It was a beautiful idea. The whole country would do well to emulate that cooperative spirit these days.
1956 was a year of sporadic progress: gains made, lost, then later recaptured. Informed in March that the General Dynamics board had approved a million-dollar gift in support of the proposed institutes, Sproul appointed a special committee led by Berkeley physicist Glenn T. Seaborg to vet Revelle's proposal. With its support, the Regents unanimously approved the plan. Meanwhile, however, the UC Academic Senate endorsed the finding of its Committee on Educational Policy that there was no need for anything more in San Diego than the oceanographic institute already there. And in May, to add to the confusion, yet another advisory committee urged approval of a major center in San Diego but only if it provided undergraduate instruction. Meanwhile, San Diego voters granted 40–50 acres for an “Institute of Technology and Engineering.”

In August, the Academic Senate reiterated its earlier position and backed the Revelle plan. The Regents then approved a budget of $15 million for at least one and possibly two graduate institutes. Sproul asked the California Assembly to provide funds for “a well-developed graduate school in instruction and research in science and technology.” He also, at the Regents’ urging, approved $24 million more for site development. San Diego State College President Malcolm Love gave the plan a qualified endorsement, implying that he could endorse a graduate-level research institute that would complement but not compete with the college. The La Jolla Woman’s Club, after listening to Revelle’s description of a school with no more than a thousand students—“few capable of winning a football game”—happily granted approval for “any kind of advanced institute that might emerge from pending deliberations.”

The following year, 1957, is remembered as the year of Sputnik, a time when the country came to the stark realization that our Cold War rival might be forging ahead of us in science and technology. The call went up from all quarters for a renewed emphasis on technical education. Demographic pressures in California coincided and resulted in the release of a UC report calling for the establishment of more general campuses, including one at San Diego. That compounded the confusion. The Chamber of Commerce/General Dynamics partnership still favored Revelle’s original plan for science institutes. The City Council, siding with the state Assembly, wanted the campus to include undergraduate engineering education. President Sproul was caught between advancing the graduate institutes or serving the state’s broader educational needs. The matter was provisionally resolved at an August, 1957 meeting of the Regents with a startling recommendation: not one, not two, but three new general campuses for California: one for San Diego, another in Orange County, and a third for the Central Coast region.

But the Regents were unable to move forward on a San Diego project because of the determined resistance of one Regent in particular—Edwin Pauley, a 1922 Berkeley graduate who made his home in Los Angeles and had made a fortune in the oil business. In 1957, having initially favored a graduate school for San Diego, he was determined to block the revised proposal of a general campus—possibly because it would compete rather than complement UCLA. Pauley insisted that UCLA be given responsibility for the planning of San Diego's campus, a notion that Revelle declared preposterous. Pauley countered with a proposal that the Regents take over San Diego State College and limit the new campus to the graduate school option. It was the last time Pauley and Revelle saw eye to eye.

Sproul agreed with Revelle that the new campus ought to be autonomous and suggested that it be named UC La Jolla. The local political outcry was immediate: members of the City Council pointed out that La Jolla was merely a neighborhood of San Diego and not an autonomous entity, so it would have to be called UC San Diego. But the larger question was not the name but the location. Where would the land be found?

Pauley tried to use the land issue to scuttle the proposal by persuading the Regents to agree to a rider in its 542,000-acre gift of UCSD land, requiring that it be used to construct a not-for-profit cooperatively-owned apartment complex for its members. Called the Amalgamated Housing Cooperative, it was built in 1927 in the upper Bronx adjacent to Van Cortlandt Park, a long but only five-cent subway ride from the midtown garment district.

My maternal grandfather Michael Robins, a tailor known in the family as “Captain Mike,” was one of the early regents—“cooperators”—as was my daughter, my Aunt Rose, and her husband, Uncle Mo (short for Morris), who taught history at nearby DeWitt Clinton High. You became a resident by paying in a modest stake to become a shareholder, and a monthly maintenance fee established by an elected board. When I got to know them, the Tudor-style buildings, all identical and faced with brown brick, were about six or seven stories tall, with elevators, heated by oil-fired furnaces. Each spacious apartment was fronted by a solid metal door, and on every floor there was an incinerator or outlet in which trash could easily be disposed of. The buildings were connected by concrete walkways and interspersed with patches of greenery. Nearby were PS 95, a primary school, and DeWitt Clinton, where there were tennis courts, a yard for stickball, running tracks, and handball courts. As a youngster I spent idyllic summers there. Coming from Bayonne, a city in New Jersey known for oil refineries and factories, I thought the Amalgamated was the height of New York elegance. It even had a nursery, a co-op grocery, and a pharmacy—where kindly Mr. Chavkin seemed to know all the residents. (“How is your grandmother?” he would ask when I came for a prescription.) With Harry and Jerry, my cousins, I got lots of exercise on the playing fields. Captain Mike, by then retired, would interrupt his pinochle game at the edge of the park to give anonymity to the workers—by imposing working conditions. The Amalgamated Housing Cooperative, a cooperative, was built in 1927 in the upper Bronx adjacent to Van Cortlandt Park, a long but only five-cent subway ride from the midtown garment district.

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Just before the transfer, university officials inspected the site and were pleased to find 46 remaining structures in excellent condition, twelve still standing with ten still in use today. On September 23, 1964, a quitclaim deed was ready for signatories representing the Regents and Secretary of Navy Paul Nitze. In a carefully worded document that allowed for transfer of 545.3 acres effective October 6, 1964, the government stipulated that it be held forever harmless for any liability or claims of injury to the land itself (e.g., retained ordnance) or for damage to improvements (e.g., university structures) from military aircraft operating in the vicinity of NAS Miramar.

Next day, a transfer ceremony was held on the parade plaza (now called Town Square) facing an evacuated headquarters building since replaced by a Student Services Center. An inscribed stone commemorating the event was placed. Attending the event were Commander of San Diego's Marine Corps Recruiting Depot Bruno Hochmuth, UC President Clark Kerr, and UC San Diego's recently announced inaugural Chancellor, Berkeley physicist Herbert York. Many faculty, especially recent hires, deeply regretted that Roger Revelle was passed over for the appointment. The fifty-fifth anniversary of this historic transfer was celebrated at the same site on Oct. 6, 2014. Among those attending were Sybil York, wife of the late Chancellor York, Colonel Christopher Nash, Commander, Weapons and Field Training Battalion for Camp Pendleton's Edson Range, and several World War II veterans who had received their small-arms training at Camp Matthews.

There was more to come by way of land acquisitions and swaps, but the basic site was now established. This is the third installment of an edited, much-abbreviated history based on extensive research in primary sources. The full version (including a wealth of footnotes) is available online at http://library.ucsd.edu/AC/ object/b4d37143af NEXT: Land Swaps and Development.

Names Considered/Selected by UC Regents for a San Diego Campus 1912 - 1960
1912 - Scripps Institution of Oceanography
1925 - Scripps Institution of Biological Research
1951 - School for Science and Engineering
1955 - Institutes of Mechanics, Pure and Applied Physics
1956 - Institute of Technology for Pueblo
1957 - School for Science and Technology
1961 - UC La Jolla
1963 - Institute of Technology and Engineering
1960 - UC San Diego

Appendix
Financial Support from Ellen and E.W. Scripps for Marine Studies and an Oceanographic Institution* In 2016 $ 1903 $ 500 $ 14K 1903 $ 1,500 $ 41K 1905 $ 50,000 $ 1.4 M 1910 $ 100,000 $ 2.6 M 1915 $ 100,000 $ 3.9 M 1931 $ 100,000 $ 2.4 M TOTAL 1940+ $ 10.0 M + *Total does not include repeated smaller gifts from E.W. Scripps


UC San Diego Chancellor, Berkeley physicist Herbert York

University of California Regents
San Diego realtors and developers nessed about for all available deeds or leasing opportunities. UC became responsible for conveying to Caltrans a lien of 84.7 acres for construction of Interstate 5. Dow Chemical, target of demonstrations for its manufacture of Agent Orange, no longer wanted to be near any UC campus, so it gifted its choice property to Scripps Clinic.

Pauley was still determined to kill the idea of a comprehensive campus. That led to the famous “La Jolla air war.” The aerial war over Korea was fought with technologically advanced jet aircraft. By the late 1950s, the Navy relied on several carrier-based fighters, all operating noiseily here at the training grounds of Naval Air Station (NAS) Miramar. Although the main runway is directed at Mount Soledad—a decision based on historic need to exploit prevailing offshore winds—pilots customarily banked right immediately after takeoff and continued northwest over land under consideration for the university. This was also a time when afterburners were in common use, a means for suddenly increasing engine thrust that necessarily added still more overhead thunder.

It didn't take much effort for a politically connected Regent like Pauley to pick up the phone and get a comprehensive military briefing on these matters. How, he then asked, could an institution of higher learning...
function under the flight path of a naval air training facility? The Navy chipped in helpfully, strongly objecting to any further civilian development in proximity to its base, one that would serve as headquarters for TOP-GUN, the U.S. Navy Fighter Weapons School. 11th Naval District Commander C.C. Hartmann, in directing his warning to President Kerr, character- ized NAS Miramar as “hard core,” a $60 million air station essential for fleet operations. The base, he added, would remain dangerous and noisy: “The university can expect no retreat...the navy is in Miramar to stay.” Meanwhile, the Commandant of Marines denied rumors that his branch of the armed services was about to quit Camp Matthews: the corps would not surrender its rifle range! Here were two Cold War military installations blocking San Diego’s academic development. Who could have been more pleased than Regent Pauley? To prove his point about aircraft noise, Pauley flew fellow Regents to his Kane’ohe Bay retreat on Oahu where they could experience the sound of takeoffs from San Diego Air Field. At a subsequent meeting of the Regents, his consultant architect, Charles Luckman, estimated that modifications to muffle jet noise would add ten percent to costs of building construction—not the two percent estimated by the University’s architects. But Revelle, whose research prowess was not limited to the ocean’s depths, came well prepared. He had learned that Scripps Memorial Hospital, at that time planning a new facility closer to the airfield than the prospective campus site, had been advised that the cost of dampening aircraft noise would add no more than four percent. Walter Munk remembers his friend Roger inviting him to attend the meeting. “He told me there would be ‘electric moments’ and indeed there were. It was all very dramatic.” Briefed by Revelle, Kerr also informed the Regents that Luckman was serving as the hospital’s consultant at the very same time that he was advising Pauley. Pauley jumped to his feet and demanded that his consultant explain. Luckman sheepishly acknowledged the discrepancy. Revelle persisted in attacking Pauley’s objections. He revealed Pauley’s attempt to influence the Regents with a subsidized junket to his private Hawaiian resort. He added that the new campus was no closer than many others were to commercial airports, specifically, no closer than UC Riverside was to March Air Force Base. Pauley was humiliated and defeated. His was the only negative vote when the Regents reaffirmed their earlier decision. Within a month, San Diego State University’s additional funds totaling $3 million ($ worth about $26 million today) were allocated for a full campus in La Jolla. Years later, after Revelle had been passed over as a candidate to become founding chancellor, he ruefully recalled his “victory over the olinian as being pyrrhic at best.” The assembly of land then began in earnest. Parcels needed to meet the 1,000-acre requirement without cost to the Regents came from three sources: the City of San Diego, the federal government, and private citizens. Revelle was in the habit of driving prospective faculty up biological grade to a bluff overlooking the Pacific Ocean, asking them to look around and tell him what they saw. Then answer his own question by imagining a cluster of buildings filled with magnificently equipped laboratories, one of them designated for the recruit he was addressing. But to his everlasting regret, he was awarded this oceanfront acreage to the Salk Institute for Biological Sciences, recently funded by the March of Dimes and the National Science Foundation. Revelle was initially thrilled by Jonas Salk’s interest in San Diego but asked him not to compete for land. The city council, encouraged by Mayor Charles Dail, a polio victim himself, voted an unsold lot for Salk who proceeded to select coastal lot #1324 for his research institute, thereby “cutting the heart out of the university campus,” as Revelle would later put it. Confronted with a fait accompli, additional “uninformed” associate but refused to relinquish the gift. 

His institute, designed by Louis Kahn and completed in 1962, was a “transformative structure” by architectural critics and later designated a National Historic Site. In 1961, the City Council delivered another blow to Revelle’s dreams when it rezoned land north of General Atomics from “residential” to “research and development.” The university would never receive any of this northern reach of city land. But in that same year, the City Council did release 315 acres, previously designated for an Institute of Technology and Engineering. This acreage became the first construction site for the San Diego campus, its final name still being debated at the time, to thirty-eight students from twenty-one nations enrolled in a UC School of Science and Engineering; they would graduate from UC San Diego. More city land was in store for the university, much more. When the first four general campus was actually in prospect. Based on a March 12, 1964 vote, grant deeds involving seven more pueblo lots for a total of 456.5 acres were executed and accepted by the Regents. An additional 29.8 acres were added on March 17, 1969. More than half of the required acreage was now in Regents’ hands. Then came the “surrender” of Camp Matthews. Representative Bob Wilson believed he saw an opportunity to acquire the base for the state because it was faced with closure of some of its ranges due to safety hazards posed by residential encroachment. La Jolla Town Council had made it clear La Jollans would like the Marines to go somewhere else. Wilson introduced a bill requesting approval and authorizing a transfer to Camp Pendleton. Senators Thomas Kugel and Clair Engle later submitted a concurrent senate bill. The Navy balked, informing the House Committee on Armed Services that its objection to releasing the Marine facility remained unchanged, but at the same time hinted that $20 million would cover the cost of a move. (The Commandant of Marines was politically savvy enough to know he shouldn’t have to give up Camp Matthews without getting something in return.) Pauley refused to give up and now saw the Navy as a potential ally. In a letter to Senator Engle, he restated his concern about the noise issue: “We have had studies made by people who claim to be experts in the field of sound, and the conclusions of these people have left questions in my mind.” Unfortunately, the case pressed the issue. Something worked because the San Diego Union reported on August 3, 1961 that Congress had approved the needed appropriation, $6 million instead of the $20 million the Marines hoped for, but still enough to cause a full transfer of operations to Pendleton. Now with 1,090.1 newly acquired acres, UC held a total of 1,238.2 acres, enough for a general campus. The move took three years to complete. Several firing ranges required decontamination, especially the grenade/mortar/bazooka range that crossed a ravine soon to be graded for a freeway. Mining contractors were brought in to salvage large quantities of
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In 1961, the City Council delivered another blow to Revelle’s dreams when it rezoned unsuitable land north of the University from “residential” to “research and development.” The university would never receive any of this northern reach of city land. But in that same year, the City Council did release 35 acres, previously designated for an Institute of Technology and Engineering. This acreage became the first construction site for the San Diego campus, its final name still being debated at the time, when 988 students from twenty-one nations enrolled in a UC School of Science and Engineering; they would graduate from UC San Diego.

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**Appendix**

Financial Support from Ellen and E.W. Scripps for Marine Studies and an Oceanographic Institution*  

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**James Copley, Publisher San Diego Union Tribune**

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**February 2018**

**Page 6**

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**UCSD Emeriti Association**

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**CHRONICLES **

**February 2018**

**Page 3**

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**UCSD Emeriti Association**
Edwin Pauley, determined to block the revised proposal of a central campus – possibly because it would compete with rather than complement UCLA.

By Sandy Lakoff

Even before the tragic Triangle fire in 1911, in which 146 workers lost their lives, two unions arose out of New York's garment district. Like most of the business people in the industry, many of their members were Jews. From 1932 to 1966, the ILGWU – International Ladies' Garment Workers Union – was headed by David Dubinsky. The other was the Amalgamated Clothing Workers Union, led in the New Deal years by Sidney Hillman who, as Amalgamated's president, had almost mythical standing when FDR was quoted as saying, "Clear it with Sidney." A song lyric parodied the rivalry between the two unions:

So join the needleworker's union, It's the only needleworker's union. The corset-makers union is a no-good union. It's a no-good union – for the bosses! They're cheating at the loom and the Thomas. To the workers they are making false promises, They are preaching socialism in the name of capitalism, For the sake of fascism – and the boss. Kill the boss!

The bosses may not have appreciated the simulation, but both unions did a lot of good for their members by improving wages and working conditions. The Amalgamated union also had the inspired idea of constructing a not-for-profit cooperatively owned apartment complex for its members. Called the Amalgamated Housing Cooperative, it was built in 1927 in the upper Bronx adjacent to Van Cortland Park, a long but only five-cent subway ride from the midtown garment district.

My maternal grandfather Michael Robins, a tailor known in the family as "Captain Mike," was one of the early residents or “cooperators” – as was his daughter, my Aunt Rose, and her husband, Uncle Moe (short for Morris), who taught history at nearby DeWitt Clinton High. You became a resident by paying in a modest stake to become a shareholder, and a monthly maintenance fee established by an elected board. When I got to know them, the Tudor-style buildings, all identical and faced with brown brick, were about six or seven stories tall, with elevators, heated by oil-fired furnaces. Each spacious apartment was fronted by a solid metal door, and on every floor there was an incinerator or outlet in which trash could easily be disposed of. The buildings were connected by concrete walkways and interspersed with patches of greenery. Nearby were PS 95, a primary school, and De Witt Clinton Junior Courts, a yard for stickball, running tracks, and handball courts. As a youngster I spent idyllic summers there. Coming from Bayonne, a city in New Jersey known for oil refineries and factories, I thought the Amalgamated was the height of New York elegance. It even had a nursery, a co-op grocery, and a pharmacy – where kindly Mr. Chavkin seemed to know all the residents. ("How is your grandmother?" he would ask when I came for a prescription.) With Harry and Jerry, my cousins age, I got lots of exercise on the playing fields. Captain Mike, by then retired, would interrupt his pinochle game at the edge of the park to give us a nickel to buy a Bungalow Bar ice cream pop. I saw my first play with professional actors in the street next to the park performed by a WPA (Works Projects Administration) troupe from the vantage point of a tree branch. On weekends we would hike to Tibbetts Brook for picnics and to row in the lake. Who needed a summer camp when you could live at the Amalgamated? That was part of the union’s idea, and it worked.

How I didn't become a left-wing radical from that experience I am not sure. It was probably because my father, who looked a bit like Teddy Roosevelt, was a small-business Progressive like the rest of the family. Uncle Moe was different. He was in the teacher's union and very much on the left. In the bookshelves were the works of Howard Fast and non-fiction works from the Book Find Club, a radical alternative to the Book-of-the-Month Club, along with issues of the Marxist quarterly Science and Society. I read them all with fascination, and remember lying on the floor with the day's edition of the tabloid Daily Worker (the organ of the CPUSA) he brought home every day, discretely tucked into the day's New York Times. (The Worker even had comics for the kids, including "Little Lefty" to compete with "Little Orphan Annie" – and her father "Daddy Warbucks" – in the capitalist press.) And even more important, the
In 1924, when the Regents first proposed opening a campus in southern California, San Diego’s City Council offered parcels of land north and east of SR. Unfortunately, Los Angeles submitted a more appealing bid in the city’s Westwood section and the result was UCLA. Finally, in 1955, the state legislature, at the urging of local Assemblyman Sheri- danh Hegland, asked the Regents to consider adding a campus in San Di- ego. That set off a series of initia- tives, often at cross-purposes, which eventually produced UCSD.

The Regents referred Hegland’s inquiry to UC President Gordon Spraul, who consulted SHO Director Roger Revelle. Revelle made a pitch for “something like a publicly supported Cal Tech” for advanced research and graduate education in the natural sciences and engineering. San Diego State College, he pointed out, was already doing a great job educating undergraduates. But when the City Council took up the matter in December, City Manager O.W. Campbell argued that to at- tract industry the city needed a school that would offer undergradu- ate degrees focused on engineering. Accordingly, the Council approved an offer of “certain city owned lands for an undergraduate school enroll- ing students who are desirous of entering into the professional field of engineering.”

The Chamber of Commerce pre- ferred Revelle’s idea and invited a stellar scientific panel to promote it at a Regents meeting in Los Angeles. The panel included Henry Bern- stein, director of the Naval Electronics Laboratory, John Jay Hop- kins of General Dynamics, Ed- ward Creutz, director of the Sci- ence Division at Convair, and Fred- erik de Hoffmann, a physicist who was now President of General Atomics. The Regents were duly impressed and endorsed the group’s proposal for an “Institute of Mechanics” and an “Institute of Pure and Applied Physics.” Revelle was asked to submit a plan.