

More Than a Shave and a Haircut: \$60M Midlife Refit for R/V *Roger Revelle*

By Robert A. Knox, Ph.D.

*Research Oceanographer and
Associate Director Emeritus
Scripps Institution of Oceanography*

High-seas ships have been essential research platforms for ocean science since before the 1903 beginnings of Scripps, dating at least to the historic voyage of HMS Challenger in the 1870s. Today's ships are vastly more capable, drawing on over a century of advances in both marine engineering and the onboard ocean research technologies. A welter of modern observing systems that do not require vessels at sea – satellite observations, moored instruments, autonomous vehicles and more – now greatly amplify what can be learned from ships alone. But as in 1903 the ship remains an essential part of the overall oceanographic armamentarium, a fundamental means of pursuing new scientific questions and obtaining new answers.

All well-operated ships do much straightforward preventive care and maintenance in the course of regular operations, at sea or during limited in-port periods between operations. Combatting corrosion by cleaning and repainting is never-ending. Some systems require periodic lubrication, testing or other in-port servicing. Coast Guard regulations require drydocking at intervals to inspect the underwater hull and repair damage or corrosion found as needed. These dockings also are generally a good time for other



Robert Knox, Ph.D.

jobs over and above regulatory requirements, such as cleaning and repainting at least the underwater portion of the hull, and perhaps more of the ship.

But sooner or later there comes a time when the accumulation over years of complex refit and upgrade needs, changes in operational or regulatory requirements and the emergence of new engineering and technical possibilities make an extended off-line period necessary. The static structure of a well-maintained hull may be sound and viable for many more years, but required or desired changes to propulsion, scientific systems and more have reached the point of necessitating substantial modifications and a substantial shipyard/in-port period to accomplish these.

The Navy-owned *Research Vessel (R/V) Roger Revelle*, the largest ship of the Scripps fleet, recently completed

such a major midlife refit and upgrade. Taking over a year in 2019-20 and costing \$60 million, it has extended the useful life of the ship for 15-20 years. A bullet-point summary of some major items, all that can fit in this short note, includes:

- A new modern propulsion system
- Improved electrical generators
- New retractable bow thruster, decreasing noise and improving dynamic positioning of the ship
- Ballast water treatment system to prevent discharge of invasive marine species in the ship's ballast water
- New Tier 3 diesel engines reducing emissions by up to two-thirds
- Improvements to ventilation, cooling, and heating while reducing ambient airborne noise

cont. on page 2 →

♦ ♦ ♦ Inside ♦ ♦ ♦

R/V Roger Revelle Refit	1
Yiddish Poetry & Radical Left	
Politics - A New Study	4
Nobel Vignette: Tonegawa	5
Emeriti Assn. Book Club	6
Anecdote	7
Mark your calendar	8

*R/V Revelle, continued
from page one.*

- New shipboard cyberinfrastructure; various new scientific instruments
- Submerged acoustics gondola for improved sonar performance

The Tier 3 diesels and the ballast water system are good examples of basic ship retrofits driven by advances in engine design, evolving environmental awareness and changed emission regulations since the original construction. The acoustics gondola is a good example of a scientific modification driven by research experience since construction. The initial flush-mounting of the sonars, particularly the multibeam mapping system, afforded some protection against sonar damage from floating objects and also minimized the draft of the ship, a significant consideration at the Nimitz Marine Facility of Scripps and elsewhere. But operational experience showed that this mounting was unfavorable in terms of “bubble sweepdown.” This is the tendency for bubbles generated at the bow of the moving vessel, particularly in rough seas with the vessel pitching, to be swept below and across the multibeam receiver array, creating acoustic noise havoc there. The risk-benefit decision for the refit was in favor of the gondola, and de-



Research Vessel Roger Revelle first entered service in 1996, and is named after former Scripps Oceanography Director Roger Revelle, who was also instrumental in the founding of the Office of Naval Research.

sired noise reductions for the multibeam and other sonars have now been realized.

The story improves substantially with photos and video clips, so have a look at:

<https://scripps.ucsd.edu/news/midlife-refit-research-vessel-roger-revelle-completed>

A few more photos on the website of the Portland, OR shipyard further convey the scale of some of the jobs involved – much more than just removing barnacles and painting:

<https://vigor.net/projects/r-v-roger-revelle-repower>

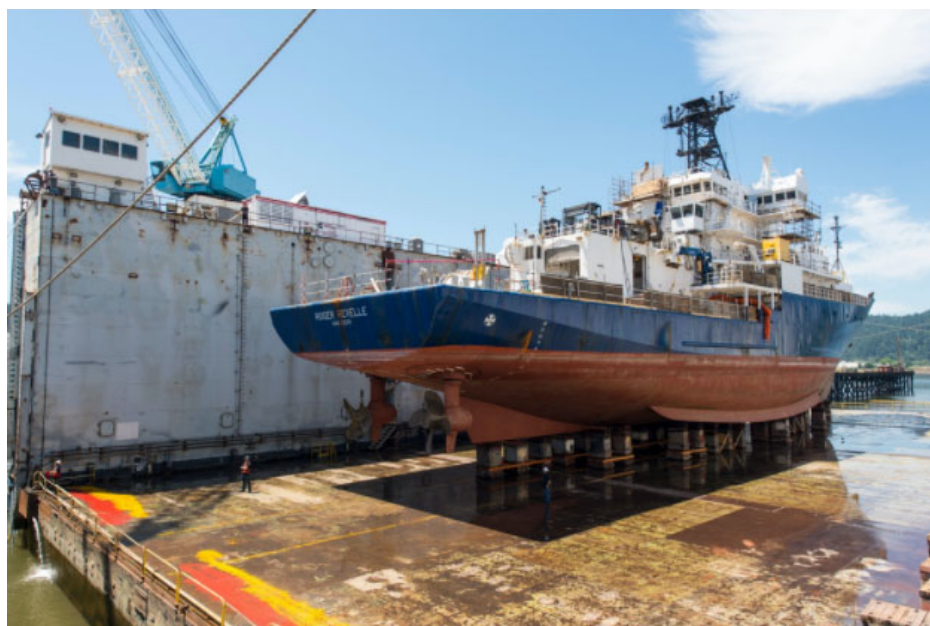
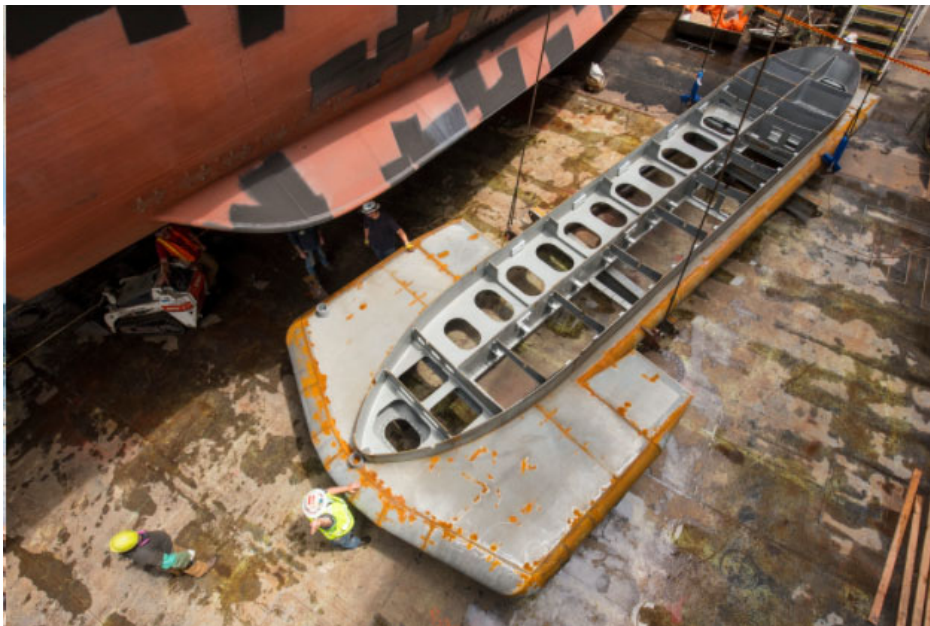
Project funds came from the Office of Naval Research (vessel owner; basic ship life extension tasks), the National Science Foundation (science systems improvements), and internal funds at Scripps (UC Ship Funds; engineering and shipyard work packages). Cooperation among these offices and collegial interactions with oceanographic institutions operating sister ships and/or similar scientific systems were first-class. At

cont. on page 3 →



MIDLIFE REFIT OF RESEARCH VESSEL ROGER REVELLE COMPLETED

Upgrades improve scientific capabilities and extend life of one of the most capable ships in U.S. academic fleet



Scripps, project leadership fell to **Bruce Appelgate**, associate director, **Zoltan Kelety**, marine superintendent, and **Lee Ellett**, shipboard technical support manager. Two long-time Scripps mariners, senior captain **Tom Desjardins** and port engineer **Paul Mauricio**, spent countless days and hours on-site to ensure close oversight and guidance of the shipyard work. Both have extensive experience of shipyard projects small and large, including the 1993-5 construction of R/V Roger Revelle and the 1989-92 midlife refit of R/V Melville that changed the propulsion system of that ship, also cutting it in half and lengthening it by 35 feet. Capable contract and financial management for this multi-stakeholder project was essential and fell to **Jillian Mulroney**, who was hired for that purpose and has since stayed on in a Scripps staff position. Together these individuals and others define “A-team” for the successful framing, conduct and completion of such a complex project. I am indebted to Dr. Bruce Appelgate, Associate Director for Ship Operations and Marine Technical Support at Scripps Institution of Oceanography, for helpful discussions and fact-checking in the preparation of this article.

N.B.:

You can watch Dr. Robert Knox’s talk on SIO fleet operations, to be presented on January 27, 2022. It will be posted online, for public viewing, on the Retirement Association’s [YouTube channel](#) on 1/28.

Photos on this page are taken from **Vigor.net**. Vigor, a **Titan Company**, is a values-based, diversified industrial business operating in seven locations with approximately 2,300 people in Oregon, Washington and Alaska. Vigor excels at specialized shipbuilding, ship repair and handling important, complex projects in support of energy generation, our nation’s infrastructure and national defense.

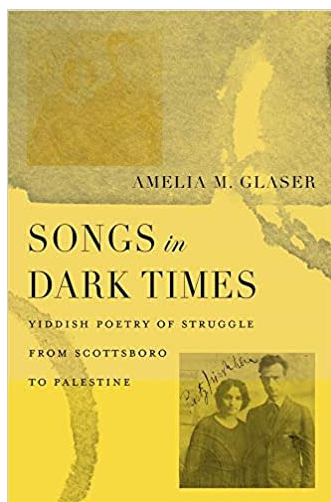


Yiddish Poetry and Radical Left Politics: A new Study

Amelia Glaser, Associate Professor of Literature, published her second monograph, Songs in Dark Times: Yiddish Poetry of Struggle From Scottsboro to Palestine in November 2020 (Harvard University Press). The book was recently awarded the 2021 Jordan Schnitzer Prize for the best book in Jewish Studies in the category of Literature or Linguistics. Professor Glaser accepted the award at the 2021 Association for Jewish Studies Convention in Chicago in December. Her brief summary:

Songs in Dark Times is the story of a generation of Yiddish poets in the deeply polarizing long 1930s, a period that I call “the age of internationalism.” Faced with multiple forms of tyranny around the world, the Great Depression, and the rise of fascism, many Yiddish poets, both in the Soviet Union and in the west, chose to write about the struggles of non-Jewish ethnic minorities. These poets, who were primarily affiliated with the far left, encouraged their readers to identify with the plight of non-Jewish victims, from the Black Americans threatened by lynchings to the Spanish Loyalists in the Civil War to Palestinian Arabs under the British Mandate.

For example, in a 1928 poem marking the execution of the Italian



anarchists **Sacco and Vanzetti**, the American Yiddish poet **H. Leivick** writes that the accused



Amelia Glaser

were victims of:

The same evil from accuser
to accuser,
the same fist, the same
power;
oh, we won't forget how the
clock hands
dripped with blood that Au-
gust night.

[Dos zelbe shlekhts fun kat-
eyger tsu kateyger,
der zelber foyst, di zelbe
makht;
o, mir fargesn nit di vayzers
fun zeyger
vi zey hobn getrift mit blut
in oygust-nakht]

When Leivick wrote about Sacco and Vanzetti a year after their death, he identified the perpetrator as “the same evil from accuser to accuser”. Sacco and Vanzetti’s “accusers” were the unjust US courts of law and the Massachusetts governor, **Alvin Fuller**. For Leivick, as for many Yiddish poets of his generation, the evil that oppressed Jews in Europe and anarchist immigrants in the United States was one and the same.

Leivick’s “A Sacco-Vanzetti Year (*A yor Sako-Vanzeti*)” mourns the Italian anarchists and calls upon fellow Jewish immigrants to fight the cycle

of injustice perpetuated against innocent victims. In Leivick’s original, the “accusers” are *kateygers*: the classical rabbinic term for “prosecutor,” a *kateyger* in Yiddish is a “prosecuting angel” who delivers a heavenly verdict. For Leivick’s left-wing Yiddish reader, the word *kateyger* brought the non-Jewish Italian anarchists into Jewish collective memory.

“Kateyger” is an example of what I call a poetic “password”—a term or phrase drawn from Jewish textual tradition but applied to non-Jewish groups. This concept of the poetic “password” is at the heart of the book. The figures at the center of this study were, in effect, using poetry to build a new religious tradition, modeled on Judaism and consecrated through its affiliation with the Communist Party. They were reinventing the meaning of “we” from “we Jews” to “we workers of the world.” It was my goal, in this book, to help decode the shibboleths and aspirations of a group of understudied poets. And in the process I came to see these poets as offering a case study in how poetry can inform and reinscribe group identity.

Glaser is currently on sabbatical as the Rita E. Hauser fellow at the Radcliffe Institute at Harvard University. Her work on the Yiddish far Left poets has prompted her to think more deeply about how broad this practice of bridging collective trauma between communities might be. As such, she has embarked on a new project, which considers a recent movement among contemporary Ukrainian poets to devote their writing to Ukraine’s historically marginalized ethnic and religious groups.

Susumu Tonegawa: A Nobel Vignette

By Mel Green

Dickson Professor Emeritus of Cell and Developmental Biology

One of the UCSD Biology Department's first recruited graduate students was Susumu Tonegawa. A graduate of Nagoya University in 1963, he was considered the best student in his class. As I was the only Molecular Biologist in the department at the time, it was my good fortune that Susumu decided to do his thesis research with me. I say good fortune mainly because I so much enjoyed getting to know him. He taught me about Japanese culture, and he became more like a friend than one of my students. However, neither as a student in my Virology course nor as a researcher did Susumu stand out more than most of the other seven graduate students at UCSD. He was certainly very hard working and bright, but so were the others. After a little more than a year in my lab, I said to him, "So far you've only done the experiments I have suggested. When are you going to think of some experiments yourself?" I expected my students to show some creativity, not simply act as technicians doing as they were told.

Not long after that, Susumu left my lab and continued his thesis work with Prof. Masaki Hayashi, a friend from my graduate school whom I had helped recruit. I was somewhat disappointed by this, but not angry because I assumed that Susumu felt more comfortable working under the guidance of a Japanese professor. In due time, he completed his doctoral thesis on the same project he had started with me, then went on to do post-doctoral research at the nearby Salk Institute under the supervision of Dr. Renato Dulbecco. Coincidentally, this was the same virologist I had done my post-doctoral work with while at CalTech. Up until this point, Susumu displayed no signs of conducting any research out of the ordinary.

When it came time to strike out

on his own, Dr. Tonegawa heeded Dulbecco's advice to take a position at the Immunology Institute in Basel, Switzerland. Although he knew virtually nothing about the field of Immunology, Susumu had the courage not only to go alone to a country that was not exactly welcoming to foreigners, but also to take on a very hot project that many immunologists all over the world were attempting to solve. In essence, the question was, "How do we humans have a sufficient number of genes to code for all the antibodies we need for recognizing nearly every foreign substance that can enter our blood?" This "antibody diversity" question was of obvious importance to every biologist, but the means to answer it was far from clear.

Susumu worked on this difficult question alone for two years, racing many other labs that had more than twenty researchers in them. Using the DNA-RNA hybridization technology that he had learned in my laboratory as a graduate student, in addition to some procedures that he conceived of, Susumu was the first to answer this question. During this two year period of intensive research he published nothing, and as a result, he received a notice terminating his employment in Basel. Fortunately, he either ignored the notice or didn't notice it until after completing his work. Susumu Tonegawa received a well-deserved Nobel Prize for this creative research in 1987.

I often wondered what the actual reason was for Susumu leaving my lab after his first two years of graduate work. Did he really need a Japanese professor as his thesis advisor? Had I done something to cause his sudden departure without a word of explanation? As the years passed, this question began weighing heavily on me. Scientists do not like unresolved questions. It was at one of my lab parties at least five years after Susumu left my lab that I mentioned my bewilderment to my dish washer, Evelyn Gabriel, a lovely lady in her mid 60's who had

been with me for many years. To my astonishment, the answer was well known to Evelyn, and apparently to everyone else who had been in my lab at the time.

My technician, Helgi, was an attractive, vivacious, tall young blonde from Estonia. Grad students from every lab flocked to my lab every day. In the mid 1960's there were very few young ladies to be seen at the entire UCSD campus, and almost none in the labs. I don't mean to detract from Helgi's charm by mentioning the dearth of females, but needless to say, she was in great demand. When Evelyn told me that one of Helgi's suitors was Susumu, I was totally shocked. I had not seen one trace of this budding romance, nor did I imagine that this could happen. Susumu was a workaholic, like me, so how could he even find time for such a thing? When Helgi rejected Susumu's advances, he had to "save face" by leaving my lab. Upon learning this from Evelyn, I didn't know whether to feel better or worse. Had I known what was taking place, perhaps I could have been of some help. Then again, probably not.

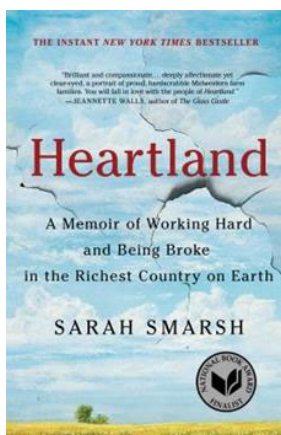
Clearly it is as difficult to predict who will become an outstanding scientist as it is to know who will fall in love with whom. There is no concrete path to romance or greatness. Creativity and the three P's, patience, perseverance, and perspiration, undoubtedly play a large role in determining one's ultimate success, but not necessarily the Nobel Prize. The same difficulty in predicting who will become great applies to all endeavors. How many talented musicians practice for long hours every day, yet remain anonymous? And think of the football draft, where top ranked quarterbacks in college are selected in the first round, but fail to make the grade after only one or two years in the NFL. Imagine the fortune one could make with the ability to identify at an early stage of their careers those who will become great.

Emeriti Association Book Club

February 28, 11:45 AM - 1:15 PM. "Heartland: A Memoir of Working Hard and Being Broke in the Richest Country on Earth", by Sarah Smarsh

Heartland: A Memoir of Working Hard and Being Broke in the Richest Country on Earth is a 2018 non-fiction book by American journalist Sarah Smarsh. The book contains events from her life and the lives of her relatives, and it focuses on cycles of poverty and social class in the U.S. state of Kansas.

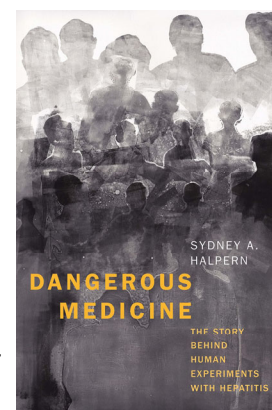
Throughout the book, Smarsh identifies systemic obstacles facing the American poor, a culture where the importance of social class is often dismissed or de-emphasized. Smarsh shifts between her personal story and the national laws that had an impact on her and her family, illustrating each policy's effect on individuals in poverty. RSVP online at: <https://hrweb.ucsd.edu/ea/>.



March 28, 11:45 AM - 1:15 PM. "Dangerous Medicine: The Story Behind Human Experiments with Hepatitis", by Sydney Halpern

Sydney Halpern is a historical sociologist who has written extensively about twentieth-century American medical institutions and biomedical science. Her primary focus lately has been on the framing of moral issues in the conduct of human research.

Between 1942 and 1972, biomedical scientists sponsored by the U.S. government deliberately infected people with hepatitis. Their aims were to discover basic features of the disease and the viruses causing it and then to develop immunizing agents. Dangerous Medicine draws on in-person interviews and a huge volume of archival records to illuminate the political and moral frameworks that allowed these and other problematic human experiments to flourish during WWII and the early Cold War. RSVP online [here](https://hrweb.ucsd.edu/ea/).



Anecdote

By **Sandy Lakoff**

"When a man is tired of London, he is tired of life," said Dr. **Samuel Johnson**, "for there is in London all that life can afford."

But getting there the first time was scary. It was December of 1956. Disembarking at Dover, I had to steer the left-side-drive VW Beetle I had bought in Paris at night on the wrong side of the road all the way to London. I got behind a lorry and followed it.

A graduate student, I had been in Paris for several months, on the first leg of a traveling fellowship from Harvard. "Don't worry about getting a lot done," my thesis adviser had assured me, "This is the grand tour of Europe for poor boys."

I didn't take that counsel seriously and anyhow I've never been much of a tourist. I have a photo showing me reading the Herald-Tribune atop the Arc de Triomphe while everyone else was gawking at the splendors of the Champs Elysées. I spent much of my weekdays in the Bibliothèque

Nationale. To get a library card there all you needed was six photos showing your right ear. The French may have invented finger printing but they evidently trusted the whorls on your ear more than those on your fingertips. No wonder **van Gogh** cut off his ear, I mused; he wanted to travel incognito! The library's holdings were always available because no books circulated beyond the reading room. (A fellow grad student using another, smaller library, asked the librarian if he could take books out over the weekend when the library was closed. "Not a page," the librarian replied, "what if you should die?")

London had its peculiarities too. At my digs, a bed-and-breakfast place near the British Museum, you awoke in the cold, put a sixpence in the meter of the gas fire, struck a match to it, then rushed back under the covers until the room was warm enough to get up. I noticed that the room window was slightly open but couldn't be closed, so I pointed this out to my landlord, Mr. **Morgan**. "Ah, yes," he said, "it's the fire regulations. The

window has to be left slightly open because otherwise you might asphyxiate yourself if the gas did not ignite or the flame was extinguished by a gust of wind."

But never mind (or "Mind the gap" as the famous sign in the tubes noted). I became a typical American Anglophile -- so much so that every time I returned, it felt as if I were coming home. A lot of this feeling had to do with the turns of language that came tripping off our mother tongue. As **Shaw** put it, the British and Americans are one people divided by a common language. There was of course the glory of the theatre. Then and later the thrill of seeing **Gielgud** as Julius Caesar and **Judy Dench**, the Queen, with her trademarked handbag, in a play by **Alan Bennett**, or Othello in Stratford on Avon, Richard III at the Barbican and amazing one-person performances by **Tim Piggott-Smith** and **Maggie Smith**. Every Thursday, I rushed to read *The New Statesman*. Later, I became an ad-

cont. on page 7 →

Lakoff, cont. from page 6

dict of the columns in The Times by **Bernard Levin**, the best newspaper writer of his generation. And of the Times cryptic crossword; once, back in the States, I won a twenty-pound gift certificate from W. H. Smith, the stationers, by submitting the first correct solution opened to the Saturday puzzle. (The only problem was you had to fly to England to redeem it! I sent it to friends.)

One day at the London School of Economics I was crossing Houghton Street with my friend **Bernard Crick** (later Sir Bernard), whom I had first met in a Harvard graduate seminar. A don just ahead of us wearing a chalk-marked black professorial gown had dropped a book. Bernard picked it up, tapped him on the shoulder and returned it to him. The don looked quizzically at Bernard and asked, "Do I know you?" "Crick, sir," Bernard replied. "Crick..." the don repeated slowly, as if to remember the name, "yes; well, carry on, Crick!" Years later, **Evelyn** and I found ourselves in London with a few out-of-circulation pound notes which we learned you could exchange at the Bank of England for new ones, so I took a bus with a route that passed the bank and asked the ticket taker to call out the stop. Another straphanger heard me, realized I must be an American, and asked, "Have you come to buy it?"

A large tin of (expensive) State Express cigarettes (all Virginia tobacco) was embossed with this specimen of Anglo-aristo *chutzpeh*: "If at first you don't appreciate these cigarettes, it is because your palate has been spoiled by inferior brands."

At Speakers Corner in Hyde Park one day, a poetry lover mounted a platform (amid all the others attacking British imperialism) and offered wrapped hard candy to everyone who would join him in reciting verses. I often recall the lines he had us say together, stressing every syllable (from *The Barrel-Organ* by Alfred Noyes):

*Go down to Kew,
in li-lac time,
In li-lac time;
It isn't far from Lonn-donn!
And there was the sheer ecstasy*

of a performance by **Michael Flanners** and **Donald Swann**, one of whose inspired numbers was The Hippopotamus *Song*. The audience always joined in on the chorus:

*Mud, mud, glorious mud,
Nothing quite like it for cooling the blood.
So follow me, follow, down to the hollow,
Where we will wallow
In glorious mud.*

And the song about the gnu:

*"I'm a g-nu,
I'm a g-nu,
The g-nicest work of g-nature in the zoo.
I'm a g-nu,
How do you do?
You really ought to k-know w-ho's w-ho."*

*"I'm a g-nu, spelt G-N-U.
I'm g-not a camel or a kangaroo.
So let me introduce,
I'm g-neither man or moose,
Oh, g-know, g-know, g-know,
I'm a g-nu!"*

By the 1970s, I had become a close friend of **Maurice Cranston**, a political theorist at the LSE. As founding chair of Political Science at UCSD, I invited him to come as visiting professor. One especially hot Santa Ana day on the Revelle campus, I emerged from my office to see him dressed to the nines, in a heavyweight blue wool blazer with a foulard at the neck. So I said to him, "Maurice, you are forgetting where you are." He replied, "No, Sandy, I'm remembering who I am." Years later, when he died suddenly in London of a heart attack, I was enlisted to edit his draft and add a last chapter and an epilogue to the third and

final volume of his much-praised biography of Jean-Jacques Rousseau. I sat in the office of his flat, in a **Nash** terrace house on Park Road, off Regents Park, surrounded by his books and notes, and had the honor of readying the ms. for publication.

On another visit, this time to Sussex University, I contracted a serious eye problem. At the local surgery it was diagnosed as conjunctivitis but the salve prescribed didn't work, so I went to London where I went to an eye clinic on Marylebone Road. One of the young doctors put me in the Ophthalmoscope and asked where I was from. "UCSD," I said, and he replied excitedly, "Oh, yeah, that's the campus with a library that looks like an open book." He checked the device and called out to a colleague, "Hey, Chris, look at this perfect case." I was not exactly thrilled by the unfeeling, clinical style of this observation, but they correctly diagnosed my ailment as uveitis, which they treated successfully with a steroid.

These are just a few of the many fond memories that endear me to London. And I have barely mentioned the marvelous music, including the last night at the Proms, when everyone stands and joins in a lusty rendition of the shamelessly jingoistic "Rule, Britannia!" and a quiet rendition of **Elgar's** elegiac "Land of Hope and Glory." I like to think it is just as lively and inviting as it was then, despite all the problems due to Covid, Brexit, Prince Andrew, and all the rest!



Information for Campus Visitors

The UC San Diego campus is operating with enhanced safety protocols, which have been established in alignment with county and state guidelines to help protect the wellbeing of our campus community. As we begin to allow guests and visitors to campus, we will continue to implement measures to provide a safe learning and working environment for our students, faculty, and staff.

Do not come to campus if:

You are experiencing or have had COVID-19 symptoms within the past 14 days. [See associated symptoms on the CDC website](#), or if you believe you have been in recent contact with someone who tested positive for COVID-19.

Required protocols for attending a campus event

UC San Diego has resumed hosting indoor and outdoor events for campus and community members, including athletic competition. Please see further details about safety guidelines for event attendees on the [Event Planning and Attendance page](#).

Required protocols for unaffiliated visitors (excluding events/athletics guests)

Unaffiliated visitors are individuals who visit the UC San Diego campus for a variety of reasons, including shopping/retail, seeing the Stuart Collection, or walking throughout campus. Unaffiliated visitors must: Complete a daily symptom and exposure screening (can be through your own employer). Adhere to all campus [COVID-19 safety requirements](#), including the [face covering policy](#).

Required protocols for on-campus special non-affiliates:

It is highly recommended that on-campus special non-affiliates add the free [CA Notify app](#) on their mobile devices.

Chronicles

Newsletter of the UCSD Emeriti Association

◆ ◆ ◆

Sanford Lakoff	Co-Editor
Jack C. Fisher	Co-Editor
Suzan Cioffi	Managing Editor

Officers

Steven Adler	President
Allen McCutchan	Vice President
Kim Signoret-Paar	Secretary/Treasurer
Irving (Jake) Jacoby	Past President

Executive Committee

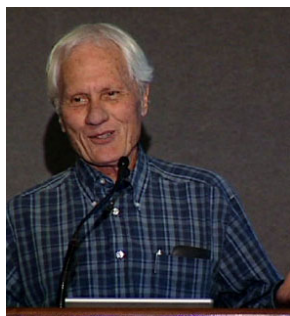
Members at Large: John Goodkind, Richard Madsen, Roger Spragg, Gail Lew, Jean-Bernard Minster, Joe Watson, **Ex-Officio members:** Sandy Lakoff, Editor, Chronicles; Ann Craig, Chair, Emeriti Mentor Program; **Jack Fisher**, Historian; **Suzan Cioffi**, Director, UCSD Retirement Resource Center; **Gail Lew**, Liaison, UCSD Retirement Association; **Kim Signoret-Paar**, Liaison, OCEANIDS; **Henry Powell**, Chair, CUCEA; **Phyllis Mirsky**, Secretary, CUCEA

*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.*

Mark your calendar for Winter 2022 events!

Winter Emeriti Association Meetings

RSVP [here](#) to receive the Zoom event link



Wednesday, February 9, 2022

3:45—5:00 PM, via Zoom

Chasing Emperor Penguins Across the Ross Sea

presented by Gerald Kooyman, Professor Emeritus, Biology



Wednesday, March 9, 2022

3:45—5:00 PM, via Zoom

On Becoming a Shakespearean Actor: Preparing Actors to Interpret the Bard

presented by Professor Marco Barricelli, Acting Faculty