

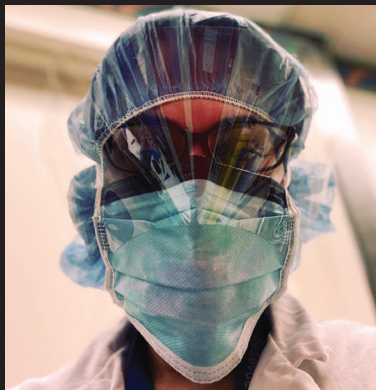
WORKERS WHO KEEP
THE CAMPUS RUNNING

EPIDEMICS AT PRINCETON:
A SHORT HISTORY

ALUMNI DISPATCHES
FROM A PANDEMIC

PRINCETON ALUMNI WEEKLY





WITH ONE ACCORD



Princetonians are serving on the frontlines and supporting their local communities amid the challenges of COVID-19.

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PRINCETON ALUMNI WEEKLY

An editorially independent
magazine by alumni for alumni
since 1900

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Dispatches from a Pandemic

PAW asked alumni to write about how
COVID-19 has changed their work and
lives. A nurse, a doctor, a poet, and others
answered the call.

24 'A Prolific Harvest of Death' 30

The current crisis isn't the first time an epidemic
has visited Princeton's campus. Here's what the
University did — and didn't do — in the past.

By Mark F. Bernstein '83

PAW.PRINCETON.EDU



Bella Alarie '20

WNBA Draft

Selected by the
Dallas Wings,
Bella Alarie '20 is
the first Ivy League
first-round WNBA
pick in the last
22 years.

Dear Pandemic

Public-health educator
Lindsey Leininger
'99 fights coronavirus
falsehoods in our Tiger
of the Week series.

Global Influence

Gregg Lange '70
remembers Hamilton
Fish Armstrong 1916,
editor of *Foreign Affairs*.



Pursuing Trivia

Sirad Hassan '20
recounts her experience
on *Jeopardy!* College
Championship.

Sonia Sotomayor's Wisdom and the Pandemic

In these trying days of viral contagion and social distancing, I find myself taking new inspiration from the address that Supreme Court Justice Sonia Sotomayor '76 delivered when she accepted the Woodrow Wilson Award on Alumni Day in 2014. During that speech, she recommended expanding Princeton's informal motto—"in the nation's service"—to include the phrase "in the service of humanity," a change we soon embraced.

Justice Sotomayor's full version of the phrase was "in the service of humanity, one person and one act at a time." Her point was that some noble forms of service are personal and humble rather than grand or glorious. She spoke movingly about her own mother, who was a nurse and a caregiver to her neighbors.

Justice Sotomayor's insight is especially apt to the public health crisis confronting our University, our country, and, indeed, our world. Our greatest heroes right now are the doctors, nurses, and others working long hours and risking their own health to fight the pandemic and save the lives of those it afflicts. These heroes include many Princeton alumni; you can find some of their stories at tigershelping.princeton.edu and on the University's social media channels, using #TigersHelping.

Justice Sotomayor's concept of service "one person and one act at a time" also describes the essential work being done on our campus by Princeton University employees, including our dining services and custodial staff. We continue to house around 390 undergraduates who could not safely return home. No one can legally operate a sit-down restaurant or a dining hall in New Jersey right now, but our Campus Dining team is able to provide students with "grab-and-go" boxed meals to keep them as healthy as possible.

Many Princeton faculty and staff want to work with the University to fight the epidemic. Consistent with the "stay-at-home" order governing New Jersey, they are finding creative ways to do so. Vice Provost Paul LaMarche leads an administrative group coordinating these efforts, which include organizing on-campus blood drives with the American Red Cross and producing face shields to protect and extend the life of personal protective equipment.

Faculty researchers are pitching in, too. Epidemiologists Bryan Grenfell and Jessica Metcalf, both in the Department of Ecology and Evolutionary Biology, have been advising public officials, University administrators,

and others. Chemist Joshua Rabinowitz and molecular biologist Martin Wühr are collaborating with the University of Pennsylvania's coronavirus research center to explore potential metabolic therapies, and computer scientist Kyle Jamieson is working on contract tracing using wireless location data. While much on-campus research activity has been halted as I write this column, these projects and a small number of others continue because they are deemed essential given the focus on combating the pandemic.

In some ways, though, Justice Sotomayor's wisdom seems most poignantly applicable to the "social distancing" obligation that each of us now shares with almost every other person on the planet. By avoiding contact with other people not in our households, we cut the train of viral transmission, thereby serving humanity, "one person and one act at a time."

This isn't easy for any of us. Princetonians love to gather. We have a fierce desire to "come together" and fight to make the world a better place, taking inspiration and comfort from one another. But "coming together" is precisely what we cannot do.



Justice Sotomayor delivering remarks at Alumni Day in 2014.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY DENISE APPLEWHITE

Our Campus Dining team is providing "grab-and-go" meals to students on campus.

Fortunately, our remarkable alumni community is finding many ways to interact, draw upon one another's spirit, and build solidarity without proximity. Eventually, we will embrace again in person and celebrate the bonds that unite us. In the meantime, I am confident that Tigers everywhere will continue to do the small things that make a difference—staying home as much as we can, donning cloth masks as we go shopping, and striving "with one accord" to fight this pernicious virus "one person and one act at a time."

A handwritten signature in dark ink, reading "Christopher L. Eisgruber".

April 15, 2020

PRINCETON ALUMNI WEEKLY

An editorially independent magazine by
alumni for alumni since 1900

May 13, 2020 Volume 120, Number 12

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YOUR VIEWS ♦ RECALLING PIROUÉ, HORN ♦ A PRESIDENT'S POWER

Inbox

HALE AND ELIOT

It's fascinating that T.S. Eliot had such a close and enduring relationship with Emily Hale ("Letters to Emily," March 18) and equally fascinating that voluminous testimony to it is finally available inside Firestone Library's doors. Clearly, she was an inspiration to the man and his poetry for a time. Then, just as clearly, she was not — exhibited by Eliot's own words and actions upon hearing that she had decided to make his letters available to the public. She wanted them out there. He wanted them burned.

Why? The question has relevance today. What constitutes intellectual property, and who has the right to claim ownership of it? Would he have put pen to paper had it not been for her? Should Emily have shared the Nobel with him?

The real revelation in days ahead will be how a relationship of the mind and a relationship of the heart like theirs can come together, create brilliance, then come apart. This may well be as revealing about Eliot's verses as the volumes already written. Meanwhile, I think it's a little early to condemn the poet for "shoving" poor Emily "off her pedestal." Would the story be on PAW's cover in 2020 without "the dude" who has caused such a tweet storm? TBD. Both of them seemed determined to have the last word. Emily may have it yet.

E.E. Norris '72

Barneveld, N.Y.

I write as an Abbot Academy 1956 graduate who is married to a Princeton graduate. Thus I grabbed and read the

article by Elyse Graham '07, "Letters to Emily," in the March 18 issue.

As a devoted student of Emily Hale, who was the drama teacher and instructor in elocution at Abbot Academy, Andover, Mass., from 1947 to 1957, I was disappointed that you did not elucidate your readers a wee bit about Miss Hale. I never performed on stage but did get some corrections, always with a smile, on my speech (I was a Westerner from Colorado) and was taught to stand up straight, speak distinctly, and look the person in the eye. A classmate says T.S. Eliot came to Miss Hale's class and read from "The Waste Land." I went on to Smith College and discovered Emily Hale was in the same location, Northampton. She even remembered my graduation with congratulations and best wishes, a card I still have today.

Elizabeth P. Powell s'54 s'55

Needham, Mass.

REWARDING SERVICE

Thank you for publishing the acceptance speech given by Anthony D. Romero '87 upon his receipt of the Woodrow Wilson Award ("Public Service in a Self-Interested Age," April 8).

Mr. Romero paid tribute to the journey that Princeton has taken to date regarding the legacy of Woodrow Wilson 1879, whose racism in words and deeds and whose propensity for political repression as president of the United States have received wider scrutiny in recent years. I wonder if Romero considered taking this opportunity to call for the next logical step on this journey:

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Inbox

to rename the award. I realize this has been suggested in the past. Perhaps it is a step that Princeton is not yet ready to make, but I believe it will one day and, frankly, the sooner the better.

When it does, I hope Princeton considers not naming the award for any person. The spirit of the award is embodied in the phrase “In the Nation’s Service and the Service of Humanity.” That phrase not only expresses Princeton’s longstanding call on its alumni to public service; it also embodies the moral journey of Princeton itself, from its initial national horizon to its global vision today.

That the original phrase was coined by Woodrow Wilson is a tribute to the best aspects of this complicated and contradictory figure in Princeton, American, and world history. That it was expanded to a broader vision is a tribute to Princeton’s continued growth.

I, for one, would be happy to see the award named simply “The Service of Humanity Award.”

Christopher Greene '81

San Jose, Calif.

LESSONS IN HEALTH

I actually wasn’t going to read the Q&A with Laura Kahn *02 (Life of the Mind, April 22) because I have been gorging myself on COVID-19 articles and doubted there was anything new for me to learn. However, I am so glad I did — and learn I did.

I found Kahn’s clear and precise discussion about how human and animal and environmental health are linked very informative. I also thought that her suggestion of creating a “department of animal and environmental health that monitors the health of all animals (companion, livestock, and wildlife)” was a brilliant one. I hope people are listening.

Donna Nuttall Joe '86

North Potomac, Md.

PRESIDENTIAL POWER

Norfleet R. Johnston '56, in a letter to PAW (Inbox, March 18), expresses his disappointment in the faculty members who signed a letter supporting President Trump’s impeachment, and encourages them to “read our Constitution and other info about the authority of U.S.

presidents.” Presumably, of course, they’ve already done so, but I wonder if Mr. Johnston would include in said “info” Alexander Hamilton’s clear warnings in *The Federalist Papers* about the abuse of presidential power and foreign involvement in our “councils.” There is no doubt that this chief executive threatened to cut off military aid to an ally in order to pry from them a condemnation of his probable (and now certain) opponent in the next election. Such a move is well outside the ethical bounds of his authority.

Mr. Johnston also reminds us that President Trump was “acquitted by the U.S. Senate,” and offers this as proof of the impeachment effort’s illegitimacy. But those who watched that trial were witness to a disheartening display of cynical loyalty from legislators who feared the effect of a presidential Twitter feed on their election prospects and refused to hear testimony that would have supported the gross misuse of executive power. I’ll take the good judgment and integrity of 18 Princeton professors over the calculations of these morally compromised “leaders” any day.

Damian Long '98

Stratford, Conn.

CROSSWORD FANS

In response to “Adrienne Raphel '10 on Crosswords and the People Who Love Them” (PAWcast, posted online April 2): I’m familiar with some of the history of crosswords — in fact, the “World” was the answer to a recent clue I came across about where they started in the U.S. — but this was an intriguing look not only at their history but their evolution. I’ve been doing crosswords pretty religiously for over 50 years, and while I’ve sensed some of the changes in the *New York Times* puzzles, Adrienne offered some real insights about those.

My brothers and I picked up our love for crosswords and other word games from my father, Ted '42 *48, who used to do the daily puzzle in 10 minutes on his commute to NYC. He was an amazing solver, and actually sold a few puzzles to the *New York Herald Tribune* in the '50s. Construction is an incredibly difficult exercise — as Adrienne says, one letter can destroy a whole section of grid. I’ve

completed a couple — more for my own amusement than anything — but the results were less than spectacular. I did submit one to Will Shortz years ago, and got a polite but firm rejection.

I salute Adrienne for her research and her modesty about her own skill. Champion competitive solvers, as I’ve read about them, may be seen as word nerds but can be as sure about their own abilities as Bobby Fischer was about chess.

W. Jeffrey Marshall '71

Scottsdale, Ariz.

TWISTED CHALK



Pierre Piroué, left, and
Anthony Zee '66

I regret to hear of the passing of Professor Pierre Piroué (In Memoriam, March 18). I took an extremely challenging undergraduate physics course from him. While the name and the specific content of the course escape me, I have a vivid memory of Pierre twisting a piece of chalk and breaking it cleanly into two pieces. In a pleasant French accent (which still sometimes reverberates in my brain), he told us that he would make us learn how to calculate the beautiful spiral cross section of the break. I think that the course was a singular outlier in the standard undergraduate physics curriculum, even at Princeton in that bygone era. During the intervening decades, I have had absolutely no reason to calculate that particular cross section and have totally forgotten how to do it. Perhaps something to do with the stress and strain tensor?

The standard undergraduate physics curriculum in American universities has meanwhile been dumbed down, again, and yet again, to the point that such a course would now be unthinkable, possibly even leading to a lawsuit about cruelty to undergraduates. But I must have learned a great deal from Pierre, even though I am unable to retrieve it for the life of me.

Later, as a junior faculty member

Courtesy Anthony Zee '66

in the Princeton physics department, I had the good fortune of knowing Pierre better, and not as a demanding taskmaster.

Anthony Zee '66
Santa Barbara, Calif.

HENRY HORN, TEACHER

Thank you for the feature on the artwork of the late Professor Henry Horn (On the Campus, March 18). I shall never forget him for the simple reason that I would not have graduated had he not been on the biology department faculty during my undergraduate years. He was a wonderful teacher who truly loved his subject. Our "laboratory" consisted of the woods, streams, lakes, and fields of Princeton and its environs.

When I approached Dr. Horn to ask him to be my thesis adviser, I told him that a subject that interested me greatly was the effect of human activity on migratory waterfowl populations in North America. He said, "That's a topic, but it's not a thesis. What is your thesis?" I said, "My thesis is that properly regulated waterfowl hunting poses no long-term threat to populations of these avian species, but other human activities do." He seemed somewhat skeptical and asked me how I proposed to support such a thesis. I said, "I'm not sure." (A more truthful answer would have been, "I have no idea.") Dr. Horn said, "Well, sit down and let's talk about that." Together we mapped out a research and statistical-analysis methodology that became the basis for my thesis.

More than 50 years later, much of the regulatory framework surrounding duck and goose hunting in North America is based on the very factors that Dr. Horn helped me identify and analyze. (I am not suggesting my thesis had anything to do with that.) My only regret is that I lost contact with Dr. Horn over the years and never really told him of the impact I have tried to describe in this letter.

Houghton Hutcheson '68
Houston, Texas

FOOTBALL'S CHANGES

Five years ago I wrote a controversial letter to the PAW suggesting that the University discontinue the football program because of the brain damage

FROM THE EDITOR

For You, With Pride and Respect

The cover of this issue is unlike anything PAW has done before. It features the work of textile artist Diana Buri Weymar '91, who designed and embroidered it at her home in British Columbia, then sent it to Brooklyn, where it was photographed by Nelson Hancock '90 for PAW. Weymar's art honors the work of alumni who have been putting their own wellbeing at risk as they care for others during the COVID-19 pandemic. We thought a unique cover was needed to mark this difficult time.

In this issue and the next, we offer stories about how alumni have been affected by the crisis, including alumni who are medical professionals or work to provide food and shelter to vulnerable Americans. Our email newsletters provide ways to participate remotely in activities offered by alumni — a nice reminder that we're part of a community. (Sign up to receive them at paw.princeton.edu.) And if you're interested in hearing the music that Professor Simon Morrison '97 mentions in his essay, "The Sounds of Solace," on page 21, you can find links at bit.ly/sounds-of-solace.



Daugherty

PAW's online content is managed largely by Elisabeth H. Daugherty, who became our digital editor in March. Liz, a graduate of Bucknell University and Columbia Journalism School, has worked at *The Virginian-Pilot*, Virginia's largest newspaper, since 2010, most recently as leader of its digital enterprise team. She joined PAW just as New Jersey's stay-at-home order was taking effect and is now steering our digital presence from Virginia.

Thanks to Liz for jumping into a difficult situation with cheerfulness and professionalism. And thanks, especially, to those alumni honored by Diana's work: those in the service of humanity. We could not be prouder. — Marilyn H. Marks '86

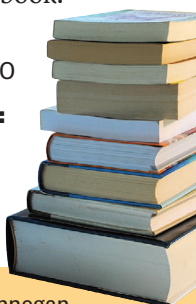
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that the sport was inflicting on its players. I was disheartened that the football powers-that-be seemed to want to cover up the problem. Since that time, I personally boycotted the game and continued to speak out about the perils of football.

During the 2019 football season, I decided to watch a few games hoping that I would not get too depressed by all of the head cracking that the sport I played entailed. I started by watching a youth game of 10-year-olds. I was shocked. I could not count one head collision. I continued my study by watching some college games and also a few pro games. I am as surprised as anyone to report that the game has changed. They fixed it!

I think this change took a few years to implement as old coaches retired and new players were taught to keep their heads out of the collision zone. This was apparent when I watched an old film of our '74 team. You can see the running backs diving head first through the line. We all wore neck collars so that we could deliver that head blow and not hurt our necks. We all took thousands of blows to the head.

It's clearly a different game now, but it's a better game. Athleticism is rewarded while brute-force helmet collisions can get you suspended for the season. Football was an important part of my life growing up, and it helped me get into the best school in the country. I feel like I can finally come back to the game I loved so much.

Fred Doar '77
Mill Valley, Calif.

BIODIVERSITY IN RANCHING

I applaud Princeton for creating a Sustainability Action Plan ("Bye-Bye, All-Beef ... Hello, Sustainability," Jan. 8), but as a rancher I am disappointed by the comment from Director of the Office of Sustainability Shana Weber: "Eating less animal-based protein is often the single most effective thing an individual can do to combat climate change, erosion, and water- and soil-quality degradation." This broad generalization lumps all animal agriculture into one big bucket.

Worldwide meat-production methods, and associated ecological

footprints, vary as widely as the production of a carrot versus cotton candy. Grazing of large herbivores on grasslands throughout the world is a natural product of evolution. All over the world domestic herbivores graze alongside wild herbivores. We spent the last 25 years adapting cattle-grazing protocols on 14,000 acres in Colorado to maximize biodiversity.

The carbon and methane emissions of 30-60 million bison on the Great Plains evolved as part of a carbon/methane cycle. Those bison did not produce carbon or methane; they were part of a food chain that cycled carbon and methane between the soil, plant matter, and the atmosphere. Our cattle fill the same niche. Ms. Weber and anyone at Princeton concerned with livestock and sustainability have an open invitation to visit Rancho Largo Cattle Co. and see regenerative agriculture at work. They can help evaluate hoof impact, manure distribution, plant diversity, invertebrate activity, litter and residual plant cycling, soil structure, and soil biotic activity. We integrate all these metrics to determine grazing protocols. Sustainability can look different on the ground with a producer who draws a livelihood from the land.

Grady C. Grissom '84
Fowler, Colo.

A COVID LIMERICK

Locally folks are soliciting new limericks to dissipate the loneliness of mid-pandemic times. The more I tried not to think about it, the more limerick-y notions intruded on the mushy brain. Cheers and enjoy — or reciprocate/retaliate!

There once was a beauty who'd bask
On beaches, for hours, in damask,
Who now's seen the light
And exemplary delight
In sporting her virus-proof mask.

Paul Hertelendy '53
Piedmont, Calif.

FOR THE RECORD

The March 18 Princeton Portrait of David Hosack, Class of 1789, drew on material from Victoria Johnson's biography *American Eden: David Hosack, Botany, and Medicine in the Garden of the Early Republic* (Norton & Co.), a 2018 National Book Award nominee.



YOUR ALUMNI ASSOCIATION



Dear Princetonians,

Times like these elevate the importance of community. As the COVID-19 pandemic quieted campus with the majority of our undergraduates home for virtual instruction, my colleagues and I began receiving hundreds of messages from our devoted alumni — calls of concern, offers of help and stories of alumni living Princeton's "in service" ethos.

We created the Tigers Helping website to pay tribute to the compassion and courage that our alumni, faculty, staff and students are showing amid the challenges of this pandemic, from the frontlines to the home front. The sounds of the P-rade will not echo through archways this May, but the chorus of Princetonians acting with "one accord" is louder than ever.

With gratitude,

Alexandra Day '02
Deputy Vice President for Alumni Engagement

P.S. Share your stories of **#TigersHelping** on Twitter, Instagram and Facebook, or send an email to tigershelping@princeton.edu.



Alexandra Day '02

From top left: Sharon Carver '82 provides online resources for parents of young children.

Meals for Heroes feeds NYC's health care workers.

Terhune Orchards partners Tannwen Mount '98, Gary Mount '66 and Reuwai Mount Hanewald '94.

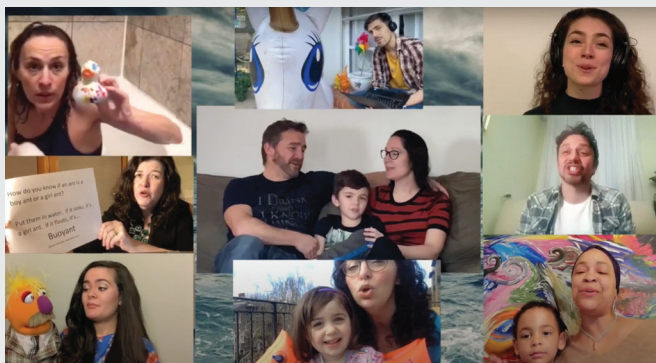
Princeton University Art Museum offers online art classes.

TIGERS ARE HELPING

From every corner of the world, in every way that is needed, Princetonians are raising their hands and lending their expertise and support during the COVID-19 pandemic. The words of Princeton's informal motto, "*In the nation's service and the service of humanity*," have never rung truer: Tigers are helping. Here are just a few of the ways.

Feeding the Frontline

With the onset of COVID-19, science journalist Anna Azvolinsky '09 was at home in New York City looking for a way to contribute to her community. After delivering masks to a nearby hospital and asking what she could do to help, she, her husband and his business partner founded Meals4Heroes, a 501(c)(3) that purchases meals at area restaurants and has them delivered to hospitals, feeding entire ICU and ER units, while employing restaurant workers. Thousands of meals have been sent to more than 10 hospitals in four boroughs; more locations are being added daily.



'When You Need a Little Lift'

When the quarantine was in its early stages, Prospect Theater Artistic Director Cara Reichel '96 and husband Peter Mills '95, a musical composer, wanted to create a project that would engage people with a "deeper message of connectivity, community and hope."

"I remembered that Peter had written this short, standalone song back in 2015, 'Two Buoys,' as a Valentine's surprise for me, but no one had ever heard it besides me," Reichel said. "I loved the image of the two buoys keeping each other afloat in a stormy sea; plus the song is just sort of boppy and makes you feel good. I thought that's what people might need."

Indeed they did. Within two hours of posting the request on Facebook for a "self-tape singalong" 75 people responded, including Princeton alumni Sarah Corey '92, Tira Harpaz '74, David Kessler '99, Katie Pickett '00, Tony Valles '97 and Simone Zamore '99. In the end, 35 households in 20 cities and four countries sent in their videos, which Mills edited into a single video that has been shared widely. To listen, search "Two Buoys" on YouTube.

Connecting Families

The need to self-isolate during the pandemic can quickly lead to loneliness for those who don't have digital devices and can't communicate with family and friends. During a recent non-COVID illness, senior Sunny Sandhu '20 realized how critical it was to be able to talk to his family while he recovered, and knew he had to do something for those who are digitally and physically isolated. He and Manraj Sandhu '16 rallied Princeton friends and alumni to establish Connect for COVID-19, an initiative to collect smartphones, tablets and laptops that can provide internet access for socially isolated patients at hospitals. More than 15 Princeton students and alumni have come aboard to support the effort, sourcing devices and determining which facilities are most in need.



Blooming Hope

Flowers can deliver hope. That was the goal of Daffodils for Heroes, launched by Stephen F. Byrns '77, chairman of the 43-acre Undermyer Gardens Conservancy. He opened the garden park with permission from the city of Yonkers, New York, so that he and his dedicated volunteers could pick the 30,000 flowers that were in bloom. With support from the city's Parks Department, which helped set up flower arranging stations and lifted the heavy trays of flowers onto a large truck, the cheerful yellow flowers were delivered to nearby hospitals and medical and rehabilitation centers.



"The smiles and expressions of joy were heartwarming," Byrns said.

Read more about how Princetonians are helping at tigershelping.princeton.edu.

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Association of Black Princeton Alumni

On the Campus

A Milestone Revised

Seniors will graduate in virtual ceremony, return for special Commencement in 2021

For the Class of 2020, the spring semester of senior year virtually disappeared amid concerns due to the spread of COVID-19. When Reunions was canceled in March, the verdict on graduation was still out.

"It's the last thing we as seniors could really hold out for," said Rohan Shah '20. "We realized Reunions were going to get canceled, so we're like 'OK, at least we'll get graduation.' We'll get that proper send-off."

The announcement finally came on April 15: Degrees would be conferred in a virtual ceremony on May 31, and an on-campus ceremony would be held in 2021, on either May 19 or 20. In an email to graduating seniors and their families, President Eisgruber '83 broke the news.

"Your class has achieved as much as any in memory, and you have sacrificed considerably more than any that I can recall," Eisgruber wrote. "Each and every senior on this campus lost precious opportunities and long-anticipated moments when this awful pandemic forced Princeton's spring semester online. I wish that we could give those special experiences back to all of you; I regret very much that we cannot."

Virtual events will also be held for the Graduate School's hooding ceremony. This year's master's degree and Ph.D. recipients can participate in an on-campus Hooding Ceremony May 24, 2021.

Although many seniors realized canceling graduation this year was inevitable, confirmation of the news still hurt. There were mixed reactions regarding the 2021 ceremony, ranging from excitement for a chance to reconnect with classmates to frustration



Alaa Ghoneim '20, left, and Zarnab Virk '20 celebrated the symbolic walk through FitzRandolph Gate before leaving campus in March.

with the continued uncertainties and lack of closure.

The Undergraduate Student Government's 2020 class representatives acknowledged these feelings in a letter to the class shortly after Eisgruber's announcement: "Losing our graduation this year is disheartening, but I want you to know that the class officers and the administration are working diligently for you and our classmates to ensure we have an amazing graduation next year."

Katya Vera '20, who left campus to return to her home state of California, said she was pleased with the news. "A virtual graduation was just not enough to finalize all of our hard work and the hard work of our families as well and

just [to get] closure with each other," she said. Vera created a Change.org petition in mid-March requesting that the University hold an in-person ceremony at a later date. The petition gained more than 1,000 signatures. Vera said her biggest concern going forward is how financial needs will be addressed to help students return to campus next year.

Financial support for travel expenses has been a huge part of Commencement planning discussions, said Juston Forte '20, the Class of 2020 president. "The class has a pretty sizable budget that is usually used for Commencement activities," Forte said. "Since it's not happening this year, we're discussing saving that and using it potentially as a financial aid to help students get back to campus."

Tomi Lawal '20 said the University made the right decision postponing the in-person ceremony, but with many details still unclear, he said he is worried about which celebrations may be cut from the May 2021 event. "I was really looking forward to the cultural graduation because at least for the Pan-African [ceremony], it's an opportunity for students to be able to walk as their name is being read, to receive the stole, and to have your family cheer for you," Lawal said.

For others, the news was just another in a string of disappointments. "I'm feeling kind of cheated," said June Philippe '20. As a first-generation, low-income student, Commencement was a big deal for her and her family. While she doesn't have a solution, she said the virtual ceremony and event next year just won't compare to the usual Commencement celebrations.

"It's just a disappointment, considering everything that we've struggled with these past four years just to get to this point," said Philippe, who does not plan on attending the virtual or in-person ceremonies. ♦ By C.S.



STUDENT DISPATCH

Zooming In: Campus Life at a Distance

By Maya Eashwaran '21



More than a hundred miles from campus, Grace Collins '21 is building a virtual replica of Little Hall, the dorm she called home for the last semester and a half. Joined by her friends, Collins is well on her way to assembling a realistic and proportionally accurate model of Princeton's campus on Minecraft, a popular video game.

"I guess leaving campus really suddenly was kind of a shock, and all of us had to say goodbye to each other and to a place that's come to feel like home," she said. "And so while we're standing inside this little virtual rendition of Princeton and talking and laughing to each other, it's kind of like being on campus."

Princeton students and staff are finding new, innovative ways of keeping in touch with the Princeton experience. The Office of Wintersession and Campus Engagement has taken a leading role in creating events for students to plug back into their on-campus communities.

"We like to say that campus life is still a thing — we want students to still be able to explore and connect outside of their classes," said Judy Jarvis, director of the office, which maintains a virtual-events calendar that features between 30 and 60 activities per week.

Students play a crucial role in shaping these activities, creating and hosting their own events. From his room in Montclair, New Jersey, Nate Perlmeter '21 created "Social Distancing," a live comedy

show on YouTube (bit.ly/perlmeter). "Being an aspiring comedian, I thought I'd opportunize the sad circumstance of being separated from my friends for a month to stretch my content-creation legs and create a sort of late-night live talk show on Princeton themes from my couch," he said.

The show, featuring Perlmeter and a series of his Princeton friends as "celebrity guests," has been a fun way of staying connected to campus life during what he calls "forever-spring-break."

For performing-arts groups, the semester online presented unique challenges. The Princeton Triangle Club, which had been scheduled to perform at Princeton Preview, in a spring show, and at Reunions, was devising ways to adapt. Club president John McEnany '21 organized a free, recorded show that was expected to be available online in mid-May.

"Our seniors especially are disappointed at not being able to do Reunions, which is usually a time where we have a bunch of traditions surrounding thanking seniors for what they've done and welcoming new people into our club," he said. "We're still regularly Zooming and talking on the GroupMe, which is a great way to stay in touch, especially considering how rushed our goodbyes are."

The Pace Center for Civic Engagement launched several new initiatives to strengthen Princeton's community impact during the COVID-19 pandemic, including virtual community tutoring and a weekly podcast with faculty on the relationship between their research and the ongoing health crisis.

Charlotte E. Collins, associate director of the Pace Center, stressed the importance of community engagement and service as a part of the student experience and as a part of the University's commitment to community needs. "One of the many wonderful things about Princetonians is their steadfast commitment to being of service to others," she added. "We have found that students are looking to be of service both locally and in their home communities."

Physically distant but virtually close-knit, Princeton students have found a way to tap into technology to create a new, and unprecedented, experience. ♦

NEW ENGINEERING DEAN NAMED



ANDREA GOLDSMITH, an electrical engineering professor at Stanford University and co-founder of two wireless communication startups, will become Princeton's dean of engineering Sept. 1. Goldsmith succeeds Emily Carter, who last fall became executive vice chancellor and provost at the University of California, Los Angeles. Former engineering dean H. Vincent Poor '77 has been Princeton's interim dean.

Goldsmith has been honored for her contributions to the fields of information theory and communications. She also has held leadership roles at Stanford, and she founded and directs a diversity and inclusion committee for the Institute of Electrical and Electronics Engineers. ♦

Essential Workers Keep University Running

Despite the eerie quiet that now envelops Princeton's campus, about 750 staff, faculty, and graduate students continue to report for work. Many who fall into this category are unionized hourly workers—including employees working in dining, building, and mail services—and navigating the new normal during the coronavirus pandemic has required new ways of doing business.

Bill Hallahan, assistant director of Print and Mail Services, said that while there was a notable interruption in deliveries, “we still were able to come through, I would say [with] 99 percent of what we were asked to do.”

To reduce the number of mail carriers walking around campus, the department shifted the Frist Campus Center package and mail room into a hub for students and offices to pick up mail and made use of the lockers for those who receive packages. While these measures eliminate most needs to deliver mail on campus, in other cases, the transaction is arranged so that it's touchless.

Mail service is essential, Hallahan said. “We're supplying things that could be life-sustaining, if you will, to these students who are stuck here,” he added, noting that deliveries can include medication, food, and bills.

In Facilities and Housing, a group of 22 employees received special training so they can support students who are in isolation and quarantine. Employees from Campus Dining are also among those remaining to cook and package food, so students can pick up their meals in the dining halls. They are creating food and care baskets for students in self-isolation.



“It's been my honor to be here and help feed those who are on campus with us,” chef Julius Charles wrote in an April newsletter to students.

Richard Wilder, senior storage facilitator of Building Services and vice president and treasurer of Service Employees International Union (SEIU) Local 175, said the union reached an agreement with the University to reduce the number of staff on campus at any one time. Most areas will operate with 25 percent of staff at a time (on a rotating schedule), except the

Building Services staff, which will operate with 50 percent. University spokesman Ben Chang told PAW that all staff will be paid whether at work or not.

Safety is the top priority, Wilder said, noting he's received various questions and concerns. “The element of fear, that's the hardest thing to get over,” he added.

Essential employees are being provided with the proper protective equipment needed for their jobs, extra attention is being focused on disinfecting high-touch surfaces, and areas where infected people may have been are being deeply cleaned, said Robin Izzo, executive director of environmental health and safety, during a virtual town hall meeting with staff in April. She added, “Everyone needs to be able to do their job while being at least 6 feet from each other.”

As of April 22, 47 students (three on campus) and 27 employees tested positive for COVID-19. Alerts are being sent to work teams through the system used to place work orders so they are aware of areas potentially exposed to the coronavirus, Wilder said. Managers will have to assess the situation before any workers are allowed to enter an affected area. He also noted that some managers have received hazmat training.

University spokesman Michael Hotchkiss told PAW that the University is working with offices, departments, and individual employees “to ensure critical campus functions continue while limiting the number of employees on campus and creating an environment that facilitates social distancing for those who are on campus.” ♦ By C.S.



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Before opening her shop in Paris, Sylvia Beach spent part of her childhood in Princeton.

borrowed *Bull Fighting* by Tom Jones in 1926. One also can view his purchases — he bought a copy of his novel *A Farewell to Arms* at the store — and the addresses where he lived in Paris.

Fans of an author can use the website to “read the books they read and see who else read those books,” said Joshua Kotin, an associate professor of English at Princeton and the project’s director. “We hope this will be a resource for scholars and nonscholars.”

It’s rare to have access to a library’s borrowing records because the American Library Association requires such records be destroyed for privacy reasons, points out Kotin, whose parents are both librarians. “As a scholar, I’m happy Sylvia Beach didn’t follow those guidelines,” he said.

The project, which began in 2014, is an initiative of Princeton’s Center for Digital Humanities, which uses digital methods and technologies to open new avenues of research. In addition to making materials available online, the center employs digital tools to analyze data in new ways. Contributors to the project include staff members at the library and the Center for Digital Humanities, as well as more than a dozen undergraduate and graduate students.

For the Shakespeare and Company Project, researchers will examine the data in numerous ways, such as looking at which books were borrowed most frequently after a date of historical significance, or revealing how much overlap there is between the reading lists of, say, Hemingway and Stein. The data also could be used to map the Paris neighborhoods where well-known writers lived and to examine whether writers who were friends read the same books.

Beach closed the bookstore in 1941 after refusing to sell her last copy of *Finnegans Wake* to a Nazi officer. A new Shakespeare and Company opened in Paris in 1951, thanks to owner George Whitman, an American who chose the bookstore’s name to carry on Beach’s legacy. Today the shop, run by Whitman’s daughter, remains a gathering place for intellectuals and fans of English-language books. Her name — chosen to honor a legendary figure in literary history — is Sylvia. ♦ *By Jennifer Altmann*

Parisian Reading

Digital humanities project opens the records of a famed French bookshop

Sylvia Beach, who founded the storied Paris bookstore Shakespeare and Company, a meeting place for expatriate writers such as Ernest Hemingway, Gertrude Stein, and James Joyce, briefly lived in Princeton as a teenager. Her father, the Rev. Sylvester Woodbridge Beach 1876, was named minister of the town’s First Presbyterian Church in 1905. After Sylvia Beach died in 1962, the University purchased much of the contents of her apartment — which was located above the store — and cataloged her papers. They are shelved in 180 archival boxes at Firestone Library, a treasure trove of information on the reading habits of some of the most important writers of the 20th century — and one that, for more than 50 years, researchers had to travel to Princeton to study.

Today, some of the most tantalizing material in the Sylvia Beach Papers has been digitized and is accessible online to everyone as part of the University’s Shakespeare and Company Project.

Much of what is now online comes from the bookstore’s lending library, for which Beach kept detailed logbooks as well as lending cards for 640 members, among them Simone de Beauvoir and Ezra Pound. The library, which had thousands of members, was popular with American writers because English-language books were expensive and not readily available in France between 1919 and 1941, when the store was open.

Visitors can search the website (<https://shakespeareandco.princeton.edu>) for a library member, such as Hemingway, to see which books he borrowed and the dates he withdrew them and returned them. Clicking “cards” reveals images of the handwritten notes kept by the store’s clerks who recorded his loans. Hemingway was a library member, on and off, from 1921 to 1938 and borrowed more than 90 books, including P.T. Barnum’s *Barnum’s Own Story*, which he kept for a few weeks in the fall of 1927, and *Lady Chatterley’s Lover*, which he kept for just eight days in September 1929. He

A detailed oil painting on paper by Albert Bierstadt, titled 'Yosemite Valley, California' (detail). The scene depicts a lush forest with tall, slender trees and dense foliage. A river flows through the center of the composition, reflecting the surrounding greenery. In the distance, a person on horseback is visible on a path. The overall atmosphere is serene and majestic, with soft lighting filtering through the trees.

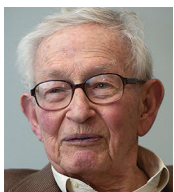
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Albert Bierstadt (American, 1830–1902), *Yosemite Valley, California* (detail). Oil on paper. Princeton University Art Museum. Gift of Stuart P. Feld, Class of 1957, and Mrs. Feld

IN MEMORIAM

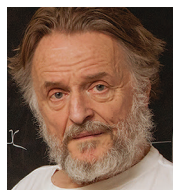


PHILIP ANDERSON, a Nobel laureate and professor emeritus of physics, died March 29 in Princeton. He was 96. Anderson joined the faculty in 1975 and transferred to emeritus status in 1996. His research on the electronic structure of magnetic and disordered systems influenced the development of electronic switching and memory devices in computers. Anderson shared the Nobel Prize in Physics in 1977 and received the National Medal of Science in 1982. Parts of his research are incorporated in the Standard Model of particle physics.



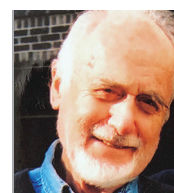
L. CARL BROWN, a professor emeritus of Near Eastern studies, died April 8 in Mitchellville, Maryland, at age 91. A member of the

faculty from 1966 to 1993, Brown was a leader in North African studies. He served as chair of his department and director of the interdisciplinary Program in Near Eastern Studies. Brown wrote or edited more than a dozen books, including *Religion and State: The Muslim Approach to Politics*, published in 2000.



JOHN HORTON CONWAY, a professor known for his love of mathematical games and his ability to delve into a variety of theoretical topics, died April 11 in New Brunswick, New Jersey, from complications related to COVID-19. He was 82. Conway, who served on the mathematics faculty for 26 years, contributed significant research in fields ranging from theoretical physics to geometry. With Princeton colleague Simon Kochen, he developed a free-will

theorem, published in *Foundations of Physics* in 2006. Conway's "Game of Life," a computer simulation that does not require input from the players, gained a cult following in the early 1970s.



CLAUDIO SPIES, a professor of music known for his work as a composer and scholar, died April 2 in Sonoma, California. He was 95. As a composer, Spies specialized in vocal scores. He taught courses on musical manuscripts, composition, conducting, performance, and musical analysis in his 28 years on the Princeton faculty. After transferring to emeritus status in 1998, he continued teaching at the Juilliard School. Spies also helped to bring the premiere of Igor Stravinsky's last major composition, "Requiem Canticles," to McCarter Theatre in 1966. ♦

From top: Amaris Hardy/Office of Communications; Princeton Weekly Bulletin; Denise Applewhite/Office of Communications; courtesy Spies family

P R I N C E T O N \ C L A S S I C S

We send our very best wishes to all our alumni during these unprecedented challenging times, and hope you are all keeping well. To our returning students, we look forward to seeing you in the halls of East Pyne very soon!

COURSES – COMING FALL 2020



CLAS47/PAW503/HLS547/HIS557:
Problems in Ancient History:
Form and Medium in Roman
Historical Representation

Andrew Feldherr and Brent Shaw

Questions of how and why individuals mattered, even of what constituted an individual, are among the most complicated and challenging asked of Greco-Roman civilization. Through studying the representation of individual lives and asking what makes them worth narrating, and what ancient discourses shape their reception, we aim to develop a better understanding of the texts within this tradition.



CLA544/ HIS546/HLS544:
The Reception of the Classical
Tradition in Early Modern Europe

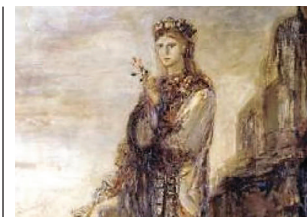
Barbara Graziosi and Anthony Grafton

This seminar examines the ways in which philosophers and imaginative writers, historians and philologists, antiquaries and collectors interpreted texts and objects from the ancient world. We raise methodological questions, examining "reception" as a concept and setting it in the larger context of hermeneutical theory and practice, then we carry out a series of case studies.



CLA232: Rhetoric and Politics
Emmanuel Bourbouhakis

What are the features of persuasive political speech? The reliance of democratic politics on memorable oratory stems from traditions dating back to ancient Greece and Rome which were revived in the modern era of parliamentary debates and stump speeches. This course will analyze the rhetorical structure of famous political speeches over time in a bid to better understand the potent mixture of aesthetics and ideology that characterizes political rhetoric.



CLG213: Tragic Drama;
Helen: Desire and Reality
Joshua Billings

We will be reading texts connected to Helen of Sparta/Troy, primarily Euripides' *Helen* and Gorgias' *Encomium of Helen*. Both works deal with the aftermath of the Trojan War and try to come to grips with Helen's role in it, in different ways: Euripides by following an alternate tradition in which Helen did not go to Troy at all (!), Gorgias by defending her from blame for having caused the war.

For a complete list of offerings, visit us online at <https://classics.princeton.edu>.



James C. Lo Workshop. *Illusory City*, 1958–63. Artistic rendering of wall painting in Mogao Cave 217. High Tang (704–781). Princeton University Art Museum.

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MAY 13 | 4:30 P.M. EST

The Political History and Governance of New Zealand: Queen Victoria, Biculturalism as Founding Footprint, and Global Aspiration

DAVID HUEBNER '82, *Former Ambassador to New Zealand and Samoa*

MAY 20 | 4:30 P.M. EST

Dunhuang: Buddhist Art and Explorers of the Silk Road

DORA C.Y. CHING *11, *Associate Director of the P.Y. and Kinmay W. Tang Center for East Asian Art*

JUNE 10 | 4:30 P.M. EST

Syracuse as Spectacle: Images of Victory and Catastrophe in Ancient Sicily

ANDREW FELDHERR '85, *Professor of Classics*

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Michael Sowers '20 played in the Feb. 15 game against Monmouth.

ATHLETICS

Point of No Return

Lacrosse seniors in historic season denied chance to come back next year

The news spread quickly across campus. In a 19th-century fiction class in McCosh Hall, the co-captains of the women's tennis team locked eyes and then burst into tears, they said. The men's tennis team sat in stunned silence in a cramped dorm room in 1901 Hall. A baseball player said teammates gathered in their locker room at Caldwell Fieldhouse and wept.

The Ivy League had canceled the spring athletic season as the coronavirus spread and students were sent home. Seniors were particularly despondent. They would never play for Princeton again.

"It's completely heartbreaking," said Clare McKee '20, on the women's tennis team.

Most seniors planned to graduate as expected. But some men's lacrosse players refused to accept that their Princeton careers were over. Led by Michael Sowers '20, widely considered the nation's best player, they were national title contenders. They knew that

athletes before them — usually in cases of injury — had temporarily withdrawn from Princeton to return and compete during a fifth undergraduate year. About half of the 11 lacrosse seniors intended to do the same. Then they received an email from athletic director Mollie Marcoux Samaan '91: Athletes who withdrew from Princeton would not be granted permission to compete the following spring.

The lacrosse program was in the middle of its most promising season in almost two decades. Now, the seniors say they feel betrayed.

"It just feels like the most powerful university in the world, that's completely equipped to deal with a situation like this, just turned its back on the people that loved it," Sowers said.

Initially, all signs indicated the lacrosse seniors wouldn't have a problem, Sowers said. "We did a ton of research, and it didn't seem that complicated," he explained. "Our

deans were very supportive. I was very optimistic. I knew the only way we wouldn't be able to do it would be if the school brought down the hammer."

A group of 32 lacrosse alumni rushed to offer their support, sending a letter to President Eisgruber '83. They noted the administration had said in *The Daily Princetonian* that students should remain enrolled "now more than ever," but in their letter the alumni said that rationale "rings incredibly hollow." Students now home "twiddling thumbs" would be better served by returning next year, they wrote.

"They need to make some accommodation for these extraordinary student-athletes, or even student musicians, or student scientists, who have the same issue," Tom Leyden '77 explained in an interview.

In his reply, Eisgruber said many seniors might wish to return next year, but the University could not accommodate that wish. "We are all in this terrible 'black swan' of a year together, and we need all of our students — laboratory scientists, performing artists, student-athletes, and others — to persist and graduate if they can, even in these difficult circumstances," he wrote.

Harvard and Yale have made the same decision on spring 2020 athletes. This reflects the "unanimous view of Ivy League presidents," Eisgruber wrote.

Eisgruber also said he's proud that, unlike at many universities, "Princeton and the Ivy League rightly regard student-athletes first and foremost as students."

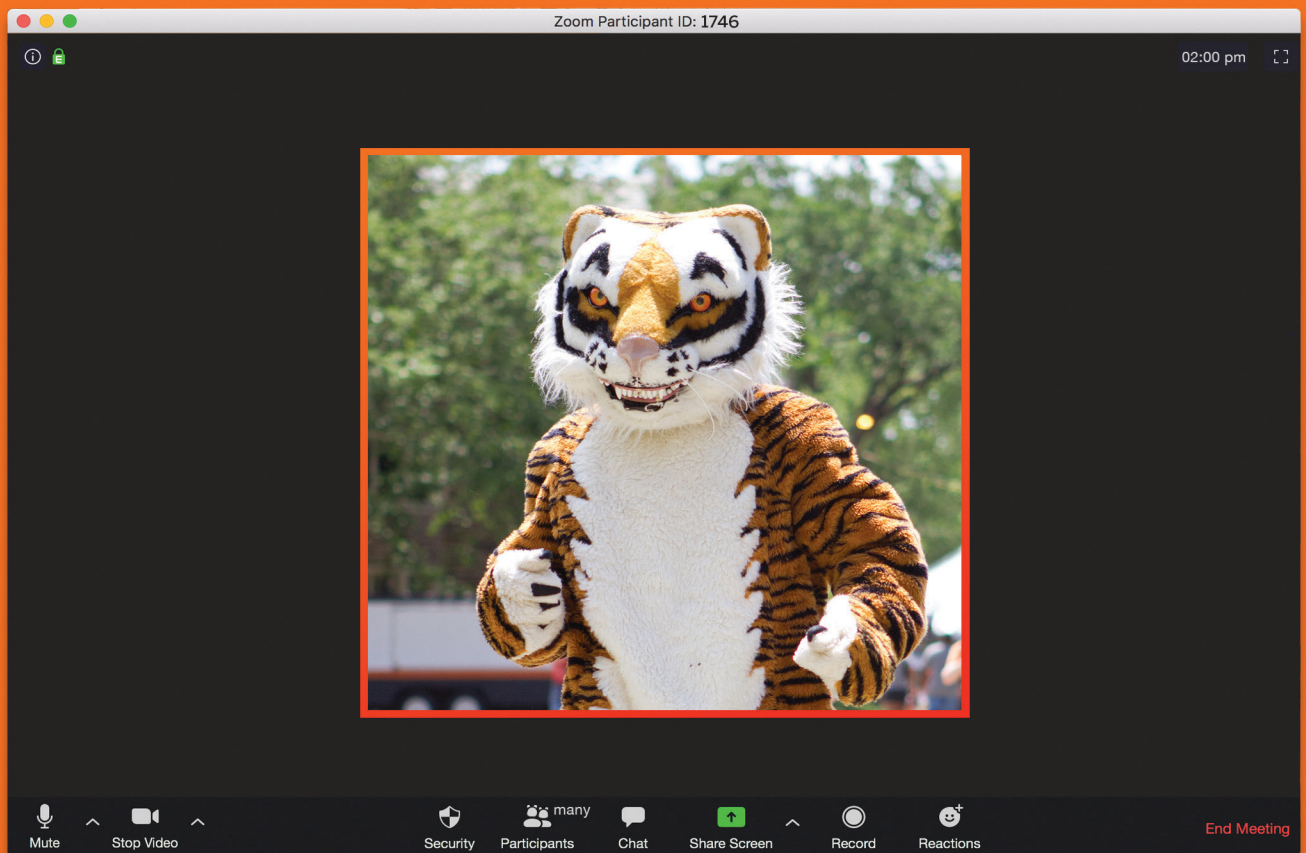
Sowers and his teammates find that logic hard to accept.

"We [each] came to Princeton to be a Princeton student," Sowers explains. "But at the same time, our lives have revolved around our sport."

Sowers wanted to fulfill his dream of winning a national championship at his dream school. Ultimately, he feels he was denied the institutional support to make that happen. "I think it's a shame that there wasn't anyone representing athletes in that decision-making process," he said. "It's not that [Eisgruber] doesn't care. It just demonstrates there's a lack of understanding of what sports are and what they mean at Princeton." ♦ By

Blake Thomsen '17

REUNIONS ARE ON (LINE)!



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For details and online Reunions programming May 28-31, visit
reunions.princeton.edu.



Life of the Mind



ESSAY: MUSIC

In Times of Crisis, The Sounds of Solace

By Simon Morrison *97



*Simon Morrison *97 is a professor of music at Princeton.*

At midnight on March 27, Bob Dylan released a previously unknown 17-minute song about the assassination of JFK. We don't know when he wrote it, but its release is apropos. In recalling a past national trauma amid the present pandemic, Dylan offers us the opportunity to make meaning and take solace in appealing melodies combined with simple harmonies. "Murder Most Foul" invokes

a singular event as part of a sweeping epic exploring the American experience, including the scourge of racism and struggle of the Civil Rights movement. References to Charlie Parker, Patsy Cline, and Stevie Nicks mingle with Irving Berlin's 1920s hit "Blue Skies" in a stream-of-consciousness-style survey of American popular music. It's the soundtrack of 20th-century

Music turns breath into song and puts bodies in motion.

history. Echoes of Americana include parlor sounds (old-time fiddle, piano, randomized drums, and cymbals) that drone on in the background while electronic swirls point to the dreams and nightmares ahead. Critic Peter Simek hears the words "Parkland hospital only six more miles" not in relation to Kennedy's murder, but to COVID-19.

Like Dylan, composer Charles Ives catalogued the music around him — patriotic marches, hymn tunes, Beethoven sonatas, early-20th-century popular songs — and filled his compositions with quotations and borrowings, hoping to capture both the sounds of everyday life and the ideals of a transcendental unity achieved through music. On May 7, 1915, Ives climbed the stairs to the elevated train platform on his way uptown. The train was delayed; people piled up, their faces grim from the day's news: The *Lusitania* had been torpedoed by the Germans with more than 1,100 souls lost at sea. Ives heard a melody: "In the Sweet Bye and Bye." "Some workmen sitting on the side of the tracks began to whistle the tune," Ives recalled, "and others began to sing or hum the refrain." Dapperly dressed bankers joined in with the laborers, "and finally it seemed to be that everybody was singing this tune [not] for fun, but as a natural outlet for what their feelings had been going through all day long." Eventually "the chorus sounded out as though every man in New York must be joining in it."

Songs of solace flow through the American tradition. The hymn "My Life Flows On in Endless Song," whose music is attributed to the Baptist minister Robert Wadsworth Lowry, contains the lines "Thro' all the tumult and the strife / I hear the music ringing / It finds an echo in my soul / How can I keep from singing?" Megan Sarno *16, a musicologist at the University of Texas at Arlington, recorded the song with her husband and posted it on

Facebook in March.

After the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, his body (along with the exhumed remains of his son Willie, who had died at age 11 in Washington, D.C.) was carried by rail back to Springfield, Illinois. All along the way crowds gathered; military and amateur marching bands came out to play. Composer Alfred B. Sedgwick quickly set to music Lincoln's favorite poem, "Oh, Why Should the Spirit of Mortal Be Proud," by William Knox. The humble piano accompaniment and straightforward, declarative melody meant that the song found its way into many American parlors, sung by families grieving the loss of Lincoln.

Perhaps the most profound songs of suffering — and of hope — in American music come to us as a legacy of enslaved African Americans. W.E.B. DuBois dubbed them "sorrow songs." They are more often today known as black spirituals. After Emancipation, these songs of sorrow, hope, spirit, and resilience found a new place in the concert hall as the concert spiritual, and the music built halls of hope. The Fisk Jubilee Singers earned enough during their arduous performance tours to fund the construction of Jubilee Hall at Fisk University. "To me," DuBois wrote, "Jubilee Hall seemed ever made of the songs themselves, and its bricks were red with the blood and toil. Out of them rose for me morning, noon, and night, bursts of wonderful melody, full of the voices of my brothers and sisters, full of the voices of the past." The novels of Princeton Professor Emerita Toni Morrison overflow with musicality and musical references to the spiritual as well as to blues and jazz.

An 1867 collection titled *Slave Songs of the United States* introduced African American spirituals in the oral tradition to white audiences in transcription. Among the best known spirituals in that anthology are "Nobody Knows the Trouble I've Seen," "Michael Row the Boat Ashore," and "Rock o' My Soul." First published about a decade later, "Deep River" ranks among the most famous and most transformed spirituals, likened by musicologist Wayne Shirley to the beloved Christmas carol "Silent Night." "Deep River" was subsequently arranged and rearranged

in a fashion that estranged the tune from its original cultural and historical context, prompting the NAACP, in a 1922 statement, to complain about the pollution of the spiritual tradition. The earliest known, unaccompanied transcription involves a refrain that repeats the line "I want to cross over into the campground," referring to a Christian gathering or revival meeting. It also refers to paradise, lending a double meaning to the description of hope in the midst of despair.

Music is viral — in a good way. There might be much to dislike about social media of late: the fractiousness, the alienation, the gossip, the spying, the trolling. But let us at least praise the platforms that allow us to come together to make music.

White and black Christian musical traditions come together in the folk hymn "Amazing Grace," penned in 1772 by a rogue sailor involved in the Atlantic slave trade turned Anglican minister. The most familiar tune attached to the lyric is by the Southern Baptist preacher William Walker, a lifelong resident of Spartanburg, South Carolina. In Charleston, nine people were shot and killed at Mother Bethel AME Church in 2015. President Barack Obama delivered the eulogy for the Rev. Clementa Pinckney. "I've been reflecting on this idea of grace," he mused before breaking into the strains of "Amazing Grace." Those gathered behind him on the dais and before him in the pews joined in, the audience transformed into a congregation and a chorus.

"Amazing Grace" speaks of joyful transformation, of finding faith, yet the sense of having been lost still lingers. Likewise, while major chords sound happy in Western music and minor ones sad, acousticians remind us that the major after the minor can sound all the sadder. Writer Sophie Roberts traces the biography of Vera Lotar-Shevchenko, a

pianist who survived eight years of the Stalinist Gulag. Her husband, a violinist, did not; he was either shot, or lost his mind, or died of dystrophy. In the labor camp, Lotar-Shevchenko practiced in silence, tapping the wood of her bunk, into which the outlines of a keyboard had been carved. In these terrible tales, music is a means of survival. Even at the end of life, when the lullaby eases our passage not to sleep but to death, the life of this ineffable art prevails. Anthropologist Georgina Born, a visiting lecturer at Princeton, has recounted the memories of music — Schubert, to be specific — that her mother kept with her after Alzheimer's had erased all else. Is the connection primal or spiritual? Certainly both.

At the intersection of our two nervous systems — the automatic, like the heartbeat or digestion, and the somatic, including conscious movement — lies the lungs. That's why so many spiritual traditions from around the world ask us first to concentrate on our breathing as a portal to awareness and self-control. Coughing is instinctive and involuntary, yet we can control our breathing. Music turns breath into song and puts bodies in motion.

My sugar-fueled 9-year-old loves Dua Lipa's new single, "Don't Start Now," from an album called *Future Nostalgia*. It comes and goes in a flash, with a beat calibrated to sound good on all our devices, the goal of music production today. You've heard Lipa's combination of electronic dance music, hip-hop, and synth pop before, with a muscular "alpha female" groove its signature. "Don't show up / don't come out," she tells us, enforcing the strictures of self-quarantine, and then to dance, dance, dance as a way to prevent climbing the walls.

But by all means dance, and sing, and listen online. Music is viral — in a good way. There might be much to dislike about social media of late: the fractiousness, the alienation, the gossip, the spying, the trolling. But let us at least praise the platforms that allow us to come together to make music. Solace as well as strength is found in numbers and in sound. ♦



LISTEN to the music mentioned in this essay at paw.princeton.edu



RELIGION: ANDREW CHIGNELL

The Philosophy Behind Our Beliefs

Growing up in the Chicago suburbs, Andrew Chignell was a naturally curious and cerebral student. He developed an interest in philosophy early on, thanks to an influential English teacher who hosted voluntary early-morning discussions on metaphysical poetry and existentialism over doughnuts and hot chocolate. “It met this intellectual need I felt I had,” Chignell says.

He was also raised in an evangelical home, and he credits this upbringing with shaping his philosophical focus. “I was brought up pretty seriously religious,” he says. “I wanted to figure out some of these [religious concepts], and whether I believed any of them, and why.”

“What would it be like to know where the limits of knowledge are, but then also have some conception of what a rational state would be that goes beyond knowledge?” says Andrew Chignell.

In 2004, Chignell earned his Ph.D. in philosophy and religion. Chignell is now a Princeton professor with joint appointments in religion, philosophy, and the University Center for Human Values. His work focuses on the ideas of German philosopher Immanuel Kant, and on the philosophy of religion, belief, hope and despair, and food ethics. ♦
By Agatha Bordonaro '04

Chignell's Studies: A Sampling

WHO'S TO SAY?

Say you're at the top of a mountain and a chasm has suddenly opened up, forcing you to jump across to safety. Firmly believing you're going to make it, even though you lack evidence, is not just morally reasonable, it is a practical imperative for your survival. So why can it be so unpalatable when people assert their beliefs in the absence of knowledge? “Where do those standards come from, and to what extent are they ethical?” Chignell asks. “When and where is it morally or ethically relevant what you believe? That is one of the main questions I'm interested in: the ethics of belief.”



DARING TO HOPE

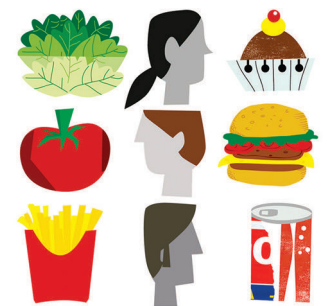
Contemporary philosophers are torn between two approaches to hope, Chignell says: ancient and Nietzsche traditions, which suggest hope is either delusion or the flip side of fear, and therefore worthy of suspicion; and a popular view of hope as a desirable trait. Through a four-year interdisciplinary initiative that he co-directed, Chignell concluded that while there are instances in which both hope and optimism are risky propositions, overall they can prove “extremely valuable in terms of promoting

our projects, retaining resolve, enriching our relationships, and avoiding the kind of demoralization that comes with dogged, hopeless realism.”



EATING RIGHT

People hoping to make a difference with their food choices are often confronted with massive supply chains that don't register the effect of individual boycotts, Chignell says. It can lead to despair about one's ability to have an impact, as well as opportunistic or selfish behavior if you rationalize that your choice doesn't matter in the grand scheme of things. What leads some people to persevere? Chignell says his research finds people are driven by one of three beliefs: Their individual actions will signal a shift in demand and bring about change that way; they will form a collective that makes a difference; or there is something “crucial about ‘standing with the good’ even if it makes no difference.” ♦ *By A.B.*



Dispatches from a Pandemic

PAW reached out to alumni who are on the front lines of the COVID-19 crisis or are affected by it in different ways. Here are some of their contributions; more essays will be published in our next issue. Write to us at paw@princeton.edu with your own story, or post it at paw.princeton.edu.

Today, When I Could Do Nothing

JANE HIRSHFIELD '73

*Poet Jane Hirshfield '73's ninth book of poetry, **Ledger** (Knopf), was published March 10. She wrote this poem March 17, the day that the San Francisco Bay Area's six-county shelter-in-place protocol went into effect.*

**Today, when I could do nothing,
I saved an ant.**

**It must have come in with the morning paper,
still being delivered
to those who shelter in place.**

A morning paper is still an essential service.

I am not an essential service.

**I have coffee and books,
time,
a garden,
silence enough to fill cisterns.**

**It must have first walked
the morning paper, as if loosened ink
taking the shape of an ant.**

**Then across the laptop computer — warm —
then onto the back of a cushion.**

**Small black ant, alone,
crossing a navy cushion,
moving steadily because that is what it could do.**

**Set outside in the sun,
it could not have found again its nest.
What then did I save?**

**It did not move as if it was frightened,
even while walking my hand,
which moved it through swiftness and air.**

**Ant, alone, without companions,
whose ant-heart I could not fathom —
how is your life, I wanted to ask.**

I lifted it, took it outside.

**This first day when I could do nothing,
contribute nothing
beyond staying distant from my own kind,
I did this.**



Jane Hirshfield '73



Fear of the Known

LAUREN EDMONDS '10

Lauren Edmonds '10, a native New Yorker, is a nurse in the intensive-care unit at NewYork-Presbyterian/Weill Cornell Medical Center.

When you hear hooves, think horses, not zebras. It's a common phrase among medical professionals. Basically, when diagnosing a patient, start with the most common, most basic, most likely diagnoses — not the exotic disease seen in less than 1 percent of the population. A sneeze is seasonal allergies, a cough is the common cold, a stomachache is the expired food eaten the night before. However, in the time of COVID-19 all the rules have been thrown out the window. It is a zebra.

For nurses, the elusive zebra has transformed from the rare to the omnipresent. COVID-19 is dominating our patient population, our supplies, and our psyche. It has invaded hospitals and overwhelmed the health-care system to such an extent that no cough is benign and no symptom innocuous. It's difficult to maintain perspective. I remind myself that I work in a hospital where I'm accustomed to treating the worst cases and that the virus is in fact not everywhere and everything.

In actuality, there are thousands more people exhibiting symptoms that are too mild to warrant a hospital admission. But it's difficult to keep your fear in check when you are standing in the middle of a COVID unit as a doctor tries to MacGyver a face shield out of a gown. It's a struggle not to panic when the patients are younger than what you've heard on the news and much closer to your own 31 years. It's nearly impossible not to get overwhelmed when your colleagues' PPE-donned faces have been reduced to their eyes — and yet it's still not enough to mask their concern and worry.

People have every right to be afraid. The unknown is a terrifying thing; it's uncomfortable and unfamiliar. However, nurses have a very different kind of COVID-19 fear — a fear of the known. COVID-19 is not just a virus that may or may not land you in the hospital, where it may or may not kill you. It's a series of cascading events with a complicated hospital course. Each step of the hospitalization, from intake to recovery, is a well-known reality to nurses, with nuances that are met with worry about their patients, loved ones, and themselves.

As a nurse, my experience during the time of COVID-19 has been heightened and magnified because of my knowledge and familiarity of the hospital and patients battling the virus. The fear is in the details: the alarming number of droplets released during an intubation, the half-life of the sedatives and paralytics administered to maintain ventilator compliance, the numerous pressure points created when you flip a patient over onto the stomach for hours to improve lung function.

Each fact releases its own flurry of anxieties, which makes it difficult to process the gravity of the situation. Despite all of this, there is a certain level of composure required to be an ICU nurse even in the face of two contagions: COVID-19, and fear of the known and unknown.

Intense Need, But Also Resilience

ANTHONY SHU '16

Anthony Shu '16 is the marketing coordinator at Second Harvest of Silicon Valley, a food bank in California's Bay Area.

At Second Harvest of Silicon Valley, I share stories of our clients' resilience and communicate how our food bank serves more than a quarter-million people at 1,000 sites each month. We provide the nutrition our community needs to thrive, and our clients' achievements are at the center of our work.

Last fall, we celebrated a mother who provided her family with Christmas decorations and dinners

even when they were homeless. Soon, she'll be graduating from a prestigious university with a degree in astrophysics. This spring, kids told me how their parents' cooking gives them superpowers. They dream of becoming astronauts, designers, artists, and Ivy League alumni.

However, in this time of crisis and social isolation, I've struggled to understand what thriving might look like.



Anthony Shu '16

In early April, the adjutant general of California visited two of our warehouses where uniformed National Guardsmen have largely replaced our volunteer force (though community volunteers still run our distribution sites). The major general referred to COVID-19 as likely the largest catastrophe to hit the United States in a century. He asked the soldiers to prepare for a months-long mission at Second Harvest.

Our Food Connection Hotline has been receiving about 1,000 calls a day instead of the usual 200 inquiries, and our website's Get Food page has seen traffic increase tenfold since sheltering-in-place began. These numbers are overwhelming. I try to remember the individuals who make up these statistics.

After all, the high cost of living in Silicon Valley had already put low-wage workers at risk. Now we're all confronted with the vulnerability that our neighbors face each day. Service employees who sustain the tech industry are losing their paychecks. Restaurants have closed, leaving servers without jobs. Newly unemployed parents must provide

breakfast and lunch for their children during the school week. Many local families lived on the border of needing assistance before this crisis and are now asking for help for the first time.

With the help of the National Guard, we're packing hundreds of thousands of food boxes that can be distributed safely. We're opening a new 40,000-square-foot warehouse (our fourth facility) with support from corporate partners. Volunteers and partner agencies are transitioning their sites to drive-throughs, often with creative setups. Many schools have continued to offer hot meals, and community members deliver groceries to neighbors' homes. I'm struck by the willingness of clients to help others despite their own need. One woman visited a distribution site to receive food and, on noticing the need for volunteers, remained to serve other clients, despite her growing fear of becoming ill.

Many clients will require food assistance as unemployment continues to rise, and new operational challenges arise each day. Nevertheless, I'll continue to search for stories of those thriving in this difficult time.

'Hidden Panic, Fear, But Forced Calm'

AMANDA SATTERTHWAITE '10

Amanda Satterthwaite '10 is a physician in New Orleans, Louisiana.

I'm not the kind of person who would ever join the military. My younger cousin joined the Marines some months back, and I remember telling her to avoid going to war at all costs. Ha! Look at me now.

I'm in New Orleans and just finished a two-week rotation in one of the busiest VA hospitals in the nation. I remember my brother texting in late March, as the number of COVID patients was surging, to ask how I was doing. There wasn't anything I could have texted back in that moment to accurately describe the hidden panic, fear, but forced calm I was feeling at that time.

Instead, I decided to describe the situation. The once-sleepy ICU is now busy, at capacity, and we are boarding patients on ventilators in the emergency department. We've had to recruit residents from other services to help with the number of admissions. Almost all of the patients in the unit have COVID-19; they're intubated and are being chemically paralyzed and kept prone. I see few patients improving. I am now having to reuse my face shield and am having trouble finding surgical masks to cover my N95 mask. I started tearing up (secretly) in my patient's room in a panic when I was disrobing my PPE and didn't know in which

step to take off my face shield after the daily change in procedures and plans. I fought to ward off a panic attack when three rapid responses were called with only three ventilators left. My colleagues and I can only look at each other and say, “It’s happening.”

Being an internist and psychiatrist doesn’t help the situation. I’ve experienced the paranoia, insomnia, and increased worry. The day after I heard that a decreasing sense of taste and smell may be initial symptoms of COVID, my tongue started to feel numb. The numbness was real. Oh, the power of the mind! I know that I am not alone.

I’ve always grappled with my identity as a physician. Let’s be honest; I had dreams of becoming a rap star in my youth. I’ve never made “physician” my entire identity, and now, we are being called “heroes on the front line.” I wish I felt more heroic than I do now. I wish I felt like I were saving lives instead of supporting organ systems until I can’t support them anymore.



Amanda Satterthwaite '10

I do have this new sense of responsibility to stop being the transparent and rash communicator I was in the past and to give friends and family the details they want to know from “the front line” while providing them with a sense of calm, hope, and control.

I’m 32. My birthday was last week, and instead of taking my usual birthday-extravaganza trip, I took a trip to the ICU to work during the biggest health-care crisis most of us have ever known or could imagine. I knew I would grow up one day. Thanks, COVID.



Frank Langfitt '86

Reporting on a Pandemic

FRANK LANGFITT '86

Frank Langfitt '86 is NPR's London correspondent. He was previously based in East Africa and China. His book, The Shanghai Free Taxi: Journeys with the Hustlers and Rebels of the New China, was published last year.

The coronavirus has changed the way most of us work, and the same holds for broadcast journalists. Normally, I work out of the BBC headquarters in central London, where NPR has a studio. When it became clear that working in a building with thousands of other staff was a very bad idea, I grabbed my gear and headed home to the London suburbs.

My family had just moved into a new house. Once we cleared out the boxes, I set up a studio in an upstairs office with two screens — one for writing scripts, the other for editing digital audio. I plugged my Comrex, a small broadcasting device, into an Ethernet port and was ready to go live on *Morning Edition* and *All Things Considered*.

Although the UK is largely locked down, the government permits journalists to move around. Traveling, though, entails risks, especially on the Tube, where reduced service has led to jammed trains with no social distancing. My solution: Report on foot and bike, using a boom microphone that extends up to 10 feet. I’ve found people eager to speak. On one walkabout, I came across Archie Greensmith, 9, who was out mailing letters with his parents as part of their once-a-day-government-permitted exercise.

Archie was candid about the pros and cons of homeschooling. “I miss some of my friends,” he told me. “I don’t miss my teacher.”

A few blocks away, Phil Stafford had tied up his antique motor yacht along the edge of the River Thames. Stafford, 72, runs his boat as a boutique restaurant, cruising along the river and serving five-course meals. The coronavirus wiped out Phil’s bookings, and he now spends his time practicing

From left: E. Free; Julia Langfitt '86

his electric piano in the main cabin. Standing on the dock, I reached my boom mic through the boat's doorway to capture him playing a Randy Newman song called "Bad News From Home."

One of the big stories in the UK — as in the United States — is the risk to health-care workers who scrounge for personal protective gear and have barely been tested for COVID-19. Using social media, my producer found front-line hospital staff to share their experiences as we recorded them on FaceTime and WhatsApp. The audio quality isn't as good as my boom mic, but it's a safer way to speak with people who have been treating coronavirus patients.

Like everyone else, I sometimes find the news overwhelming. That's when I jump on my bike and head out to the Thames tow path, riding along the edge of canals and around locks that date to the 17th century. It's lovely and tranquil, and when I pass others along the trail, I try my best to keep my distance.



Constance Hale '79

Living in Lockdown

CONSTANCE HALE '79

Constance Hale '79 is a California journalist and author.

It was a sunny Sunday afternoon in Oakland, and I was in my kitchen when my husband called to tell me to turn on the radio. "Gavin Newsom is speaking," he said, elliptically. This was March 15. I was supposed to be in Salt Lake City, but I'd canceled the trip in what seemed like prudence verging on prudishness. "Social distancing" still sounded Orwellian. But teachers I knew were taking their classes online, my family had canceled plans to celebrate an uncle's 80th, and we were washing our hands as often as possible. My poetry group had met earlier in the week, insisting on the verse while forgoing the usual potluck.

Yet here was Gov. Newsom, telling everyone over 65 to stay home. My husband, 71, hurried back from the hardware store, and we sat stunned. Then we started to strategize. I, 62, would become the gofer, errand-runner, grocery-shopper, interface to the world. We live in earthquake country, but we did not have a two-week supply of anything. We made a Costco list.

The next day, 6.7 million people in six Bay Area counties were told to "shelter in place." The words jangled. I raced to Costco, donning nitrile gloves, wiping my shopping cart clean, and loading up, uncharacteristically, on salami, sausages, and frozen chicken. Never had I bought so many coffee beans and so much dried pasta. This wasn't earthquake preparedness. We just didn't want to have to go back to Costco.

The next step was to develop protocols. How we'd disinfect the house. What we would do when we went out for essentials. Who would and wouldn't be allowed to visit. (In the end, no one.) The invisible threat, we were coming to understand, lurks everywhere — including in the people we bump elbows with, break bread with, trust, and love.

It hasn't been natural for us to jump on Viber or hang out on Google. With friends of our vintage, we've enjoyed longer-than-usual phone calls. My greatest agony concerns my mother, 86, who lives in Hawaii, has difficulty hearing, and doesn't much like talking on the phone. It strained our relationship when I harangued her about discontinuing her volunteer activities and giving up on chamber music. We struggle in conversations each night. I am saddened that I can't keep her company through this.

But humans are adaptive. We find ways to connect. A colleague meets with her students via Skype. My writers collective uses Slack to stay in touch. Zoom takes us into our yoga teachers' living rooms. Inspired by Italians singing from their balconies, some friends in Kensington are playing to neighbors from their deck.

I remember once hearing that Tiananmen Square made the fax newly relevant, and the Arab Spring proved the need for Twitter. This is the crisis that has made Slack, Skype, and Zoom not mere platforms, but lifelines.

With my mother, I've turned to FaceTime, so that she can read my lips. I walk around, showing her the veggie beds we're planting and aiming the camera at my husband's new deck, which, every day, is getting a little more built.

My half-Italian granddaughter turned 3 today. We read Dr. Seuss this morning on Viber. In the afternoon, I dropped off a Costco pizza and a present I'd wrapped with carefully washed hands, as well as ice cream and a disinfected, sealed package of balloons. I returned home, where a twin pizza was waiting. We connected on Messenger, baked our pizzas, ate, stuck candles in the ice cream, and sang "Tanti Auguri." ♦

'A Prolific Harvest of Death'

COVID-19 is only the latest epidemic to strike Princeton — here's how the University handled others

BY MARK F. BERNSTEIN '83

Even the oldest alums agreed that they had never seen a Commencement week like it. Princeton in the third week of June 1880 was half empty, the undergraduates sent home several weeks early to escape an outbreak of typhoid fever. "The breaking up of the session has afforded classmates, acquaintances, and the College generally, little or no opportunity to notice the absence of those who have been removed from us by death during the few weeks past," *The Princetonian* reported later that summer, a sentiment the Class of 2020 might understand. In all, 40 students were affected; and 10 — among a total enrollment of 473 — died. To put those numbers in perspective, it would be the equivalent today of 729 students getting sick and 182 dying, all in the space of five awful weeks.

Class Day was canceled and the graduation ceremony itself trimmed to just the orations and the conferring of degrees. Those graduates who were brave enough to return (before the formal creation of Reunions) were intercepted at the train station by members of the faculty and told that the dormitories and the University Hotel were too dangerous to be occupied, so they must find lodgings in town.

On Commencement morning, Princeton president James McCosh climbed the pulpit of the Presbyterian Church on Nassau Street to deliver his annual state of the College address, speaking first to the subject on everyone's mind. "Princeton, it is well known, is a healthy locality," he began. "Never visited by any epidemic, we had become too confident and did not take sufficient precautions to remove the sources and causes of fever." Two students, he noted, had died in their dorm rooms, "happily with their parents beside them." McCosh was too

circumspect to mention that one student, a junior named James Shaw, had slashed his throat with a razor in a typhoid-induced delirium while his mother, who had come to care for him, was out of the room. The other unfortunate young men died at home.

Nevertheless, the president promised, "By the opening of next term on Sept. 8, our college will be in a thoroughly satisfactory sanitary condition."

In terms of its scope and duration, COVID-19 is the most significant epidemic ever to affect Princeton. Never before in peacetime have students been sent home for nearly half a semester, campus buildings locked, and Reunions canceled.

But the coronavirus is hardly the only outbreak to strike in Princeton's long history. The largest, and perhaps the most notable, was the Spanish influenza of 1918. Fifty million people died worldwide, but there were no deaths on campus, thanks largely to an aggressive program of what would today be called social distancing. The 1918 flu outbreak was unique in that it struck during World War I, when Princeton was more of a military camp than a college. There were fewer than 100 regular students on campus, and most decisions regarding the outbreak were made by military authorities rather than the University administration. (See "Why Princeton Was Spared," *PAW* Dec. 17, 2008.)

Before the development of vaccines or a full understanding of germ theory, however, Princeton was visited by many infectious diseases now thankfully forgotten: scarlet fever, measles, mumps, whooping cough, diphtheria, and others. (The staff at Mudd Library has posted extensively about Princeton epidemics, including links to archival documents and news accounts, on <https://blogs.princeton.edu/mudd>.) Almost always, the sick were cared for, to the extent medical science knew how, and life struggled on. On a few occasions, though, disease brought the routine of academic life to a halt.



Privies located just below Whig and Clio Halls were referred to as "Cloaca Maxima" ("the Big Drain") or "The Temples of Cloacina," after the Roman sewer goddess. The privies were implicated in a typhoid epidemic in 1880.

appointments.

SMALLPOX AT PRINCETON COLLEGE.

Mr. Todd, of Pennsylvania, a student of Princeton College, while in New York last week, caught the smallpox, and on returning to his quarters in the college was prostrated with it. Hoping that it might be of a mild type precautions were at once taken to guard against its spread, but it soon assumed a violent character, and the patient was removed to the country. A large number of the students at once telegraphed to their homes for permission to leave, and a great excitement was created, particularly among those who had been in personal contact with Todd. The faculty after consultation deemed it best to allow the students to go home, and accordingly Dr. McCosh on Tuesday gave them leave of absence for three weeks, in which time it is hoped the disease will have disappeared. Mr. Todd was a junior orator last year, and is one of the most promising members of the class. Hopes are entertained of his recovery, although he is very seriously ill. The examinations, which were to have taken place next week, have been postponed till the 19th proximo.

SUICIDE OF A PRINCETON JUNIOR.

THE RESULT OF SICKNESS—AN EPIDEMIC OF TYPHOID MALARIA AT THE COLLEGE.

TRENTON, May 27.—Princeton was thrown into a state of great excitement Wednesday evening by the suicide of a student named James P. Shaw, of Toledo, Ohio, a member of the Junior Class, who, for the past two weeks, had been suffering from an attack of typhoid malarial fever. He was so low on Monday that his mother was sent for, and arrived yesterday morning and spent the day with him, and he had improved very much. At supper time he induced her to go down to supper, and while she was absent he got out of bed and with a razor cut his throat. Both of the large blood-vessels were severed, and his falling to the floor brought a servant to the room. His mother was informed of the act, and was inconsolable. Coroner Carson held an inquest at midnight, and a verdict in accordance with the facts was rendered. The body, in charge of the mother and two students, was taken to Ohio to-day.

For the past three weeks an epidemic of malarial fever has been raging in the college, and a number of these cases were of the typhoid form. No deaths, however, occurred, except that of a student named Ely, who, while convalescent, took a cold bath and died of a congestive chill. This afternoon Dr. McCosh informed *The Times's* correspondent that there were about 25 cases in the college, but that all New Jersey is suffering from the same disease, and that to-day there were only four serious cases. Dr. Schenck, one of the Professors, placed the number at 81, and stated that those who felt unwell and desired to go home were permitted to do so, but that the prevalence and number of cases was greatly magnified. The rumor that the water supply was the cause of the trouble, he said, was unfounded, as the water had been analyzed and found to be perfectly healthy. This afternoon a large number of students left for their homes, and if the exodus should continue, the Commencement exercises this year, which are set down for June 19 to 23, will be very tame, in comparison with those of previous years.

Stories in the *New York Herald*, top, and *The New York Times* followed Princeton's epidemics of smallpox and typhoid.

Like his predecessors, McCosh believed that Princeton's elevation and location, far from the crowded cities, protected it from epidemics. For the most part, they were right.

During an outbreak of dysentery in 1813, the trustees' minutes state, President Ashbel Green 1783 "reported that in his thirty years' intimate acquaintance with the institution he had never known so much illness." Fortunately, Professor Elijah Slack prepared a "chemical fumigation" from a formula he found in a foreign scientific magazine, which "had a most wonderful, speedy and happy effect in purifying the atmosphere."

A cholera epidemic, originating among laborers digging the Delaware & Raritan Canal, caused a panic in August 1832 while school was in session. Parents ordered their sons to leave town, forcing President James Carnahan 1800 to close the college. "[B]y reason of the alarm occasioned by the threatened approach of Pestilence," the trustees' minutes state, "it became impossible to keep any of the College Classes together" Nevertheless, Commencement, which was held later in those days, took place on schedule in late September, though the resumption of classes was nearly a month late.

Similarly, in March 1871, a senior named Edward Todd came down with smallpox — contracted in New York, not locally, College officials were quick to emphasize, but families panicked anyway. "A large number of the students at once telegraphed their homes for permission to leave," a reporter wrote in the *New York Herald*, "and a great excitement was created, particularly among those who had been in personal contact with Todd." President McCosh closed the College for three weeks. Smallpox incited another panic in 1899 when a student, R.S. Steen 1901, fell ill. Students jammed every available train out of town — but no further cases were reported, Steen recovered, and classes continued.

Those who fell ill during the McCosh administration (1868–88) were often cared for by his wife, Isabella. Princeton did not have a hospital at the time, so each morning Mrs. McCosh would pick up a list of sick students and visit each one herself, bearing food or medicine, as needed. She also pushed her husband to raise funds for Princeton's first infirmary, which opened in 1892 and was named (over her objections) in her honor. (See "Caring and Kindness, Along with Spunk," PAW Oct. 24, 2018.)

Not even the ministrations of Isabella McCosh, however, could alleviate the scourge of typhoid fever in the spring of 1880.

Throughout the 19th century, the campus drinking water came from wells and was generally potable, if not appetizing. "A mineral spring has been discovered," wrote theologian James W. Alexander 1820 in 1828, "that is, as in similar cases, a hole in the mud has been discovered which possesses rather more nastiness than the common water, which tastes like a gunwashing, more like a blacksmith's tub" Well water was then mechanically pumped to the few campus buildings through iron pipes.

Dormitories did not have indoor plumbing until Witherspoon Hall opened in 1877, and none of them had bathrooms until early in the 20th century. "Water closets," as they were called, were little better than holes dug in the basement floor; the nicest

ones, in Nassau Hall, had glass partitions that afforded a small measure of privacy and were known as the “crystal palace.” Fastidious students poured their chamber pots into the common sinks each morning. Many just dumped them out the window.

Everyone also used the privies, which were located just below Whig and Clio Halls and were referred to as “Cloaca Maxima” (“the Big Drain”) or “The Temples of Cloacina.” The classical jokes notwithstanding (Cloacina was the Roman sewer goddess), these outhouses were horrid affairs. “The walks were muddy and not lighted at night,” Edward Shippen 1845 recounted. “The erections themselves were not better than one would see at a country fair — of rough pine boards and with no sinks. They were detrimental in every way, as persons often used utensils and dumped them in improper places. Many who were more conscientious avoided going there at night, (or in bad weather) to the injury of their health.”

Students routinely burned the outhouses or, on at least one occasion, blew them up with gunpowder, a sport the college authorities tried to stop in 1861 by building an in-ground, multi-seat latrine, which made the facilities more permanent but no more appealing. From there, the college’s waste flowed through iron pipes into a huge earthen cesspool — 60 feet long, 10 feet wide, and 14 feet deep — located roughly where Dillon Gym stands today. Because the cesspool was never cleaned, much of the waste (“a black, tarry, offensive sewage,” state investigators reported) backed up into the pipes or leached into the ground, eventually fouling the wells that provided the campus drinking water.

“Despite the fact that, for weeks, disinfectants had everywhere been abundantly used,” another report on the epidemic stated, “the odours from some of the fixtures was noisome in the extreme.”

Seven students fell ill within a few weeks of each other beginning in late April 1880. Investigators discovered that the well they all drank from had been contaminated by the University’s backed-up cesspool. (The well also contained a dead cat.) Once everyone realized that the sewage system was responsible, McCosh and the trustees halted classes. “We believe thus only was it saved a far more wide-spread and fatal epidemic,” the minutes stated. “At the very day of adjournment we found the excreta of typhoid fever patients being emptied in a common water closet, and believe that the seed had been sown for a prolific harvest of death.”

President McCosh was philosophical. “We should all bow under the event as a dispensation of Providence meant to humble and chastise us,” he told the trustees, but outside observers, including the New York newspapers, were more critical. By August 1880, the University had begun to build a new, cement-lined cesspool, disinfect the sewer pipes, and dig new wells. This remained the Princeton sewer system until a treatment plant opened in 1914, which released treated wastewater into Lake Carnegie.

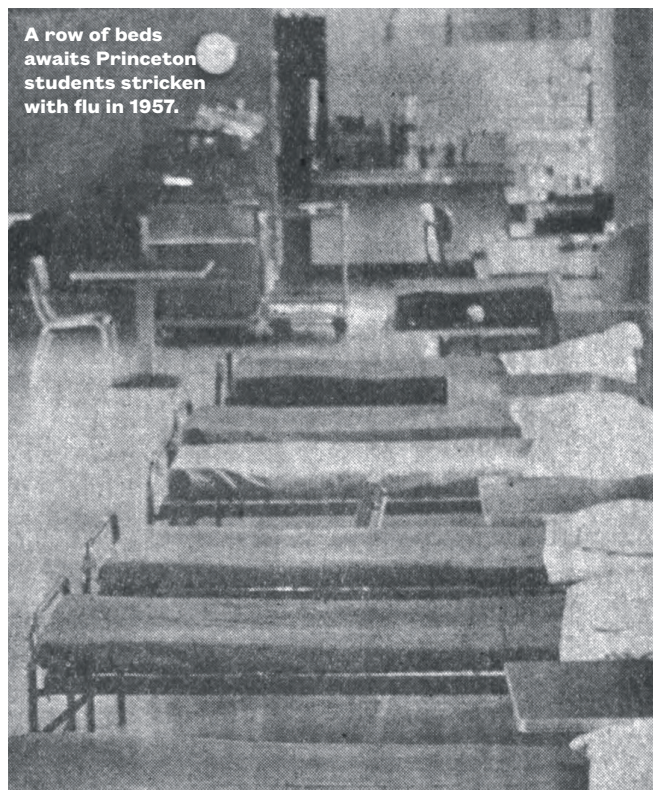
Opening exercises were postponed again in 1916 during a short but deadly outbreak of polio. Although polio had existed for millennia, the first case did not appear in the United States until 1894 and the first large-scale outbreak until 1916. It was concentrated in New York City, which reported more than

9,000 cases and 2,343 deaths, and by August had spread to New Jersey.

This was not the first time polio had appeared on campus. Two students died within a month of each other in 1910, and many students evacuated Princeton in fear. With this and the ongoing epidemic no doubt in mind, President John Grier Hibben 1882 announced in mid-August that opening exercises would be postponed for three weeks, until mid-October, in hopes that cooler weather would slow the spread of the virus. Nevertheless, many students, bearing University-mandated certificates of good health from their doctors, returned early to watch the football game against the University of North Carolina.

A week later, on Oct. 14, Hibben called a special meeting of the senior council (a predecessor of today’s Undergraduate Student Government), which adopted what was essentially a self-quarantine: Students would avoid movie theaters, stay off Witherspoon Street “and other congested districts,” dine only in the newly opened Commons or at the eating clubs, and remain in town. Although it is impossible to say whether Hibben’s actions spared the campus from greater harm, freshman Eric Brünnow, son of a Princeton professor, died of polio the following day, just hours after going to the infirmary complaining of a stiff neck. No further cases were reported, though, and the restrictions were lifted Nov. 9.

Students sometimes reacted to a potential outbreak not with terror, but with hope — that classes might be canceled because of it. “The undergraduates appear to be more susceptible to rumor than to typhoid fever,” *The Daily Princetonian* editorialized amid a rumored outbreak of that disease in 1914. In 1940, amid reports that the University might close early because



Seven students fell ill within a few weeks of each other. Investigators discovered that the well they all drank from had been contaminated by the University's backed-up cesspool.

of chicken pox, students hung a note on the office door of President Harold Dodds *1914:

Chicken pox'll get us;
It's a dangerous disease.
There should be a two weeks' recess;
Give it to us, please."

The administration did not give them a recess.

The most virulent outbreak since World War II was the 1957 influenza epidemic, which affected one quarter of the undergraduates and 10 percent of the graduate students. If the 1918 flu epidemic provides a case study in the benefits of quarantining in place, this might serve as a counterexample.

Known (in those pre-PC days) as the Asiatic flu, the 1957 outbreak originated in Hong Kong in April and reached the United States by summer, spreading up the East Coast and hitting college campuses especially hard. The first reported case at Princeton occurred Friday, Oct. 4, and by the following Monday, as students returned from the Columbia football game in New York, 79 students jammed the infirmary, with another 20 confined to their rooms.

By Oct. 15, the number spiked to 150. Extra beds were placed in the McCosh hallways, and nurses worked double shifts as incoming students waited an hour or more for attention. Dean of the College Jeremiah Finch was forced to cancel all student activities for the upcoming Colgate football weekend, including the sophomore dance, a folk sing at Theatre Intime, and a concert in Richardson Auditorium by The Talbot Brothers, a calypso group.

"One particularly miserable senior," PAW reported, "just after having had a weekend flushed by the flu — was reported to have lamented, 'I mean, it's tragic — this Asian flu is ruining my senior year! Now I've got nothing at all to do but work on my thesis.'" Remarkably, the football game itself was not canceled, and Palmer Stadium was packed as usual on Saturday afternoon.

By Oct. 16, though, the infirmary was strained past the breaking point and Dr. Wilbur York, chairman of what would now be called the University Health Services, was forced to commandeer Chancellor Green Hall, including the cafeteria, the library, and the balcony, to handle the overflow. In the space of an hour, 100 beds were moved in and phone lines installed. As for supplies, the University "had already laid in a large stock of juices and other liquids," the *Prince* reported. More than 20 nurses from the local Red Cross provided care, while students who had already recovered from the flu, and thus were immune, were recruited as orderlies.

The numbers seemed to stabilize, prompting the administration to permit social events for the Cornell game the following weekend and allow students to travel to Brown the weekend after that. A pattern thus repeated itself: The number of cases would drop during the week, only to surge again after a weekend of activities as authorities either couldn't or wouldn't put two and two together. At least two cases developed into

pneumonia. The Chancellor Green cafeteria, however, reopened on Oct. 28 in time to host a University League tea that had previously been scheduled there, "and the entire building was given a good airing."

Another surge forced patients back into the cafeteria just before Halloween. Even those who weren't hospitalized sounded sick, PAW reported, their coughs echoing around campus. "The cough was almost always a good, lusty, chesty type which sort of set one apart as the bearer of a badge of courage and defiance — no infirmary was going to get his hands on him. No sir!"

A vaccine, which had been developed over the summer, reached campus in late October and 1,176 students turned out to get it, at the cost of \$1 apiece. By the second week of November, the flu had largely run its course, PAW noted, leaving "several hundred wan undergraduates to dig themselves out from under weeks of neglected course assignments." It was a rough year at the infirmary, however, as 223 students developed rubella during the second semester.

Amid the polio outbreak in 1916, Joseph Raycroft, chair of Princeton's Department of Hygiene and Physical Culture, tried to reassure anxious students. "If you 'catch' cold don't try to 'work it off,'" he counseled. "Go to the infirmary for a day or so until you have recovered. Take it easy, do your work, and don't worry. You are as safe in Princeton as anywhere."

Vaccinations and sanitation have largely removed the threat of infectious disease from modern life. Even so, there have been occasional outbreaks on campus in recent decades, most recently the H1N1 (swine) flu in 2009. Today, however, we are a more litigious society, more risk-aware and risk-averse, and the sort of fatalism that Raycroft expressed no longer drives us.

Neither, though, does Raycroft's confidence that one is as safe in Princeton as anywhere. With improved communication and transportation, the University has come to recognize that what happens in far corners of the globe affects the health of Princeton — and vice versa. In 2013, for example, it launched a campuswide vaccination effort after seven undergraduates and a visiting high school student contracted meningitis B. More than 5,600 people eventually were inoculated.

It is noteworthy that the University closed the campus on March 17 after one student and five staff members had tested positive for COVID-19. In his message to the community, President Christopher Eisgruber '83 did not muse that the disease was an instrument of divine chastisement, as James McCosh might have done. Instead he stated, "People throughout the world are acting to slow the spread of a dangerous virus that threatens to strain the capacity of our hospitals and caregivers. Princetonians are stepping up and doing their part." It was a charge to a university that now sees itself as serving not only the nation, but humanity. ♦

Mark F. Bernstein '83 is PAW's senior writer.

PRINCETONIANS

THE IDEALIST REALIST: At Princeton, G. Daniel Massad '69 studied ceramics with Toshiko Takaezu, who became his lifelong mentor. After graduation, he earned an M.A. in English at the University of Chicago, but he returned to art. "I didn't have to succeed, I simply had to *try* to make a living making art," he says of pursuing an MFA in painting. "Amazingly enough, that happened." Massad, who considers himself a "precisionist realist," uses pastels to create still-life works like the one in the background. His work is in the permanent collections of several major museums, and he was recently included in an exhibit at the National Gallery of Art. ♦



Ricardo Barros

DOCTORS IN TRAINING

IN LIMBO, MED STUDENTS FIND WAYS TO SERVE

The email suspending Ramie Fathy '16's medical education arrived, appropriately enough, on Friday, March 13.

By noon — less than an hour later — he and his fellow students at the University of Pennsylvania's Perelman School of Medicine were required to leave the Philadelphia hospital where they had been completing the clinical rotations that are a standard part of second- and third-year medical training.

The inexorable march of COVID-19 had made it too dangerous for them to stay in the hospital, where they not only risked infecting patients or falling ill themselves, but where their presence would place extra demands on increasingly scarce supplies of protective gear.

Back home in his apartment, isolated and unmoored, Fathy wondered what would come next. "I just felt like we had to do something, even from home, or try to band together in some way to address these new and unprecedented needs," he says. That weekend, he launched an online volunteer network whose membership quickly swelled to

more than 2,000 students in health-care professions in Philadelphia.

These days, medical students like Fathy, who is in his third year of study, are stranded in a strange limbo, banished from the front lines at precisely the moment their chosen profession faces its greatest test. But across the country, increasing numbers of doctors in training, Princeton alumni among them, are finding ways to help fight the global pandemic without violating social-distancing protocols.

In Philadelphia, Yentli Soto Albrecht '16, who is in the second year of Penn's M.D./Ph.D. program, is collecting protective masks, gloves, and gowns from shuttered research labs to help supply front-line health-care workers. In New York, Isao Anzai '17, a third-year student at Columbia University's Vagelos College of Physicians and Surgeons, is helping patients with medical problems unrelated to the virus transition from in-person doctor visits to app-based consultations. On YouTube, in a student-written ditty scored to the tune



"We're going to be seeing this over and over again. It's very sobering. Hopefully, we'll be prepared for the next one."

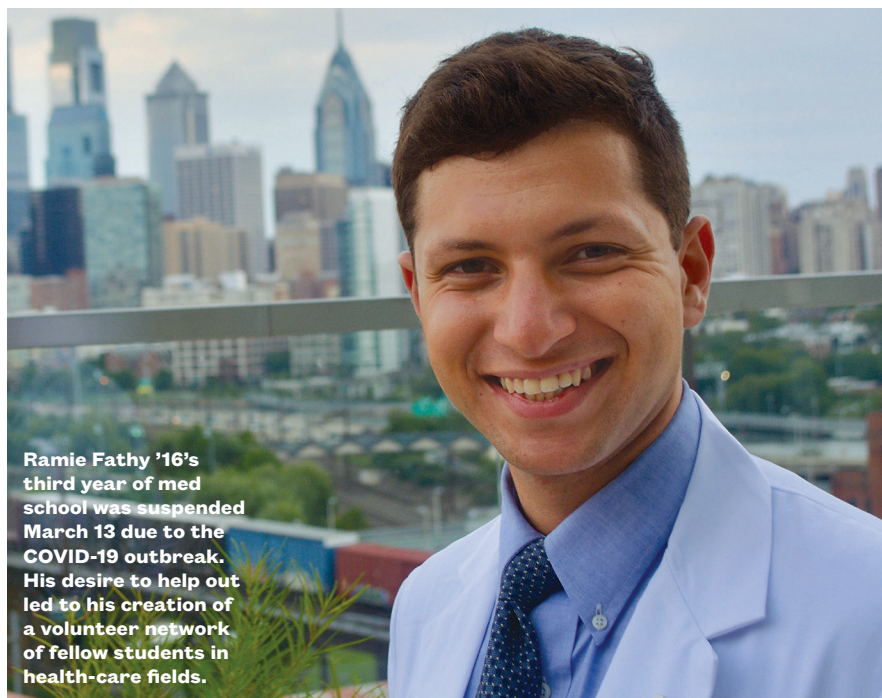
— David Mazumder '17

of Blink-182's "All the Small Things," David Mazumder '17, who is in the third year of a joint Harvard-MIT M.D./Ph.D. program, urges feverish patients to call their doctors. ("We're gonna beat COVID-19/flatten the curve with social distancing," he sings.)

Medical students are participating in online research designed to improve COVID-19 treatments, coordinating volunteer efforts on social media, buying groceries and providing child care for overburdened health-care workers, educating the online public about everything from the biology of viruses to the importance of handwashing, and inventing ways to combat the loneliness and isolation of the homebound.

At the Washington University School of Medicine in St. Louis, third-year student Sajal Tiwary '17 has joined a task force that hopes to assemble 1,600 reusable plastic face shields intended for health-care workers in lower-risk situations; if these workers use the volunteer-made shields, the thinking goes, that will free up higher-grade safety gear for those who are treating COVID-19 patients.

In Philadelphia, one subcommittee of Fathy's newly formed Philadelphia Organization of Health Professions Students hopes to develop community wellness programs for the socially



Ramie Fathy '16's third year of med school was suspended March 13 due to the COVID-19 outbreak. His desire to help out led to his creation of a volunteer network of fellow students in health-care fields.

Photos, from left: Ramzie Fathy '20; Jordan Said

distanced, such as Music on Call, the brainchild of Elana Meer '17, who is in the third year of Penn's M.D./MBA program. Meer hopes to link up homebound community members who want to share musical experiences over the internet: making music together, listening to online serenades, or even just discussing a shared musical hobby.

Music "has this crazy capacity to unify people from all different backgrounds and provide a lot of comfort and healing," she says. "In a time of social distance, when people are having a hard time forging connections or [are] feeling lonely, music is a way to connect people."

Students are also taking part in initiatives that draw more directly on the skills they have developed in their medical school coursework. As part of a research project at Columbia, Anzai is combing through the electronic medical records of COVID-19 patients, seeking clues to the nature of disease progression. And Soto Albrecht is developing a series of Facebook posts explaining the science behind the crisis in layperson's terms. "People are more afraid of things they don't understand, and I think people really don't understand viruses," she says.

Some of these volunteer efforts operate independently of medical

schools, while others have been officially designated as electives carrying course credit. Either way, they have given students a sense of purpose in an anxious time. "Especially when we're told to leave the hospital and we can't go in and join the front line, then you just feel super-helpless," says Fathy. By contrast, he says, the work he's doing now has left him "so energized to get out of bed."

Doing their part to combat the crisis also helps distract students from their uncertain academic and professional situations.

While some medical schools have announced plans to let fourth-year students graduate a month or two early, to get them into overwhelmed hospitals more quickly, the situation is trickier for second- and third-year students who haven't yet finished their clinical training. The suspensions forced by COVID-19 have disrupted timelines for meeting the rigorous requirements for medical school graduation and fourth-year residency applications.

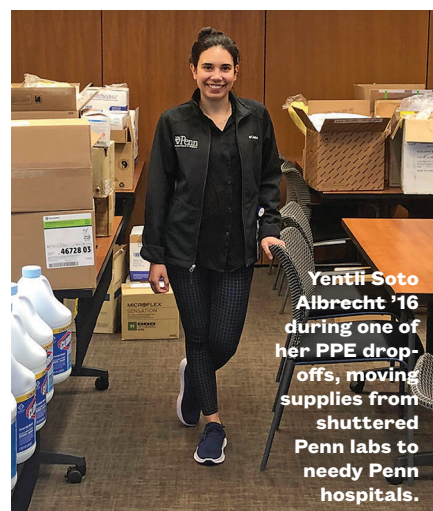
"You can't just pull three months out of your training and expect the rest of the training to look the same," says Soto Albrecht. "I think a lot of my classmates feel the same amount of confusion as to what the future holds for us."

But there are new avenues for learning as well, students say. "This is a great educational opportunity, to see how things are managed on the fly like this," says Tiwary. "It's an exciting time to be in medicine. It's also a tragic time to be in medicine."

The students say neither they nor anyone they know is considering retreating to a career that doesn't routinely entail close encounters with incurable infectious diseases. If anything, they say, COVID-19 has increased their sense of commitment. The crisis also offers a glimpse of the future that students may face as fully qualified physicians.

"This kind of pandemic is only going to become more likely as humans have more interactions with displaced wildlife from habitat loss," Mazumder says. "We're going to be seeing this over and over again. It's very sobering. Hopefully, we'll be prepared for the next one." ♦

By Deborah Yaffe



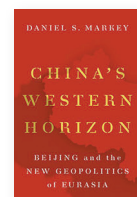
Yentli Soto Albrecht '16 during one of her PPE drop-offs, moving supplies from shuttered Penn labs to needy Penn hospitals.

"I think a lot of my classmates feel the same amount of confusion as to what the future holds for us."

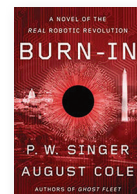
— Yentli Soto Albrecht '16

Alexa Larson

NEW RELEASES

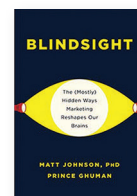


Under President Xi Jinping, China has been aggressively building its global political influence. In *China's Western Horizon* (Oxford University Press), **Daniel S. Markey '00**, an international-relations scholar and former member of the State Department's policy planning staff, explores how China's efforts might meet with resistance in South Asia, Central Asia, and the Middle East.



In this science-fiction novel, **Peter W. Singer '97** and August Cole take research into how AI might

push society's limits and fictionalize a future where robots significantly impact society. *Burn-In: A Novel of the Real Robotic Revolution* (Houghton Mifflin Harcourt) is the tale of an FBI agent teaming up with a police robot to destroy a terrorist tech-based conspiracy threatening the nation.



How does branding affect the way consumers make decisions? *Blindsight* (BenBella

Books), co-written by neuroscientist **Matt Johnson '13**, explores this question, focusing on the psychological factors affecting our spending habits. In doing so, the book attempts to equip consumers to take control over their purchasing decisions. ♦

ARTISTS AT HOME

THE SHOW MUST GO ON

Alumni find novel ways to keep performing and creating from a distance

With the coronavirus crisis imposing restrictions on gatherings, artists are confronting a landscape where nearly every performance and exhibition is canceled. Even classrooms, where artists use hands-on techniques and demonstrations to teach students, have been moved online. But though artists are confined to their homes, that isn't keeping them from creating new work, sharing it with online audiences, and using their current limitations to expand their creativity. PAW spoke to alumni about how they are keeping up with their work.



CARLOS MIGUEL PRIETO '87
Music director and principal conductor of four orchestras, including the National Symphony Orchestra of Mexico

In a typical year, Prieto conducts 120 concerts, so the postponement of all his performances means “something similar to a grieving period. It hurts me to hear music at this point,” he says. Nevertheless, he is planning to highlight musicians’ personal side by holding online conversations with members of Mexico’s National Symphony Orchestra. Mexico City’s Minería Symphony Orchestra, where he also is principal conductor, is broadcasting its 2018 season online. One recent concert was

seen by 30,000 people — 15 times the audience capacity at the orchestra’s theater. The crisis, Prieto says, will be an opportunity “to reinvent how orchestras reach audiences.”

MARIAH STEELE '06
A choreographer and lecturer in the dance program at the University of Rochester in New York, and artistic director of Quicksilver Dance Co.



University of Rochester sophomore Caitlin Quinn performs her hands-only choreography over Zoom in Steele’s course.

assigned her students to choreograph a dance that is performed solely with their hands. The space on the screen of their phone

Steele has always told her students that “limitations are a terrific seed for creativity: They help you overcome your habits and break boundaries,” she says. Now that all her classes are online, she




Mariah Steele '06

or computer is the “stage.” The dances were performed and critiqued by Steele’s students over Zoom. Next, the students created site-specific dances with the furniture in the room they are Zooming from, “making choices based on the depth of field one can explore with the screen, what they choose to show in the background, and ‘entrances’ and ‘exits’ from the screen,” she says.



CRISTA KENDE BERGENDAHL '07
A classical violist with the Norrköpings Symphony Orchestra in Sweden

The remainder of the Norrköpings Symphony Orchestra’s season was canceled in mid-March, so Bergendahl, who has been its assistant principal violist since 2015, created Quarantine Concerts with her husband, Alexander Bergendahl, who works in technology. It is a platform for livestreaming concerts from the homes of musicians all over the world, with donations split among the performers each week. “While musicians have seen their entire livelihood canceled overnight, audience members have also been cut off from the experience of live music,” she says. As of late April, the site has hosted more than 55 concerts (with 24 others booked), raising about \$4,000 for musicians around the world. Performances by Princeton University Orchestra musicians are featured at 2 p.m. on Saturdays. Visit <https://signup.quarantineconcerts.tv>. ♦ By Jennifer Altmann

 **READ** how 20-plus other alumni artists are getting creative at paw.princeton.edu

C M Y PMS 158

ARTS

with one accord

From online drawing classes to living room concert halls,
with every heart and every voice, art is helping.

Calling all Princeton artists:
Share examples of your creativity
or how your art reflects this time of COVID-19.

#TigersHelping



tigershelping.princeton.edu
tigershelping@princeton.edu



CLASS NOTES

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>



MEMORIALS

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 1945

David Remer Jr. '45

Dave died May 8, 2019.

He grew up in the Philadelphia area, where he graduated from the Haverford School. At Princeton he was in Elm Club and the Literary Club. He was on the freshman squash team and varsity crew.

During World War II he was a platoon sergeant in the 22nd Regiment, 6th Marine division, in Guam, Saipan, and China. He graduated in English and began his career with Strawbridge & Clothier as a buyer of women's handbags. He held several positions in business and finance, started a computer-consulting company, and was drawn back into sales at Belk, where he worked until the age of 90.

Dave and his wife, Catherine, were active in church communities wherever they lived, singing in the choir and serving the Stephen Ministries.

Dave was predeceased by his first wife, Marilu Wanner; his brother, John Higgins Remer; and his wife, Catherine Meadows. Dave is survived by his daughter, Susan Luchetti; sons Michael Remer and Stephen Remer; stepsons Chris Meadows and his wife, Marsha, Todd Meadows and his wife, Roberta, Scott Meadows and his wife, Susan, and Drew Meadows and his wife, Nita; 21 grandchildren; and eight great-grandchildren.

THE CLASS OF 1947



Val R. Wagner '47

Val died peacefully Dec. 19, 2019, with his family by his side. He was 95.

Born in Ohio, he was raised in the Philadelphia area and graduated from Mercersburg Academy. He came to Princeton with the Navy V-12 program and, following three years of service, returned to Princeton to complete his studies. He was a member and resident of Cottage Club. An athlete of outstanding ability and character, he played varsity football for three seasons, receiving the Poe Cup in 1948. Elected to membership in the Sigma Xi Society, he graduated with a degree in psychology in 1949.

Val began his professional career with

Sun Oil in New York before entering the pharmaceutical industry with Smith Kline & French in Philadelphia. He subsequently joined American Hoechst, retiring as the director of research administration.

He and his wife of 62 years, Mary Ann Harman, raised their family in Yardley, Pa. They spent summers in Mantoloking, N.J., where they relocated permanently following retirement, and were members of the Bay Head Yacht Club.

Val frequently joined his classmates at Reunions and "mid-winter musters." He served on the '47 executive committee for several years and remained a loyal supporter of Princeton football his entire life. Both on and off the field, Val was admired for his calm demeanor, determination, kindness, and honesty — he was truly a gentleman, through and through.

He is survived by Mary Ann; his son, Val H. Wagner; daughter Bonne W. Rawley '84; and five grandsons.

THE CLASS OF 1948

John B. Howe '48

John was born in Boston, Mass., July 8, 1926. His varied, lifelong career was in geology and meteorology.

He graduated Deerfield Academy and before college served briefly in the Army Air Corps. In the early 1960s, in Fairbanks, Alaska, he worked for NASA on Tiros 2, the first generation of weather satellites. Then for many years he was a staff scientist-engineer and weather observer at the Mount Washington Observatory in New Hampshire.

In both New England and Alaska, and well into his 70s, he was a mountain hiker and climber, both for his professional and scientific work and for recreation. After retirement he and his wife, Mary, sailed their 31-foot sloop along the Maine coast and several times from New England to the Bahamas.

He died Jan. 20, 2020, at age 93. (Mary died just six weeks earlier.) They are survived by sons Andrew and Nathaniel; daughters Catherine Gordon and Lucy Hersey; and seven grandchildren.



Richard B. Miller '48

Dick was born Nov. 2, 1926. His hometown was Upper Montclair, N.J.

He had started college in 1944, then left for two years of Navy service, and returned to join Cottage Club, major in economics, play varsity basketball, and graduate in 1949.

His career in publishing began at F.W. Dodge. After McGraw-Hill acquired that company, he headed several divisions and rose to become executive vice president and president of McGraw-Hill's information-systems division.

Dick was an avid golf and tennis player and a prominent member of several social and sports clubs, both in the tri-state New York area and in Savannah, Ga., including serving as president of the West Side Tennis Club in Forest Hills, Queens.

Dick and his third wife, Maureen, who where married for 25 years, moved from New Canaan, Conn., to Savannah upon his retirement. He died there Jan. 4, 2020, at age 93. Maureen and their four children survive him, as do four children from his first marriage, 16 grandchildren, and three great-grandchildren.

THE CLASS OF 1950

John C. Maxwell Jr. '50

Jack died Jan. 1, 2020, in Richmond, Va.

A graduate of St. Paul's, at Princeton he was varsity crew coxswain and a writer for the *Nassau Sovereign*. He majored in politics and belonged to Cloister. His father was a member of the Class of 1919.

Jack served in Korea as a battery commander of the 31st Field Artillery and was awarded the Bronze Star and three battle stars. Upon discharge from the Army, he began his lifelong career in the financial world, first in New York and then in Richmond. He preferred the world of analytics, publishing regularly in *Barron's* and *Advertising Age*. His Maxwell Reports covering the tobacco, beverage, and food industries were well respected.

While in Korea he became a collector and connoisseur of Oriental art. He ultimately donated some of his collection and more than 1,200 books to the Virginia Museum of Fine Arts to establish its Maxwell East Asian Collection.

He was active on many civic boards, a member of several historical societies, and a 32-degree master Mason. He enjoyed summering in Bar Harbor, Maine, where he was on the board of the Jackson Laboratory for 18 years.

Jack is survived by his wife, Adrienne, with whom he hosted our 1999 mini-reunion in Richmond; two children; and a stepbrother, Oliver McComas '52.

THE CLASS OF 1951

David Buick Van Dusen '51

Dave was born June 2, 1929, in Detroit to C.T. and Helen Campbell Van Dusen.

He came to us from Deerfield. At Princeton he majored in philosophy and belonged to Cap and Gown. He roomed with Hayward Chappell, Ray Close, Lenny Drorbaugh, and John Schoeffler.

After graduation he served for 20 months on the front lines as a Marine captain in the Korean War. A graduate of the Virginia Theological Seminary and the Boston School of Theology, he served for 40 years as an Episcopal priest.

In 1991 he moved to South Brooksville, Maine, where he died Oct. 16, 2018. He is survived by his children, Annie Wohlgenant, Lynne Lawhead, Charles Van Dusen, and Catherine Godschalk; and by his former wife, Margaret Matter. Dave was predeceased by his first wife, Isabel Baxter Van Dusen; his wife of 35 years, Althea Wilbur Van Dusen; and children Reed Wilbur '81 and Anne Wilbur Van Dusen.

Services were held at St. Peter's Church in Weston, Mass., where Dave had served as rector. Donations in his memory may be made to the Blue Hill Heritage Trust or to St. Francis by the Sea Church, both in Blue Hill, Maine.

THE CLASS OF 1953



Jacob Fred Schoellkopf III '53 Fred died Dec. 8, 2019, after a long battle with Lewy body dementia.

He was born in Dallas, Texas, and attended Hotchkiss School before coming to Princeton. He joined Tiger Inn, majored in geology, and wrote his thesis on "Physiography and Paleontology in Dallas County, Texas."

After graduation, Fred spent two years as a naval officer aboard a cargo vessel supplying bases in Trinidad and Guantanamo Bay, Cuba. He discovered in graduate school that a career in geology was not appealing and therefore settled down to selling securities in Dallas.

Just after our 10th reunion, Fred switched goals again and went back to graduate school, this time to earn an MFA at Claremont Graduate School in Claremont, Calif., and start a career as a painter emphasizing geometric abstract art and color theory.

Working in a loft in Pasadena, Calif., Fred created art that was exhibited throughout Southern California and the United States. In Pasadena Fred met and married Eileen Reekie and they traveled widely, finding inspiration for his art in the dazzling bright colors of Asia and the marble pavement of the Taj Mahal and in early American quilts.

Fred is survived by his daughter and granddaughter.

THE CLASS OF 1954

Richard Allen Calmes '54

Dick died Nov. 28, 2019.

He graduated from Seton Hall Preparatory



School. At Princeton he majored in politics, graduating *cum laude*, and was a member of Key and Seal Club. Dick earned a law degree from Yale University in 1957.

He enjoyed a career in labor and industrial relations at Westinghouse Electric, Philco-Ford and Ford Motor Co., American Motors, and Creative Industries Group. He retired in 1997 after nine years as the senior vice president at Masco Industries.

He held leadership roles in a number of professional organizations, serving as a trustee of the Michigan Colleges Foundation, chairman of the Business Advisory Council of Madonna College, vice chair of the Michigan Personnel and Industrial Relations Association, and chairman of the Michigan Traffic Safety Association. He was an adjunct professor at the University of Michigan School of Business and taught at several academic institutions in the Detroit area.

Dick always put the needs of others before his own. He had a passion for animals, especially miniature horses and a host of other animals at his Peaceable Kingdom Farms.

Dick is survived by his wife of 64 years, Dorothy (Stone) Calmes; children Carolyn '81 and Bruce; six grandchildren; and three great-grandchildren. He was predeceased by his sister.



Clyde Van Wye Popowich '54 Mike died Nov. 29, 2019.

He participated in debating, basketball, and, with particular distinction, football at Chaney High School in Youngstown, Ohio (the same school as famed Frank McPhee '53, his roommate freshman year). Sturdily built, he is said to have been a great punter, capable of reliably sending a ball 75 yards.

At Princeton he majored in civil engineering, played freshman football and baseball, participated in IAA basketball, and joined Cannon Club.

After a year at Jones and Laughlin Steel Corp., he joined the Navy in 1955 and enjoyed a 22-year naval career managing construction and maintenance in Vietnam, where he was awarded a Bronze Star with V for Valor; in Japan and in the United States. He served on the staff of a NATO command in London. After retirement from active duty he worked on projects in Saudi Arabia and Kwajalein and on earthquake response in Mexico City.

Mike regretted that his highly mobile work-life precluded the development of deep roots and a circle of friends and acquaintances. He valued most his friendships in the Class of '54, and reveled in renewing contacts at class reunions.

He is survived by his son David, daughter Michele, and four grandchildren. His son

Dane died in 2005 and Jackie, his wife of 57 years, in 2010.



Kenneth R. Strong '54 Ken died Dec. 26, 2018.

After graduating from St. Paul's School in Garden City, N.Y., he attended Princeton for two years, where he joined Key and Seal Club and played on the baseball team. He later attended Ohio State University and earned a degree in electronic engineering. In 1953, Ken married Doris Hertlein.

Ken served in the Army as a first lieutenant and instructor at West Point. Upon discharge, Ken began his professional career working for IBM in Poughkeepsie, N.Y. In 1959 Ken and Doris moved to West Hills, Calif., where he established a distinguished, productive career in the aerospace industry at Ramo Wooldridge, Hughes Aircraft Corp., and later Ampex Corp., where he worked for 21 years. Doris passed in 1988. Ken retired in 1989.

After retiring, Ken moved to Penn Valley, Calif., where he met Nelda Zieman. They were married in 1997.

Ken's hobbies and interests included sports, music, boating, RVing, motorcycling, and classic automobiles. He was affiliated with the NFL Alumni Association, the Academy of Recording Arts & Sciences, and the Buick Club of America.

Ken is survived by his wife, Nelda; his son, Ken Strong III; daughters Susan Strong and Lynn Gray; Nelda's children, Brad and Mike Zieman and Shelly Andersen; grandchildren Jennifer (Lloyd) Barks and Daniel Gray; and great-grandchildren Addy, Kaylee, and CJ Barks.



David R. Winans Jr. '54

Dave died Jan. 28, 2020. He was the son of David Ross Winans 1918 and grandson of Samuel Ross Winans 1874, professor of Greek and dean from 1899 to 1903. Dave prepared for Princeton at St. Mark's, where he was an avid hockey player.

His studies at Princeton were interrupted by service in the Navy from 1952 to 1956. Upon returning to Princeton, he graduated with honors in English in 1959. Soon after, he married Kathryn Wedemeyer and had three children.

At General Dynamics Electric Boat for 37 years, he produced documentation for nuclear and non-nuclear submarines and ran the fleet support (logistics) in several capacities. Dave retired in 1995.

He married his second wife, Nancy, in 1976. They co-authored a history of Manasota Key in Englewood, Fla., to which they had moved. They enjoyed summers in Salem, Conn., with children and grandchildren, and spent months each summer in Brittany and

traveled extensively throughout Europe. He was active in local politics in Salem and was a president of the Manasota Key Association. He loved woodworking, sailing, golfing, and ice skating. He wrote poetry and was compiling his memoirs at the time of his death.

He is survived by his wife, Nancy; children David III, Melissa, Peter, and Molly; and grandchildren Steven, Lauren, Amandine, Jesse, and Larkin. Son Wesley predeceased him.

THE CLASS OF 1955

Kendrick A. Sears '55

Rick died March 13, 2019, at age 86. He was the son of Frederick and Doris Sears and grew up in North Syracuse, N.Y., where he graduated from North Syracuse High School and was senior-class president. Everyone in his extended family who had attended college had gone to Cornell; Rick was unsure he wanted to go where "everyone else went." So he followed his guidance counselor's entreaties and applied to Princeton.

At Princeton he joined Dial Lodge and roomed with Hayden (Denny) Pritchard, Ron Hess, Norman (Bud) Malone, and Hugh Parker. He joined the marching band and was president of the Chapel Choir. Rochester Medical School followed, where he met and married nursing student Gracia Harding.

Rick was a lieutenant commander in the U.S. Public Health Service and practiced orthopedic medicine around Syracuse. In 1984 he was appointed to the New York State Office for Professional Conduct and served for 20 years.

He is survived by his wife, Gracia; sons Frederick, Bruce, Bradley, and Geoffrey; and six grandchildren, Madeline, Kendrick, Emeline, Colton, Hannah, and Kyla '21. Kyla was the all-time Ivy League lacrosse freshman scorer and goal scorer and unanimous pick for first-team Ivy League.

A more extensive memorial appears on the Class of '55 website.

THE CLASS OF 1956



Charles Leo Elliott Jr. '56

Charlie died peacefully Nov. 4, 2019, in Houston, Texas.

He came to us from the McDonogh School in Baltimore. He enjoyed athletics and competition. He was a running back for the McDonogh School and later for the 150-pound football team at Princeton.

At Princeton he was an active member of Ivy Club. He maintained many great friendships, including with Jack Doub, Finney, and Waxter, as well as others who were favorite sources of stories for the whole family. He majored in psychology and was active in sports, lettering in football, baseball, and lacrosse.

After graduating from Princeton, Charlie

served in the Navy as a lieutenant junior grade. After his naval service, Charlie earned an MBA from the Wharton School. There, he met his first wife there, Susan Elizabeth Ley Elliott, who is the mother of their two sons.

Charlie had a prosperous career in finance and corporate valuation. His career success culminated in his formation of the business partnership Howard Frazier Barker Elliott.

He lived in Houston for the last 40 years, where he raised sons Christopher and Andrew. He was an avid reader and loved books on history, war, science, and art.

Charlie is survived by his sons, Christopher and Andrew, and Andrew's wife, Jennifer; granddaughters Alexandra, Sarah, and Julia; and sister Barbara.

THE CLASS OF 1957



Robert Alford '57

Participating in migratory bird counts and finding homes for retired greyhound racing dogs: These interests reflect Bob Alford's curiosity, independence, and a certain eclecticism that shaped his life.

He came to Princeton from the Choate School. At Princeton, he majored in English, sang in the Glee Club, and was a member of Tower Club. After graduation and some false starts, Bob found employment as circulation manager of a small New Jersey daily newspaper. He held that position for 20 years until the newspaper was acquired by another. He was 50 then — a difficult age, he learned, to find a new job. He worked off and on, including substitute teaching and teaching English as a second language, which he especially liked. Health problems ensued.

Most recently, Bob lived in a room in an assisted-living facility that was formerly a stately Victorian mansion. A daughter, Karen, who lived nearby, visited him almost daily. A half dozen classmates and their wives visited and helped him, including getting his battered red truck through inspection. He was married, but divorced in 1973.

Bob died Feb. 25, 2019. "My dad had a great, dark sense of humor," said Devin, his son who came east from Hawaii to help attend to him. "He was kind and generous, a great listener, a gentleman."



Nicholas Beauchamp '57

Nick led a full, joyful, and sociable life.

Nick and his wife, Eva, came to Princeton Reunions. He sang baritone in the Princeton Glee Club and Chapel Choir and played viola in the Princeton Orchestra. He also played folk songs on the guitar — taught by his physician father — in Nashville, where he was raised; in Gladys, Va.; and on cruise ships including on the Yangtze River in China, where on an amateur

night he regaled fellow passengers and crew with "Ol' Man River." He acted and sang in plays and musicals in six cities where he lived during his career.

Nick earned a doctorate in physics at Vanderbilt University. He worked for Sandia Corp., Kaman Sciences, the Stanford Research Institute, and AT&T Bell Laboratories.

After Nick's retirement as a research physicist in nuclear-weapons effects, he and Eva moved to rural Gladys, Va., where they built a house and established a farm. They made wine from their own grapes, blackberries, and pears. They shared the wine with their neighbors together with dinner, games, and singing on Twelfth Night, Bastille Day, and Christmas. They had no children, but five dogs that they showered with love as "children with paws."

Nick died Jan. 26, 2019. Eva died in 2014.

THE CLASS OF 1958



William Cary Duncan III

'58 Bill died Dec. 3, 2019, in Portland, Ore. He was 83.

He came to Princeton from the Darrow School, where he was valedictorian, a class officer, editor of the newspaper, and captain of the hockey team. At Princeton he majored in biology, played varsity hockey, and was a member of Cap and Gown. He roomed with Duncan Smith, Mike Jones, Joel Weinstein, Mike Dennis, and Earl Fogelberg.

At our 25th reunion, Bill reported that he went to medical school at Columbia, interned at Harvard, and served as a medical officer in the Navy, followed by a vascular-surgery fellowship at Massachusetts General Hospital. Then he moved to Portland, where he became chief of surgery at Emanuel Hospital. He was quite athletic, playing at a national level in squash and running marathons.

By our 50th reunion, Bill had retired from surgery and running marathons, but he loved the mountains, skiing and climbing worldwide. In 1990 he bought a cabin in the Oregon mountains and some horses, "cementing his status as a cowboy from Massachusetts." In 1999 he was divorced but said he had gotten into ham radio, competitive bridge, and cruising with his partner, Ann Jackson.

Bill is survived by Ann; his daughter, Elisabeth; his son, Tim; and his sister, Sara Mead. The class extends its deepest sympathy to them all.

THE CLASS OF 1959

E. Bruce Fredrikson '59

Bruce died Dec. 5, 2019, following a valiant struggle with complications from a lung transplant in January of that year.

Born and raised in Mount Vernon, N.Y., Bruce edited his Scarsdale High School newspaper.



At Princeton he socialized at Cloister Inn, participated in IAA, and served as associate managing editor of *The Daily Princetonian*. While in the student center one afternoon he met Margaret “Peggie” Dickens, taking a break from her job in President Goheen’s office. They married in 1960. When not courting Peggie at Princeton, Bruce majored in economics, complemented by the special program in American civilization. His prize-winning thesis on variable annuities, published by the Variable Annuity Life Insurance Co., led to a Ford Foundation Fellowship and an MBA and a Ph.D. in accounting and finance from Columbia.

From there Bruce taught for three years at Wharton, then began 39 distinguished years as a professor at Syracuse University, teaching investment, analysis, and financial management; consulting in those fields; and conducting studies for several government agencies.

A ready smile, an inquiring mind, biking, gardening, a fanatical devotion to running that included 10 Boston Marathons, and an enduring presence at Princeton Reunions graced Bruce’s busy life. He is survived by Peggie; their children, Eric, Amy Josef, and James; four grandchildren; his sister, Carol; and his brother, Jon. We have sent condolences.



David M. Jeffreys '59

Born in Philippi, W.Va., raised in Arlington, Va., and schooled at Exeter, David died suddenly of a massive heart attack at home in State College, Pa., on

New Year’s Day 2020.

An aeronautical engineering major at Princeton, David ate at Campus Club. Following graduation he enrolled in a graduate engineering program at the University of Maryland, then (as he said in our 10th-reunion yearbook) he “achieved his ambition of becoming a grad school dropout,” upon which he was drafted and served two years in the Army. Following discharge he married Loretta “Laurie” Macomber, signed on with GE in Burlington, Vt., and in 1965 moved to State College with Laurie and the two children they had added while in Vermont.

David put down roots in State College, working as principal engineer for HRB Systems (now part of Raytheon) in missile intelligence, trajectory, and performance analysis and adding three more Jeffreyses to the family. He retired from Raytheon in 2002.

In retirement David pursued his love of classical music, movies, and sports. He led the local chapter of the National Alliance for Mental Illness and the Coalition to Abolish the Death Penalty, and was active in Friends Meeting.

Predeceased by his only son (victim of a drunk driver in 1998), David is survived

by Laurie and four daughters. We have sent condolences.



Donald E. Lawson '59

Don died Dec. 8, 2019, of complications from a fall and worsening dementia. He was a resident of Paramus, N.J.

Born and raised in East Orange, N.J., Don came to us from Clifford J. Scott High School, where he played varsity tennis. At Princeton he majored in economics, ate at Dial, participated in Whig-Clio, and was elected to Phi Beta Kappa.

Following six months of active duty with the New Jersey Army National Guard, Don began his career in finance with the National Association of Mutual Savings Banks in Manhattan while pursuing an MBA in banking and finance at New York University, bestowed in 1966. He remained with the savings-bank industry until his first retirement. He moved into real estate as a sales associate but decided after five years to retire completely and pursue his avocation as an accomplished watercolor artist, painting scenes of countrysides and farms, fishing villages, boats, and old buildings. He belonged to the Ridgewood Art Institute.

Close behind painting, Don enjoyed gardening and salt-water fishing, belonging to the Salt Water Fishing Club in Glen Rock, N.J.

Don is survived by Joan, whom he married in 1965; and his sons, John and James. We have sent condolences.

THE CLASS OF 1960



Richard E. Briggs '60

Born in Amesbury, Mass., Dick graduated from Amesbury High School. At Princeton he enrolled in the Air Force ROTC, majored

in politics, and joined Cannon Club. He displayed entrepreneurial determination as director of the Student Grinder, Beer Keg, and Diamond Ring agencies. After graduation he studied for a year as a Woodrow Wilson Fellow at the Harvard School of Arts and Sciences.

Dick joined the Interstate Commerce Commission in 1961 and served as executive assistant to a succession of agency directors until 1969, with a short interlude in late 1964 to serve in the New Jersey and presidential elections of that year. He joined the Association of American Railroads in 1970, rose to executive vice president and chief operating officer in 1979, and held that position until his retirement in 1994. He also chaired the Global Climate Coalition in 1994 and 1995.

Always a competitive golfer, he became a devoted fisherman as well, renowned as a “fish whisperer” in Lake Champlain circles. His health deteriorated in later years. A succession of strokes, cancer, and hypertension finally led to his death Dec. 8, 2019.

Dick married three times. He is survived by his son, three stepdaughters and their families, and three grandchildren.



Peter W. Williamson '60

Born in Albany, N.Y., Peter attended the Albany Academy from kindergarten through 12th grade. At Princeton he joined Cottage Club and majored in politics. He claimed backgammon and bridge as his principal sports interests.

Peter went to the University of Michigan Law School, where he met Quenby (Michigan '61) in his first week. Peter and Quenby married on his law-school graduation day in 1963. Peter served in the Army National Guard and the Navy Reserves until 1969. Meanwhile, he began practicing law with a major New York City law firm until beginning his own practice as Williamson & Shoeman in 1969. From 1981 until his retirement in 2016, Peter practiced law independently in Bronxville, N.Y.

He spent his later years traveling, golfing, and at his true love, sailing. For many years he chaired the race committee of the Shelter Island Yacht Club. Quenby died in 2007. Peter died Jan. 24, 2020, of complications of cancer. He is survived by children Whitney '89 and Matt '91 and five grandchildren. They have our sincere sympathy.

Beyond his bonhomie and numerous friendships, perhaps Peter’s greatest contribution to '60 was Quenby, who conceived and designed our great 30th-reunion jacket, replacing our unloved 25th uniform, earning lasting cheers and awards, and inspiring the Quenby Williamson Class of 1960 award for best reunion uniform in the P-rade.

THE CLASS OF 1962



Frederick W. Dreher III

'62 Fred Dreher died Nov. 13, 2019.

Fred came to us from Lower Merion High School in Ardmore, Pa., where he captained the lacrosse team and played football. He was president of the National Honor Society and a member of the Student Council. At Princeton he played freshman lacrosse and IAA football and volleyball. He also was an early solicitor for our class Memorial Scholarship Fund. His brother, Ernie '63, followed him to Princeton.

Marrying shortly after graduation, Fred and his wife, Janet, had three children, but divorced in 1978. After Princeton, Fred earned a law degree at Harvard Law School in 1965. Returning to Philadelphia that same year he joined the law firm of Duane Morris, remaining there for 54 years. He was a specialist in corporate law, focusing on bank and insurance company mergers.

Outside work he enjoyed tennis, reading, and crossword puzzles. Solving puzzles creatively was a talent he brought to his legal work as well. More than that, he enjoyed spending time in sunny places with his longtime partner, Kate; his three children, Nan, Derick '89, and Susan; and four grandchildren, Caroline, James, Henry and William, creating many happy memories for all. The class extends its sincere condolences to all.

THE CLASS OF 1965



Marshall P. Bartlett '65

Marshall died Sept. 11, 2019, at his home in New Vernon, N.J.

He was born in New York City, raised in Oyster Bay, and graduated from St. Paul's, where he was class president. At Princeton he ate at Charter and majored in history, graduating *magna cum laude*. He spent a year fellowship at Trinity College, Cambridge, and then earned a law degree from Harvard, graduating *cum laude*.

Marshall went from Harvard to Sullivan and Cromwell, enjoying a distinguished 22-year career at Exxon and retiring in 2000 as general tax counsel of Exxon Co. International.

Later, he was an adjunct professor at Fairleigh Dickinson and served in many capacities in Harding Township, N.J., including mayor, and on the boards of the Great Swamp Watershed Association and the Washington Association.

His primary focus was his family, and he was always energized by their pursuits and accomplishments. He lived in a manner that earned the respect and admiration of those around him. He attended Reunions regularly and had a wide circle of friends in our class.

He is survived by his wife of more than 50 years, Margaret; sons John and Stephen; five grandchildren; and brother Edmund and his wife, Mary. Our hearts go out in sympathy to his family and close friends at the loss of this extraordinary individual.



Lewis Douglas '65

Lew died April 22, 2019, in Berkeley, Calif., where he had lived.

He was born in New York City to Jessie Nayer and Fields Medal-winning mathematician Jesse Douglas, and raised by relatives in Forest Hills, N.Y., after his mother died in a car accident when he was 12.

At Princeton he majored in mathematics and graduated with honors and membership in the scientific honor society Sigma XI. He took his meals at Key and Seal. Lew earned a master's degree at the University of California, Berkeley, then taught in Monterey and East Bay prep schools. Summers involved curriculum development and gardening.

He remained active after his retirement

in 2007 in Asilomar, an organization for mathematics teachers in Northern California. He also found time for organized folk dancing with the Westwind International Folk Ensemble and Jubilee American Dance Theater (winning a variety of prizes, in particular by meeting his final wife, Diana Greenleaf).

Always active in community affairs, he was deeply involved in the passage of the California DISCLOSE Act of 2017, which made political advertising much more transparent.

He is survived by his wife, Diana; and his son, Jason. We send condolences on the loss of this good and gifted man who did all he could to make the world better and make mathematics more understandable to many.

THE CLASS OF 1966

Robert Terrence O'Keeffe '66

Terry, affectionately known to classmates as the Blade, died Feb. 5, 2020, the result of a stroke.

Terry entered Princeton with our class after graduating from Mount St. Joseph High in Baltimore. Captain of the track team our senior year, he was one of the nation's leading milers. He majored in architecture and belonged to Tiger Inn.

In March of our senior year, Terry withdrew from Princeton. He served in the Army, including a 1968-69 tour in Vietnam working in Army intelligence. He returned to Princeton and graduated *summa cum laude* in 1971, this time majoring in art history. He went on to study anthropology at Rutgers.

Terry was a research scientist at the Nathan S. Kline Institute for Psychiatric Research in Orangeburg, N.Y., specializing in the study of primates, until his retirement in 2009. He mastered Hungarian and was published in Hungarian literary magazines. He died just weeks before the scheduled publication of his book on a 1913 espionage scandal involving the Austro-Hungarian army general staff.

Terry is survived by his wife, Joanne; daughter Catherine Purvis; sons Timothy and Michael; and brother Timothy, to all of whom the class extends its heartfelt condolences.



David Arthur Richardson '66

Dave died Jan. 11, 2020, the result of advanced lymphoma and related complications.

Dave came to Princeton as a National Merit Scholar from La Jolla (Calif.) High School, following the path of his father, who was a member of the Class of '33. At Princeton he was a football team manager, belonged to the Yacht and Outing clubs, and was a member of Terrace Club.

Dave was a consistently loyal and generous Princeton alumnus, serving on the Alumni Schools Committee and Music Advisory Council and as a leadership-giving volunteer. His major

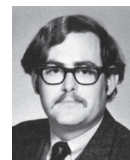
gift in 1983 enabled the University to rebuild the interior of Alexander Hall to create an outstanding concert facility, named in the memory of Dave's father, David B. Richardson '33.

A man of wide-ranging interests, he was involved in producing jazz albums and earned a law degree from Pepperdine and an urban-planning degree from UCLA.

In 1984 Dave married Carol Carfagno, sister of Ed Carfagno '63. Following the death of Ed's wife, Debbie, at an early age, Dave and Carol assumed an active role in the lives of Ed's young daughters, Piera and Sydney.

The class joins Carol, Ed, Piera, and Sydney in mourning the loss of our classmate.

THE CLASS OF 1971



David Richardson '71

We lost a dedicated physician and popular classmate when David Richardson died May 5, 2019, in Portland, Ore., from non-alcoholic steatohepatitis, a rare, rapidly progressive liver disease.

Dave came to Princeton from Columbia High School in Maplewood, N.J., following his late father, who was a member of the Class of '38, and his brother, who was a member of the Class of '67. Dave brought with him a love of music and sailing. He majored in chemistry and was social chair at Charter. He roomed with Sokler, Uehlinger, Moffat, Baine, and Greene in Little Hall senior year.

Dave graduated from Baylor Medical School, where he married classmate Miriam Mills. They had two sons, whom they nurtured through significant health problems. After residency in ob/gyn at Baylor, Dave was in private practice in Tulsa from 1979 to 1998. He was always a staunch supporter of women's health and reproductive rights.

After divorce in 1989, he married Pam Allen in 1991. Dave had three years of experience in academia but preferred patient care, so he resumed private practice. He developed health problems in 2002 and retired from medical practice, first to Dallas and then to Portland in 2011. Dave and Pam enjoyed their lives together, the beauty of the Northwest, and traveling, including trips with John and Karen Moffat.

To Pam; sons Bryan, Patrick, and Jonathan; grandson Cooper; and other family and friends, the class extends its condolences.

THE CLASS OF 1977



Catherine Ann Pool Jacob '77

Catherine died Dec. 7, 2019, at home in Bath, Maine, after fighting stage-four colon cancer for two and a half years.

Starting at age 5, Catherine slowly became blind. She had sight restored in her left eye in 1977 after graduation, but she lost it again by 1990.

At Princeton Catherine belonged to the Triangle Club and majored in linguistics. Seeing Eye dogs aided her mobility. Nancy Lin remembers, “She understood her limitations and worked to manage them successfully.” Catherine loved to spin and knit wool, and to sail. She worked for a patent law firm, Carnegie Mellon Institute, and Research Cottrell, working for the environment with Congress. She raised three children and ran an online fiber-arts business until 2014.

Catherine was predeceased by her parents and her first husband, John Boucher. She is survived by her husband, Frank; her daughters Michele Walker and husband Eric, Jeanne-Marie Boucher, and Marguerite Schrider and husband Bill; three grandchildren; three stepchildren; five step-grandchildren; brother Barry Pool Jr.; sister Christine Ward; and great-aunt Marion Dailey. Donations can be made in Catherine’s name to The Seeing Eye Inc., Morristown, N.J.; or Mission K-9 Rescue in Needville, Texas.

GRADUATE ALUMNI

Lawrence A. Schmid *53

Lawrence Schmid, a theoretical physicist who worked for NASA, died Nov. 4, 2019. He was 91.

He graduated from the University of Pennsylvania in 1949 and earned a Ph.D. in physics from Princeton in 1953. After teaching at Michigan State University for a short time, he joined NASA at the Goddard Space Flight Center in Greenbelt, Md.

For his contribution to the Apollo lunar landing in 1969, the Goddard Center director awarded him a citation of recognition. In addition, he was involved with many other space-flight missions.

Until his late 80s, Schmid continued his research to facilitate power generation using nuclear fusion. His passion for education (especially in physics) led him to establish a scholarship and mentoring program at the University of Maryland to provide jobs for juniors and seniors in the physics program to tutor incoming freshmen.

Schmid was predeceased by his wife of 46 years, Ursula. He is survived by 11 nieces and nephews who have lifelong memories of him.

Donald J. Kelley *58

Donald Kelley, a research chemist for several U.S. companies, died Nov. 9, 2019. He was 85.

In 1955 Kelley graduated from Williams College with a degree in chemistry. From Princeton, he earned a master’s degree in 1957 and a Ph.D. in 1958, also in chemistry.

He worked for Eastman Kodak in Rochester, N.Y.; Sprague Electric in North Adams, Mass.; Foster Grant in Leominster, Mass.; and Huntsman Chemical in Chesapeake, Va. As a research chemist, he was responsible for many patents.

In 1999 Kelley retired and moved to Bennington, Vt., with his wife to be nearer to their children and grandchildren. He enjoyed traveling with his wife and taking care of animals. But his favorite activity was attending his grandchildren’s sporting events and cheering them on.

He is survived by Carole Ann, whom he married in 1955; two children; and four grandchildren.

Richard A. Askey *61

Richard Askey, the retired John Bascom Professor of Mathematics at the University of Wisconsin, Madison, died Oct. 9, 2019, at age 86.

In 1955 Askey graduated from Washington University in St. Louis with an A.B. degree in mathematics; he earned a Ph.D. in mathematics from Princeton in 1961. He joined Wisconsin’s mathematics department as an assistant professor in 1963 and retired in 2003.

His life’s work was mathematics and math education. He was a foremost authority on special functions. In 1969-70 he was a Guggenheim Fellow in Holland. He was a Fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences in 1993, the Society for Industrial and Applied Mathematics in 2009, the American Mathematical Society in 2012, and an Honorary Fellow of the Indian Mathematical Society.

Askey traveled the world giving talks on mathematics. He generously helped many mathematicians around the world with their careers. He was regarded as a man of integrity who helped others and shared knowledge.

He is survived by his wife of 61 years, Elizabeth; two children; three grandchildren; and one great-granddaughter.

Charles B. Duke *63

Charles Duke, retired vice president and senior research fellow at Xerox Corp., died June 28, 2019, at the age of 81.

He studied mathematics and theology at Duke University and graduated in 1959. In 1963 he earned a Ph.D. in physics from Princeton. He became one of the youngest tenured professors at the University of Illinois, as well as a renowned scholar in the fields of physics and surface science.

Duke served on presidential task forces on the sciences, was deputy director and chief scientist for the Battelle Institute of the U.S. Department of Energy, and retired as vice president and senior research fellow at Xerox.

He was one of the few people inducted into both the National Academy of Sciences and the National Academy of Engineering. After retiring, he continued learning and lecturing. Duke is remembered by his family for the long letters he wrote to them, among other endearments.

Duke is survived by his wife, Ann; two daughters, including Amy D. Hoban ’86; and five grandchildren.

Jon E. Mandaville *69

Jon Mandaville, professor emeritus of history at Portland State University, died Aug. 5, 2019, at age 81.

Mandaville grew up in an Aramco family complex in Saudi Arabia and finished high school in Beirut, Lebanon. He earned a bachelor’s degree in history from Dartmouth in 1959 and a master’s degree in Islamic studies from the University of Edinburgh in 1961.

He earned a master’s degree in 1964 and a Ph.D. in Oriental languages and literature from Princeton in 1969. In 1965 he had joined the history department at Portland State College (which became a university in 1969). He was director of the Middle East Studies Center from 1996 to 2004, where his contributions were described as “invaluable.”

Mandaville’s research and publications focused on the social and legal history of the Middle East since 1500. He specialized in the Ottoman Empire and traveled throughout the Middle East. He was the first director of the American Institute for Yemeni Studies in Sanaa, Yemen.

His tenure at Portland State spanned more than 54 years of scholarly service. He was professor emeritus in the history department and the Middle East Studies Center.

Mandaville is survived by his daughter, Diane.

A. Henry Schilling *71

A. Henry Schilling, who had been managing director of General Electric’s Energy Financial Services in Stamford, Conn., died peacefully Oct. 24, 2019, at age 75.

Schilling graduated from Harvard in 1967. After teaching in public schools and doing political organizing, he attended Princeton’s Woodrow Wilson School and earned an MPA degree in 1971. He also earned a law degree from Rutgers and served as director of admission at the Wilson School before moving to Boston in 1973 to work on transportation, urban development, and environmental law for Boston Central Transportation Planning.

Not long after, he joined the Battelle Institute Science and Government Study Center in Seattle, Wash., and became director. After nine years in Seattle, he moved to Washington, D.C., to head Battelle’s office there. He then served for six years as head of the EPA’s Office of Legislative Analysis and Pollution Prevention and Planning. He also taught environmental policy at American University.

In 1991 Schilling became managing director of GE Energy Financial Services. He focused on risk management and environmental due diligence for power projects in North America, South and East Asia, Central and South America, and Africa. He retired in 2014. Schilling is survived by his wife, Victoria; one son; one stepson; and three grandchildren.

Graduate memorials are prepared by the APGA.

Classifieds

For Rent

Europe

Paris, Left Bank: Elegant apartment off Seine in 6th. Short walk to Louvre, Notre Dame. 609-924-7520. gam1@comcast.net

Paris, Marais: Elegant, 2 bedroom, 2 bath apartment, vibrant Pompidou museum/sidewalk café quarter on 13c pedestrian street, full kitchen, w/d, AC, cable. desaix@verizon.net, 212-473-9472.

France, Paris-Maraais: Exquisite, sunny, quiet one-bedroom apartment behind Place des Vosges. King-size bed, living/dining room, six chairs, full kitchen, washer, dryer, weekly maid service, WiFi, \$1350 weekly. corinnabarbara@gmail.com

Italy/Todi: Luxurious 8BR, 7.5BA villa, amazing views, infinity pool, olives, lavender, grapes, vegetable garden, housekeeper included, cook available, A/C, Wi-Fi. Discount for Princetonians. Photos/prices/availability: www.luxuryvillatodi.com, p'11.

Paris, Tuileries Gardens: Beautifully-appointed, spacious, 1BR queen, 6th floor, elevator, concierge. karin.demorest@gmail.com, w*49.

Unique 1880s heritage Irish farmhouse on fourteen acres in Ox Mountains, County Sligo; Wild Atlantic Way; Fáilte Ireland Welcome Standard; a Hidden Ireland Property. Adventure, Culture, Food! info@oldirishfarmhouse.com, '77.

Stunning Paris apartments: original period details, high-end amenities. Best locations: Bac/St. Germain, Luxembourg Gardens, Marais! 1-3BR, 1-2.5BA. 917-746-8056, www.56paris.com/for-rent

Paris near Louvre, Opéra, Ritz Hôtel. Family owned. Sleeps two, terms depend on season, 6 night minimum. apower7@icloud.com, 831-521-7155, w'49.

Rome, Italy: Breathtakingly beautiful art-filled apartment on via Gregoriana near Spanish steps. 2 bedrooms in a 17th century palazzo. Unsuitable for small children. Mariaceliswirth@gmail.com, 212-360-6321, k'38.

Spectacular Tuscan Villa: the vacation of a life time — views, vineyards, olive groves, pool, privacy, luxury! 805-682-2386, www.CortonaAir.com

Africa

Spectacular Indian Oceanside villa is your Princeton vacation home in South Africa. 2 bedrooms, 2 baths. www.phoenixcountryhouse.co.za, '82.

United States Northeast

Stone Harbor, NJ: Beachfront, 4BR, upscale. 570-430-3639, Stoneharborbeachhouses.com, radams150@aol.com

Wellfleet: 4BR beachfront cottage, spectacular views overlooking Cape Cod National Seashore, walk to town. 610-745-5873, warrenst@aol.com, '84, s'86.

Southampton, New York: Stunning secluded 4-acre estate on Shinnecock Bay. Beachhouse charm, 7BR, 4BA and 2BR, 1BA guest cottage. Gated drive, fully renovated kitchen/bathrooms, heated pool, private bay beach. Available year-round, weddings/events. info@baybeachestate.com '01.

Martha's Vineyard: Bright, cheerful home with 4 bedrooms and panoramic views of Vineyard Sound and Elizabeth Islands in tranquil Aquinnah. Available July 18–August 15. 508-954-2807. piamachi@yahoo.com, '62.

Chatham, Cape Cod: Charming 3BR, 1.5BA, private yard/outside shower, walk town/ beach. 917-912-2361, Batcheller40@hotmail.com, k'60.

New England Cape in Little Compton, RI: Short walk to beach and nature trails; quiet roads for biking/running; lovely small town. 4BR, 2.5BA, basement rec room. Negotiable rate as a summer and/or fall rental beginning 05.22.20. New York Times article Little Compton, RI; What to do in Little Compton RI; VRBO # 1626968. Inquiries welcomed: smaselli@princeton.edu

United States West

Big Sky Montana: Charming 4 BR log home on 20 acres beautifully furnished, spectacular views, Big Sky sunsets, skiing, hiking, fishing and golfing within 5 minutes. Close to Yellowstone National Park and Bozeman. Enjoyment all 4 seasons. 610-225-3286. janegriffith655@gmail.com, s'67.

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A Patriot Who Was Forced to Recant

By Elyse Graham '07

Three men from the College of New Jersey signed the Declaration of Independence: John Witherspoon, then president of the College; Benjamin Rush 1760; and Richard Stockton 1748. Six months later, in a British prison cell, Stockton recanted.

Stockton and his wife, Annis Boudinot Stockton, were a political power couple. She corresponded with George Washington and published poems that doubled as op-eds. He rose quickly as a lawyer, receiving his law license at the age of 24 and building a practice that spanned New Jersey, New York, and

Philadelphia. In 1766, the trustees of the College chose Stockton to voyage to Scotland to talk Witherspoon into becoming the College's president.

A decade later, Stockton was voted into the Continental Congress. The signing of the Declaration did not happen, even metaphorically, to a flourish of trumpets. Instead, the mood was tense, as Rush later reminded John Adams: "Do you recollect the pensive

He languished in Provost jail, which was known for horrific conditions: starvation, freezing temperatures, rain and snow blowing through broken windows.

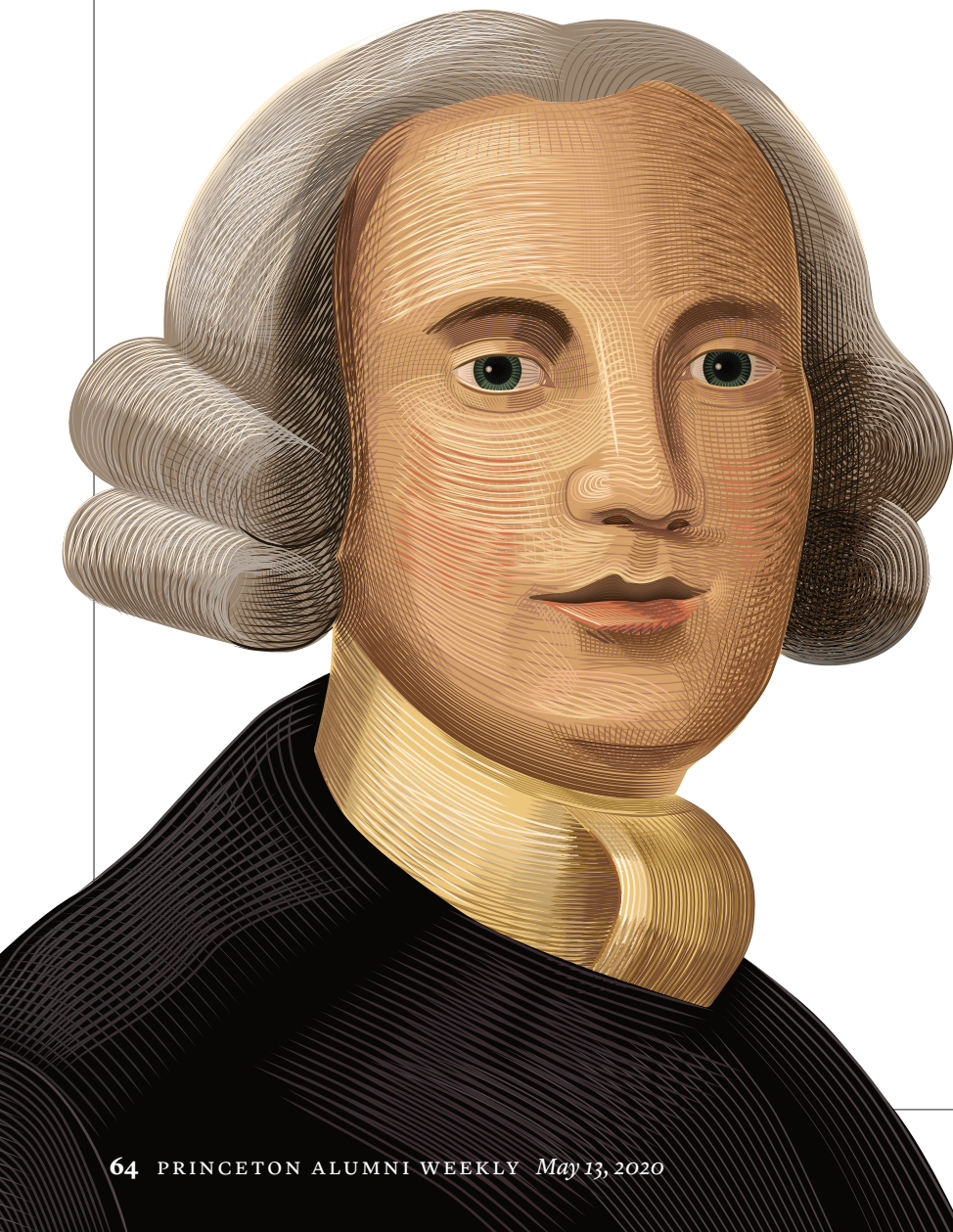
and awful silence which pervaded the house when we were called up, one after another, to the table of the President of Congress to subscribe what was believed by many at the time to be our own death warrants?"

Congress gave Stockton the task of traveling around the front to assess the condition of Patriot regiments. In October, he wrote from New Jersey, "The regiment is ... marching with cheerfulness, but a great part of the men bare-footed and bare-legged. There is not a single shoe or stocking to be had in this part of the world, or I would ride a hundred miles through the woods to purchase them with my own money."

In November, while visiting a friend on the coast of New Jersey, Stockton was captured in a surprise attack and carried to New York. He languished in Provost jail, which was known for horrific conditions: starvation, freezing temperatures, rain and snow blowing through broken windows. Rush, who had married Stockton's daughter, told a friend, "I have heard from good authority that my much-honored father-in-law, who is now a prisoner, suffers many indignities and hardships from the enemy, from which not only his rank, but his being a man, ought to exempt him."

The British released Stockton in January. Gen. William Howe, the leader of the British forces, had offered forgiveness to any Patriot who signed an oath of fealty to the Crown. Stockton's friends believed that he had signed the oath and judged him harshly for it. In March, Witherspoon wrote, "I was at Princeton from Saturday ... until Wednesday. Judge Stockton is not very well in health & much spoken against for his conduct. He signed Howe's declaration & also gave his word of honor that he would not meddle in the least in American affairs during the war." All we can know is that Stockton received "a full pardon" from Howe, according to British documents, and that he left prison in terrible health that lasted for the rest of his life.

Stockton died in 1781, two and a half years before the Patriots won the Revolutionary War. He is buried by the Stony Brook Meeting House in Princeton. ♦



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