

"Ah," Mrs. DuMont replies, "fear and opportunity—the creed of the day. Opportunity for what, I ask—to turn the oceans into your playground? Slaughtering whales is not enough, so you will enslave them?"

You start to protest, but she holds up one hand to keep you from speaking.

"I will tell you this much," she continues heatedly. "When Dr. DuMont learned the secret of the whales, he became concerned that the Russians would take from the whales what is rightly theirs."

"I believe in conserving endangered species," you say. "Whales are wonderful creatures. But I am much more concerned with the future of the human race—and that, I'm afraid, depends a great deal on the strength of America."

"Don't misunderstand me," Mrs. DuMont replies. "I'm more interested in human beings than in whales. My point is that unless we save the whales we may lose ourselves."

You respect Mrs. DuMont's views, but you can see there is little to be gained by talking to her father. You bid her good day and had a taxi. It's time to visit the Center for Marine Studies.