and work with the dolphins there. I had already met John Lovatt, and that tilted things in favor of me staying on here. At the same time, Lilly flew down from Miami and asked me if I would stay on in St. Thomas and more or less be in charge of the lab. I boldly told him I would, ONLY IF I could do what I wanted to do. Lilly took the challenge and of course asked what I wanted to do.

I told him I could not do Gregory's work (observing the dolphins together, his main focus was intraspecies communication), and I did not know what he (Lilly) really was doing in Miami, but that what I wanted to do was to somehow flood at least two rooms (one indoors, one outdoors) in this building to a reasonable depth, and actually live here 24/7 with a dolphin. I could work on airborne sounds and speech, which Lilly had previously announced as possible, but the main premise would be to live with a dolphin, in somewhat isolation, for an extended period of time, and just see what happened. Lilly liked the idea, and we set to work to make the building, which had never been designed to flood with water, into a stable, waterproof area that could hold the enormous weight and piping systems that would be needed to flood two rooms and keep them fresh. Electric, pumps, recording equipment,

all had to be placed.

I chose to work with Peter, because he was young and vigorous, and had had virtually no airborne sound work. Sissy and Pamela had both had some exposure to it, but Peter was newer to the idea, and that seemed a good beginning. Some of the work was written up in Lilly's book *The Mind of the Dolphin*. The final live-in, the six month period, has not been published. (Now, in 2014, those notes are finally being printed in this volume.)

I am still asked by people who hear of this... what did you learn? Did the dolphins talk? What was the result of your work? Are they smart?

I learned this: in isolation together, Peter and I bonded, physically to a certain extent, but it was more than that. We only had each other, and sought to please the other. I wanted Peter to like me. And Peter woo'd me, and obviously was pleased when he pleased me. I think that had I done this experiment with another dolphin, it might not have had these results of closeness and bonding.

Perhaps another person doing this live-in would have had totally different feelings and conclusions. One human can marry, or bond with another. But not just any human with any human: the right couple is a good mix. I was lucky that Peter and I were the right mix... I wanted to get as much into his wet world as I could, and he welcomed me and wanted me there.

Our closest physical times were quiet, touching and very gentle. One limp, and the other exploring. Then reverse, switch roles. He never tired of this sonaring, looking and touching. He seemed to find a very slow, thorough exam of my whole body very interesting. Peter was endlessly interested in the space between my fingers and toes. Not in the fingers and toes really, but the spaces in between. He would spend time putting his beak actually between my fingers and toes. He would back off a bit and sonar my feet, and when he sonared my hand (from a slight distance) I would spread out my fingers and then close the gaps, spread them out, close the gaps. Underwater, not in air. This seemed very important. There was no pressure, no tension, no rush. And in turn he gave himself up to me. Limp, quiet, totally relaxed. I would stroke him, and slide him around in the water, from the tip of his beak to the tip of his tail flukes...he didn't move a muscle, I could roll him around like a log, he was heavy to maneuver but totally at ease. We

would do this process over and over. Back and forth. We were together for 6 months. I certainly loved Peter. I have loved dogs and cats I have known. But something about knowing the big brain that was in that beautiful dolphin gave this relationship an unusual depth. It was just me and Peter...and for that short period of time, we recognized each other...One-on-one.

The business of dolphins having no “stuff” was interesting as well. He had nothing, but I had many things. Toys, a desk full of things, clothes, hands, a big voice in the air. For these things, Peter would have to stretch into the human world. And he did, very likely simply because I seemed to place an importance on these things. Shapes, balls, toys, teabags. All were scrutinized by him, and they added to our time together. Fine by him.

And the sound. Peter got pretty good at listening to me, then attempting to make the sound or the number of sounds that I had made. He would listen, try. Listen, try. He learned when it was his turn to try...and caught on that if we both spoke at the same time it wouldn't work. And Peter would practice. For long periods of time (20 minutes?) in front of his mirror. It was in a spot at the end of the elevator, and attached so it was half under and half above water. He would float on the surface when he made the airborne sounds, and keep an eye on that mirror, observing himself. He would park there and I could hear long strings of airborne sounds, usually similar to what we had recently done that day in our more formal “lesson”. He loved to practice. Never involved me, just wanted to be alone and make those sounds. I have no answer about why.

Coincidentally, it turns out, other people including Will Munson (formerly of Bell Labs) were at the same time constructing instruments that would translate our frequencies into those of the dolphins and replay them underwater. Since those early days, a lot of very sophisticated work has been done in this area. Computers help make it possible.

But computers can not kiss a slightly goopy eye that is looking back at you, and computers can not run a finger just inside the slightly opened jaw of a young Peter in a trance like state, and computers can not feel the gentleness of a rock-hard beak attached to a 400 pound body as it gently nudges into your armpit and slowly propels you along for a “ride”. Peter wanted to know what was between my toes and my fingers. He was very interested in that space. His body had nothing similar. His

blowhole was fascinating to me...I lack one.

And these things that a computer cannot do are what I came away with from this experience. And they confirm for me that the dolphins are not only capable (the big brain) but also willing and anxious to assist and do their part, under proper conditions, to help bring about a shorter and shorter distance between these two particular species.

The three live-in experiments that I did at CRI were to be followed by at least a fourth and perhaps a fifth, where the environment of captivity for the dolphin would be altered and would now include an open sea access affording them both the flooded house and the open sea. And the human option would have been built to incorporate a fully dry living area, as well as the mutual flooded area. It was outlined that eventually a human family and perhaps several dolphins including a baby might set up a longer term living in this eventual environment. The efforts I made with Peter were baby steps in this direction.

Maybe not all dolphins are interested, or willing for this. But there are some.

And certainly there are many humans who have no time for this kind of thinking and activity. But there are some.

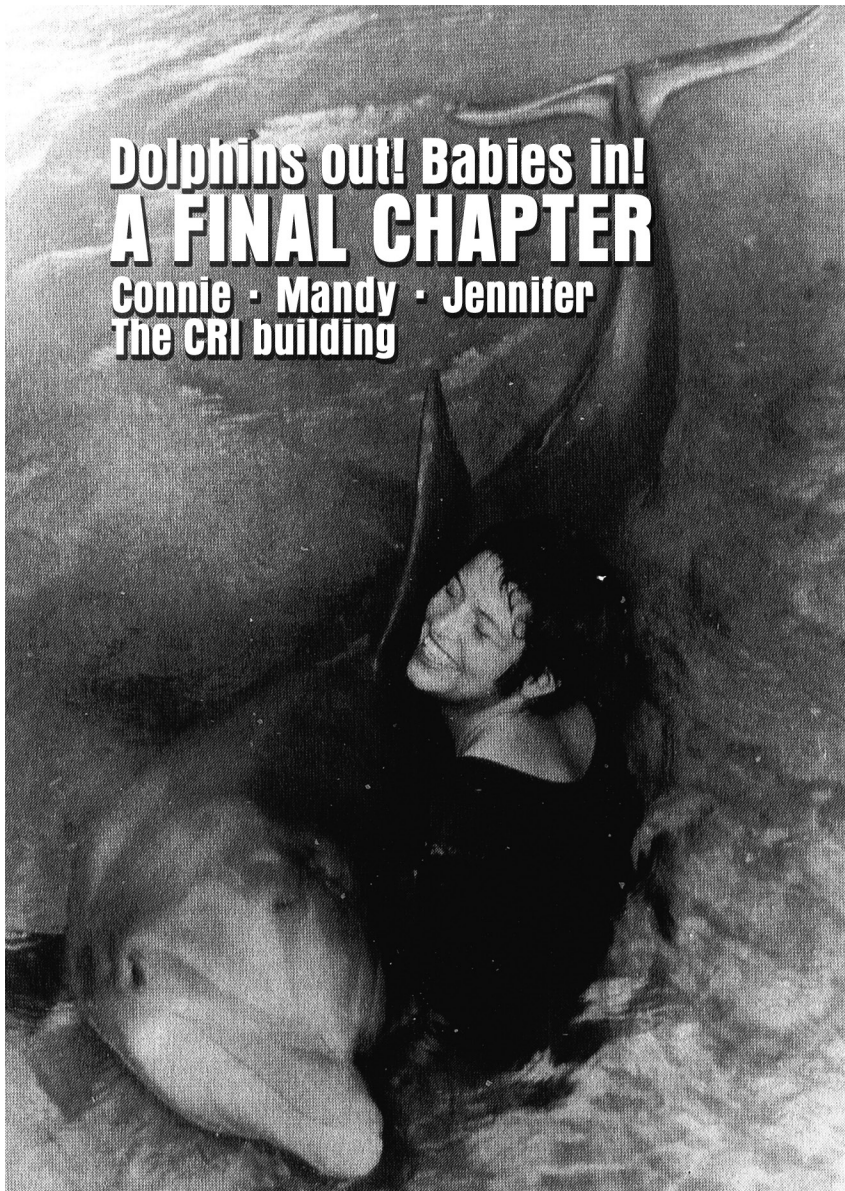
And these two groups of "some" should continue to find their way to make forward steps in this effort.

To have this knowledge and awareness on one end and still the slaughter, captivity and unintentional killing of these animals on the other is a conundrum that remains unresolved. Such enormous effort has to go into solving this problem, just keeping the species alive, before there will be relief from that to more fully engage in finding the way, and make the forward steps needed in this effort.

It is a mystery...can it be done?

Dolphins out! Babies in!
A FINAL CHAPTER

Connie · Mandy · Jennifer
The CRI building





J. Lovatt by M. Lovatt, Louisenhoj Gate House - December 24, 1967



M. Lovatt by J. Lovatt, Louisenhoj Gate House - December 24, 1967

FINAL CHAPTER

The CRI building in Nazareth Bay. Dolphins out...Babies in!

John and I started married life living in a lovely little stone house called the Gate House of Louisenhoj Castle. It overlooked Magens Bay to the North and the island harbor and town on the South. It was tiny, overloaded with hibiscus bushes, and perfect for a young married couple. And for a young married couple with one small baby. But a bit crowded when baby #2 was happily anticipated!

Connie was about 1 year old when we asked the new owners of the CRI building if we could rent it and live there. It was in bad disrepair and not being used or lived in, so in we went! We both knew the building well, and soon sorted out the odds and ends that had ended up there for whatever reason. The big living room pool where I had lived with Peter became our living/dining room. The octopus room as Gregory Bateson had it became our kitchen. The end office and isolation tank room became a guest bedroom. The electronics room became the girl's bedroom. The balcony that had been flooded became our balcony... NOT flooded! The sea pool underneath was filled with some rocks and sand and all kinds of creatures had made it home, and the tide and ocean flow still washed it clean. There were crabs everywhere, really no entry into the water as there were hundreds of black sea urchins blocking the way. Baby #2, Mandy, arrived and joined us in the nursery upstairs in John Lilly's old room, followed by baby #3, Jennifer.

There was no bathtub, but the girls splashed around a lot in big tin tubs in the corridors of pink brick. They kept toys in the little holes in the brickwork. Jen was the baby, three years younger than Mandy (and born on Mandy's birthday!) and Mandy was 1½ years younger than Connie. So they were close in age and best of friends. Everyone wore everyone else's clothes, they all eventually made it to a very nearby Montessori School for early training.

We had a German Shepherd named Brandy, and she had nanny instincts. It was a large property and building, and if I suddenly was missing a little girl (to my horror this DID happen but not frequently!) I would call "BRANDY!", and wherever she came running from...that was where the missing girl was.

There were frequently a lot of people around. There was a turtle rescue program being run by an Institute in Red Hook. They would send staff

and students to Aves Island every year to collect Green Turtle eggs, in the hope of raising the hatchlings for a year and helping increase the population. Boxes of eggs would be brought back to St. Thomas, and when they hatched we agreed to let them stay in the sea pool for safety until release time a year later. At one time we had 103 turtles in that pool. They were the size of a small saucer, very bright-eyed and clean, and we would all play with them. The girls had favorites, and would race around the pool looking for "their" turtle. There were Institute staff around frequently checking on weight and size and so forth... One day they showed up and it took four men to carry "Lucy" down to the pool. She was a very large leatherback turtle that had been injured by a boat propeller and needed careful nurturing back to health. She seemed to thrive with all the little Greens around her.

The old pipes and pumps and water systems were long gone, but the floors of the living room still had holes where the PVC pipes had been placed. So you could lie on the floor and look down into these 2-3 inch holes and see the water in the sea pool underneath. When I was busy with food or something and needed the girls under control, I would give them a bowl with a lot of gravel stones in it. They would take turns lying there dropping their stones into the hole and watching them land in the water below. They would count them. They would stand and try to drop the stone directly into the hole (not easy!), they would sit farther away and try to roll the stone into the hole. Endless games were thought up...and those holes were mom's best helper! Never mind that the occasional spoon, fork and watch made it down the holes as well...these things happen.

Each of the girls has their own memories of the property, Jennifer probably the fewest because she was the youngest when we all eventually moved into a "real" house overlooking Red Hook Harbor. I will follow this with a memory I have of each girl during that time, and hope the photos I can dig up and attach will bring it all back and make it seem like yesterday.

It was an unusual place to call home for our young girls, but we had Christmas and dolls and blocks and goats and a donkey and cats and those turtles and several dogs and wonderful neighbors and friends... and always the moonlight and water. And I think it was the moonlight, mostly, that occasionally pulled me a bit back into my past here with Peter. And that bright eye looking at me...and that breathing.

Always that endless, comforting, explosive breathing.

“This Car Gives Me a Headache!”

Jennifer

All three of the girls went to the Montessori School for their first few years, and it was a wonderful little school, fully run by several Irish teachers and strictly adhering to the Montessori principles. As a mother, I scrambled to read up on just how to encourage and discipline according to the latest thinking.

One midday I picked up Jennifer from her half day class, and drove home to where we lived, at the end of a long winding road, right on the sea. Jennifer was in a dreadful mood, saying no to everything and whining about nothing. I chirped and was pleasant, and when I parked the car, I said let’s get out and go have lunch! She said no, crossed her arms, stuck out her chin, and sat there. I chirped a bit more, and then in my best Montessori effort said something about when you are ready I am sure you will come in and we will have lunch! I left her in the car.

Only a moment later, there was a horrible crash. I raced out to find she had pulled off the emergency brake and the car had gently rolled the rest of the way down the hill, landing on a tree. The door of the car opened, and this little angelic figure slid out and marched past me into the kitchen, saying very boldly, “This car gives me a headache!”

Jennifer’s dad agreed when the price of the repair came to \$750.00!

“Those Aren’t Really Chickens”

Connie, Mandy, Jennifer

Many years after the CRI dolphin project had closed, John and I were living back in the CRI building (I knew the owner, and since it was empty he agreed to rent it to us to live in).

We had three little girls, and gave the upstairs two rooms to sometimes one, sometimes two, and sometimes three young ladies from Antigua who worked for other families in the daytime, but would agree to stay with our girls if we wanted to go out for an evening, or to the laundry etc. It worked very well, there was plenty of work to do and always someone to call on for help. I knew that none of their immigration status was legal, but that was an assumed situation for a lot of people on the island at that time.

One day I had some urgent something to attend to, and I left all three girls with one of these young ladies, Jennie. She was not working that day, and happily agreed to look after them.

As I drove down the winding cement tracks returning from town, I could see the figure of a man, standing on the top roof of the building, with his gun drawn. It was an immigration official in uniform.

I was shaking like a leaf as I flew up the stairs to confront this man, and met another officer coming out of the bedroom upstairs. Their concern was Jennie. My concern was our children. We had a conflict. They explained that they had received a tip about several “illegals” living here, and when they came down they could see Jennie (and several children!) running off into the bush to the west side of the building. The man with the drawn pistol (which was glinting in the sunlight) said he could see them hunkered down in the middle of a big patch of brush.

I was panicked for everyone involved. I totally told these officers what was now going to happen. I was very firm.

They would leave the property immediately. I would then get my girls and Jennie to come home, and tomorrow I would bring Jennie to the immigration office (I had to give my word) and we would settle this matter. But not here, and not now.

The two men left. I ran over to the edge of the brush (I still could not see anyone) and kept shouting their names, and saying immigration

had left, and please come home.

Slowly they all stood up, shaking bits of grass and nettles off, all very sweaty and red-faced. We all had glasses of water, and calmed down. My three children soon ran off to play, and Jenny told me the story.

It seems that a house up on the hill where one of the (illegal) girls was working had recently fired another girl, and that girl had alerted immigration to the situation. Another friend, who worked up on the hill, got wind of this and had called Jennie to warn her. She panicked, but told me she wasn't about to run away and leave my girls alone, so she hurried them along and ran into the brush.

She tried to hide them all and keep them hushed, but there were prickles and bare feet and it was tricky. The girls were very quiet and good, Jennie told me, until a few chickens that belonged to an uphill house came buk buk bukking over to see what was going on. The girls loved chickens, and wanted to talk to them and play with them. Jennie told me all she could think of was to say, "Shhhhh! Those are not really chickens. Those are immigration men in disguise!"

Things mellowed out: but it had been a very emotional and scary incident. I explained to Jennie what had to happen now, and she was fine. The next day, I drove her to town and Immigration, and everyone was calm and as hard as it must have been, Jennie had to leave the Island. I was able to arrange for her to return, and she went on to marry and have children and there was always a loving bond between us. In the frenzy that must have overtaken her when that feared immigration truck was winding its way down the hill towards her, she had kept my children with her and not abandoned them.

Even today, occasionally when I am with a daughter and we happen to see or drive by a chicken, one of us will say "That isn't a chicken. It's an immigration man in disguise!"

“Don’t Say Donkey...”

Connie and Mandy

When we lived in the CRI building, Connie and Mandy were just beginning to read...mostly by looking at pictures with writing under them and then gleefully saying the word...apple, mouse, banana were favorites that I can remember. Connie moved on, but when it showed the picture of the horse and the word horse.... She read it as “horsey” Finally we corrected her, and told her don’t say horsey, say horse. She quickly picked it up, and was very pleased to carefully say, “horse” every time we came to that page.

One day the two were out in the driveway with our pet donkey, Linda, and Mandy stroked her and said, “Good Donkey. Good Donkey!”

Connie broke in and in a loud voice corrected her sister...“Mandy! Don’t say donkey...say donk!”

Before ending this writing, I wanted to give each of my daughters a chance to jot down a few memories that they would like to be included. I am sure that when this book is being printed I will get frantic phone calls pleading, "Wait, Mom, I thought of another thing!"

Hopefully for a long time to come they will constantly be thinking of and remembering "another thing"!

Connie has Clear Memories of Details

My earliest memories are of a magical house on a cliff. My friend's homes were "home-like". Our house was different. Thick, white cement walls. A sea pool under the house.

Holes cut through walls and floors where pipes and pumps used to be. I would drop toys and spoons and watches down those holes just to watch them splash and twinkle in the ocean below.

We had a huge cement balcony -- in a square donut shape. I would perch on its walls for hours and watch the waves crash onto the rocks below. There was absolutely nothing child-proof about that house. Practically 1000 ways for a child to fall down a cliff or a wall or a set of stairs. But we never did. My two sisters and I were somehow lucky enough to live safely, surrounded by the beauty only found amidst the jagged point of an island.

The wind and the ocean and the salt and all the animals that lived in and around the water kept us busy and happy. No one but the three of us had a childhood like it.

The three dolphins that came before us shaped that place. And that place shaped us. It shapes us still.

We have been through a few extra bumps together. When hurricane Marilyn destroyed our home in 1995, Mandy stayed on to help with the clean up. A near-fatal accident years later left her needing several years of surgery, and we saw it through together. We have driven together across country five times (!) and she always knows how to find the closest Cracker Barrel.

She has written a few notes about her memories of growing up in the dolphin house, and I have gathered them and include them here.

Amanda Early Memories of the Dolphin House

Wanted to pass on a few notes of experiences...Growing up at the dolphin house... Life with Mom and Dad. We spent many long days with the turtles underneath the house. Lots of playing in the sea pool. We handled the turtles often. They were kept there through a raise from young and release type program I believe. Curious eels seemed to like to hang out with us. So strange yet it was normal.

There was no bathtub, we would bathe in a metal tin or sink. Large land crab lived in the toilet. Quite the surprise.

Holes in floor upstairs, used for pipes when dolphins were there, were a fun way to drop tidbits of food to turtles below. The large echoing sound of the water was so soothing..

Lots of beach time with Mom and Dad. Would ride our donkey Linda, led by Dad, to the sandy beach and rocky beach. One on either side of house. Always such an ease and happiness, Mom and Dad were so fun and easygoing. Sometimes large groups of friends, sometimes just the five of us. They were loving and nurturing.

Mom did many picnics with us, on the winding driveway up the hill from the house, lots of sweet talks, always letting us explore. We climbed trees constantly, even very young we would climb to the top of very tall trees. Good Lord what were we thinking? But mom somehow knew we were capable. Four year old's scoping an ocean view from the top of 30 foot trees.

Like the rest of us old enough to remember, we didn't climb trees or ride bicycles or horses with helmets and safety gear. Barefoot and a pair of shorts and we were off. A bureau drawer was baby Jennifer's "car seat".

Mom always had cats and dogs and the occasional goat around. Watching her with animals was quite something. For whatever reason, some people in the islands seemed to have a very rough hand when it came to animals. Hard to explain really. Just how it was. Mom was different, and we took her path. Never lectures about how to be kind and connect and love any animal. We just watched her and got it. Surrounded by many who didn't.

Christmas was magical. Daddy would chop down a century plant, we would spray paint it silver, instant Christmas tree. We would dry seaweed in the sun, until it was bleached white as decoration. Christmas time meant local stores were filled with tamarind stew, guava juice, soursop "specials" (anything frozen is called a special), coconut tarts. Seagrape jelly. Flavors were incredible.

I often think back on our Mom from New England, and our Dad from England and how strange and wonderful it was that they both ended up living in the Virgin Islands. And three sisters born here, and raised in the "Dolphin House"!

We all still have problems filling out forms that ask "what state were you born in?"



Baby Jennifer was often in the sink as well as the metal tub!



*"There was no bathtub: We would bathe in a metal tub or the sink."
 Above: Connie,(left) and Mandy
 Below: Jennifer(left) and Mandy*

A Few Words from Jennifer

When I asked Jennifer about her memories of childhood in the dolphin house, her answer was so strange I thought it was worth noting! She said, "Well, I remember when we caught the Conch and chopped off the end of the shell, the blood was blue!"

EXCUSE ME??

Jen had a friend who's parents went out on a boat a lot, and as Jen and her friend floated on the top of the water, the parents would pick up conch from the sandy bottom and collect them in the net bags that Jen and her friend were holding.

Cleaning the conch was a matter of taking a machete and whacking off the end of the beautiful shell. The meat would fall out, and be pounded and turned into the most wonderful fried or stewed conch.

Jennifer's memory of all this was the blue blood....So I looked it up and found this:

The queen conchs shell continues to thicken throughout its life. When carrying oxygen, the queen conchs blood appears blue because it contains the copper containing molecule, Hemocyanin.
- NOAA Fisheries, Office of Protected Species

Thanks for the memory, Jen! It is yours alone. No one else seems to remember this, but as the youngest you were probably taking in all sorts of things that went right by the rest of us! I am SO glad you thought to have me put it in here! Your dad kept busy taking wonderful photos, keeping track of three little girls, 107 green turtles, a donkey, a goat, numerous chickens, eels and endless crabs. Your two sisters spent time planning for the next picnic and learning the mysterious ways of counting to one hundred with the Montessori beads. And your mom was crazy happy to be changing diapers and allowing her new family and life to combine with the old... and lucky to have memories of...

The Missing Six Months

(and all that breathing.....)

“Taking a Day Off”

I am sure that during my various careers, and life in general, I must have taken days off without a real need like being sick, or a kid problem, a conflict of some sort...but there is one day I took off that really stands out and cannot be forgotten.

At the time, we were living in our house at Red Hook, and it looked out at lots of Islands and smaller Cays. The two main islands within sight were St John, and the British island of Tortola. It was this one I was focused on one day, because I knew that Richard, who had worked with me and cared for the Dolphin project so well for a number of years, lived there at the top of the very tallest mountain. I could see it clearly.

My thoughts wandered to Richard, and I suddenly was struck with the most overwhelming certainty that I needed to go there and see Richard. I had not seen him in at least 15 years (?) and there was no premonition involved...nothing spooky like he might be ill or needing something... just a very strong knowledge that I HAD to go there.

It took a little doing. John was baffled, but soon was convinced that I HAVE to go was not the same thing as I WANT to go. I arranged for the kids, told work I had to take a day off, and that was that.

I had to go into town to catch the early morning Ferry Boat to Tortola. Needed a passport. Finally arrived at the Tortola dock, and stepped off onto British soil.

I had absolutely no idea what to do next, but I looked around and saw a small hardware store with a sign that had Richard's last name. I went in, and quietly asked the lady if she knew of a Richard Turnbull. Suddenly there were a few people around, and I heard low murmurings of "She is the lady." And, "the old man" and "dolphins"...

There were smiles, and one or two people touched my hand and then a young man (Richard's grandson?) quietly informed me that he would "run me up".

NO one asked me any questions at all. I got into a rough jeep and off we went, slowly winding up and up and up with amazing views, leaving all houses behind, and suddenly broke out into a clearing and there was a house with a small young girl standing, smiling, in the front. This was Richard's house!

His great granddaughter took my hand like we had been pals for years, and coaxed me into the house. There I met Richard's wife, who was dressed in a black dress and black hat. She shyly held my hand and made me welcome, and then the young girl pulled at me again and we were out in the backyard.

Here she led me for some distance, till we were suddenly at the edge of a cliff...and straight down, very far down, was a small rocky beach, surrounded by the huge cliffs shooting straight up. A small boat floated onto the beach, and out jumped a man who pulled the boat easily onto the beach, and fussed around with a few ropes. It was Richard! He then easily slipped up onto a small donkey I had not noticed at all, and began to slowly wind some sort of a path up the sharp incline. It took about 10 minutes, and often as I watched both Richard and the donkey would disappear behind a giant Century Plant or scrub brush, only to appear again on the other side. Suddenly with a little jump of his feet, the donkey landed on the flat surface where I stood, completing the journey, and immediately put his head down and began to graze. Richard slid off, and fussed for a few moments with some Clorox bottles tied around his donkey's middle, and then, with a constant stream of , "Oh, oh, my dear my dear...what is this??...well well", he approached where I stood and averting his eyes, he walked right past me. As he did, his left hand reached out to my left hand, and he stopped. We were shoulder-to-shoulder, facing opposite directions, I looked at the sea and he was facing his house. I think I said, "Oh, Richard", and he mumbled something like, "Yes, Moggee, yes yes". It was an intelligent, meaningful conversation. A reason for a day off.

Walking back to the house, we agreed on how well the other looked, on how beautiful the weather was, on the fact that he had been fishing, how sweet his great granddaughter was (she skipped around us on the way back to the house).

I realized that he had returned without any fish. Obviously he had cut his day short to come home and see me. I have no idea how, out in a boat with only a fishing line and a few ropes, Richard had known I was there. And as we approached the house again, I realized that the same mysterious communication had apparently alerted a lot of people.

There were cars, food trays arriving, and his two daughters and several sons, grandchildren and greats, assorted husbands, wives and friends were quietly buzzing around trying to ignore Richard and the lady as

we approached the house. I was made comfortable and served a large plate of food, people spoke to me, I made a few funny comments about memories of Richard and we all laughed...they sort of tried to make me relax and I tried to make them relax and we both succeeded. After the food, I took out a little box I had brought as a gift and gave it to Richard. He admired the box so much, his one son had to persuade him to open it. I had brought a very good pair of binoculars. His house was up so high, with so much to see, it just seemed a good gift. Richard was very happy with it, big smile and slight embarrassment, but soon his kids took over and actually had a look through it and were really finding things to look at.

The afternoon passed, I started to dry a dish but it was gently taken out of my hands, so I was coaxed outside again by the same little great granddaughter who took me far across the lawn to a huge tree. It was loaded with round, brownish fruits. Some were on the ground. The little girl pulled on several till one fell off easily to her touch, and she peeled the skin a bit and gave it to me. I licked it, and then bit into the orange flesh. I had lived in the Virgin Islands for about 18 years, but had never seen or tasted a Mammee Apple. SO delicious!

We went back to the house, and it was clear that someone was keeping track of time (I certainly wasn't!) and a ride was arranged to take me to the ferry. It was the last one back to St. Thomas for the day. The same grandson who had brought me to the house, drove me back down the hill and to the dock.

I do not remember saying goodbye, I wish I did. I am sure there were some hugs and a little back patting, and I know I thanked everyone and hugged my little guide still covered in Mamee apple juice. And Richard and I probably held hands, and looked away and mumbled what we always did... "Oh, Richard", and "Yes, Moggee, yes yes...".

I never saw him again, but we both knew. We just knew.

(That was the only time I ever had such a clear, I MUST do this feeling without a reason why. I am so glad I was able to act on it... It seemed a little crazy at the time, but now it is in focus and was so right!)

Dolphin House, St. Thomas When Built vs. Current View



1963 - Early days of CRI. Note the expanse of empty hillside surrounding it.... Very isolated.



Current photo showing the ravages of time, corner of balcony and the sea pool below. Note the many houses and buildings on the surrounding hillside. Had to share the view!

Front of Dolphin House Building Before and After



1965 - Looking at the front of the CTRL building. The main living room that was later flooded in the center behind the pole, and two wings out to the sides: one left one right. Note small plant (sea grape tree) to the right at the bottom of the staircase leading to the upper rooms.

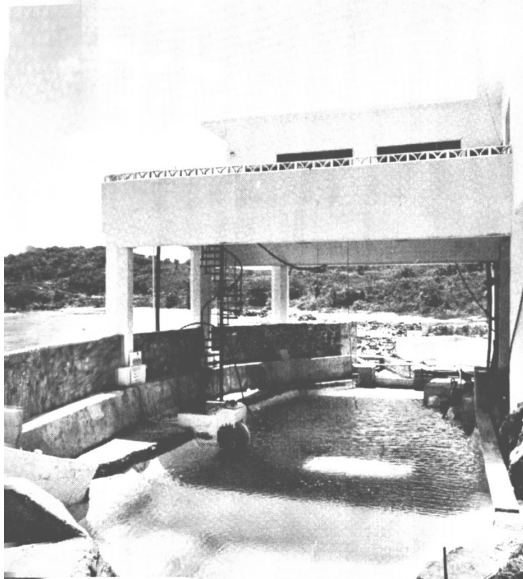


1974 - L to R Connie, Mandy and Jennifer standing on the staircase in photo above. Note how sea grape tree has grown to the roof! Brick wall behind them created an outdoor hall and breezeway on both sides of the front of the building.

Dolphin House Sea Pool Before and After



Bottom of photo is open sea washing into the contained sea pool. Open balcony above sea pool was later surrounded by a wall and flooded for the live in with Peter. The room to the left of the balcony with the two longish windows was the flooded living room, and this is where the elevator was housed that lowered into the sea pool to transport dolphins up or down.



View of the sea pool with walled in and flooded balcony above. This is the sea pool where the 107 green turtles were fostered years later when the girls were growing up and the dolphins were gone.

Living Room Elevator with Children



1974 - Mandy dives into Christmas! She is sitting by the end of the elevator. During the live-in with Peter, water would have been over her head, and surrounded the elevator.



1972 - Before the party even starts, Mandy has a little ice cream and Connie checks out something suspicious in her hat. Note cradle behind Mandy's head is sitting on the elevator platform. This was Mandy's third birthday. That would mean mom was in the hospital attending to the actual birthday of Jennifer! March 14, 1972.

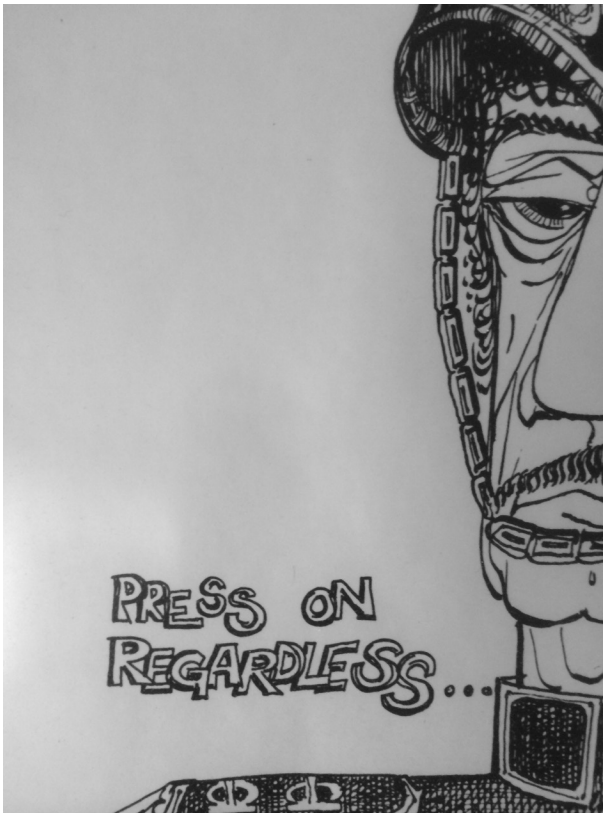
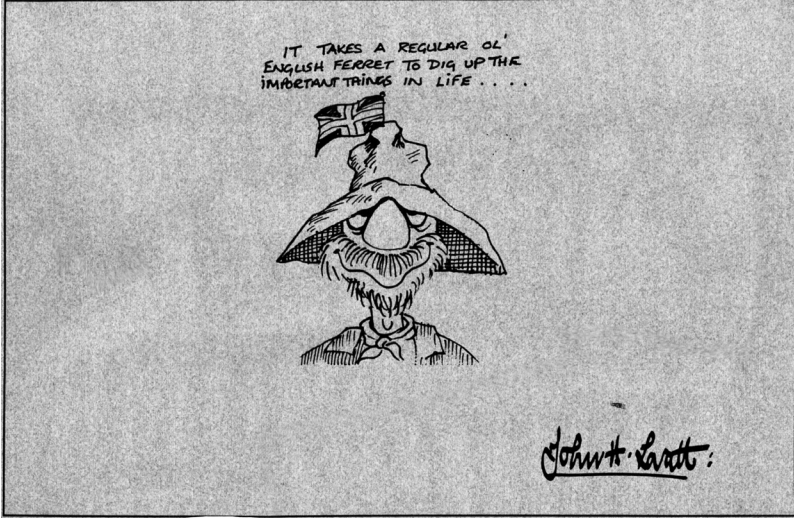
Dolphin House Balcony Before and After



1966 - I am with Peter on the flooded balcony. The sea pool is directly below. The wall of the balcony was topped with a decorative block



1973 - Same balcony as above (decorative block) but with Connie (L) and Mandy (R) surrounded by what they thought was normal: miles and miles of a big blue sea.



Your dad knew the dolphins, married me and adored you girls...his three "monsters". His wonderful cartoons, British loyalty and self-portrait images were well known on the island.

“That Tree is HOW Old?”

The property that the CRI Lab was built on had areas of rock, some of grassy slopes, and many parts with brambles and trees that had been there forever.

Whenever we had to place a new piece of equipment or build a small pool or dig a trench for pipe, I would have to organize a day to cut brush down where we needed the clearing.

One spot was down on the west side of the building. Richard and Aubrey were there, and John Lovatt showed up to help. They all had machetes; there was a shovel and a pick. It was hard, hot work, and I kept going back and forth checking on the progress.

At one point I went down to see, and they were all busy hacking away. John was just starting to whack away at the base of a slim but tall tree, and I flew at him screaming stop! This was a lignam vita tree, not only beautiful but very old and special, and it was not really blocking anything we needed to clear.

He stood straight, squinted at me through the sweat, and said “what’s the problem, luv?”

(Note that I tend to be adamant about plants and trees.)

“Problem?? John, that is a Lignam Vitae tree! Do you know what that means? Have you ANY idea how old that tree could be?? That tree is 100 years old!!”

I was now revved up, and Richard and Aubrey had stopped to watch and listen to this heated exchange.

John said, “Oh my God, I had no idea!”, and carefully put down his machete, took off his big straw hat and held it over his chest as he came to attention in front of the tree and sang loudly...

“Happy birthday to you!

Happy birthday to you!

Happy birthday dear Tree eeee,

Happy birthday to you!”

Aubrey laughed out loud, and Richard had to turn around with his hand over his mouth to hide his smile and mumbled, "what is this???"

John didn't work there so I couldn't fire him...but I told him he was fired anyway and turned my back on him. Aubrey and Richard loved it. It was a moment we all shared. And I have to smile thinking back on it.

Epilogue

Working in any oceanside environment has a built in set of problems and even disasters. In the *Missing Six Months*, Richard, Aubrey and I were faced with two major hurricanes, illness (both human and dolphin), constant cleaning of areas that collected unwanted growth of algae and grass, power outages that popped up frequently whether planned or unplanned, and the ongoing daily checking on the many pumps that kept our saltwater pools and freshwater systems alive.

I am struck by the many references to broken pumps, and list a few here just as a contrast to the often idyllic image of the "Dolphin House in the Caribbean".

Anyone who has kept even a small aquarium at home will recognize these, "Oh No! Damn it!", moments.

We could not run to the nearest pet shop to solve them.

Saturday, April 23, 1966

I did not today, however, because the living room pump is stopped, and until Monday I will not be able to get it going.

Thursday, May 26, 1966

The power was out from 10:00 AM to 4:00 PM.

Wednesday, June 8, 1966

Only one pump is working, (the balcony pump has a short),

Thursday, June 30, 1966

Most of the morning and afternoon are spent filling Peter's two rooms, from one pump as the other one is out of order.

Monday, August 1, 1966

The pump for the upstairs pool has been mostly off all weekend due to very high seas clogging the pickup.

Monday, August 8, 1966

Richard and I try to get pumps going to fill the fiberglass tank...a circuit is broken and I cannot fix it. Will need an electrician.

Friday, August 12, 1966

The electrician was here yesterday and fixed the pump.

Sunday, August 28 1966

Power is off today from 3:00 AM to about 5 in the afternoon. Pain in the neck.

Wednesday, September 28, 1966

During outage the #1 pump ran dry and is not working. I will have to send it to Miami for repairs.

My entire focus during the several years I worked at CRI, and certainly during the intense three live-in programs, was the dolphins. But in a six month period there were moments that had zero to do with dolphins and stand out now as I look back simply because they were so human and memorable... but not connected to the dolphins.

Wednesday, April 20, 1966

I will have to leave this afternoon to pick up one of my cats from the vets.

Saturday, April 30, 1966

In the evening I did go into town, to Carnival Village...and got home about 1:00 am. I slept in with Peter, he was under my bed.

Wednesday, May 25, 1966

At about 7:30am I heard Richard yelling my name, and I went rushing out and downstairs and there was a very large deer in the ocean swimming just off the outflow...antlers held high. What a lovely sight. . .

Friday, May 27, 1966

This afternoon I go into town to do some shopping, and to register to vote.

Sunday, June 12, 1966

In the afternoon I leave to attend the college graduation (University of the VI).

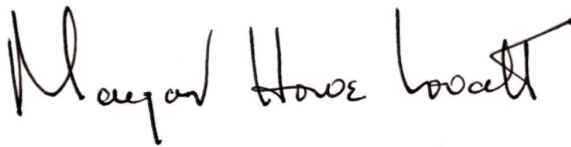
Tuesday, June 21, 1966

I leave for the States and about a week's vacation. Note: I make no mention of it here – but John Lovatt and I were engaged during this trip.

Friday, June 10, 1966

Aubrey Pickering's wife has had a baby, and today he must bring them home from the hospital and get them settled in a new home etc.

In my final thanks as in my dedication, I send a hug to Richard and Aubrey. Life moved on, but I know, as they do, how special that small moment in time in the mid 1960's was...and will remain.

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Margaret Howe Lovatt". The script is cursive and somewhat stylized, with a long horizontal stroke at the end of the name.

- Margaret Howe Lovatt