

How a Missionary Helped Found the University of California

By Henry Powell

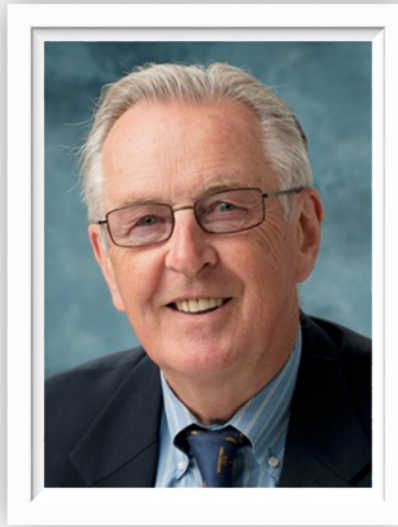
Professor Emeritus of Pathology

Have you thanked a missionary lately?

The University of California was founded in Berkeley in 1869. As its sesquicentennial in 2019 nears, we might want to remind ourselves how it came to be and who were its little-remembered progenitors.

Like so much else having to do with California, our system of public higher education had its beginnings in the feverish Gold Rush of 1849. No other territory came hurtling into the Union with such speed, **Carey McWilliams** noted in *The California Exception* (1949); it became the thirty-first state only a year after the electrifying discovery at Sutter's Mill. Onrushing events, a vacuum in governance, masses of migrants from many countries, violence and lawlessness all combined to create a sense of desperate urgency in this new and raw western territory. There were also strategic issues. Between the high Sierras on one side and the Pacific Ocean on the other, "Alta California"-- newly separated from Mexico by the war that ended with the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo (1848) -- was too distant from the rest of the country to be left open to covetous foreign imperial powers.

But nothing catalyzed action so much as the Gold Rush, nor was anything more economically and social-



Professor Emeritus Henry Powell

ly disruptive. **John August Sutter** had been advised that the rich soil of California would yield greater wealth to farmers than the "crazy-making" pursuit of gold, but the lust for easy riches brought a stampede of speculators with no interest or patience for the hard work of clearing and tilling the soil. Still, even the wildest dreams of the Gold Rush had to pass scientific scrutiny. Captain Sutter reached for his personal copy of *Encyclopedia Americana* when called upon to prove that the shiny yellow material brought for his inspection was indeed gold. He tested it with nitric acid, weighed it, and compared its weight to equal amounts of silver. In short he knew that without knowledge, training, and verification, the shiny metal in his hand would not make him or

anyone else rich, though it might get him killed by the hordes of prospectors drunk with acquisitive frenzy.

Already in 1849, General **Bennet C. Riley**, an energetic and visionary military governor of the territory, convened a constitutional convention and drove the delegates to fashion a document prescribing institutions of civil governance. A major concern of the delegates was that education be free, public, and excellent. The consistency with which the case for education was made during these formative years embedded public education in the DNA of the fledgling state. But the man who more than anyone else laid the foundation for what became the University of California was not at all like the fortune seekers drawn by the Gold Rush. In some ways he was the prototypical

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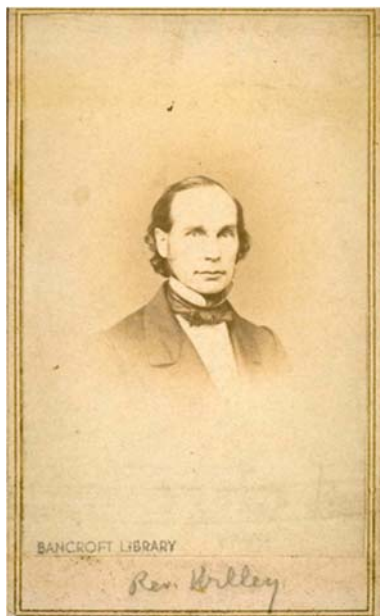
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American celebrated in the heroic images of the fearless pioneer and self-made man fashioned by writers from **Ralph Waldo Emerson** to **Horatio Alger**. But he was not driven by the urge to succeed in mining, farming, commerce, or industry. Instead, he was a pious Christian missionary.

Samuel Hopkins Willey (1821-1914) was a New Englander who graduated from Dartmouth College and Union Theological Seminary in New York, and pledged his service to the American Home Missionary Society originally founded by Baptists. Upon being ordained as a Presbyterian minister at the age of 27, Reverend Willey was ordered to go west, to become the pastor in Monterey, where he was to create schools and a library. If he had harbored any hopes of a peaceful minister's life in a well ordered New England township, he had to give them up for the sake of his calling. Late in the fall of 1848, he left New York harbor by steamer for New Orleans. While there, he caught a glimpse of his future on December 12th as he boarded a vessel bound for Chagra, Panama and watched it fill up with miners, prospectors, and others who could not get to California fast enough to join the treasure hunt.

Getting to Monterey required an arduous overland trip across the Isthmus of Panama and then by steamer from Panama City north. Once there Willey set about explaining his goal to the burgeoning populace but found little receptivity. Discouraged, he returned to his cabin on the steamer and wrote in his diary, "No answer seems possible." Yet he persisted because no matter how difficult the assignment, he could not allow himself to abandon it. The Missionary Society was expressing the will of the Divinity to which he had pledged his service, so he got on with the job. He assumed his duties as pastor, met and married **Martha**



Jeffers, and founded the first public library in California. During the constitutional convention of 1849 he served as chaplain and offered the benediction at the conclusion of its proceedings. He and his wife then moved to San Francisco where they petitioned the town council to fund a public school. There too he met resistance. The council rejected his request, claiming there were not enough children in San Francisco who needed educating. The Willeys responded by organizing a demonstration, marching at the head of a procession of a hundred youngsters along the still unpaved streets of San Francisco. It would become known as the Children's March and it may have been the first public protest of its kind in the state (something else that seems to be in our DNA!). The march worked and eventually the council yielded.

Willey and his wife became tireless advocates of education at all levels. Their vision was open and inclusive. They established a college at Benicia, with help from General **Mariano Vallejo**, one of the original "Californios," with the aim of serving the needs of both natives and immigrants. Starting with the Contra Costa Academy in a former fandango hall, the Willeys and their collaborators from the Missionary Society, along with **Henry Durant**, a

Yale graduate and Congregationalist minister, soon looked for a more permanent site. Several blocks of land in downtown Oakland provided real estate for the College of California and a building was raised. Durant was so fired with enthusiasm that he confessed to having "college on the brain." It turned out Durant would need both physical and moral courage to contend with dishonest and violently inclined building contractors, but he succeeded. As well as becoming the first president of the college, he made it into a university by overcoming political forces that wanted the college to focus on Agriculture and Mining to the detriment of liberal arts. Willey served as Vice President of the College of California and later as the first Vice President of the University of California, which absorbed the college.

As he had blessed the work of the California Constitutional Convention in 1849, Willey blessed the first graduating class from Berkeley in 1873 and was honored many years later by the president and faculty who gave him an honorary degree in 1910. President **Benjamin Ide Wheeler** addressed Willey with these words.

The prayer you offered when the foundations of this commonwealth were laid found its largest answer through the institution you established Your life is a bond between your beginnings and our present, your dream and its embodiment, between your prayer and its answer. Upon you the foremost benefactor of California, first citizen of this state, I confer the degree Doctor of Law.

The originally Baptist missionary society that sent Willey to California also richly deserves honorary recognition for seeding the development of this and many other colleges and universities, including New York University, Vassar, the University of Chicago, and both Morehouse College and Spel-

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man College, so important in the struggle to overcome the evils of racial discrimination.

The early days of the new university were characterized by great struggles, especially with those who wanted it to focus on agrarian training. "The Grange," led by the single-tax-on-land populist **Henry George**, wanted a college that made students into better farmers. Grangers had no patience for the liberal arts and "classicism." They wanted another land grant college like those spawned by the Morrill Act of 1862 that would teach farming, animal husbandry, and the mechanical arts, but they ignored the Act's requirement that the colleges pay due attention to the liberal arts as well. President **Daniel Coit Gilman** cannily obliged them by appointing **Eugene W. Hilgard** to head the college of agriculture, a scholar with real farming credentials as well as an acute appreciation for science. Addressing a hall packed with many a skeptical farmer, Hilgard removed his spectacles, looked straight at the faces in the room, and said that the University of California would study every facet of the state's terrain, "from the rocks to the stars." He reminded them that different places had different climates and soil conditions. He talked about the "gumbo soil" he had known in Mississippi and why it was necessary to match seeds to soil by taking account of the differences. The argument didn't end there. It continued into the Constitutional Convention of 1879 when farmers insisted that students should spend at least two hours a day doing farm chores. **Jacob Freud**, a Berkeley alumnus, rose to the defense of the University, saying that he didn't need to learn how to plow, but, as the University had taught him, "why to plow, when to plow, and how deep."

In retrospect, it is worth noting that the University has yielded great dividends for California's economy, including its agriculture (among them the "California strawberry," now a two-billion-dollar state agribusiness) and viniculture (with results no less lucrative and pleasing to the palate). Out of the agricultural college at Davis grew a campus with a veterinary school, law school, and business and medical schools. At Riverside a Citrus Research Station was the nucleus of future scientific departments including insect biology and other fields related to citrus cultivation. Here at UCSD the marine sciences supported by the **Scripps** family created a research enterprise with enormous benefits for fisheries, marine conservation, and so much else. At the same time, of course, the campuses of the University have become world-class centers for scholarship and teaching in the natural sciences, the social sciences, and the humanities.

We approach the sesquicentennial with an awareness that the state's contribution to the University has steadily declined during the new century. There seems to be much less appreciation among voters and the legislators they elect of the value of a research university for the state's needs. Nor, for that matter, is there enough appreciation for the vocational skills and civic and cultural literacy imparted by of the entire three-tiered system of public higher education -- from community colleges through the four-year colleges to the University, with its post-graduate programs -- even though sustainable growth depends more than ever on high-tech capability and innovation. The state's simple but profound educational motto -- "Quality, Affordability and Access" -- remains a proper ideal. But now, as an "entrepreneurial university," in **Dick Atkinson's** phrase, we must depend more and more upon other

sources of support, including research funding from the federal government and industry, and to an increasing extent, like private universities, from philanthropy.

Again, history tells us that the roots of our philanthropic efforts are deep -- surprisingly, as deep as the churnings of the Gold Rush. Around the turn of the last century a rough-hewn character later known as "the grubstake man" journeyed from the gold country to Berkeley and walked into the President's office. Without a word he handed President Wheeler a bag, and without a word he left. In the bag was \$750 worth of gold coins and an unsigned note in which the anonymous benefactor explained that he was a mine owner who had been educated at the University. His gift was intended to endow a loan fund for needy students; it would serve he wrote, as their "grubstake." Such "grubstakes" have sometimes seeded the development of an entire campus, as in the case of the **Toland** Medical College that became UC San Francisco. UC Santa Cruz was built in part on the research facilities that house the Lick observatory and its telescope, the gift of **James Lick**. Here of course the gifts of the Scripps family created the marine research station upon which UCSD was built, and those gifts have been followed by many others from those whose names are gratefully commemorated on our buildings, laboratories, and other facilities. But the missionary who came here thanks to the Gold Rush started it all.

Henry Powell is currently President of the UCSD Emeriti Association. He has also served as the chair of the UC-wide Academic Council and Senate.



Writing *Anatomy of Malice: the Enigma of the Nazi War Criminals*

By **Joel Dimsdale**

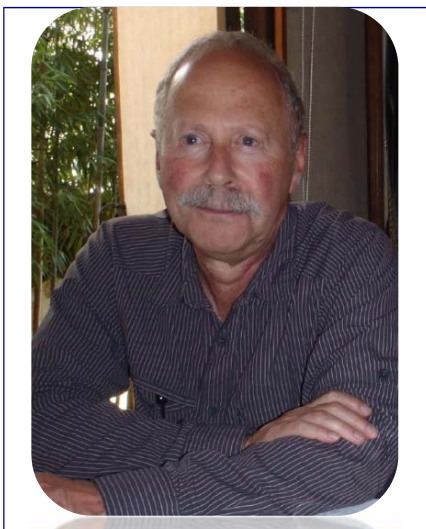
Professor Emeritus of Psychiatry

I started writing *Anatomy of Malice* forty years after the executioner came for me. I was in my office at a small outlying building on the grounds of Massachusetts General Hospital. There was a sharp rap on my door and a somewhat ominous-looking man carrying a gun case asked, "Are you Dimsdale?" When I replied "Yes," he said, "I'm the executioner and I have come for you." He sat down on my couch, started opening the gun case, and I said a little prayer, wondering whom I had managed to enrage so much.

He opened the case and out tumbled documents. He was the Nuremberg executioner, the hangman of the Nazi war criminals, and his documents related to his military service. "Dimsdale," he said, "you have to stop studying the survivors of atrocities and instead study the perpetrators. I knew them and I was proud to have executed them."

A chance meeting like that doesn't get forgotten. But I was reluctant to take on this task. It was simply too dark, and besides, how could I interview the dead? So, I shelved the project and I focused instead on treating my patients—thousands of them—and my clinical research. NIH would certainly not take kindly to my devoting time to such non-grant related research.

But the question lingered. The executioner had urged me to study "malice," the intentional infliction of harm, because that term captures the essence of the Nazi leaders' actions. I certainly have heard lots about malice on another level from my patients, and it crops up repeatedly in the news—mass kill-



ings, with or without a political purpose.

When I retired, I had time to return to this question. Obviously, I couldn't interview the dead, but I could study them at the distance in archives. So, I immersed myself in this dismal story by delving into the records.

I learned that archival research is a little like a scavenger hunt. Frequently, no one knows what it is in the storage areas, not even the special collections librarians who are their stewards. At UC Santa Cruz, where I found a particularly interesting collection of papers, I was only the second person in forty years to have accessed a particular set of files. The expectable archives-- Library of Congress and National Archives-- were immensely helpful, but my studies also took me to some unlikely venues. For instance, I found a cache of valuable records in the vaults of the University of Akron.

Virtually everyone associated with Nuremberg kept files, souvenirs, and diaries. Tracking them down became a bit of a quest and I conducted interviews in places as

disparate as coffee houses and living rooms. Curiously, there were numerous connections between the war crimes trial and the University of California. One of the Nuremberg psychiatrists became a professor of criminology at Berkeley, and some of his files are stored at UC Santa Cruz (although no one knows why they are there or even how they got there). The preserved brain of one of the war criminals made its way to UCSF.

There are many biographies and even autobiographies of the perpetrators. There are also a number of psycho-historical monographs written by scholars who studied the biographies but never interviewed the criminals. All of this is fairly typical for studies of public officials. They leave "tracks" that scholars can pursue.

What is different about this area of study is that we also have wide-ranging interrogation transcripts and courtroom testimony. And surprisingly, we have the extensive papers of **Douglas Kelley**, a psychiatrist, and **Gustave Gilbert**, a psychologist, who methodically studied the war criminals with extensive interviews (80 hours of interviews, according to Kelley), IQ tests, and the Rorschach inkblot test. Never before nor since have we had such intimate access to the thinking and feelings of high government leaders. Kelley and Gilbert got their assignment due to an un-

Gilbert believed the Nazi leaders were psychopathic maniacs who were utterly unlike ordinary people. Kelley believed they were self-serving bureaucrats and that the world was filled with people like them, "sitting behind big desks," in his words.

sual alliance between the American intelligence community and a group of medical societies in psychiatry and neurology. All agreed that the Nazi leaders had to be studied, but the consensus went even further. The medical societies urged that the Rorschach test be administered to those sentenced to death and that they be executed in such a fashion that their brains could be examined.

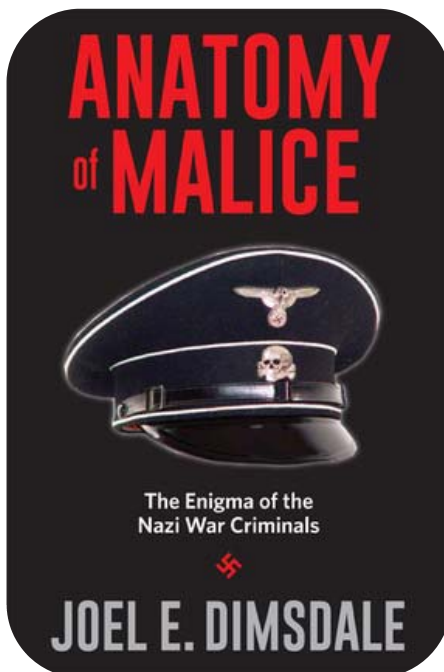
Imagine spending 80 hours with **Hermann Goering**, sitting next to him on his cot in his small dank cell at Nuremberg. Imagine listening to him, watching him, and smelling him in the close confines of the cell for months and months.

There was something about Nuremberg that drove everyone there a “little crazy.” The devastation from the war, the testimony of the survivors, the horrifying photographs of concentration camp victims, and the burgeoning post-war tensions among the Allies cast a shadow on everyone associated with the trial—from judges to janitors. People got irritable witnessing what man was capable of and furious with the rationalizations of the defendants.

Kelley and Gilbert were not immune from these emotional strains, and their work together was marred by personal animosity, to such an extent that I have called it “a collaboration from hell.” Not only did they distrust each other, but they had profoundly different world views about the war criminals. Gilbert believed the Nazi leaders were psychopathic maniacs who were utterly unlike ordinary people. Kelley believed they were self-serving bureaucrats and that the world was filled with people like them, “sitting



Rorschach inkblot test



behind big desks,” in his words.

While both Kelley and Gilbert rushed to publish their findings, much of their work was “kept back,” sequestered out of fear of lawsuits, consigned to moldy cartoons stored in basements, and nearly discarded.

In this book I have focused on four of the war criminals because the nature of their malice was so profoundly different. Labor minister **Robert Ley** had a history of repeated head injuries, severe enough to leave him with impulsivity and an expressive aphasia. His brain wound up at UCSF’s Langley Porter Institute. Goering revealed himself to be an “amiable psychopath,” capable of charming the unwary. He asked psychiatrist Kelley to adopt his daughter. **Julius Streicher** was quite simply loathsome, glorying and persevering until the end in his pornographic racist fantasies. At one point in his imprisonment, he was scheduled for a physical examination, and the female in-

terpreter turned to leave his cell. He turned to her and said, “What’s the matter? Are you afraid to see something you might like?” **Rudolf Hess** remained an enormous psychiatric enigma. Labeled by courtroom observers as “so plainly mad,” he alternated between delusions and amnesia. Was he malingering?

I am, I confess, a mandarin of the *DSM* – the *Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders*, professional psychiatrists’ periodically updated effort to describe the characteristics of patients with mental illnesses. It was fascinating for me to read these 70-year-old psychiatric records. Terms since then have shifted slightly and views about how to assess patients have changed enormously. In 1945, there were no structured psychiatric diagnostic interviews, no MRIs, and our neuropsychological tests were rather limited. Nonetheless, the old assessments have value and the spectrum of malice that they reveal would probably be similar to that found in today’s war criminals.

Contemporary war crimes trials do obtain psychiatric reports, but their purpose is narrowly defined. Can the defendant understand that he is on trial, etc.? There has been no contemporary study akin to what Kelley and Gilbert attempted at Nuremberg. My book describes their studies, what they learned about malice, what this *did* to them, and how we might think about malice today from a contemporary perspective in psychiatry, psychology, and neuroscience. *Anatomy of Malice will be published in May by the Yale University Press.*



Emeriti Chancellor's Scholars Fund

On Friday evening, March 4th, donors to the Emeriti Chancellor's Scholars Fund gathered with select scholars at the Faculty Club for the very lovely *Emeriti Chancellor's Scholars Donor Recognition Dinner*. The gala dinner was organized by **Suzan Cioffi**, *RRC Director*, and assisted by **Lilian Argueta**, *CSP/EMP Coordinator*.

The number of donors to the fund has grown significantly since then-Emeriti-President, **Don Helinski** first proposed creating the fund in 2008. From its very modest beginnings, with \$7,000 raised in the first year of donations, the Emeriti Chancellor's Scholars Fund saw donations of over \$165,000 this year. With some fifty donors to the current fund, the donor recognition dinner was held at the Faculty Club, to accommodate everyone. Donors were very moved when they listened to poignant personal stories by two outstanding freshman Chancellor's Scholars, Cindy Ayala and Maxwell Bland. It was a truly memorable evening!

Thank you to our many generous donors to the Emeriti Chancellor's Scholars Fund!

Endowed donors:

Irma Gigli
Ruth Covell

Multi-year support of a scholar:

Harry & Mary Powell
Roger & Carol Spragg
Marilyn Wilson

Annual donors:

Richard & Jessie Attiyeh
Ron Campnell
Lanna Cheng
Russell & Frances Doolittle

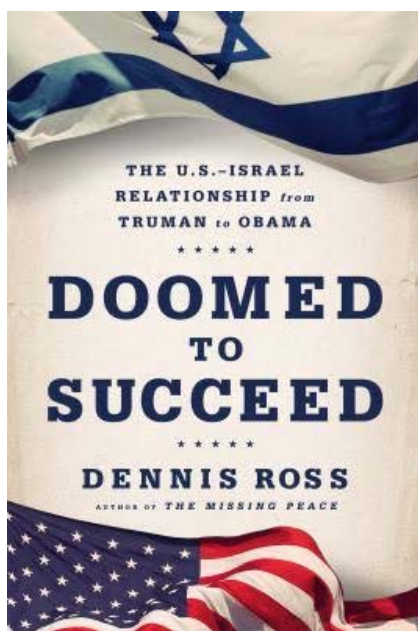
Annual donors (cont.):

Jack Fisher
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Mihoko Vacquier
John Wheeler &
Jacqueline Hanson

Donors, your gifts are changing lives forever! Thank you.



Emeriti Association Book Club



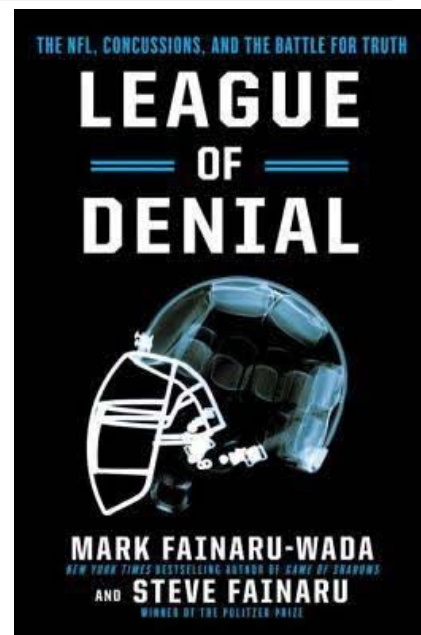
A new initiative launched in 2014, the UCSD Emeriti Association now has a Book Club, which meets from 11:30 AM to 1 PM, on the fourth Monday of each month at the Ida & Cecil Green Faculty Club.

The next meeting will be held on Monday, March 28. The book to be discussed will be: *Doomed to Succeed*, by Dennis Ross.

The following meeting will be held on Monday, April 25. The book to be discussed will be *League of Denial, The NFL, Concussions and the Battle for the Truth*, by Mark Fainaru-Wada and Steve Fainaru.

Please RSVP on the EA RSVP website:

<https://hrweb.ucsd.edu/ea/>



Anecdotalage

By *Sandy Lakoff*

A Cite to Behold: Kid brother **George**, who professes linguistics at Berkeley, boasts over 100,000 citations on the Google scholarly index! He did not come to this vocational celebrity without parental influence. Like all Jewish moms, his mother (and my step-mother) complained that her sons didn't keep in touch nearly as often as she had every right to expect. "Two professors I have," she lamented, "and neither one can write me a line!" Pop regularly wrote letters to the editor, including one about corrupt military contracting that made it into the New York Times. And he sometimes dabbled in whimsical doggerel like one that began:

*A helluva fine palaver
Had I with a lone-
some cadaver...*

Where it went from there escapes my memory, but it must have been rather a one-sided exchange.

And what exactly is a palaver? In the dictionary it's a ten-dollar word meaning "to talk profusely." In her recent book *SPQR*, a history of Rome, the classicist **Mary Beard** refers to the story that on entering and leaving meetings of the Roman Senate, the Emperor **Augustus** took time to address each senator by name. Beard calls this bit of senatorial courtesy a palaver and estimates it would have taken about an hour and a half at each end! "A helluva fine palaver" indeed.

There really is a food truck roaming San Diego dispensing fish

and chips, English Breakfast tea, biscuits, and other culinary staples of Old Blighty. Keep an eye out for its perfect name: "**God Save the Cuisine.**"



Thanks to Claire Angel :

Chutzpah is a Yiddish word meaning gall, brazen nerve, effrontery, sheer guts plus arrogance; and, as **Leo Rosten** writes, "No other word and no other language can do it justice."

The essence of chutzpah: A little old lady sold pretzels on a street corner for 25 cents each. Every day a young man would leave his office building at lunch time and as he passed the pretzel stand, he would leave her a quarter, but never take a pretzel.

This went on for more than three years. The two of them never spoke. One day, as the young man passed the old lady's stand and left his quarter as usual, the pretzel lady spoke to him. Without blinking an eye she said: "They went up to 35 cents."

Thanks to Marv Hoffman:

Qantas Q and A. After every flight, Qantas pilots fill out a form, called a "Gripe Sheet" which tells mechanics about problems with the aircraft. The mechanics correct the problems, document their repairs on the form, and then pilots review the Gripe Sheets before the next flight. Never let it be said that ground crews lack a sense of humor. Here

are some actual maintenance complaints submitted by Qantas pilots (marked with a P) and the solutions recorded (marked with an S) by maintenance engineers. (By the way, Qantas is the only major airline that has never, ever, had an accident.)

P: Left inside main tyre almost needs replacement.

S: Almost replaced left inside main tyre.

P: Test flight OK, except auto-land very rough.

S: Auto-land not installed on this aircraft.

P: Something loose in cockpit.

S: Something tightened in cockpit.

P: Dead bugs on windshield.

S: Live bugs on back-order.

P: Autopilot in altitude-hold mode produces a 200 feet per minute descent.

S: Cannot reproduce problem on ground.

P: Evidence of leak on right main landing gear.

S: Evidence removed.

P: DME volume unbelievably loud.

S: DME volume set to more believable level.

P: Friction locks cause throttle levers to stick.

S: That's what friction locks are for.

P: IFF inoperative in OFF mode.

S: IFF always inoperative in OFF mode.

P: Suspected crack in windshield.

S: Suspect you're right.

Proposed Slate for 2016 - 2017

Officers

Mark Appelbaum	President
Morton Printz	Vice President
Robert Knox	Secretary/Treasurer
Henry Powell	Past President, Awards

Executive Committee

Members at Large: George Backus (IGGP, SIO); Stan Chodorow (History, Campus); Win Cox (Communications, Campus); Fran Gillin (Health Sciences); Marguerite Jackson (Health Sciences); and Gill Williamson (Mathematics, Campus).

Ex Officio: Dick Attiyeh, Representative to CUCEA; Jack Fisher, Historian; Nancy Groves, Liaison to the UCSD Retirement Association; Sandy Lakoff, Editor, Chronicles, Suzan Cioffi, Managing Editor, Chronicles, and Director, UCSD Retirement Resource Center; and Maxine Bloor, Liaison to Oceanids.

The election of the proposed slate will take place in April by email. If you do not have access to email, you are welcome to mail in your approval of the proposed slate, or your proposal of an alternate officer or Member at large to: Suzan Cioffi, Director, UCSD Retirement Resource Center, UCSD, 9500 Gilman Drive, #0020, La Jolla, CA 92093-0020. The deadline for mail ballots is April 15, 2016.

Chronicles

Newsletter of the UCSD Emeriti Association

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Sanford Lakoff	Editor
Suzan Cioffi	Managing Editor

Officers

Henry Powell	President
Mark Appelbaum	Vice President
Phyllis Mirsky	Secretary/Treasurer
Joel Dimsdale	Past President, Awards

Executive Committee

Members at Large: Marguerite Jackson, Robert Knox, Carol Plantamura, Roger Spragg, Joe Watson, and Gill Williamson. **Ex Officio:** Dick Attiyeh, Representative to CUCEA, Jack Fisher, Historian, Boone Hellmann, Representative, UCSD Retirement Association, Sandy Lakoff, Editor, Chronicles, Suzan Cioffi, Director, Retirement Resource Center, and Maxine Bloor, Liaison to Oceanids.

Forward queries, changes in mailing/email address to:
Suzan Cioffi, Director, UCSD Retirement Resource Center,
UCSD, 9500 Gilman Drive, #0020, La Jolla, CA 92093-0020.
Telephone: (858) 534-4724, Emeriti@ucsd.edu



Joel Dimsdale, Distinguished Professor Emeritus of Psychiatry

Topic: "The Anatomy of Malice, The Enigma of the Nazi War Criminals"

Wednesday, April 13, 2016, 3:30 - 5 PM

Ida & Cecil Green Faculty Club

BOTH of the following events are on WEDNESDAY, MAY 11
Chancellor's Scholars Freshman Cohort

Academic Poster Session— Free

Seuss Library, UCSD Faculty Club, 10:00 AM - 12:00 PM

Annual Business Luncheon

Atkinson Pavilion, UCSD Faculty Club

11:30 AM - 2:00 PM - Fee: \$25 member/\$40 non-members

Featuring Gary Jacobson, Distinguished Professor of Political Science

Topic: "Making Sense (if possible) of the 2016 Election"

