

IN THE BEGINNING . . . : ROGER REVELLE AND THE FOUNDING OF UCSD

By **Ellen C. Revelle**

In 1951, when my husband **Roger Revelle** became director of SIO, where he had earlier earned his Ph.D., he began dreaming about creating a branch of the University of California in La Jolla. At the time, the University had only two undergraduate campuses, at UCLA and Berkeley. That was quite enough for **Edwin Pauley**, a wealthy oil man and chairman of the UC Regents, but Roger thought differently. Graduate students at SIO might have been proficient enough in scientific German or French but that wouldn't satisfy the UCLA requirement, which was devised by its literature departments. Doctoral candidates were examined by the graduate dean at UCLA and sometimes found wanting in basic science. As director, Roger constantly chafed at this remote control, complaining that SIO staff had to place all orders for materials through UCLA, even down to paper clips. To him this was not only a nuisance but downright stupid. And of course, he realized that the San Diego area was experiencing tremendous population growth that would warrant and even require another UC campus here – one that would be devoted to graduate education in science and technology.

So he set about selling his dream to the people of San Diego. Eventually he gained enough support to get a ballot measure passed giving the University city land, to be combined with adjacent land formerly used for military training va-



Roger and Ellen at the dedication of Revelle College, 1965

cated by the federal government, on the mesa above SIO. Roger's timing proved especially fortuitous when the launch of the Russian Sputnik in 1957 persuaded Americans that the country needed to improve scientific education

Before that milestone was reached, however, he had to jump a series of

hurdles, including some local prejudice. Although "restrictive covenants" barring real estate sales to "undesirables" had been outlawed by the Supreme Court, La Jolla real estate brokers had a "gentlemen's agreement" not to sell property to Jews. As a result, Jewish scientists at SIO couldn't buy or rent a home in La Jolla. When Roger visited with groups of UC alumni to promote his idea, he would often be asked a veiled question that went like this: "Dr. Revelle, if there were to be a campus here, might there be some ... ah ... people of ... ah ... that other religion?" I had to persuade him to keep his cool by counting to ten before answering. He would finally reply that indeed there would be Jewish professors and they would even bring their families, so they would need a place to live. Students would benefit from experiencing religious diversity, he said, and besides, many of the best faculty were likely to be Jewish. His efforts were rewarded and the "gentlemen's agreement" was broken. La Jolla real estate values have not exactly suffered as a result!

There was also opposition from other quarters. Faculty and alumni of what was then San Diego State College were apprehensive that the new campus would compete with theirs. The Educational Policy Committee of the statewide UC academic Senate proposed that an extension division of the UCLA School of Engineering would do for San Diego.

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In that way funds to attract outstanding scientists would not be diverted from Berkeley and UCLA.

An even bigger obstacle was Regents Chairman Pauley. When Roger broached his idea to the Regents, Pauley's first ploy was to suggest that the campus be built in Balboa Park, knowing full well that it would arouse fierce public opposition. Next he argued that a campus so close to the Miramar Marine Air Base would experience unbearable noise from aircraft overflights. To prove his point, he went so far as to invite several Regents to visit his 18-acre Hawaiian island retreat just off Oahu near a base where Navy pilots practiced landing. They normally flew very low, right over the Pauleys' swimming lagoon, as Roger and I both knew, since we had been guests at "Coconut Island" twice previously. When the Regents visited, he arranged for the jets to fly even lower than usual with afterburners on, no doubt scaring the elderly Regents out of their wits.

But Roger countered this ploy by one of his own. He identified a number of campuses with closer proximity to airports than the one he was proposing for the land donated by the city. In 1956, at a meeting of the Regents, which **Walter** and **Judy Munk** and I attended, he made a presentation using a large easel on which he displayed, one after another, maps showing a number of such campuses. To drive the point home, he read letters from heads of each campus dismissing the idea that they suffered interference.

Then came the most dramatic presentation of all. President **Clark Kerr** favored the establishment of three new campuses, one in northern California and two in the south, because otherwise UCLA and Berkeley would become much too big. Kerr read aloud a letter written to the board of the Scripps Memorial Hospital by **Charles Luckman**, the architect who was designing their new hospital building on the mesa, considerably closer to Miramar than the proposed site for the campus, stating there would be no need for the extra expense of double-glazed windows to block any aircraft noise! As Kerr finished reading the letter, Pauley glared fiercely at

the poor architect and demanded, "Did you write that letter?" To which came a rather frightened reply: "Yes, Mr. Pauley." At that point one of the Regents, whom I'll always remember fondly, said something to this effect: "Those people down there in La Jolla have been waiting long enough. I move we vote to establish a campus of the University there." His motion was quickly seconded and adopted.

Originally, the campus was known as UCLJ, but soon the citizens of San Diego demanded that since they had given the land for it, the name should be UCSD, and they got their way. Roger was appointed Dean of the non-existent School of Science and Engineering and Director of the La Jolla campus. Even before it became a physical reality, Roger began recruiting senior faculty. At first they were lured here to join a future Institute of Technology and Engineering that was to provide "graduate instruction and research with the understanding that the Institute later may be converted into one or more departments of instruction and research." **Harold Urey** and **Jim Arnold** were among the first stellar scientists to be recruited. They were joined by **Joe** and **Maria Mayer**, Urey's colleagues at Chicago, **David Bonner** and **Jonathan Singer** from Yale, **Bernd Matthias**, **George Feher**, and **Harry Suhl** from Bell Laboratories, and **Roy Harvey**

Pearce from Ohio State. Finally, in the fall of 1960, the first undergraduate class matriculated. By the time these students were graduated, the campus had several buildings, including one named in honor of Harold and his wife **Frieda** – a building, incidentally, that Harold said was the ugliest he had ever seen!

We won, but of course Pauley had his revenge when, in spite of all Roger had done to bring UCSD into being, he was passed over for appointment as Chancellor. We learned from another Regent, who was a close friend, that Pauley was implacably opposed to his appointment and had persuaded enough other Regents to block it indefinitely. Still, this wonderfully successful campus and all it has given the community stand as a living and growing monument to Roger's foresight and perseverance. ♦

Emeriti Website

The UCSD Emeriti Association maintains a website:

<http://emeriti.ucsd.edu>

Clicking the NEWS, PROGRAMS & MEETINGS button will allow you to view past issues of this newsletter. The website also provides the constitution and by-laws, lists of members, and minutes of meetings.

Nominations Sought for Dickson Emeriti Professorships

Over a span of fifty years, a trust provided by UC Regent Edward Dickson has grown from \$207,381 to \$2.14 million. Dickson stipulated that the earnings from this endowment should recognize emeriti for their continuing service, teaching, or research following retirement. In 2003, UCOP split the fund ten ways so that each campus could offer its own \$10,000 award each year.

The Awards Committee of the UCSD Emeriti Association has decided to emphasize continued service, defined broadly, as the principal criterion for identifying worthy recipients.

The Committee invites your nomination(s) based on service to students, to faculty development, to the emeriti, to the community. Do not hesitate to nominate yourself; you know best how you have apportioned your time since retirement.

Submit one or more names, with an explanatory letter, to the Emeriti Association Awards Committee c/o Suzan Cioffi, Director, Retirement Resource Center, 9500 Gilman Dr., Dept. 0020, UCSD La Jolla CA 92093-0020. Submissions are due no later than April 15.

– Jack Fisher, for the Awards Committee

The Road to La Jolla

By Mel Green
Professor Emeritus of Biology

Woody Allen has said that ninety percent of life is just showing up. Looking back on how I came to join the UCSD faculty, I am still amazed at my own innocence in those early days and how I benefited from simply choosing the right field of research. Here's how it happened.

One day in 1963, I was thrilled to find myself a "hot property." News that Renato Dulbecco was leaving CalTech must have traveled fast because not many days after the rumor began to circulate, my phone started ringing. I had only begun my post-doctoral research with him a few months earlier and had expected to remain there for two or three years before seeking an academic position. But within a week, first UCLA, then Michigan State and UCSD invited me for job interviews. As my Ph.D. thesis was in the new and very hot field of Molecular Biology, I found that I was in demand. James Bonner, one of several CalTech profs with whom I had begun research projects, invited me to join his lab rather than leave, but I demurred, thinking that since I was getting all those inquiries, I must already be a hotshot scientist. Why work as a post-doc teaching others the technology I had developed when I could get on a tenure track as an Assistant Professor?

The UCLA job was offered over the phone by a zoologist I had recently met at a conference at Lake Arrowhead. When he called, I remembered his name, but that was it. He said something like, "I know this offer won't interest you much, but I heard Dulbecco is leaving CalTech and so you would need a job. We don't have a Molecular Biology Department yet, but we hope you could help get one started here. What do you think? Any way, it's good to have that first offer in hand." I thanked him for calling, but politely declined. I was about as excited at the thought of taking a job at UCLA as I

would have been by an offer to subscribe to the New York Times. After all, wasn't it just a party school?

The call from Michigan State was much more formal. I was invited to present a seminar in March. The call came in January, when a trip to Michigan would discourage any candidate. Within a few days Stan Mills called to invite me to talk at UCSD. I argued that the entire faculty there had heard me present my thesis work at Lake Arrowhead only weeks ago, so why did they need a repeat performance? He said it was just a formality, but a seminar presentation was needed. Why not talk about what I was doing at CalTech? Again I objected, saying that I had only been there for a few months and had scarcely a few preliminary results with a virus called lambda, which I knew very little about. He assured me the job was already mine if I would just come there and tell them what I was doing. We set up a date for the next week, not worried about the climate in Southern California in January. Only two months earlier I had seen a beach in La Jolla and was pretty excited about the possibility of working near it. But I could hardly believe it was that easy to find an academic position. Was Mills serious?

I drove along the coast from Pasadena to La Jolla along old Highway 1 since there were still no freeways to take in 1963. Hardly a traffic light interrupted my journey, and only a few villages with scenic names such as Oceanside, Solana Beach, and Del Mar even bothered to put up a stop sign. Few cars were on the road in mid-morning. Mills had given me directions for finding SIO, which provided the temporary quarters for the Biology Department while the university buildings were being constructed. He had asked me whether I had any place to stay that night, and I assured him that would be no problem. Marguerite Vogt, my friend from the Dulbecco lab, was moving to La Jolla and her house was nearing the final stages of completion. It never occurred to me that a job interview included a stay



in a hotel, and Stan hadn't offered this information when he called.

Soon after arriving at SIO, I found Sverdrup Hall and saw a bulletin board with an announcement of my seminar. To my great shock, something else had not been made clear by Mills. The poster read, "A Little About Lambda Phage," by Mel Green at noon today. It was now 12:30 p.m.! Just then a loud commotion arose from down the hall, and I became aware of several men rumbling toward me. In the lead was David Bonner, Chairman of the Biology Department, followed closely by Mills, Bob Hamburger, Don Pious, and others. "Do you know what time it is?" shouted Bonner. I assumed he knew the time and meant why was I late for my seminar? "I thought my seminar would begin at 4 o'clock like they do at CalTech, and Dr. Mills never told me when it was," I meekly responded. That's when I first heard Bonner's often repeated words, "Mills, you muttonhead!"

As at Arrowhead, Bonner was asleep within five minutes after I began my presentation. For this reason and because I really had little to say about lambda phage, I was astonished afterward when they offered me, a 26-year-old kid, a position as Assistant Professor of Biology at UCSD. Bonner must have slept far bet-

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Green from p.3

ter during my talk than I did that night. Marguerite's house had not yet been carpeted, my sleeping bag was quite thin, and the roosters woke me at 3 a.m. and kept me up with their squawking the rest of the night. Anyhow, I had successfully completed my first job interview.

Bonner seemed quite annoyed when I didn't accept his offer immediately. I told him that I had previously agreed to give a job talk at Michigan State and felt obligated to fulfill that commitment before making a decision. He argued to no avail, assuring me that UCSD would soon become a great university. What I didn't tell him was that my mother taught me never to buy the first shirt or pair of pants I saw, and I extended this advice to job offers. And what was the rush? UCSD still didn't even have one building.

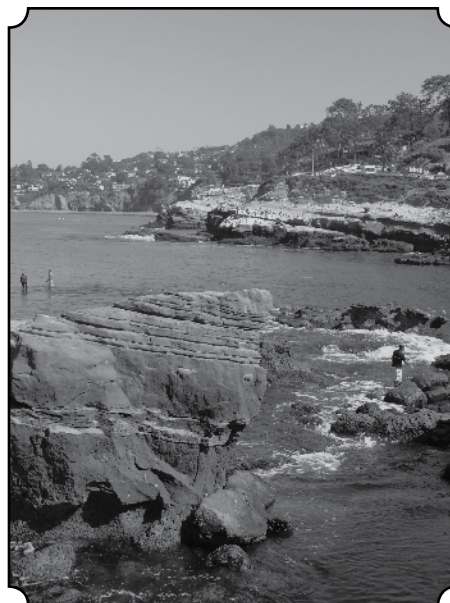
The experience at MSU couldn't have been more different. The drive from my parents' home in Pittsburgh to East Lansing took about seven hours along fast turnpikes and slow country roads. This time I arrived before my scheduled 4 p.m. talk, met a few of the many faculty in Biochemistry, spoke formally about my thesis work at Illinois, and then was taken to the faculty club for dinner with about 20 faculty members. They proceeded to "entertain" me with all sorts of questions concerning my research and life, then went on and on about their extensive building program. The next thing I knew, everyone was looking at me in deadly silence. "Did someone ask me something?" I said as I raised my head from the dinner table. "Never mind. Go back to sleep," someone answered. "It wasn't important." I guess it wasn't, because I soon received an offer of an Assistant Professorship in Biochemistry.

Two job interviews – late for one, sleeping through the other – and two job offers! Really three, but I didn't consider UCLA seriously. It was so easy that I never imagined it could be otherwise. But this was 1963, and Molecular Biology was the field of the future. My switch from Organic Chemistry had been a stroke of intuitive genius, or more realistically good

luck. All I knew at the time was that I wanted to study viruses. They seemed to fall somewhere between the living and non-living worlds, and I imagined they held the key to the origin of life. With my year as a post-doctoral fellow completed, it was now time to strike out entirely on my own. What better place to do this than at a brand new campus in a beautiful place like La Jolla? I accepted the offer as the fifth member of the Biology Department of UCSD, joining Bonner, Mills, **Jon Singer**, and **Jack DeMoss**.

It did not take long for me to discover that life in academia also took place somewhere between the living and non-living worlds. Most people would not call working in a lab, teaching, and serving on committees twelve to fourteen hours a day, seven days a week, living. But for me, it was! The new university had hardly any unmarried female grad students or post-docs and no female faculty, and those few were in fiercely competitive demand. The developing campus and SIO were far from the shops and restaurants of La Jolla, and the village rolled up its carpets by 9 p.m. The lab was a delightful haven for this dedicated scientist. I could think of nothing better. And I still can't.

Mel Green continues to teach courses in biology and directs the Hughes Scholars Program aimed at increasing diversity in the biological sciences. ♦



Musical Chairs

By Leonard Newmark

Professor Emeritus of Linguistics

I had come to the University in 1963 to form a department of linguistics and to develop and manage the basic foreign language courses for the first college; a separate department of literature was to teach the advanced courses offered in the language of the literature involved.

One of my early memories of the place, about 1965, was of playing music with **John Stewart** (flute), **Cliff Grobstein** (clarinet), and **Gabe Jackson** (flute too, as I remember). I must have played a clarinet too, but maybe a bass recorder, although I can't remember what kind of music we could have found for such an ungodly mishmash. Our combo couldn't have lasted very long, both because of the fragility of the combination and because we all had other urgent tasks to do.

In 1972 Vice Chancellor **Paul Saltman** had asked **Manny Rotenberg** and me to oversee the Communications program – not yet a department – and in 1973 he asked me to take on the chairmanship of the oversight committee for the ailing Visual Arts Department. In 1977 he appointed me temporary chairman of the Department of Music, whose internal dissension had led to its inability to conduct its affairs in an orderly way, to make promotions or grant simple merit raises for its faculty, and even to keep track of the musical instruments it owned.

My first unpopular action as chairman was to cancel the regular meetings of the faculty, which had deteriorated into vitriolic non-action events blocked by points-of-order and calls for mail ballots, with the result that none of the faculty had been able to get a salary raise for more than two years because votes in favor would be blocked by jealous votes against. My old friend and classmate (in a folk music class at Indiana University), **Wilbur Ogdon**, who had been recruited by John Stewart to become the depart-

ment's founding chairman, was ranged on one side, together with his fellow admirers of the composer **Ernst Krenek**, **Robert Erickson** and **John Silber**. **Tom Nee**, whom I replaced as chairman, had been a member of the department since its earliest days; **Pauline Oliveros**, also a founding member, had left the department in 1971, and I missed her insightful wit and the clever conversation, which I had come to know on early campus committees.

Erickson, Ogdon, and later **Bernard Rands** and **Roger Reynolds** were composers dedicated to constructing and maintaining a department that would serve their needs. The latter two gained international glory. Unlike all, or almost all other academic departments of music in the world, this department would be under the sway of composers, rather than of musicologists or performers. I had no problem with their conception, and when I left the chairmanship the following year, I had arranged with Saltman that Rands and Reynolds would succeed me as chairman.

Since I had come in as a problem solver, I decided to meet separately with each of the faculty members to find out what the problems were, and as a functionary of Saltman, to try to solve them if I could. Some of the problems were easy and the solutions were near at hand. **Rafael Druian** had been concertmaster at the New York Philharmonic. Apparently he had come to town to be director of the La Jolla Chamber Orchestra, but refused to participate in the department's music-making activities; it was difficult talking to him, but easy to accept his decision to leave the University. Assistant Professor **John Large**, the voice teacher, was a difficult colleague; he threatened to sue if he were not kept on, but finally he left peacefully. Perhaps his feelings were assuaged by my giving his favorite student, **Philip Larson**, an award (I don't remember what it was), which enabled Larson to go off for some period before returning to become a long-time faculty member of the department.

Peter Farrell and **Bert Turetzky** were both instrumentalists of a very high order. Peter served a vital departmental



role as the chief examiner of potential and new music students, and teacher of music literacy to those found wanting, and was a much-in-demand cello (and viol) soloist and group member. Bert was a marvelous double-bass soloist, a reluctant but eventually compliant member of the department's redoubtable Sonor ensemble that grew to enormous local and international acclaim during the next few years, especially under the forceful and talented direction of their colleague, Bernard Rands.

I had known and liked **Jean-Claude François**, the department's versatile percussionist at the time, since his wife had worked for me as a French tutor in the Linguistics Department. **Ed Harkins**, with his fancy new trumpet was another smart member of the performance faculty. The new members of the faculty, **Carol Plantamura**, **Cecil Lytle**, **Gerry Balzano**, and **Jeanette Foster**, were also easy to get along with. I did have one early contretemps with Cecil, our brilliant new classical pianist from Wisconsin, but we quickly resolved the problem and became friends. Carol was always a pleasure to deal with, and Jeanette was sufficiently interested in the kind of music I played to allow me to sit in her early music performance class as a participant.

Jim Campbell was in the last year of his untenured position; he left and opened a music store in Del Mar. In later years I was an undeserving beneficiary,

as a fellow member of a recorder quartet with access to the music inventory he kept in his garage after his business had failed.

I was never successful in getting the distinguished composer, **Keith Humble**, still on leave of absence, to return the department's expensive grand piano which he had shipped to his native Australia the year before I arrived, but I suppose that was just one more piece of the department's instrument collection that got lost or stolen before, during, and after my tenure. I remember remonstrating in vain to the campus chief of police, shortly after moving in as chairman: A cleaning woman had reported watching someone she knew load a large number of the department's folding chairs into the back of his van and drive off, a clear – thought I – case of burglary or robbery or some other form of skulduggery. The chief explained to me that he was powerless to pursue the matter, since – he clarified – no one could tell him where the chairs had been taken and where they could now be found! ♦

Are You in Good Standing?

Membership Dues:

Lifetime \$300

Ten Years \$200

Annual \$30

Complimentary to spouses of regular members and widows and widowers of former members and those of Senate members who died in service while eligible to retire, and to Associate Members.

Voluntary contributions appreciated.

Please make checks payable to UCSD Emeriti Association and send to UCSD Retirement Resource Center, Mail Code 0020, UCSD, 9500 Gilman Dr., La Jolla, CA 92093-0020.

Memories of World War II



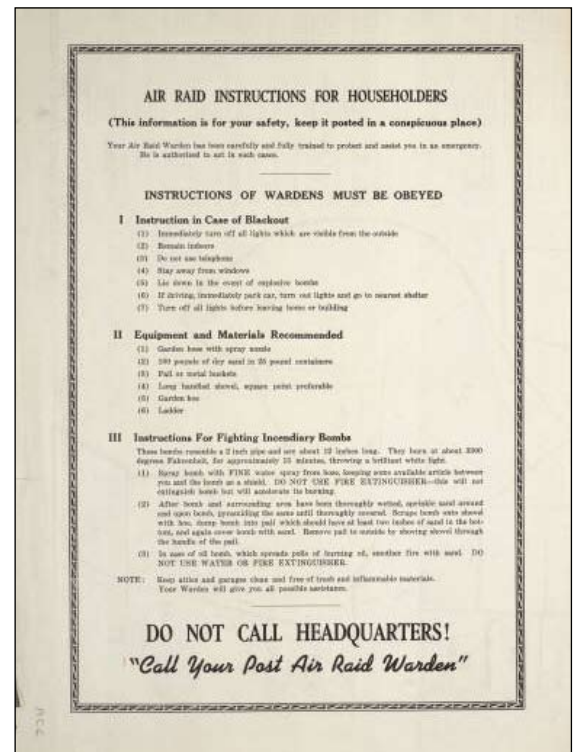
A grizzled Second Lieutenant **Robert Hamburger** (center) pictured in November 1944 back at his base in Tocaloban, Leyte, the Philippines. A P-38 fighter pilot, Bob was shot down (by ground-fire, he emphasizes proudly) on his 53rd mission, just a year after he got his wings and shortly after he helped cover **MacArthur's** landing. He was rescued by friendly villagers led by a Filipino officer in the American Army who had escaped when the Japanese invaded. Luckily for Bob, the officer had fled with two registered nurses, who helped him recover.



A tent house in Guam, 1945. The skinny one with the moustache is Army Air Corps Second Lieutenant **Ramon Ruiz**, a B-29 pilot stationed there. Not exactly the elegant adobe hacienda he was to build in Rancho Santa Fe! Note the hanging mess kits and laundry.



SIO Director **Harald Sverdrup** with an Army Air Training class 1944. (Thanks to SIO archivist **Deborah Day**.)



An uplifting tale: Shortly after D-Day, the Allies surrounded the French coastal city of Brest, still occupied by a large contingent of German soldiers. Rather than try to capture the city and take the losses a battle would cost, the Allies simply surrounded it, preventing the Germans from linking up with their forces outside. Those Allied troops became known as "the brassiere boys" because they were containing Brest! (Thanks to **Joe Gusfield**.)

Anecdote

By **Sandy Lakoff**

Arts and Letters

Photo caption spotted by Ralph Lewin on page A-2 of the November 9, 2007 issue of the Union-Tribune:

“Seen here, a copy of **Jefferson’s** masterpiece, the Magna Carta.”

Right, Ralph muttered to himself, and next week maybe “How **George Washington** wrote The Sermon on the Mount . . .”

♦ ♦ ♦

Martin and Barbara Shapiro, who taught at UCSD before accepting appointments at Berkeley, have assembled an impressive collection of prints by the Spanish artist **Jōan Miro**, many displayed on the walls of their living room in Piedmont. On a visit once, I couldn’t resist a wicked impulse. I told Barbara I knew exactly what she said to herself when she came down to that room each morning: “Miro, Miro, on the wall, who is fairest of them all?”

♦ ♦ ♦

The Two Cultures: When **Adlai Stevenson** was campaigning for the presidency, in 1956, he made a stop in Boston. At Harvard he began by saying: “I have just been to MIT where I tried to humanize the scientists. Now that I am at Harvard I will try to simonize the humanists.”

♦ ♦ ♦

The Second Time Around: **Henry Popkin**, who taught literature at Brandeis, once received a term paper he felt sure had been plagiarized. He looked high and low to find the source but was frustrated until one day at the Phillips Book Store in Harvard Square he spotted a volume on an upper shelf that he thought was the likely source. Sure enough, it contained the text that had been lifted. He handed the paper back to the student marked with an “F” and the classic comment: “I didn’t like this when it first came out and I haven’t changed my mind.”

♦ ♦ ♦

Another plagiarism story: A Harvard undergraduate cribbed a paper on the

Bolshevik Revolution from a book but neglected to alter the footnotes. One of them read: “**Stalin** told me this himself personally.” The book was **Leon Trotsky’s** history of the revolution.

♦ ♦ ♦

And yet another, Canadian style: **Jim Eayrs**, a department colleague at the University of Toronto, devoted a column in the Toronto Daily Star to an outbreak of plagiarism. It seemed our students had discovered an American outfit called “Quality Bullshit, Inc.,” from which they could order ready-made term papers. Bad enough they were cheating, he observed, but at least they could have patronized a home-grown Canadian enterprise, perhaps one that might be called *Merde Duluxe Limitée*.

♦ ♦ ♦

Bourgeois Gentilhomme *Malgré Lui:* **Sigmund Freud** became famous for seeing slips of the tongue as clues to unconscious thoughts, but despite his reputation for sexual permissiveness (and what is now known about his affair with a sister-in-law), he could be a Viennese Victorian about some things. Once, in commenting on a Freudian slip that he found distasteful, he remarked, “A gentleman does not entertain such thoughts even unconsciously!”

♦ ♦ ♦

One of Freud’s most brilliantly original interpreters was my teacher, the late sociologist **Philip Rieff**, author of *Freud: the Mind of the Moralizer*. In an undergraduate class one day he called our attention to a passage in *Group Psychology and the Analysis of the Ego* where Freud wrote that he had no explanation for a certain phenomenon, adding that it mystified him. “What does this passage mean?” Rieff asked. No other student dared to answer, so I rose to the bait, like a perfect straight man: “He can’t explain it, he’s mystified.” Rieff looked at me like a lion about to feast on a lamb, shook his head, and said, in a pontifical, chastening tone, “You haven’t learned to read a text! Look at the next sentence. It begins, ‘It is as

though. . .’ Freud isn’t mystified, Freud isn’t baffled. He’s going to explain the phenomenon by giving you an *a-na-lo-gy*, and as I’ve shown you over and over, *a-na-lo-gy* is his *fun-da-men-tal meth-o-do-lo-gi-cal* device!” I pondered this for a moment, frowned, and said rather skeptically, “I wish I could believe you.” To which Rieff replied, in a mockingly intimate tone, “Well really, honey, it’s quite simple . . .” Is it any wonder his then wife **Susan Sontag** soon left him high and dry – and wrote a book called *Against Interpretation?*

♦ ♦ ♦

Lines that somehow stick in the mind from Great Literature (homage to **Pat Ledden**):

“Welcome, O life! I go to encounter for the millionth time the reality of experience and to forge in the smithy of my soul the uncreated conscience of the race.” –**James Joyce**, *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*

What is home without Plumtree’s potted meat? Incomplete. With it an abode of bliss. –Joyce, *Ulysses*

♦ ♦ ♦

Music to Die For. To mark the tenth anniversary of the death of **Diana, Princess of Wales**, a Service of Thanksgiving for Her Life was held at the Guards’ Chapel at Wellington Barracks, London last August. The music selected was by **J.S. and J.C. Bach**, **Handel**, **Barber** (the Adagio for Strings, of course), **Warlock**, **Elgar**, **Vaughan-Williams**, **Walton**, **Mozart**, **Parry**, and **Holst** – along with the “Londonderry Air” and “God Save the Queen.” Majestic indeed, though Diana herself would doubtless have preferred **Elton John** and **Duran Duran**.

♦ ♦ ♦

Crosswords: “He has never been known to use a word that might send a reader to the dictionary,” said **William Faulkner** about **Ernest Hemingway**. “Poor Faulkner,” Hemingway struck back, “Does he really think big emotions come from big words?”

UCSD Emeriti Association
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Return Service Requested



Chronicles
March 2008

Mark Your Calendar!

Gary C. Jacobson
Professor of Political Science
The 2008 Presidential Primaries
Wednesday, March 12, 3:30-5:30



Nigella Hilgarth
Executive Director, Birch Aquarium, SIO
**Research Activities in the
Amazon and Antarctica**
Wednesday, April 9, 3:30-5:30

Susan Shirk
Director, UC Institute on Global
Conflict and Cooperation
**China – Fragile Superpower
Annual Business Luncheon,
Atkinson Pavilion**
Wednesday, June 4, 11:30-2:30



Green Faculty Club

Chronicles

Newsletter of the UCSD Emeriti Association



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