CREDIT IS DUE

Thanks to José Quiñonez *98, small loans are changing lives
At the Keller Center Tiger Challenge Design Studio, teams use design thinking—a human-centered, creative approach—to partner with communities to address societal issues. From left, Bethwel Kiplimo ‘21, Shriya Sekhsaria ‘18, Arianna Brown ‘18, Emily Hilliard-Arce ‘20, Entrepreneurial Program Manager Rafe Steinhauer ’07, and Ashlyn Pradhan Lackey ’18

INNOVATION + PLANNING = IMPACT

These new members of the 1746 Society, who have created trusts, bequest intentions, and other long-range gifts, help move Princeton’s mission forward.

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New members for calendar year 2017; Princeton University also gratefully acknowledges 1746 Society members who passed away in 2017. For a list of their names, see giving.princeton.edu/1746-society

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March 21, 2018 Volume 118, Number 9

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On the cover: Photograph by Tony Avelar/AP Images
Increasing Access Across the Country

This February, I attended the second Presidential Summit of the American Talent Initiative (ATI), a national effort to expand college access and opportunity for talented low- and moderate-income students. ATI aims to attract, enroll, and graduate an additional 30,000 lower-income students by 2025.

Recognizing that no institution can accomplish this goal alone, ATI intends to engage as many members as possible among the 290 U.S. colleges and universities that consistently graduate at least 70 percent of their students within six years. ATI focuses on colleges with high graduation rates because the degree is the difference maker: students who obtain degrees get better jobs and have more opportunities. Institutions with strong graduation rates give high-achieving, low-income students the best shot at success and social mobility.

By forming a coalition, ATI hopes to increase accountability, exchange best practices, and generate momentum to make college access a presidential priority at colleges and universities nationwide. The ATI model recognizes that different institutions will make progress in different ways, ways that may include improving recruitment, strengthening financial aid, or eliminating gaps in graduation rates.

Princeton’s efforts to increase socioeconomic diversity and enable students from all backgrounds to thrive on our campus address four key steps along the pathway to, through, and beyond the University. First, we have improved outreach to prospective low-income students. For example, we now tailor our mailings and materials to appeal more effectively to low-income students. We have also expanded our support for pre-matriculation programs such as Leadership Enterprise for a Diverse America (LEDA), the Princeton University Preparatory Program, and the Princeton Summer Journalism Program. These programs help prepare talented, low-income high school students to pursue a college education at outstanding schools across the country. Many of our peers rely on these programs sited at Princeton as a pipeline of talent.

Second, the Office of Admission has strengthened its ability to identify talented scholars from all backgrounds who will succeed at Princeton once they apply. These efforts have benefited from expanded partnerships with national programs, such as QuestBridge, that help to match students from low-income families with colleges where they can flourish.

Third, we have looked for ways to yield more of the low-income students whom we admit. For example, we defray the expenses of students who could otherwise not afford to participate in Princeton Preview, our program for admitted students. When admitted students visit campus, we can do a better job communicating to them about the education we offer, the communities that would embrace them, and the financial support we provide—including the no-loan, all-grant financial aid program that makes us one of the most affordable colleges in the world.

These efforts have made a dramatic difference. Over the last decade, we have nearly doubled the number of students in the entering class who are Pell-grant recipients or first-generation college students. Taken together, these students make up 29 percent of this year’s freshman class. Expanding the undergraduate student body by 125 students per class will increase our capacity to build on this progress.

Finally, we have taken meaningful steps to enhance the resources that support student success. The Freshman Scholars Institute (FSI) is a seven-week summer program for talented incoming first-year students who have not had access to the same kinds of opportunities that others have enjoyed. It provides an on-ramp to Princeton’s intellectual culture through seminars, labs, and co-curricular experiences. The Scholars Institute Fellows Program (SIFP) complements FSI by offering low-income and first-generation students mentorship, leadership opportunities, and scholarly community throughout their time at Princeton.

The quality of these initiatives has attracted national attention in The New York Times, The Washington Post, and The Chronicle of Higher Education. Associate Dean of the College Khristina Gonzalez and Nimisha Barton, the associate director of FSI and programs for access and inclusion, were recently featured in—of all places—Harvard Magazine, which told Harvard alumni that “Princeton, of late, has focused its energy and resources on an unequalled scale, bringing every element of programs for first-generation and low-income students’ success into an integrated whole, with thoughtful preparation for their academic, co-curricular, and social lives on campus.”

As we look toward the future, we seek both to continue our progress on Princeton’s campus and to collaborate with other institutions leading the effort to increase college access and social mobility. That is why Princeton was among the 30 founding members of ATI, and why I’m proud to be one of the five college presidents serving on its steering committee.

When I speak about this topic around the country, I find it especially meaningful to share the stories of excellence and resilience exemplified by our low-income and first-generation students. Unleashing their talents through access to a transformative college education benefits not only Princeton, but the future of our country and the world.
Inbox

TO OUR READERS

Every story at paw.princeton.edu offers the chance to comment, and our new online form makes sharing your views even easier than before. Look for the “Send a Response to Inbox” buttons at the top and bottom of every story page.

HONOR THE HONOR CODE

I find it saddening to have read that the University is considering weakening the penalties for violation of the Honor Code (On the Campus, Feb. 7). Living in a society where absolute standards are giving way to moral relativism in all spheres, I appreciate Dean Jill Dolan’s statements regarding her concerns about fundamentally altering the University’s disciplinary penalties. At the same time, I find the comments of students Flanigan and Herskind disrespectful of the administration and the Honor Code.

I always felt it a privilege to conclude each and every examination at Princeton by writing, “I pledge my honor as a gentleman that during this examination I have neither given nor received assistance.” I do hope that the Honor Code and penalties for violation will remain unchanged in a changing (not always for the better) world. I fail to see how weakening the Code could possibly be a good or honorable change.

Frederick G. Brown ’63
Ormond Beach, Fla.

I recall having to appear as a witness in a student’s hearing, apparently for copying off another’s paper. It was conducted with great seriousness, and a lot of respect was given to those who testified. I remember feeling that I was a part of a great system that had been devised by very enlightened persons—a system whereby students were examined by other students whose recommendations were binding to the authorities.

I interview applicants to Princeton from Bangladesh as an ASC volunteer. The climate of the examination rooms in this country is so dramatically different that when I explain the Honor Code to these students they are totally amazed, if not perplexed.

Syed Hamde Ali ’62
Dhaka, Bangladesh

PLANNING THE CAMPUS

We read that Princeton’s new campus plan (University supplement, mailed with the Feb. 7 issue) has been “multi-dimensional,” that it “develops a mission-centered vision,” and that it seeks “a climate that encourages thoughtful and creative approaches to sustainability.” That’s undoubtedly reassuring to people who know what those words mean. The rest of us, especially those who fell in love with Princeton because it was a small and beautiful place, may not relish the prospect of an enormously expanded university—one with multiple campuses, “campus connectors,” hundreds more students, and new

continued on page 5
Editor's note: See page 22 for an entertaining look back at Princeton’s most famous undergraduate caper — the tale of Joseph D. Oznot ’68.

Roland Frye ’72
Alexandria, Va.

Inbox

TRY, TRY AGAIN

Stealing the Clapper: Nine Strikeouts — But the 10th Time Was a Different Story

During Freshman Week in 1968, I tried no fewer than 10 times to steal the clapper from the Nassau Hall bell tower. By my ninth failure, the proctors and I were on a first-name basis.

My first effort involved my taking a guitar-case worth of tools to Nassau Hall. The proctors promptly confiscated them. Most of my subsequent efforts ended similarly, with the proctors catching me in the process of “breaking and entering” Nassau Hall.

Eventually, however, I was able to evade the proctors long enough to actually enter the building — only to find that the bell tower was locked. So I did what any creative Princetonian would do.

I jimmed the lock to the janitor’s closet and was about to use the only key on the janitor’s keychain to unlock the bell tower door — when the proctors caught me yet again. Just before being captured, however, I pocketed the key for future use.

Once released from the custody of the proctors’ office, I took the key to a local locksmith and asked him to reproduce it for me. For some reason, he was deterred by the words on the key:

DO NOT REPRODUCE
PRINCETON UNIVERSITY

He was not persuaded even by my impromptu lame explanation that the message meant merely that no one was to reproduce Princeton University.

Undeterred, I returned to the scene of the crime, now for the ninth time. I broke and entered yet again. I tried to unlock the bell-tower door with the purloined key. It was the wrong key.

Again undeterred, I entered the office of someone whose window was closest to the portion of the roof nearest the tower. I opened the window and was ready to grab onto the gutter and pull myself up to the roof. Then I realized that there was in fact no gutter to grab onto. In fact, the closest one would require a 10-foot jump from a third-floor window. I did not jump. Following a string of profanities that would make a sailor blush, I scurried downstairs and out the first-floor window through which I had entered.

I was ready to give up. But then I ran across a group of eight or so other freshmen who were also trying to steal the clapper. Collectively, they had assembled a set of tools and had among them one person with climbing experience. But they were lacking access to the building and the roof. These I could provide. So we all agreed that we would pool our knowledge and tools to get the one climber to the bell tower and that, were he successful, we would all share in the glory of being clapper stealers.

We succeeded in getting him into the building, up to the third floor, onto the roof (though I don’t recall how he did it), and into the bell tower — all without apprehension by the proctors. We were ecstatic, as I’m sure he was. Then he pulled out his tools, only to find that he had the wrong-sized wrench to remove the clapper. So he did what any creative Princetonian would do — he disassembled the bell-ringing mechanism.

Once back on terra firma, he distributed to each of us a memento of our collective triumph: a screw from the bell-ringing mechanism. The screw is now mounted in transparent plastic and serves as a paperweight on my desk, as it has for the last half-century.

I was thus able to duplicate, at least in some minor respect, my father’s accomplishment in 1939 — stealing the actual clapper. Crime runs in the family.
Inbox

residential colleges. The country has plenty of sprawling universities already.

Benjamin Plotinsky ’99
Washington, D.C.

The proposed campus plan indicates a serious lack of concern for handicapped access. The proposed site for engineering and environmental studies eliminates the closest, and only usable, handicapped parking spaces to the stadium and homecoming activities at Fine Plaza. The longer-term plan eliminates the lot adjacent to Jadwin and appears to provide no parking north of the lake and east of Washington Road. Given that some of us older alumni are, or have spouses who are, mobility-impaired, the proposed plans will make it difficult if not impossible for us to attend athletic events.

Stanley Kalemaris ’64
Melville, N.Y.

Editor’s note: University Architect Ron McCoy ’80 responded that parking for athletics events “will be sensitive to the needs of the mobility-impaired and in keeping with accessibility standards.” Diagrams in the campus plan at this stage should not be seen as a blueprint, he said.

I studied with interest the recent campus-plan supplement. From the point of view of the University, the development of the land beyond Lake Carnegie seems very sensible. I missed, however, any nod to the regional context. For instance, how much will the urbanization of this strip diminish the open space resources of the Route 1 corridor? It will certainly have the effect of fusing the University firmly into the enveloping urban mass. I would like to see this impact discussed.

I have often wondered whether Princeton has ever made an attempt to bring its prestige and expertise to bear on larger planning issues in its part of New Jersey. Could its influence in any way have mitigated the unimaginative, auto-centric, and indeed suffocatingly boring development style that was applied as this former semi-rural gap in the Northeastern urban corridor was filled? Could Princeton have catalyzed a movement to maintain something of

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Inbox

continued from page 5

a greenbelt here? I would love to hear more about any thinking along these lines that may have occurred.

John Hart ’70
San Rafael, Calif.

‘LIVES LIVED AND LOST’

Your tribute to Hugh Hardy ’54 ’56 (“Lives Lived and Lost,” Feb. 7), including the whimsical cover photo, left, captured Hugh’s brilliance but overlooked his work on the stages of Murray and McCarter, where he designed productions of Theatre Intime and Triangle, as well as the summer University Players of 1953, led by his comparably brilliant stagemate, Chiz Schultz ’54. I was privileged to help build many of Hugh’s stage sets and remember those long hours, stretching sometimes to dawn, as some of the best times I spent at Princeton, occasionally when Hugh, after a Triangle rehearsal, would sit at the piano and give a plausible rendition of Noel Coward.

Touring with Triangle’s 1952 show, Ham ’n Legs, one of the four union stagehands who traveled on the train with us remarked that he had toured with the Metropolitan Opera and Broadway shows and that we had more stage settings and equipment than the touring company of Oklahoma!. It was all designed by Hugh to be carried in a balloon-top boxcar in one-night stands from Princeton to Chicago and cities in between.

Back in Murray and McCarter, Hugh nurtured the theatrical gift that later suffused his architecture.

Charles (Robb) Robideau ’55
Midlothian, Va.

Thor Thorington ’59 did his senior-thesis work under the mentorship of my graduate adviser, the late Professor Gerhard Fankhauser, and we saw a lot of each other during that year. He was the most brilliant young person I’ve ever met (I spent 50 years on the faculty of the Virginia Commonwealth University...
Medical School, so I’ve known a lot of young people) and was called “Mag Thor” (Magnificent Thorington) by the other students in Fankhauser’s merrie bande. Everyone who knew him is better for it, and learning of his passing saddens me greatly.

Steven Price ’61
Oilville, Va.

IF CASH BAIL ENDS ...

Ted Callon ’17 and Maia Jachimowicz ’08 seek an end to the cash bail system (Princetonians, Feb. 7). With what do they propose replacing it? How will society ensure that the accused return for trial? Would GPS anklets for all pretrial defendants be logistically viable?

Emil M. Friedman ’73
Hillside, N.J.

NATIONAL CHAMPION

Most of the members of the Class of 1947 were born in 1925. For my 92nd birthday, I was given a booklet, “1925: Remember When ... A Nostalgic Look Back in Time” and was pleased to note that Princeton was designated “NCAA Basketball Champion” — which, I learned, was the only time Princeton had been awarded that honor. Before notifying PAW of that historically interesting fact, I checked and found that NCAA basketball champions only started to be designated in 1939, so I then checked Princeton’s sports history and learned that the 1925 team had a record of 21–2, which made it the nominal national champion; however, at a later date, the NCAA retroactively designated Princeton as the national NCAA champion in 1925.

Princeton’s basketball records since that time have been commendable for an Ivy League team, but only really shone on the national scene in the Bill Bradley ’65 years of 1963-1965.

Bruce L. Douglas ’47
Riverwoods, Ill.

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Building the Princeton innovation ecosystem
On the Campus

Blair Tower gleams in the sun on a crisp winter’s day in this view along 36 University Place.

Photograph by Ricardo Barros
On the Campus

Classroom Clash
Professor’s words in hate-speech course stir student walkout, campus controversy

A campus debate erupted over the limits of acceptable classroom speech when a veteran professor’s use of a racial slur in a class on hate speech prompted some students to walk out and the course to subsequently be canceled by the professor.

During the first meeting of the anthropology course “Cultural Freedoms — Hate Speech, Blasphemy, and Pornography,” taught by professor emeritus Lawrence Rosen, a small number of students walked out of the classroom following Rosen’s use of the N-word in a question about cultural taboos: “What is worse, a white man punching a black man, or a white man calling a black man a n****r?” Among the class of 65, about eight were black students, according to Destiny Salter ’20, one of the students.

Students challenged the use of the term by Rosen, who used the word three times during the class, according to The Daily Princetonian. At one point a student who had walked out returned to the classroom and confronted the professor, using an expletive, before walking out again. Some students demanded that Rosen apologize; he did not, and said he used the word because it “was supposed to deliver a gut punch,” the Prince said.

In the wake of the incident, the University issued a statement saying that “the conversations and disagreements that took place in the seminar led by Professor Rosen … are part of the vigorous engagement and robust debate that are central to what we do.”

— University statement

“... the professor should not have used the word in the classroom. After the debate, students voted 34–11 to come up. My problem was I don’t think you need to use hate speech in order to discuss it in a productive way.”

During a Feb. 21 Whig-Clio event, students debated whether Rosen ought to have used the word in the classroom.

Anthropology department chair Carolyn Rouse, who defended Rosen in a letter to the Prince, said he had “started the class by breaking a number of taboos in order to get the students to recognize their emotional response to cultural symbols,” and said he had used the same example in past courses without prompting the type of response that resulted this year. She said Rosen’s decision to cancel the course was his alone, and that he made it because he felt he “couldn’t get the course back on track.”

Rosen, who did not respond to PAW’s request for comment, is completing a 40-year career at Princeton, having won awards for his teaching and having received one of the first MacArthur Fellow grants. He has often been identified with progressive movements, Rouse said.

News of the course cancellation came just hours before the February CPUC meeting, where President Eisgruber ’83 expressed support for Rosen on grounds of academic freedom. “I respect the pedagogical decision he made, although I also appreciate it’s a controversial one,” Eisgruber said. “You’ve got to have the freedom to speak up or to say things that may be upsetting to people ... but we also provide the support so that if people are going into those arguments, that they actually feel able to speak up.” Diversity and inclusion do not compete with free speech, he said — rather, they are complementary values.

The anthropology department will make course syllabi clearer on what students should expect, according to Rouse. “In the past, there was much more homogeneity in the academy and the sense that everyone was coming from the same point of view and perspective,” she said. But as universities have become more diverse, she said, “we can’t make presumptions that our students know where we’re coming from.”

Politics professor Keith Whittington, author of a new book on why universities must defend free speech (see the March 7 issue of PAW), said that among the faculty, “Everyone understands these are risky and difficult classes.” He said professors should try to explain “why it is you do these things, what you’re trying to accomplish in a class like that, and what the difficulties are.” Trying to craft rules saying “you can’t do that” could hamper the ability of faculty to teach and of students to learn, he said, but “you also should be listening to students to hear what their concerns are.”

Salter said she had joined the class “knowing we would be discussing controversial issues, expecting some conversation about the use of the N-word to come up. My problem was I don’t think you need to use hate speech in order to discuss it in a productive way.”

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After the debate, students voted 34–11 that the professor should not have used the term. College Pulse, an unscientific online survey platform, asked Ivy League students about their views on the incident. Of the 400 Princeton students who took the survey, 39 percent were sympathetic to Rosen, 35 percent were sympathetic to the students who walked out, and the remainder were not sure or not familiar with the incident. By Francesca Billington ’19
Q&A: THREE PRINCETON DREAMERS

Journeys of Hardship and Hope:
DACA Students Share Their Stories

As Congress debated the future of immigration reform and the Deferred Action for Childhood Arrivals (DACA) program last month, PAW sat down with three of the 15 DACA recipients, also known as Dreamers, who are enrolled at Princeton. Here are their stories.

SORAYA MORALES NUÑEZ ’18
Grand Junction, Colo.
A politics major pursuing a certificate in Latin American studies; her family came to the U.S. in 1999 to escape the violence in Juarez, Mexico.

What’s your family like?
It’s me and three brothers: two older and one younger. My mom worked multiple minimum-wage jobs. She didn’t finish middle school in Mexico, so she didn’t have the credentials to pursue a higher profession. She worked all the time. I was with my grandma a lot growing up. My mom really valued education. Because of her, [my siblings and I] were able to go to college. And we’re the only people within our family who have pursued higher education.

How has DACA helped you?
The executive order came at a very pivotal moment in my life — I was about to turn 16. My mom had gotten sick a few years before — she was diagnosed with cancer in 2008, and she wasn’t able to work afterward.
That was really scary. And then when DACA was announced, I was able to get a job and help provide for my family. With DACA I got a Social Security number and an employment-authorization card, and I began working at the public library.

What was it like when you were accepted to Princeton?
I was in shock. I couldn’t believe I got into Princeton. It made me realize that there are people out there who don’t know me but who believe in me and see me as much more than an immigrant. They see my potential as a human.

What are your hopes and fears?
It’s hard to not be skeptical. Because politicians say, “Oh, we care about the Dreamers,” but sometimes it feels like we’re just another item on their political agenda. There may be a bill passed that is somewhat helpful, but I think that for actual sweeping immigration reform to happen, it’s going to take someone from my generation to come into office.

Your dreams for the future?
I want to go to law school. I’ll be working as a project analyst at a law firm in Boston for two years, and then the plan is to apply to law school. I think a joint MPA/JD program would be neat. In the long term, I either want to practice civil-rights law or work in some capacity in U.S.-Mexico relations — maybe even go back to Mexico and work there.

What should people know about you?
I’ve been thinking a lot about the kind of legacy that I want to leave at Princeton. Alumni really care about Princeton — many of them found a home here. And I want people to know that I found that same home here. I look forward to also contributing to this community long after I leave in a lot of the same ways that they have, maybe sitting on the board of trustees or donating in some capacity.
On the Campus

Maria Perales Sanchez ’18
Houston, Texas
A Woodrow Wilson School major pursuing certificates in Latin American studies and Latino studies; her father had been crossing the border to work construction jobs since the 1980s. In 2004, she and her sisters moved to the United States.

What was it like growing up in the U.S.?
I really enjoyed being able to go to school. I remember being confronted with discrimination in fourth grade and realizing that a lot of the teachers saw me differently. I was in ESL, and they expected our class to be the one that created trouble and did not perform well. That really affected me.

When did you realize that you wanted to go to Princeton?
I dreamed that Princeton was going to be my school after I read about Princeton’s motto, “Princeton in the nation’s service and the service of all nations,” and I really connected with that motto.

What was it like for your family when you were admitted?
My dad didn’t really know what it entailed at first. But then we went to a scholarship dinner, and we were sitting at a table with the donors of the scholarship, and my dad had done flooring work for the donors, so they had already met. And for my dad to be sitting at the same table, with the same standing as someone who had been his boss — that was an amazing moment for him.

What are your hopes and fears?
I hope that there’s a permanent solution this year for immigrants. You never feel fully safe if your family isn’t safe. Citizenship made for [Dreamers] isn’t going to take away the fact that you’re worried about your family members being deported.

Your dreams for the future?
I’m in the process of pursuing law school. First I’d like to be an immigration lawyer, providing direct services for a nonprofit. And then I want to go into impact litigation, which is another form of immigrant-rights litigation. Eventually, I want to write policy memos and policy papers regarding immigration.

JOEL MARTINEZ GS
Houston, Texas
A third-year Ph.D. student in the psychology department and the Woodrow Wilson School;
Martinez and his mother moved to Texas when he was 4. He did not learn about his status until he was in high school.

What was it like when you learned you were undocumented?
I grew up in a low-income — close to poverty — household. It was kind of par for the course, like “oh, well, another thing to add on.” And in Houston, I think, there’s a lot of communities that are undocumented, or mixed citizenship, with Hispanic/Latino families. People will do whatever it takes to survive, and that’s what I thought I was going to have to do.

And this is a unique part of my story — I’m gay, and when I was younger I met the older gay crowd and one of them took me under his wing. I considered him my guardian. And he was the reason I was even able to go to the University of Texas, Austin, at all. He advocated for me — if I needed financial aid, he would call the financial-aid office and say, “You need to give this boy money.”

How has DACA helped you?
Texas had a law that stated that undocumented people — anyone, really — could get in-state tuition as long as they have a residence in Texas. And so I was able to go to UT, Austin.

And then one week before I was going to graduate, my guardian passed away. He was the only way I was able to afford living in Austin because he would send me an allowance. And so aside from having to grieve that, there was also the issue of “now I have no means of living.” That was in May 2013, and then DACA [took effect] in June or July. I applied for it, and I basically got my ability to work.

So I was able to stay in Austin as a lab manager and support myself. The job was at UT, and it was in a neuroimaging lab with children, and I think that’s a big part of what got me [to Princeton].

What obstacles have you faced as a low-income student at Princeton?
When I first got here, it was surreal. During my interview weekend as a prospective student, there was a dinner. All of the grad students and prospective graduate students sat together, and the only chair left was with the professors. And so I had to sit at their table as a prospective student. When you come from a background like mine, they don’t teach you how to act in these spaces.

For people who come from backgrounds like mine, hardships are taken as a given, and so we don’t talk about them. But coming into spaces like this, [hardships] are very prominent. And so it was like, “Do I talk about my undocumentedness?” It’s these little decisions that you really have to think about.

What are your hopes and fears?
My hope is that we can pass something that legalizes undocumented people, but in ways that don’t leave out other people. Like if I try to support the Dreamer narrative — the idea that there are these excellent immigrants who should be here because they contribute to our nation — if I play into that, I’m leaving out people like my mom who are just as hard-working, but are not seen as legitimate because it’s not prestigious. I don’t feel like I deserve to be here any more than she does.

Your dreams for the future?
I’m doing a double Ph.D. in social policy. I love research, but I also see academia as not being activist enough. Can I use my research and do something practical with it that affects people’s lives? I don’t know what kind of job that would be, but if it doesn’t exist, I’ll forge it. Interviews conducted and condensed by A.W.
A Day With...

Jade Williams ’18: Eating-club president mixes classes and hosting bickerees

Jade Williams ’18 is a Woodrow Wilson School concentrator and the president of Cap and Gown Club. We caught up with her on the first Tuesday in February, which was the last day of bicker. Later in the week, Cap would welcome 103 new members, but Williams was still meeting 267 bickerees on Tuesday.

Morning routine I had class at 11, so I got up around 10. The breakfast is earlier than that, so there wasn’t any food left out, but normally I like to grab a cup of tea before I go to class. The night before, we had ended bicker around 10:45, but then we had an officer meeting, and I also wanted to do some work, so I went to bed around 2 a.m.

French 317 I’m allocating part of my thesis to the French certificate, which includes a part in French, but I’m also talking about immigrants in France in general and how different social hierarchies are created among different immigrant populations. I thought that this class — “Visions of Paris” — would help me get a greater understanding of how Paris is structured because it focuses on the historical aspects of Paris, Parisian society, and how the city was built based off of the people who lived there.

Sushi I went back to Cap for lunch. Our chef’s name is Chef Greg, and the officers work closely with him. We had a meeting with him earlier in the semester where I told him how much I like it when we have sushi, so when I saw that we had sushi, I got really excited. I sat in the old dining hall, which is generally where people sit if they want to sit with fewer people and do work. One of the officers came up to me to discuss how bicker and discussions would go that night.

Seminar I had Politics 488: “Secession, the Civil War, and the Constitution.” I now have the freedom to take classes I’m interested in rather than just prerequisites, and I’ve always been interested in the Civil War. The professor started off with an overview of the main points in the class: the politics of secession, the social aspects of secession, and the legality of secession.

Thesis I really wanted to work on my thesis, but I ended up having to focus on bicker and discussions that night. The one thing I was able to do was to mail a physical letter requesting the data I needed with the signature of my adviser, so I went to the post office and mailed the documents to the office in Paris.

Club living I met up with some friends in the TV room, and then we played some pool in the game room. Afterward, I did need to send a couple of emails and just catch up on some things, so I worked in the library for a bit. I love living in an eating club because basically everything I need is right here: my meals, my friends, my room, and — since I’m a Woodrow Wilson School major — my classes are generally just down the street. Sometimes I don’t even realize that I haven’t left the house during the day because there are so many things going on.

Dinner Dinner started at 6, and normally I eat right at 6. It was really good shepherd’s pie. I sat with my friends for dinner. Since it was the second day of classes, most people were talking about their classes, what the professors were like, and just what they had gone through throughout the day.

Bicker Bicker started at 7:30. Bicker all three days for Cap is essentially the
The University received a record 35,386 applications for the CLASS OF 2022 — a 14 percent increase over the 31,056 applications submitted last year. Princeton plans to enroll 1,295 graduating high school seniors and 10 to 12 transfer students, the first time transfers have been admitted since 1990. The deadline for transfer applications was March 1.

The University has commissioned California artist Walter Hood to create an installation about the LEGACY OF WOODROW WILSON 1879 that is expected to be installed by fall 2019 on Scudder Plaza next to Robertson Hall, home of the Woodrow Wilson School. Titled “Double Consciousness,” the work is planned as two columns, wrapped with surfaces of black and white, and etched with words representing the “complex aspects” of Wilson's record, the University said. A trustee committee recommended in 2015 that a permanent marker be installed “to educate the campus community and others about the positive and negative dimensions of Wilson's legacy.”

Architectural firm Deborah Berke Partners will design TWO RESIDENTIAL COLLEGES proposed for a site south of Poe Field. The project will be led by firm partners Deborah Berke, the dean of the Yale School of Architecture, and Maitland Jones ‘87.

Campus groups for first-generation and low-income students at Princeton and 11 other elite universities issued a joint letter Feb. 14 asking their schools to review the impact of LEGACY-ADMISSION POLICIES, arguing that ending legacy preferences would give more low-income and first-generation students a chance to attend. Students in the coalition said their next step is to gauge support through votes at several schools, including Princeton. The admission rate for alumni children at Princeton has been about 30 percent for the past five years, compared with about 7 percent for all applicants, the University told The Associated Press.

Electrical engineering professor Sergio Verdú was placed on ADMINISTRATIVE LEAVE from the University before the beginning of the spring semester pending a review into his conduct regarding University policy on consensual relationships with students. After Verdú was found responsible in June for violating Princeton's sexual-misconduct policy by harassing one of his advisees, further allegations arose that Verdú had had consensual relationships with other graduate students in recent years. At Princeton, administrative leave is not a disciplinary action.

### IN SHORT

**On the Campus**

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Candidate discussions

I can’t talk about discussions. Tuesday night, we ended Wednesday morning at around 6 or so. Since we have some of the highest numbers of bickerees on the Street — we had to discuss 267 people — we try to split that up by night and leave enough time at the end of the week so we can get our information to the Interclub Council. After the members left, the officers cleaned up. Then we had an officers meeting to discuss how the next day’s discussions would go. I got to sleep around 8 a.m. I slept for three or four hours, and then I had lunch. ◆ **Edited and condensed by Anna Mazarakis ’16**
Women's Lacrosse

Captain on the Sidelines

By giving back, and not giving up on her sport, Finkelston ’18 inspires teammates

At a team meeting last May, women's lacrosse head coach Chris Sailer delivered good news to Abby Finkelston ’18: She’d been selected to receive the Yeardley Reynolds Love Unsung Hero Award, a national honor for team leadership and community service, created in memory of a Virginia lacrosse player who was murdered in 2010.

“Everyone just turned around and faced me and started screaming and smiling and hugging me,” said Finkelston, a captain on this year’s team.

“It was an incredible feeling. ... I love giving back to the community because I really enjoy it. I live a really incredible life and a lucky life. I want to give back to others so others can have a life as happy and lucky as mine.”

By some measures, Finkelston has been anything but lucky. A serious car accident stole her senior year of lacrosse at Leonardtown (Md.) High School and left her with neck pain and chronic headaches that can overwhelm her.

“Unfortunately, exercise is the thing that makes it the absolute worst,” Finkelston said. “I went from right after the accident, [when] I couldn’t even jog two laps around the field without having to actually lay down, to my freshman year [when] I could play full games.”

Finkelston learned to live with pain. She had 11 points in 13 games as a freshman attacker for Princeton. She started 15 games as a sophomore, but injured her hip. The first surgery to repair that injury failed, and cartilage reconstruction cost her last season. This year also is in doubt, but Finkelston

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remains a valued member of the team. “She’s been through the wringer and has faced a lot of adversity,” Sailer said. “The fact that she was elected captain without having played a minute of her junior year reflects the high esteem she’s held in and what a difference she makes on the field or on the sidelines. She’s really well-respected, and she’s a fantastic leader.”

Finkelston is a longtime participant in Best Buddies, a nonprofit that pairs volunteers with people who have intellectual and developmental disabilities, and she is in her second year serving on Princeton’s Student-Athlete Service Council. In her sophomore year, she founded the Wounded Tigers Network, which connects and offers support to previously or currently injured Princeton athletes.

“It felt really nice to have that core group of other athletes around who knew what it was like to go through that,” she said. “I definitely think going through my accident helped prepare me mentally for my hip.”

Finkelston has started running and doing agility work with hopes of playing this year. “To not have to completely write off this season is amazing,” Finkelston said. “It gives me a lot of motivation and hope.”

In the meantime, she is a de facto coach for the Tigers. At practices, she warms up goalies and coaches attackers, and on game days she keeps the substitution box running smoothly—a responsibility that Sailer had never trusted to a player. The role has the neuroscience major well-prepared for her next job, coaching field hockey and lacrosse and teaching science at the Kinkaid School in Houston.

“I love it,” Finkelston said. “It’s really keeping me engaged in the game, and it makes me feel like I’m taking part in the game. I really appreciate the coaches giving me that opportunity.”

Sailer is appreciative as well, for the example that Finkelston has set on the sidelines. “Her commitment to the team, through some significant challenges, has been remarkable,” she said. ● By Justin Feil
The United States is in the midst of a fracking boom. Short for “hydraulic fracturing,” the technique for exploiting deep deposits of natural gas and oil was virtually unknown before 2000. Now it accounts for more than two-thirds of all oil and natural gas production in the U.S., upward of 6 million barrels of oil and 50 billion cubic feet of natural gas per day. For rural communities, where most of the fracking takes place, a potential source of pollution has arrived in their backyards.

The effects of fracking must be examined, says economics and public affairs professor Janet Currie, because “most sources of pollution have been around for decades.” With fracking, you have these rural areas with no heavy industry that suddenly have heavy industry.” Currie, who is the director of Princeton’s Center for Health and Wellbeing and co-director of the Program on Families and Children at the National Bureau of Economic Research, has spearheaded a new study on the health effects introduced by fracking. Published in Science Advances in December, the paper by Currie and two colleagues sounds an alarm for those living close to the wells. Environmentalists have long raised concerns over the toxic fracking fluid, which is injected deep into the ground to crack open gas and oil deposits. “If everything is functioning as it should, there shouldn’t be any way for it to leak into the groundwater,” says Currie. “Of course, things don’t always work as they should.” Less attention has been placed on the air pollution fracking might cause. In addition to the fumes from truck traffic, the volatile chemicals used in the process could potentially diffuse into the air to be inhaled by nearby residents, according to Currie.

To gauge the consequences of air and water pollution, Currie and colleagues from the University of Chicago and UCLA examined data on newborns across Pennsylvania, a state that has seen a particularly large fracking boom. The researchers obtained a dataset with more than 1.1 million births in the state between 2004 and 2013. With the help of Princeton University Library’s Global Information Systems team, they were able to code each birth to find its distance from the nearest fracking well.

They then compared birth weight and other factors — both for babies born near and far from fracking wells and also for babies born to the same mother before and after a nearby well came on line. Low birth weight can be both a cause and an indication of a range of health problems, including asthma and cognitive and behavioral issues. Birth weight is “the best summary measure we have for large population health,” Currie says.

The researchers found a stark difference for mothers living within about a half mile of a well. Babies born to those mothers were 25 percent more at risk of having a low birth weight — from a 6.5 percent likelihood to an 8.1 percent chance. Additionally, they found babies were slightly more likely to exhibit other problems, such as premature birth and congenital abnormalities.

The researchers, however, also found that the effects diminished sharply as distance from fracking wells increased, with no effects found after 1.9 miles. That suggests that much of the pollution...
In the age of Donald Trump, the divide between rural and urban America has perhaps never seemed more stark. Drawing on more than 1,000 interviews in small towns, on farms, and in rural communities, a new book by Princeton sociology professor Robert Wuthnow attempts to bridge that gap.

In *The Left Behind: Decline and Rage in Rural America* (Princeton University Press), Wuthnow challenges popular theories used to explain the growing rural-urban divide by focusing on the community-oriented nature of rural America. Some 30 million Americans live in towns of fewer than 25,000 people, Wuthnow notes. The identities of those residents — young, old, rich and poor — are tightly bound to the communities in which they live, shaping their worldview in unexpected ways.

What are some of the defining characteristics of rural America? People in rural America live in communities. They value communities and feel obligated — not consciously, necessarily — to conform to community norms. That is a piece that everybody understands, whether you live in a small rural area or in a big area. That’s Sociology 101.

What’s missed is that community is part of people’s identity. The way that it’s missed is by treating people in rural America as if they are separate, self-maximizing individuals. The assumption is people in rural America vote the way from fracking sites could be mitigated by situating them away from residential areas. “It’s not likely that we are going to shut down all fracking in the U.S.,” Currie says. “If you are going to protect people’s health, it’s better to know how close you can be before it becomes a problem.”

The study controlled for factors such as race and marital status, but not income, since birth certificates don’t include that information. If anything, says Currie, the study understates the effects of fracking, since income of families close to wells might increase due to higher wages from an improved economy or payments for mineral rights. In that case, the effects of pollution could be offset by benefits, including better housing, medical care, and less financial stress.

Until fracking chemicals and their effects are better understood, Currie recommends zoning that prohibits new wells within 2 miles of populated areas. In more remote areas, such as North Dakota, she advises building worker housing outside of a 2-mile radius. For those already living near fracking wells, however, there may be little recourse. Rather, states might consider setting up a fund to help them relocate, as has been done with other environmental hazards. “If you can separate out the polluting activities from where people are living,” you would have fewer health effects, Currie says. “Places that have high population density may want to make different decisions about whether they allow fracking at all.”

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— Robert Wuthnow, sociology professor

"If you are going to protect people’s health, it’s better to know how close you can be [to fracking] before it becomes a problem.”

— Janet Currie, economics and public affairs professor

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— Robert Wuthnow, sociology professor
they do because they as individuals are resentful of urban Americans or resentful of people in Washington. That’s a view that is perpetuated by polling, and it is a view that makes sense in terms of politics because people do vote as individuals.

But if you want to push behind the polls and experience life as people experience it in rural America, then you have to understand that people who live in a town of, say, 5,000 gain an important piece of their identity from living there and interacting on a regular basis with certain members of their community. They know the implicit ways of interacting with one another that are expected, such as knowing how to wave at somebody when you meet them on the road or knowing it’s appropriate to take a casserole to a neighbor who is sick.

For sure, some of those same things happen, say, if you live in New York City. Maybe you identify with the New York Giants. Maybe you’re proud that you can go the Metropolitan [Museum of Art]. But you do have anonymity in urban places, and you have a much greater degree of selectivity in whom you interact with. You may well not know who lives in your own apartment complex.

What does that mean for the country as a whole today?

People in rural America feel that their communities are threatened. Threatened because jobs and young people are leaving. Threatened because the remaining population is aging and perhaps not as well off economically as they used to be. Threatened culturally — perhaps most importantly — because small towns are for the most part conservative.

But they are also feeling threatened because the expectation is that government will understand or help. So when they see that not happening or when they experience unfunded mandates or regulations that don’t seem to make any sense in a small community, they feel threatened. Part of the anger they feel toward Washington is a reflection of that sense of feeling threatened.

An important point is that what’s threatened isn’t necessarily your livelihood or your safety as an individual. People look at the politics of rural America and say, “What can possibly explain why somebody who is a doctor, lawyer, or successful business person living in a rural community is upset?” They’re upset because it’s the community they identify with.

Who are the scapegoats for rural America’s frustrations? Is it Washington, D.C.?

Unfortunately, the scapegoat is more often racial and ethnic minorities rather than Washington. There is kind of an undercurrent. I talk about this in the book as the dark side of the community. The family that doesn’t keep up its property, or doesn’t have a job, or is of a different ethnicity — it’s very easy for the majority to look down on them.

We live in a politically polarized society. With a two-party system that is as deeply divided and entrenched as it is, it is very easy for the other side to always be the scapegoat. Clearly that has all sorts of negative implications, but one of the unfortunate aspects of that scapegoating is that specific policies then do not get discussed.

We found that time and again in our interviews. People would lash out: “Washington is broken. We’ve got to drain the swamp.” Then you’d say, “What should Washington be doing?” And people would say, “Well, we haven’t really thought about that.”

You grew up in rural Kansas. Do you still recognize rural America from your childhood?

The continuities I recognize are the values people place on living in a small, familiar area. Knowing people in their community. Taking pride in their community. And, frankly, feeling fairly comfortable with rural life, including things that people in cities might not expect, like appreciating a sunset across a prairie or driving through a county that has corn on both sides of the road.

Saying, “You know, it’s really quite beautiful here.”

What has changed is that it is much more racially and ethnically diverse, especially because, in many communities in the Midwest as well as the South, there is large Latino employment in food- and meat-processing plants. Sometimes also in construction and farm labor.

Another difference is that technology has changed in dramatic ways that have also affected the local economy. Agriculture has undergone a digital revolution like no one could have imagined. We literally conducted interviews with farmers while they were out on their tractor or combine.

The tractor or combine was driving by itself, guided by a satellite, and a computer on board was monitoring the depth and amount of fertilizer or the amount of wheat that was being harvested. When the farmer was talking to us, he could be on his computer dealing in the futures market.

So, things have changed. That’s why people in rural areas say, “Why do you look down on us?”

Interview conducted and condensed by Alfred Miller ’11. Miller covers city and state politics for The State Journal in Frankfort, Ky.
ON APRIL 16, 1964, E. Alden Dunham ’53 gathered his speaking notes and prepared to walk to a formal dinner at the Princeton Inn. “It was a beautiful day,” Dunham later recalled, “everything in bloom, just perfect for the annual trustees’ spring dinner.” Early that morning, Dunham, the Princeton University director of admission, had overseen the mailing of 1,165 admission notices to high school seniors across the country. Dunham was excited to share the results of the admission process in his annual speech at the trustees’ dinner. After the trustees had enjoyed a celebratory meal with wine and cigars, Dunham would take his place at the front of the room and describe the great Class of 1968. “This was always a satisfying moment, full of superlatives each year about the best class ever admitted to Princeton,” Dunham would write later.

Accounts of what happened next differ slightly. But it seems that just as he prepared to leave for the Princeton Inn (today’s Forbes College), Dunham received a call from a reporter at The Daily Princetonian named Thomas R. (T.R.) Reid ’66. He listened. “I’ll have to call you back,” Dunham said, and he hung up the phone. Dunham called an emergency meeting with his co-workers. He pulled out the admission files he had been obsessing over for months and attempted to make sense of what he had been told. His head was spinning with questions, especially these: Could what the reporter said possibly be true? And if it was, how in the world did students pull it off?

Six months earlier, in October 1963, Reid and his three roommates — all in the Class of 1966 — walked from their dorm room at 225 Joline Hall to the parking lot across the street from the University Store, where they could discuss their plans without worrying about who might be listening. There, Reid, Steven D. Reich, Frederick W. Talcott, and Arthur F. Davidsen laid the groundwork for what would become one of the most elaborate ruses in Princeton history: The legend of Joseph D. Oznot was born.

REICH SAYS it was Reid who first presented the idea in their dorm room. Reid isn’t so sure. “I don’t know if I was the first to present it,” Reid tells me, “but I bet we had beers in our hands when we came up with it.” Talcott takes a similar view, saying that the idea for Joe Oznot likely arose out of one of their many nights of cards, beer, and pizza.

At some point one of the four asked his roommates: What if we get a fake student admitted to Princeton? At first, it was just a funny concept — an idea to laugh about over midnight beers. But the more the roommates talked about it, the more serious the idea became.

“We realized how much had to go into it,” says Reid. “The backstory, the essays, the tests, the application, the interview. We also knew it would take a little bit of money.” The four were ready for the challenge. The first task was coming up with the applicant’s name. The leading contender was Joseph David Oznot — when shortened to Joseph D. Oznot, the name revealed its own secret: “D. Oznot” as in “does not” exist. “We didn’t want to inadvertently get some real kid admitted, so we...
Nancy Greene, left, founded a YWCA for Witherspoon residents; her daughter, Emma, would become a civil-rights activist. They are pictured in 1904.
Between fall classes and assignments, the four added detail after detail to Joe’s story, often over late-night rounds of bridge.

searched several big-city phone books,” says Talcott.

Between fall classes and assignments, the four added detail after detail to Joe’s story, often over late-night rounds of bridge. They inserted hints about Oznot’s fictitious nature at every opportunity: His birthday was April 1. His father, a private detective, was William H. Oznot: W.H.O. (Reid says the occupation was chosen because “you would need a private detective to figure this out.”) The students practiced writing Joe’s signature until each could produce an identical “plain-vanilla” script. “This way all four of us could sign Joe’s name for him, in case he was unavailable,” jokes Talcott. “We thought of every detail. We all kind of became Joe Oznot,” says Reid.

Talcott remembers being inspired by Joseph Heller’s Catch-22, his favorite book; Oznot’s mother’s maiden name was listed as Heller. “We were inspired by that story to try out some disruptive things,” Talcott says. Mainly, however, the students were just looking for fun. “We were enjoying our sophomore year and we were pretty ... sophomoric,” Reid recalls.

Oznot needed a home life — an address for university correspondence, a high school, and a city to call home. The sophomores considered their own hometowns. Talcott, Reich, and Davidsen were from the East Coast — a riskier option because East Coast applicants were more common. But Reid was from Dearborn Heights, Mich., and the students believed that Ivy League schools at the time were especially impressed by intellectuals from the Midwest. So Reid called his childhood friend Steven E. Cook, a sophomore at Michigan State University, who agreed to manage the elements of Oznot’s story that related to his home life. Cook offered his Michigan State fraternity house as Oznot’s home address and chose the local East Lansing High as Oznot’s high school. Cook also procured copies of East Lansing High letterhead for the rest of Oznot’s official application.

When no one jumped at the opportunity to take the SATs again, the students drew straws. Reid and Davidsen came up short. Reid, a classics major, would take the achievement test in the morning, and Davidsen would take the verbal and math SAT in the afternoon. When the day of the test arrived, Reid woke early in the morning, combed his hair, and made his way to Princeton High School, where the test was being administered. “Compared to today, it was so easy,” Reid says. “You didn’t have to show ID or anything. ... There were 100 or 200 kids there, and I just walked in, filled in the name, and they weren’t conscious of a thing.”

Reid breezed through the Latin test, answering the high-school-level questions with ease. Outside, he swapped clothing with Davidsen, who entered the school for the afternoon exam. With his background in math and astrophysics, Davidsen left the high school feeling confident about Oznot’s performance. Indeed, Reid got a perfect score on the Latin exam, while Davidsen scored in the 700s on the verbal test and got a 792 in math — falling short of the 800 he pulled off when taking the test in his own name. “We used to hold that up as documented proof to Art that he was getting dumber,” Talcott says. With Oznot’s impressive skills in Latin and math, the roommates painted their applicant as someone who bridged the technical and the humanities.

More details followed. Oznot’s grades in Latin and mathematics were flawless, but he had earned a B in English and science — and the applicant got only a C in his shop class. He was co-chair of the Math Club and president of the Latin Club. He had played classical piano for nine years and also played in the jazz band. Over the summer, Oznot studied calculus and Virgil yet found time to work as a sales clerk at a local retail store. On top of all this, Oznot was class treasurer in his senior year. “He turned out to be better than all of us, because he was the work of all of us,” Talcott says.

In one nice touch, the conspirators made Oznot co-founder of the East Lansing High School lacrosse club. Talcott explains that lacrosse made Oznot “a minor-league jock, an innovator, and a spreader of East Coast civilization to our friends west of Pittsburgh.”

In his application essay, Oznot spoke about his math teacher, who was also an artist, a jazz musician, and “an all-around humanist.” Oznot wrote that his teacher “had great insight into the many other academic areas that caused me to think about the problem of education and to want to unite my study of the scientific and artistic disciplines.” The essay played perfectly to the tune of the Commencement address given by President Robert Goheen ’40 ’48 in 1961. The four students thought the essay was brilliant at the time, but it has not held up very well. “Oh my God,” Talcott says when he hears the line recently. “Who wrote that crap?”

Joe Oznot’s creators were ready to mail in his completed application. “We wanted to wait until the last possible day to mail everything in so that no Lansing Princeton alumni would check in on Joe and find out that he lived in a Michigan State fraternity house,” says Reid. Only the issue of the interview still remained. Just before winter break began, Talcott sat in front of his stone-framed window in Joline, gazing across the green grass of Mathey College. He could see one of the large windows of West College, home of the University admission office. Talcott picked up the phone in his dorm room and dialed the office.

“Hello,” Talcott said, doing his best fatherly impression, “my name is William H. Oznot. My son Joe Oznot is an applicant to Princeton.” Talcott went on to explain to the office that he and his son would be taking a trip to New York City over winter break, so he was wondering if Joe could come to the campus for an in-person interview. The office bought it. “It was a good thing they didn’t have caller ID back in those days,” Talcott says.

But who would show up for the interview? Davidsen called up his friend Charles A. Lieppe at Columbia University. On the day before Christmas in 1963, Lieppe took the train from New York City to assume the identity of Joseph David Oznot. He wore a three-piece suit and a striped Brooks Brothers shirt, finishing the look with a pair of Bass Weejuns. Davidsen supplied him with a volume of Virgil to hold under one arm and a copy of Sports Illustrated to hold under the other. In his brief essay about the prank, Dunham recalled that the interview “did not go all that well.” But it apparently went well enough.
EARLY IN THE MORNING OF APRIL 16, 1964, Princeton University mailed letters to 1,165 high school students across the world informing them of their admission to the Class of 1968. Later that day, the admission office posted a list of the lucky students. Reid made his way across campus to the office. He scanned the list of admitted students.

Reid couldn’t believe his eyes. Joseph D. Oznot had been admitted to Princeton. He laughed as two thoughts ran through his head: First, that the article he was about to write would be a shoo-in for the front page of the *Prince*. Second, that he was about to be thrown out of Princeton.

After notifying his friends about their success, Reid went to the newspaper’s office and picked up the phone. He recalls that he dialed the number of the admission director. “Hello, Mr. Dunham, I’m a reporter from The *Daily Princetonian*. I understand that one of the people on the list of admissions doesn’t really exist—care to comment?” The line went silent, until Dunham said he’d have to phone back.

The only written account of the following moments comes from an essay Dunham—who died in 2015—wrote for the Class of 1966’s 25th-reunion yearbook. He remembered that he took another look at Oznot’s folder—nothing seemed out of order. “But to play it safe we decided to call the [high] school,” wrote Dunham. “Our mouths fell open when the principal of East Lansing High School in Michigan told us that Joseph David Oznot was not.” What to do? Dunham wondered. What about the trustees? The press? “We quickly decided to give full credit,” Dunham wrote. Reid says that when he got a call back from the admission director, Dunham told him that Joe Oznot was a “a magnificent hoax.” He commended the unnamed sophomores for their ingenuity. “I was really looking forward to having that concert pianist around next year,” Dunham joked.

That night, at the trustees’ spring dinner, Dunham spoke of the principal of East Lansing High School in Michigan told us that Joseph David Oznot was not.” What to do? Dunham wondered. What about the trustees? The press? “We quickly decided to give full credit,” Dunham wrote. Reid says that when he got a call back from the admission director, Dunham told him that Joe Oznot was a “a magnificent hoax.” He commended the unnamed sophomores for their ingenuity. “I was really looking forward to having that concert pianist around next year,” Dunham joked.

Fortunately for the conspirators, the University—and the rest of America—responded kindly to Oznot. In September 1964, Reid’s fame as a creator of Joe Oznot reached its peak when the 20-year-old undergraduate dressed in his nicest suit and tie, combed his blond hair neatly, and appeared on the CBS television show *To Tell the Truth*. After reviewing the footage recently, Reid says he’s embarrassed by the hoax, despite fond memories. Years later he joined Princeton’s board of trustees—“one ink-stained reporter” among corporate CEOs and senators—and “when they found out I was part of Oznot, my stature on the board went way up.”

On the board and beyond, Joe Oznot has become a beloved legend for many Princeton alumni, students, and faculty. He has appeared in reunion yearbooks and PAW Class Notes columns, and even found a place in the Class of 1966’s 50-year reunion movie. In the Class of 1968’s 25th-reunion yearbook, his “classmates” contributed a biography of his life after Princeton. According to this account, Oznot became a private detective like his father, married a woman named Dorothy Earhart (great-niece of Amelia Earhart), started a business for “finding lost luggage,” and developed a “fondness for test-driving heavy military vehicles.”

ON JULY 19, 2001, Arthur F. Davidsen passed away. A week later, T.R. Reid and Fred Talcott rose to tell those gathered at the memorial service about their good friend Artie. Artie had accomplished many feats in the field of astrophysics, but Reid and Talcott chose to speak about something else. “This is a story about collaboration, creativity, and real friendship,” they began. Reid and Talcott went on to tell the incredible story of Joseph David Oznot. They spoke of the tests and the applications and the interview and the jokes. They spoke about late-night card-playing in Joline and making something out of nothing. They spoke of the laughs they shared over Oznot and fun they had together. Talcott says: “I believe we had most of the room smiling.”

*Isaac Wolfe ’20 is focusing on philosophy and Near Eastern studies.*
Credit Builder
José Quiñonez ’98 helps people pool their money to open financial doors – and change lives
By Mark F. Bernstein ’83

ven at mid-afternoon, before the dinner rush, Isabel Caudillo is too busy behind the counter to chat with a visitor to her restaurant. Such is the life of a small-business owner. El Buen Comer (“Good Eating”), on Mission Street in San Francisco’s Bernal Heights neighborhood, serves authentic Mexican dishes made from scratch, and Caudillo makes all the sauces herself.

Caudillo’s is a true American immigrant tale. She came to the United States in 2001 from Mexico City with nothing except a love of cooking. At home she would prepare traditional foods such as stews, beans and rice, and her mother’s mole verde that reminded her of home. A San Francisco community group helped her open a small stand in the Noe Valley Farmers Market, but the low profit margins made it impossible for her to grow.

An industrial steamer, which she needed to make her tamales, cost $1,400, far more than Caudillo had saved. Through a friend, she heard about the Mission Asset Fund (MAF), a community nonprofit organization headed by José Quiñonez ’98 that administers “lending circles,” small person-to-person savings groups, to help low-income people put aside money and build credit.

Not only was Caudillo able to save enough to buy a steamer, but by reporting her lending-circle payments to credit agencies, the MAF made it possible for her to build a high credit score, which in turn enabled her to obtain a loan she used to open her second location.

“Lending circles were our first financial door,” Caudillo says in a testimonial on the organization’s website. “They gave me access to loans to open my own restaurant, which is something I never could have imagined. But more important than that, they helped me learn to manage the financial system to open even more opportunities in the future.”

Quiñonez, a soft-spoken man with a trim salt-and-pepper beard, was brought to the United States illegally when he was a child and grew up poor. Today he has a community organizer’s gift for phrasemaking. He often reasons by antitheses, one of which is this: Being poor is expensive. Lacking access to mainstream banking services, the poor must rely on high-fee check-cashing stores and usurious payday loans. And those who repay these loans receive no recognition in the form of an improved credit score. The Consumer Financial Protection Bureau estimates that 27 percent of Latinos in this country are “credit invisible,” meaning that credit-reporting agencies have no record of them. And without a good score, it is difficult or even impossible to get a credit card, rent an apartment in a good building, or make purchases except with cash.

“Credit reports are like passports,” Quiñonez explains in an essay for the book What It’s Worth: Strengthening the Financial Future of Families, Communities, and the Nation, published in part by the Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco: “They are documents required to enter the financial mainstream.”

In 2016, Quiñonez was recognized with a MacArthur Foundation “genius” grant lauding him as a “financial services innovator.” He summarizes those innovations with two more antitheses. By “formalizing informality,” he tells PAW, the Mission Asset Fund hopes “to make the invisible visible.” And visible not only to banks: Quiñonez suggests that many well-meaning progressives need to see the poor differently, as well.

Lending circles exist all around the world. In Mexico, they are known as tandas. In Brazil, as pandieros. In Asia, as huis. In Africa and the Caribbean, as susus. They are a simple but effective way to save money.

Six people, for example, might agree to form a circle, each putting $100 a month into a common pot. Every month, one of them receives the entire $600 while all continue to pay monthly until everyone has received a payout. As a disciplined form of savings, lending circles have advantages over squirrelling cash away in a coffee jar; like Weight Watchers, it has been suggested, they are a way for people to work toward a goal within a group rather than alone.

This is where the Mission Asset Fund steps in. It organizes the lending circles, processes the payments without charging
As director of the Mission Asset Fund, José Quiñonez ’98 creates and oversees mechanisms for lower-income people to get loans and build credit.
interest or a service fee, and — most important — reports them to the major national credit bureaus such as Equifax, TransUnion, and Experian. By the time a lending circle is complete, each participant will have received a few hundred dollars, but everyone will also have built a credit history that can someday enable them to walk into a bank and get a loan.

A 2013 audit by the César E. Chávez Institute at San Francisco State University found that participants in MAF lending circles saw their credit scores rise by an average of 168 points. Still, with the goal of getting people quickly into the financial mainstream, its lending circles are intentionally kept small. The maximum payout is $2,400 and the maximum term is 12 to 18 months. The MAF has made some small-business loans but prefers to remain focused on lending circles.

“We didn’t want to present ourselves as the lender of choice for our clients,” Quiñonez explains. “Our strategy is to prepare them so that they can walk into the Chases and Citibanks of the world and get their capital, because that’s what they’re there for. We just want to be the first rung on that ladder.”

Nevertheless, the payoff of an improved credit score can be substantial. “Instead of getting a 12 or 13 percent APR auto loan, maybe they can get one for 10 percent or 8 percent,” Quiñonez reasons, “so instead of paying $500 a month, maybe they’re paying $400. That’s money they can keep in their pockets and pay for everything else in their lives.”

Shweta Kohli is one who has done just that. The Kuwaiti-born manager at Oracle has participated in nine lending circles over the last six years. Her credit score was lower than 100 when she joined her first circle soon after graduating from San Francisco State. It is now higher than 820, and she has to shoo away lenders plying her with pre-approved credit cards.

“One I hit [a credit score of] 800, I can’t even tell you how much junk I got in the mail,” she says, laughing, and she and her husband are now applying for a mortgage to buy their own home. She still participates in lending circles, mostly for fun.

“The best feeling from doing a lending circle is not just to see your credit score go up, but when you get that payout and you didn’t have to pay any interest on it, it’s like giving yourself a loan.”

One risk is that those in the circle who receive their payout early will disappear, leaving the others holding the bag. The MAF protects against this by carefully screening its applicants — all must have identification, a bank account, and a source of income — and insisting that everyone take an online financial-education class and sign a promissory note pledging to make their payments on time. It seems to work; Quiñonez says that the default rate for MAF lending circles is just 0.7 percent. If someone does fall behind on a payment, the MAF will cover the money so the other members of the circle are not inconvenienced.

Quiñonez’s breakthrough was persuading the national credit bureaus to recognize lending-circle payments.

“Lending circles were our first financial door,” says Isabelle Caudillo, owner of El Buen Comer, a restaurant in San Francisco.
Typically, there is no restriction on how the money can be used, but there are two special-purpose lending circles. One helps participants save the $725 required to apply for U.S. citizenship. Another has helped so-called “Dreamers” save the $495 application fee for enrollment in the Deferred Action for Childhood Arrivals (DACA) program, and the MAF has gotten more directly involved in recent months. When the Trump administration announced last September that it was ending DACA, while allowing program recipients to apply to renew their status for two more years, Quiñonez quickly raised $4.2 million to help more than 7,600 people pay for DACA renewal fees. In the days leading up to the Oct. 5 re-enrollment deadline, Quiñonez, his staff, and a team of volunteers were working late trying to process as many applications as possible. With that done, they could only hope that Congress would extend the program. Quiñonez is sharply critical of the administration’s decision to curtail DACA and the way in which the president announced it. “We’re playing politics with people’s lives,” he said in the fall. “It’s heartbreaking that people’s lives hang on a tweet.”

B orn in Durango, Mexico, Quiñonez knows firsthand the uncertainty many Bay Area Dreamers feel. His father, a farmer, was assassinated when Quiñonez was 2, and his mother struggled to keep the family together. “By all accounts we were poor,” he wrote later in the MIT journal Innovations, “but I don’t remember feeling poor. My mom’s deep faith and devotion ensured that we were rich spiritually.” She died of lymphoma when Quiñonez was 9, leaving her six children orphans.

Relatives in the United States brought Quiñonez and his siblings into the country illegally, crossing the border on the Fourth of July because there would be few immigration officers patrolling during a national holiday. “The fear of getting caught and deported permeated our lives for years,” he recalls. “We were told to make ourselves invisible, never to speak up or bring too much attention to ourselves.” The children got on the path to citizenship in 1986, thanks to the Immigration Reform and Control Act, the country’s last comprehensive immigration-reform legislation. Quiñonez remains grateful to President Ronald Reagan for signing it into law.

After graduating from the University of California, Davis, he worked in San Francisco organizing against California’s Proposition 187, the 1994 ballot initiative that prohibited undocumented people from using public services. In 1998, he obtained his master’s degree from the Woodrow Wilson School for Public and International Affairs, focusing on international development.

Quiñonez worked briefly as a congressional aide and lobbyist before returning to San Francisco, where he spent six years at several nonprofit organizations. He heard about the Mission Asset Fund, named after the Mission District, the largely immigrant San Francisco neighborhood in which it is still headquartered. The fund had recently been founded with a $1 million grant from the Levi Strauss Foundation.

Hired as the MAF’s director in 2007, Quiñonez nearly left his new job before he started, butting heads with his board over the organization’s role. Rather than develop trial programs that
“We’ve been fighting poverty for 50, 60 years knowing that there is a lot we need to do to help people when they are struggling financially,” he explains. “But we do it from the premise that people are poor because they are lazy or doing something wrong. That’s not helpful for the individual or for us as a society.”

So don’t call the Mission Asset Fund a charity. “We’re not here to ‘save’ poor people,” he insists. “We’re not a knight in shining armor. That’s not our approach. We look at people in all the strength and goodness and problems that they have. We look at what is working in their lives and then through that work to develop programs. That is precisely what lending circles are all about: Here is something that people are doing that works, but by us formalizing it we can add value. And people really respect that because it upholds their dignity.”

Frederick Wherry ‘04, a Princeton sociology professor and Quiñonez’s former classmate in his Wilson School master’s program, says that organizations such as the MAF are changing the way social scientists think about impoverished people. One underappreciated aspect of its lending circles, he notes, is that payments and dispersals are processed electronically through the participants’ bank accounts. In social-science-speak, that reduces coordination costs. In plain language, it acknowledges the value of their time and spares them from the soul-numbing experience of waiting in line, familiar to anyone who has gone to collect food stamps or a welfare check.

Such affirmations are hardly trivial. “Attention to finance as a way of affirming the dignity of human beings is a conversation that is emerging across a number of different scholars,” Wherry says. He cites Princeton sociologist Kathryn Edin and others who have praised the earned-income tax credit because it provides the poor with a refund of their own earnings rather than a government check, thus promoting a sense of achievement and self-sufficiency. Quiñonez speaks similarly of the MAF’s lending circles, emphasizing that “the money we’re managing is their money.”

Although the Mission Asset Fund operates from a small storefront office, its lending-circle model, and the software to run it, has now been licensed to 53 nonprofit groups in 17 states and the District of Columbia. Quiñonez speaks and lectures widely, even more so since receiving his MacArthur grant. He also served for three years as the inaugural chair of the Consumer Financial Protection Bureau’s advisory board and has served on Experian’s consumer-advisory council.

Helping people lift themselves out of poverty with dignity would seem to be a cause that could bridge the political divide. There is evidence that it just might. In 2014, legislation allowing the Mission Asset Fund and other nonprofits to offer small, no-interest loans without a lending license passed the California Legislature unanimously.

Quiñonez calls lending circles “an example of people at the bottom helping each other.” That idea was news to many, he says: “Poor people lending money to each other — how weird is that?”

Mark F. Bernstein ’85 is PAW’s senior writer.
ON THE WATERFRONT: In the mid-'90s, Rob Buchanan '81 got involved with an afterschool program that built Whitehall gigs, large traditional rowboats, for public use in New York City harbors. For the last 20 years, the former magazine writer has fashioned a second career out of pairing boat-building with education. Today, Buchanan, pictured above with students William Winters and Michael Mongiello, works for the Billion Oyster Project, overseeing an afterschool boat-building program and helping to restore the oyster reefs around New York. He says: “If we’re serious about taking care of [the harbor and its estuary], we need to have more access to them. Building boats is just a simple, very literal way to get to that goal.”

READ MORE about Buchanan’s work at paw.princeton.edu/tiger-of-the-week.
Top Honors
Announced

PYNE HONOR PRIZES, the top award for undergraduates, went to: MAGGIE PECSOK ’18, psychology with a certificate in cognitive science. Her time as an undergraduate researcher in the Princeton Neuroscience of Attention and Perception Lab has influenced her plans for a career as a physician-scientist.

JOHN “NEWBY” PARTON ’18, public and international affairs, with certificates in the programs in urban studies and values and public life. His studies have focused on the court system, criminal-justice reform, and journalism, and he hopes to become a judge.

THE PORTER OGDEN JACOBUS FELLOWSHIPS, which fund a graduate student’s final year, were given to: GEORGIOS MOSCHIDIS, mathematics. For his dissertation, he developed a proof for two well-known open conjectures in classical general relativity, Albert Einstein’s theory of gravity. MATTHEW EDWARDS ’12, mechanical and aerospace engineering. An aspiring academic, he works on using optical and plasma science to advance technology such as particle accelerators.

COLE BUNZEL ’08, Near Eastern studies. He plans to become a professor and researches Wahhābism in Saudi Arabia and jihadism associated with al-Qaida and the Islamic State group.

CHANTAL BERMAN, politics. She studies the political outcomes of the Arab Spring uprisings and plans to go into academia.

Alumni Awards

THE CLASS OF 1967 was awarded the Class of 1926 Trophy on the Friday before Alumni Day for raising a record-setting $11,006,767 for its 50th reunion. The Harold H. Helm Award for sustained service to Alumni Giving went to JOHN O. “DUBBY” WYNNE ’67 of Norfolk, Va.

In his lecture on Alumni Day, author and critic Daniel Mendelsohn ’94, winner of the James Madison Medal, began with a scene from his ride on the train from New York to Princeton. On his journey, he overheard two cellphone conversations: Tiffany was breaking up with Travis — “spitting and hissing into her Samsung Galaxy” — and Mr. Lundquist was firing Denise “or, possibly, Elise: The speaker on the LG smartphone wasn’t all that clear.” For the Bard College classics professor, all of this, naturally, led him to ponder Latin etymology, particularly the word cīvis, the root word of civilization.

“‘Civility’ is the behavior that marks mutual acknowledgment that we individuals share common public, and political, space,” he said. “Think about the platforms through which you interact with people all day, the media that we call ‘social’ but that, if anything, have enhanced our ability to be asocial: to screen out every element of society, and culture and politics, that doesn’t suit or flatter or soothe us, thereby removing the necessity for ‘civility’ in the first place.”

Throughout his lecture, Mendelsohn called upon the notions of public life held by Madison and his fellow founders and the civic sensibilities of the ancient Greeks and Romans. Through these various snapshots of civic and social engagement throughout time, Mendelsohn argued that a modern decline in civility and empathy, promoted by a lack of face-to-face interactions online, has broad political implications.

“The polarization of politics over the past two decades stems directly, it seems to me, from [an] increasingly hermetic view of the world,” he said. “If you’re rarely exposed to other kinds of people and alternative views, they will become first unimaginable and then intolerable. And from the rhetoric of intolerance, it’s only a short step to the politics of intolerance.”

In a question-and-answer session, Mendelsohn explained that he tells students on the first day of class that laptops and cellphones are prohibited — his attempt to reaffirm for students the need for humans to communicate in person and not through screens.
“Think about the platforms through which you interact with people all day, the media that we call ‘social’ but that, if anything, have enhanced our ability to be asocial.”

— Daniel Mendelsohn ’94, author and critic

Woodrow Wilson Award winner Charlie Gibson ’65, the retired ABC news anchor and Good Morning America host, looked back on his career and the many major events of American history he reported on, from the 1995 Oklahoma City bombing to the 2008 election of President Barack Obama. In his first on-air job in 1967, for a local Lynchburg, Va., news program, he worked to cover the black community there, which had been ignored by the local paper. In addition to being excoriated in the newspaper’s editorials for his work, on his final day at the job all four of his car’s tires were slashed.

“It was in Lynchburg that the thought first occurred to me that my college’s informal motto — ‘in the nation’s service’ — might apply to me,” he said. “It was naïve perhaps not to realize that journalism, when done right, provides a real service, but ... no thoughts so noble as being in the nation’s service had occurred.”

Gibson critiqued today’s polarized political climate, specifically what he considers a threat to the First Amendment posed by constant claims of fake news, especially by President Donald Trump.

“It is not lost on me that the Wilson Award selection committee has this year chosen a journalist — at a time when the profession is under attack to a degree that I never contemplated possible,” he said.

“You can debate policy, and you have to give the president his due — 63 million Americans did, and that choice has to be respected. But since then the president has attacked many of America’s most fundamental underpinnings, including truth and freedom of the press; the latter is guaranteed by the First Amendment — not the Eighth or the 15th or the 25th but the First,” he said. “That should alarm everyone — Trump detractors and supporters alike.”

He explained that by calling to “open up” libel laws and criticizing the press, the president has emboldened foreign dictators to limit speech abroad. Gibson called 2017 “one of the most dangerous years to be a journalist. At least 262 journalists around the world were imprisoned for their work — that’s a new high.”

Among the variety of other events during the day, alumni could hear from Dean of Admission Janet Rapelye about navigating the admissions process (“It’s staggeringly competitive”) and from Elizabeth Colagiuri ’99, deputy dean of the college, on student-life issues (a calendar change that would move fall-term exams before the winter holidays may be acted on this year). The 1,000 attendees also had a chance during lunch to hear from this year’s Pyne Prize winners and Jacobus Fellowship recipients (see story at left) and to honor Princetonians who died during the past year at the Service of Remembrance in the University Chapel. ◆ By C.C.
Online Class Notes are password protected. To access, alumni must use their TigerNet ID and password. Click here to log in: http://paw.princeton.edu/class-notes
PAW posts a list of recent alumni deaths at paw.princeton.edu. Go to Reader Services on PAW’s home page and click on the link “Recent Alumni Deaths.” The list is updated with each new issue.

THE CLASS OF 1939

Donald Kirtland Richards ’39 Don died June 18, 2017, at the age of 100 years and five months. He was raised in Lawrenceville, N.J., where his father was minister of a Presbyterian church.

He majored in economics and wrote his thesis on “Industrial Relations Problems in the Dupont Co.”

During World War II, he served with Gen. Patton’s Third Army, earning the Bronze Star. He retired from the Reserves in 1953 with the rank of major. Don worked for only two organizations throughout his long life: Merck & Co. (in sales and marketing) and Skidmore College (in fundraising).

In the spring of 1971, Don and his family relocated from New Jersey to Saratoga Springs, N.Y., where Skidmore was completing the move of its campus from downtown to its current suburban location. Don supported the growth of the college for 15 years, particularly in the areas of music and science.

As a volunteer, Don used his fundraising skills for several local organizations. The Pillar Society of Saratoga Springs honored him for this work.

Don is survived by his wife of 68 years, Jean; children Donald Jr. and Susan McKay ’75; four grandchildren, including Elizabeth McKay ’03; and three great-grandchildren. He is our first classmate to die as a centenarian.

THE CLASS OF 1944

Henry M. Bonner ’44

Henry died Dec. 10, 2017, in Southport, Conn., at the age of 95. He had lived in the town since 1960.

After graduating from Exeter and Princeton, he served in the Seventh Regiment Guard during World War II as an engineer. During the war he worked closely with Eastman Kodak, where he was instrumental in Kodak’s top-secret radio proximity fuse. After the war he worked as a securities and mining analyst for Chase Manhattan Bank.

An accomplished sailor, he proudly crossed the Atlantic Ocean twice in his 34-foot cutter and then in his 42-foot ketch. Each crossing started from his home area in Southport Harbor.

He was a member of the Pequot Yacht Club, Fairfield County Hunt Club, New York Yacht Club, Union Club, Downtown Association, Creek Club, and Lake Placid Club. He was also an avid hiker and skier. He served on numerous boards, including the Lake Placid Education Foundation, and was a supporter of the Committee for Monetary Research and Education.

He was predeceased by his wife, Anne Barrows Bonner. His survivors include four sons and their families.

William J. Keenan III ’44

Bill died Dec. 19, 2017, in South Carolina at age 95.

He was a graduate of Woodberry Forest School and Princeton. During World War II he served 39 months in the Field Artillery, ending as a captain in the Pacific. He finished artillerist school, returned to the South, and became a partner in an architecture firm. In 33 years he designed many buildings in Columbia, S.C.

He was a lifelong member of Trinity Episcopal Cathedral and a member of Forest Lake Club, the Columbia Cotillion Club, and the Pine Tree Hunt Club.

Bill married Margaret Jones in June 1949. She predeceased him, as did a son, Christopher. He is survived by children Margaret and Nicholas, seven grandchildren, and two great-grandchildren.

THE CLASS OF 1950

G. Sidney Fox ’50

Sid died peacefully Nov. 12, 2017, at his home in Campo, Calif.

Our class is grateful to Sid for the three five-year terms he served as class secretary and his contributions as a member of the executive committee. He attended all but one of our 26 off-campus mini-reunions. It was at a mini he first met Jean, whom he married in 1997.

Coming to Princeton from St. Paul’s School, he majored in geological engineering and belonged to Key and Seal. After attending graduate school at Stanford, he pursued his lifetime career as a hydrogeologist. He retired in 1996.

During his career he lived in New York City and Connecticut, convenient distances from the Fox family camp on Little Big Wood Pond in Jackman, Maine, where he spent nearly every summer of his life.

Following retirement, Sid moved to Campo, in high desert country about 50 miles east of San Diego, where Jean lived. He continued his lifetime of community involvement in Campo, where his activities included Kiwanis and volunteering at the library and historical society. Over the years he became a serious Civil War historian and amassed an extensive Civil War book collection.

Sid is survived by Jean, children George and Lydia ’81, and five grandchildren.

THE CLASS OF 1952

Charles B. Renfrew ’52

Charlie graduated from Birmingham (Mich.) High School, then served in the Navy before coming to the class. He majored in SPIA, was elected to Phi Beta Kappa, joined Cottage, rowed crew, and was on the Bric-a-Brac board. His roommates were Dave Allen, Gren Garside, and Bill Ragland.

After service in the Army Field Artillery, he earned a law degree at Michigan and practiced with Pillsbury, Madison, and Sutro in San Francisco until President Richard Nixon appointed him district judge for the Northern District of California. In 1980, President Jimmy Carter appointed him deputy attorney general. In 1983, Charlie joined Chevron Corp. as general counsel for 10 years before forming his own firm.

To list all of Charlie’s professional and personal distinctions would take more space than we have here, but let it be noted that he served as an alumni trustee of Princeton and taught at the University of California School of Law.

He died Dec. 14, 2017. He is survived by his wife, Barbara, and eight children, including Todd ’85. His daughter Taylor predeceased him. The class offers its sympathies and respect for Charlie’s exceptional services to our country.

THE CLASS OF 1953

Daniel S. Blalock Jr. ’53

Dan died Dec. 9, 2017, after a long battle with Alzheimer’s disease, which was first diagnosed about 10 years ago.
Herschel R. Phelps Jr. ’53

Herschel died Dec. 12, 2017, at Tru Hospice in Greeley, Colo. He grew up in Denver and graduated from East High School before entering Princeton, where he majored in biology. He was a member of Terrace Club, the Glee Club, and the Pre-Med Society. He was also an accomplished pianist and a member of the Princeton Men’s Chorus. After graduation, Herschel married Marilyn June Watters and entered the University of Colorado Medical School.

Accepting a commission in the Air Force enabled him to complete his medical studies with a degree in ophthalmology and serve at a military hospital in San Antonio, Texas, before returning to Colorado to practice in Greeley and Loveland. Herschel found time outside his practice to learn Mandarin Chinese and to make a number of trips to China to do cataract surgery.

He also taught English as a second language to people in Guadalajara, Mexico. Closer to home, Herschel enjoyed participating in the Greeley Chamber Choir, directing church youth choirs, and providing piano and organ accompaniment. Herschel’s wife, Marilyn, died in 2001. He is survived by his four children, David, Deborah, Sarah, and Benjamin; and four grandchildren.

THE CLASS OF 1954

M. Grant Gross Jr. ’54

Grant died Dec. 17, 2017. A graduate of Amarillo (Texas) High School, at Princeton he majored in geology, joined Quadrangle Club, and was active in Orange Key and the Student Christian Association. He was president of the Debate Panel and vice president of Whig-Clio.

Grant went on to have a distinguished career in oceanography after service in the Army, a Fulbright scholarship in Holland to study marine geology, and a Ph.D. in marine geology at the California Institute of Technology.

He began to focus on oceanography while teaching a new course on it at the University of Washington, where he became associate professor. Next were major appointments at the Smithsonian Institution, the State University of New York at Stony Brook, the Chesapeake Bay Institute at Johns Hopkins, and the division of ocean sciences at the National Science Foundation, from which he retired in 1994.

Grant was recognized for his expertise in marine geochemistry, sedimentary processes in coastal waters, and waste disposal from urban areas. A colleague characterized him as “quiet, egalitarian, fair, and good at getting a consensus, a steady hand at the helm, and instrumental in advancing ocean science in the U.S.”

He is survived by his wife, Elizabeth; children Jeffrey, Alison Gross Gilbert, and Anne Gross Hamel ’86 and her husband, Warren Hamel ’80; 10 grandchildren including Luke ’16 and Jacob ’18; two great-grandchildren; and a sister.

Jeff and Nancy divorced in 1971, and he later married Ann Cox. In addition to Ann, he is survived by children Edwin, Susan, and Kelly, and four grandchildren. To them all, the class extends its sympathy.

Glenn L. Kelly ’58

Glenn died Nov. 21, 2017. He was struck and killed by a car while walking.

He was a graduate of Germantown (Pa.) Academy. At Princeton, he was on the track team, majored in biology, and was a member of Cap and Gown. His senior-year roommates were R. Brown, Bruce, J. Dennis, Gilbert, McC Carroll, Midgley, Rudge, Shahan, and Shearer.

Following graduation, he spent two years at Yale’s school of medicine and two years in the Navy. He went back to Yale to study to become an orthopedic surgeon, but soon changed his mind and wanted to try the newly established discipline of vascular surgery. One of the pioneers of the new discipline, Dr. Ben Eisman, was at the University of Colorado, and so Glenn moved to Denver with his wife, Susan Woodward, whom he married in 1967, and their three sons. He became chief of vascular surgery at Denver General Hospital for eight years and then became a private practitioner.

Glenn became entranced with Colorado and became an avid outdoorsman. He climbed many of Colorado’s 14,000-foot peaks and hiked and bicycled all over the state.

Glenn and Susan were divorced in 1989. In 1991, he married Kay Settle. He is survived by Kay; his three sons, Scott, Brian, and Matt; stepdaughter Shelley Drake; stepson Jay Whittaker; six grandchildren; four step-grandchildren; and former wife Susan Henderson. To all the class extends its sincere condolences.

THE CLASS OF 1958

Edwin J. Bomer Jr. ’58

Jeff died Nov. 28, 2017, in Austin, Texas, after a long illness.

He came to Princeton from the Taft School. Jeff majored in electrical engineering and joined Cottage Club. His senior-year roommates for the first semester were Louis Edgar, Doug Ellis, Peter Gall, Fred Mattes, Vin Meade, John Miller, and Bert Sparrow. On Dec. 27, 1957, Jeff married Nancy Smyley.

After graduation, he worked for a couple of years at the Toddle House Corp., his family’s diner-restaurant chain. Starting in 1960, he spent 12 years with IBM in sales, marketing, and management positions. Jeff was most recently a senior managing director of Kennedy Wilson, a global public real-estate investment and services company. He was also a significant investor in many private partnerships that have extensive holdings in Texas commercial real estate properties.

He was on the board of the Austin YMCA and the vestry of the Episcopal Church of the Good Shepherd. Jeff was an avid sports enthusiast and enjoyed skiing, biking, and backpacking. After he turned 40 he became the United States masters race-walking champion.

Ron died Nov. 20, 2017, of a sudden attack of septic infection after an otherwise healthy and very active life. Born and raised in Los Angeles, at Princeton Ron joined Quadrangle and wrote for The Daily Princetonian.

He returned to Los Angeles to attend law school at UCLA. He went on to a 50-year practice of law, most recently as managing partner of Katsky & Lyon in corporate practice.

He was always active in numerous professional and civic pursuits. He was especially devoted to the social work of the Catholic Church, which recognized him with knighthoods in the Equestrian Order of the Holy Sepulchre and the Order of Malta, and with the Church’s highest lay recognition, the
Pro Ecclesiast Et Pontifice, of all of which he was proud but very self-effacing.

He was a great traveler, seeking out every corner of the world regardless of comfort or safety. His participation in our Cuba mini-reunion in 2012 rekindled his interest in class affairs and led him to organize our highly successful Los Angeles mini in 2013 and to attend the recent Berkshire mini shortly before his untimely death.

Ron is survived by his sister, daughter, grandchildren, and his partner of almost 20 years, Marvin Acosta.

Peter J. Reilly ’60
Pete died Nov. 2, 2017, from complications of a rare cancer. He had a distinguished career as a professor of chemical engineering.

At Princeton he majored in chemistry, dined at Key and Seal, roomed with Ed Saphar, and was active in intramural sports. Originally focused on a career in chemistry, he sidestepped into chemical engineering for his graduate study at Penn, earning a Ph.D. in 1964.

He worked briefly at DuPont before returning to academia and accepting a professorship at the University of Nebraska in 1968. In 1974 he went to Iowa State University, where he served as distinguished professor in engineering. After retirement in 2014, he remained active in civic work and his profession. He will be remembered for his indomitable enthusiasm and genuine interest in his students and their careers.

Pete retained from his earliest days an interest in travel, which became his principal recreational pursuit and an important part of his professional endeavors. In our 50th-reunion book he claimed to have visited “all 50 states and almost as many countries as my age,” while remarking that his pace was declining as the number of prudent destinations in the world was contracting. Pete’s identical twin daughters, Diane and Karen, have since blessed Pete and his wife Rae with sons-in-law and three grandchildren. The class sends our sympathies to Rae and the rest of Pete’s family.

THE CLASS OF 1961
John S. Crocker ’61
John died Feb 21, 2017, in Mentor, Ohio. He was born in Elmira, N.Y., and was with us only freshman year. He was a member of Triangle.

He graduated from Columbia and then embarked on a 40-year career in Lake County, Ohio, where he was mayor of Mentor-on-the-Lake, clerk for the town and the county, and county treasurer. He also sat on many county boards and commissions, as well as on the boards of a number of local charities, serving his town and community.

John was predeceased by his first wife, Ann, and stepson Gabriel. He is survived by his second wife, Jacqueline, children Susan and John, stepson Hunter, and their families.

Francis Axel Harvey ’61
Axel died Feb. 20, 2016, of Alzheimer’s disease in Montreal, Canada.

Born and raised in Montreal, Axel came to us from Lower Canada College. At Princeton he majored in history in the Special Program in the Humanities, played freshman lacrosse, managed the hockey team for two years, and was vice president of the Young Theocrats of Princeton.

Axel was well known in French and English astrology circles in Canada, Europe, and the United States and helped found the Canadian Association of French Astrologers, which he served as president. He was active in documenting astrological history and passionate about astronomy all his life, and he mastered the cosmological zodiac.

Axel had not been in touch with the class for decades. We learned of his death from classmate Andras Hamori, who found a notice on the internet.

As far as we know, Axel left no survivors.

Dennis S. Karjala ’61
Dennis died April 16, 2017, from complications resulting from treatment for cancer.

Born in New York City, he came to us from Bellaire High School in Texas. At Princeton, he earned a bachelor’s degree in engineering and ate at Dial Lodge. His senior-year roommates, living at Dial Lodge as officers, were Ron Shipman and Stan Panosian.

After earning a master’s degree and Ph.D. in electrical engineering at the University of Illinois at Urbana and teaching in Okinawa for several years, Dennis acquired a law degree at Berkeley and then practiced law in San Francisco.

In 1978 he began a 39-year career at Arizona State University College of Law and eventually became the Jack E. Brown Professor of Law, concentrating on intellectual law as it applies to new technologies. During those years he spent time as a visiting scholar or professor at the Max Planck Institute in Munich, the University of Hokkaido, the University of Tokyo (where he taught in Japanese), and the law schools at UCLA, Washington University, and the University of Minnesota.

He is survived by his former wives, Yoko and Katarina; daughter Sylvia; and stepchildren Barbora Hladek and Matus Mrocak and their families.

William B. O’Connor ’61
Bill died Nov. 6, 2017. He came to us from Canterbury School and was part of the Canterbury contingent that included Jay McCabe, John O’Neill, and Ken Scasserra, all of whom eventually became Bill’s roommates. Bill joined Colonial, majored in politics, and rowed on the 150-pound crew.

Following graduation, he entered Yale Law School, graduating in 1964. He then embarked on a 52-year legal career in New York City, beginning as an associate at Cravath, Swain & Moore and retiring in 2013 as senior counsel from Morgan, Lewis & Bockius, which he had joined as a partner in 1979.

Bill held leadership positions with several charitable organizations. These included serving as president of Canterbury School; president of the Lucifer Fund (a nonprofit serving the sight-impaired); president of the Port Washington N.Y. Community Chest; trustee of the LuEsther T. Mertz Charitable Trust; and member of the executive committee of the board of the New York Botanical Garden.

Suzanne, his wife of 56 years, died only a month after his passing. Bill is survived by three children, Kathleen Donovan ’86, Denis O’Connor, and Cynthia Gamble; eight grandchildren; and three great-grandchildren. He was a strong and loyal supporter of Princeton and our class, and he took great pride in having five Princetonian descendants.

THE CLASS OF 1972
William F. Binder Jr. ’72
Bill died Dec. 21, 2017, unexpectedly at his home in Boca Raton, Fla. A native of Yardville, N.J., Bill came to Princeton from Bordentown Military Institute, where he played basketball and baseball. He was a catcher and first baseman on Princeton’s varsity team and was elected captain for the 1971-72 season.

Bill joined Tower Club and majored in basic engineering. Senior year he roomed in Patton Hall with John Davren, Charles Hughes, Bob Maguire, and Bill Schaefer.

The San Francisco Giants drafted Bill in the June 1972 baseball draft. He played one season with the Great Falls (Mont.) Giants of the Pioneer League.

Following baseball, Bill operated the Yardville Inn before embarking on a career in commercial real estate. He retired as vice president of the commercial division of Auletta Realty in Lawrenceville, N.J.

Bill is survived by his wife, Joann Binder; sons William F. Binder III and Brent G. Binder; and grandchildren Neela and Aviva. Contributions to a memorial fund in Bill’s
name may be made to the Friends of Princeton Baseball, 330 Alexander St., Princeton, N.J. 08540; Attn: Alexis Brock.

The class sends condolences to his family.

Robert J. Stack ’72
Bob died Dec. 2, 2017, in London, where he returned to live near his wife’s family. He was a steady and affable classmate.

Bob came to Princeton from Wilkes-Barre, Pa. He ran track and joined Dial Lodge as a sophomore. A civil and geological engineering major, Bob roomed with Rich Jablonski, Bob Schuster, Tom Hutton, Carl Arentzen, and T.J. Ward for four years.

In 1977, Bob earned an MBA from the University of Bridgeport in Connecticut and began an extensive career in human resources. A job with Cadbury Schweppes took him to London. He retired from there in 2008.

On Nov. 11, 2011, Bob married Felicity Catherine. They moved to Sarasota, Fla., and in 2013 were blessed with the birth of twin boys. The couple relocated to London in 2015. In 2016, they welcomed a daughter, Anastasia, into the family.

Bob is survived by Felicity; sons Walter and Amaeudus; daughter Anastasia; daughter Carolyn Stack and her husband, Scott Paucielo, and two grandsons, Duke and Dominic; and sisters Jean Marie Stack and Carolyn Stack and her husband, Scott Paucielo.

The class sends its condolences to the family.

 Graduate Alumni

Joseph J. Cahill Jr. ’53
Joseph Cahill, whose longtime career as a chemist involved positions at Merck in New Jersey and Hoechst Celanese in Texas, died July 25, 2017, at age 95.

After high school, Cahill served in World War II as an Army medic in the Pacific and earned a Bronze Star. He graduated from Villanova University in 1948 and earned a master’s degree in aeronautical engineering from Princeton in 1953. After Princeton, his first job was with Merck, where with four others he submitted the patent for Vitamin B12 (synthetic).

Eventually Cahill’s career took him to Dallas, Texas, to join the Hoechst Celanese Corp. He and his wife spent almost 40 years in the suburbs of Dallas. After retiring, he taught industrial marketing at the University of Dallas for 12 years.

Always with the desire to improve himself, he enrolled in graduate school for music. He was a talented pianist. Music was an area he was able to share with others during his last days in a retirement community.

Cahill was predeceased by his wife of nearly 60 years, Margaret. He is survived by two daughters and four grandchildren.

Gene A. Brucker ’54
Gene Brucker, professor of history emeritus at the University of California, Berkeley, died July 9, 2017, at the age of 92.

He graduated from the University of Illinois in 1947, and earned a Ph.D. in history from Princeton in 1954. That year Brucker went to Berkeley, and he taught there until he retired in 1991. He was very active in his department and was chair from 1969 to 1972. Brucker was also chair of the Berkeley division of the academic senate from 1984 to 1986.

Brucker was a specialist in early modern European history. He published more than 30 articles and essays and wrote 11 books, including Florentine Politics and Society, 1343-1578 and The Civic World of Renaissance Florence. A colleague wrote that Brucker “was much more than a scholar — he was a citizen of the university.”

Brucker made efforts to add more women faculty members to the history department when he was its chair. His daughter, Wendy, said her father “was a very quiet, very humble man, considering his very distinguished accomplishments.” She added that he was unerringly polite and would go above and beyond to help students in their professional careers.

He is survived by a son and two daughters.

W. Barry Nixon ’60

Nixon graduated from Yale with a bachelor of engineering degree in 1952 and earned a master’s degree in aeronautical engineering from Princeton in 1956. Until retiring in 1985, he was a flight research pilot and corporate pilot/airport manager at the Flight Research Laboratory at the Forrestal Airport of Princeton University.

His primary research efforts involved aircraft-handling qualities. He flight-tested experimental aircraft, such as the Goodyear rubber airplane, a gyrocopter, and air-cushion vehicles known as GEMS (ground-effect machines). Nixon represented a bygone era, when the School of Engineering and Applied Science conducted high-level aeronautical research on the Forrestal campus. He concurrently spent 30 years of active and reserve service and retired as a captain in the Naval Reserve.

Born in Woodbury, N.J., Nixon resided in Lawrenceville for 56 years. He was also a small-plane commercial airline pilot operating out of Princeton Airport. In retirement, he took up hot-air ballooning full time with his family and friends, traveling to many balloon rallies.

Nixon is survived by his wife of 65 years, Marian; four children; five grandchildren; and six great-grandchildren.

Bilsel H. Alisbah ’63
Bilsel Alisbah, who worked at the World Bank for 30 years, died of cancer July 2, 2017. He was 79.

Born in Turkey, he spent his first 15 years there and in Switzerland with his parents until he arrived in Princeton, N.J., with fluency only in Turkish and German. Nonetheless, he managed to graduate at the top of his class from Princeton High School, a position he also achieved when graduating from the University of Pennsylvania in 1959.

He then earned an MPA degree from Princeton’s Woodrow Wilson School in 1961 and a master’s in economics in 1963. The World Bank recruited Alisbah, and he was employed there for 30 years. While there, he worked with Indira Gandhi in India and leaders of various West African nations. He became vice president of personnel.

After retiring from the World Bank in 1993, he moved to Turkey and became the director of the Central Bank. He then was the chief economic adviser to the prime minister, Tansu Çiller. Later, he taught at Bilkent University in Ankara before returning to the United States.

Alisbah is survived by his wife of more than 52 years, Lorenda; four children; and five grandchildren.

Virgil V. McKenna ’67
Virgil McKenna, professor of psychology emeritus at the College of William and Mary, died Aug. 2, 2017, after a brief illness. He was 82.

McKenna graduated from William and Mary in 1957 and earned a master’s degree from Swarthmore in 1959. He earned a Ph.D. in psychology from Princeton in 1967. McKenna had returned to William and Mary and began his teaching career there in 1962.

Aside from being a popular lecturer, he conducted research in many areas of psychological development and perception. He did work for NASA, the Center for Population Research, the National Institute of Child Health and Human Development, and the Virginia Department of Behavioral Health & Development Services. He co-authored Introductory Psychology: Readings for Discussion (1980), and received many honors for his academic work.

A lifelong lover of dogs and horses, he also had a great love for William and Mary (past and present), following its sports teams, any news of the college, and always having a considered opinion on any matter concerning his alma mater.

McKenna is survived by his wife of 59 years, Willafay; two children; and one granddaughter.

Graduate memorials are prepared by the APGA.
Classifieds

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March 21, 2018  PRINCETON ALUMNI WEEKLY  55
March was more lion than lamb in 1993 when, on March 13, the eastern United States was battered by a blizzard that the head of the National Weather Service called “the storm of the century.” Frigid temperatures, violent winds, and heavy snowfalls claimed scores of lives and disrupted countless others from Florida to Maine.

In New York, one newspaper reported, “drifts turned to icebergs that trapped parked cars and left Manhattan looking like a modern-day glacier.”

In Philadelphia, another wrote, “The emerging buds of early crocus and tulips were buried under mounds of ice-laden snow,” thanks to a storm that “set a slew of local weather records: most snowfall ever for a 24-hour period in March — 12 inches; lowest temperature for March — 17 degrees; strongest wind recorded — 66 mile-an-hour gusts.”

In Princeton, there was a run on shovels. As one shopkeeper lamented, “I could have been basking in Puerto Rico in the sun if I could have sold all the shovels I had requests for.” Many students shared his frustration, but for a different reason.

The blizzard struck on Saturday, the outset of spring break, stranding some on campus and others en route to their destinations. One group of sophomores, attempting to fly to Acapulco, was trapped on Kennedy Airport’s tarmac for five hours before spending a restless night on the unforgiving furniture and floor of a terminal. Another group of undergraduates fared only slightly better when their flights from Newark International Airport were canceled. They attempted to return to Princeton, but in the face of snowdrifts, abandoned cars, and, ultimately, state-ordered road closures, their shuttle driver could make it no farther than Jamesburg, obliging them to hole up in a Holiday Inn.

On campus, workers, supported by 40 snowplows, toiled around the clock to clear walkways and parking lots; many slept in McCosh Health Center. A week later, winter officially ended, but the University remained blanketed in snow, prompting The Daily Princetonian to ask a one-word question: “Spring?”

John S. Weeren is founding director of Princeton Writes and a former assistant University archivist.
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