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TITLE IX PROTEST OUTSIDE NASSAU HALL

NEW REQUIREMENT: CULTURE AND DIFFERENCE

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Unsung Heroes of the Class of 2019

Before we bid farewell to our graduating seniors and welcome them into the ranks of our alumni family, I wanted to introduce you to four students who represent a taste of the extraordinary talent that animates Princeton’s campus. I could have selected dozens of others, but these are just a few examples of students who have impressed many of my colleagues across the University.

Ana Patricia Esqueda, who was born in Caracas, Venezuela, and moved to the United States in the fifth grade, is a psychology concentrator pursuing certificates in Latino studies and linguistics. A promising young scholar, Ana Patricia was selected for a highly regarded Mellon Mays Undergraduate Fellowship. She hopes eventually to draw on her outstanding academic achievements to pursue a vocation as a developmental psychologist working with youth from marginalized communities.

During her time at Princeton, Ana Patricia has found many outlets for mentorship and teaching, serving as a peer academic advisor in Whitman College, a mentor with the Princeton University Mentoring Program, and an English as a second language teacher for El Centro, a non-profit organization based in Trenton, NJ. As a Head Fellow for the Scholars Institute Fellows Program, which provides a supportive and intellectually engaging community for students from historically underrepresented backgrounds, Ana Patricia has facilitated mentorship groups and developed workshops for her peers.

In addition, through her work with the Princeton University Preparatory Program, she has supported the personal and academic development of rising high school sophomores from low-income and immigrant communities throughout New Jersey.

Elias Berbari, of Greenlawn, NY, is an ecology and evolutionary biology concentrator and a committed researcher. For his senior thesis, Elias traveled to Mexico to conduct environmental assessments and study the effects of changing rainfall patterns on spider monkeys in the Calakmul Biosphere Reserve. Next year, Elias will serve as a Princeton in Asia fellow in Thailand, where he will teach English at Khon Kaen University’s Language Institute.

Outside the classroom, Elias is a guard on the varsity men’s basketball team. His coaches laud him as both a mentor and role model for his fellow teammates. Elias continues to develop these leadership skills through the athletics department’s Emerging Leaders program. Through learning opportunities from peers, coaches, and outside experts, this initiative gives student-athletes the capabilities and confidence to lead in any situation. Elias puts these skills into practice by supporting healthy lifestyles among his peers as a Student Athlete Wellness Leader.

Mitchell Hallee, who came to Princeton from Colchester, Connecticut, is a civil and environmental engineering concentrator. Outside the classroom, Mitchell is engaged in many areas of campus life. He contributes to the arts as a jazz DJ at WPRB and the production manager of the Princeton Triangle Club. He pursues civic engagement as membership recruitment and development chair on the executive board of Community House, a program housed in the Pace Center for Civic Engagement that works with families to support the academic success of underrepresented youth. And he has helped orient many fellow students to Princeton through Outdoor Action and as a peer academic advisor in Forbes College.

In each of these roles, Mitchell is often the first person to volunteer and the last to leave any event he organizes. Considering this breadth of activities, it comes as no surprise that Mitchell is known for his deep Princeton pride. In fact, since trying out to be an Orange Key tour guide during his senior year, he has already given more tours than almost every other member!

Teeto Ezeonu, of Piscataway, NJ, is an ecology and evolutionary biology concentrator pursuing a certificate in global health and health policy. Here on campus, she is an outstanding community builder, having served as both an RCA in Mathey College and a member of the executive team for Princeton Faith and Action. Her commitment to service has touched communities far beyond FitzRandolph Gate as well. For example, as a community and family liaison on the Community House executive board, Teeto facilitated dialogue between families, community partners, and Community House staff. As an intern with the Hyacinth AIDS Foundation in New Brunswick, NJ, she analyzed patient demographics and clinic performance and assisted with community initiatives focusing on HIV prevention and awareness. And as a training and learning associate with the Pace Center, she evaluated the structure and effectiveness of the center’s education programs in Princeton and Trenton.

Meeting and learning about extraordinary students like these is one of the great pleasures of my job. I hope these brief profiles give you a sense of why all of us should take tremendous pride in Princeton’s great Class of 2019.
**PROHIBITING ROMANCE**

PAW reports that faculty members have voted overwhelmingly to prohibit members of their ranks from engaging in romantic relationships with graduate students, regardless of the circumstances (On the Campus, April 24). So a junior faculty member in the School of Engineering may not date a graduate student pursuing a Ph.D. in the English department — even though they have no academic contact and there is no potential for abuse of power.

This leads me to think that perhaps Princeton needs a law school after all — or some department that sees the importance of narrowly tailoring rules to perceived abuses when matters of personal liberty are at stake. Or perhaps those who seek to regulate love should simply reflect on the idea that romance is not all about looking for “potential sexual partners,” as one quoted proponent of this proposal seems to think, but rather, as a more perceptive observer of the human condition put it, finding that person who is “the last dream of my soul.”

Kevin T. Baine ’71
Washington, D.C.

Hitting on a subordinate is unethical. It should never occur. It must be banned, and it is. The modern Princeton community consists of exceedingly talented, diverse, and attractive individuals. It abounds with opportunities to establish long-term partnerships. A categorical ban on relations between graduate students and faculty, as seems to have been voted on April 1, is rather like banishing springtime. And it invites mischief.

Eric V. Denardo ’58
Hamden, Conn.

Back in the day, feminism was about liberating and empowering women and getting rid of sexist stereotypes. Now it seems to be about protecting women from sex. I don’t feel like this is progress.

Bob Korn ’67
Cary, N.C.

We were disappointed to read that the Princeton faculty voted to prohibit faculty from initiating or engaging in romantic and sexual relationships with graduate students. Obviously, sexual harassment is serious and must be forbidden. But the new policy is so broad as to be prejudicial.

As a first-year faculty member at a Midwestern university, I became friends with a doctoral student in my department who was one year younger. I was not on her committee or the instructor in any of her classes. I asked her out (there was no policy forbidding that at the time). We dated, fell in love, married, pursued rewarding professional careers, and raised two kids who have grown into outstanding human beings. If my university had had a policy such as the one just passed by the Princeton faculty, none of this would have happened.

Smart policy targets the problem, rather than forbidding an entire class of human interaction. Like sexual harassment, sexual abuse of children by religious leaders is a serious problem, but our policy response is not to ban children from attending houses of worship. Collisions kill tens of thousands each year in the United States, but we set speed limits rather than banning driving.

To ban romance between faculty and grad students is prejudicial. I would like to continue to believe that the Princeton faculty generally stands against prejudice, and am distressed that the opposite occurred in this case.

David Gorchov ’80
Oxford, Ohio

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**RESPECT FOR WHAT’S GREAT**

Avram Alpert’s essay (“Life of the Mind, April 24”) suggests that valuing greatness is incompatible with valuing ordinary “good-enough” living. (Note, however, that D.W. Winnicott’s phrase about being “good enough” referred to parenting, not to life in general.) But respect for the qualities needed for ordinary life does not preclude respect for outstanding achievement. Greatness in any field should not be denigrated simply because most people do not reach it.

In trying to put together a countertradition to Western emphasis on greatness, Alpert chooses poor examples. The Romantic period was the heyday of the “great man” approach to history (see Carlyle, for one). Buddhism, too, includes reverence for “great teachers,” starting with Buddha himself.

Should Princeton stop striving to be a great university and settle for being “good enough”? Alpert teaches writing, but does he believe in “great literature”? If not, how does he decide what books to teach? Or is all writing “good enough”? A compassionate society need not reject greatness. Nor does President Trump’s use of “greatness” mean that his opponents should drop the idea. Perhaps the attitude expressed in this essay could be called “magnophobia” — fear of greatness.

Graham Good ’70
Vancouver, British Columbia
IN THE SCANDAL’S WAKE

Editor’s note: PAW invited readers to share their thoughts on the national college-admissions scandal. In addition to the letters below, responses from Jim Faller ’63 and Laurence C. Day ’55 can be found at PAW Online.

While I readily acknowledge a low boil of ignorance with regards to the specifics of the scam, having spent over 15 years in the college-admissions industry, I felt it rather vocational to comment with regard to the scandal. Most of my experience had me living in Hong Kong and mainland China. It is incumbent upon us to remark upon the rather discouraging fact that many top schools have students who have gained admission based upon falsified records, e.g., transcripts and ghostwriting.

Having conceded this fact, we must take two additional steps.

First, we must appreciate the degree and/or extent to which these spots in incoming classes mean students who are in many instances more talented than their wealthy counterparts (who could afford my services) lose the opportunity to attend out of sheer pecuniary disadvantage. Second, the overwhelming and discouraging truth is that admissions is by definition discriminatory, variable, and arbitrary. I have since left the industry and am trying not to gain myself admission to purgatory for my sins of committing in working in it for so long.

I hope to realize Princeton’s mission by joining Teach for America. Where there is smoke, there is all too frequently fire, and college admissions at the international level has long been ablaze with the bonfire of ignorance with regards to the scandal. The basis of outrage over the admissions scandal is that elite universities are supposed to be institutions that educate scholars displace individuals who are less accomplished students and hence better suited to a great educational institution.

James W. Anderson ’70
Chicago, Ill.

I suggest that college applications add a question such as the following: Have you received paid assistance with SAT or other test coaching, essay preparation, or other admissions counseling, and if so, how much did you pay?

None of these are inherently wrong, and in fact may make the student better prepared and disciplined for college-level work. However, it seems only fair to those who apply on their own that this be disclosed.

Steve Beckwith ’64
New York, N.Y.

FOR THE RECORD

Patrice John ’99 was one of the first two black women to get a Ph.D. in molecular biology at Princeton.

An article in the May 15 issue about graduate alumnae described that history incorrectly.
Vibrant shades of green dominate this late-April view of the front campus, with Nassau Hall at the center. Photograph by Ricardo Barros
A nine-day student protest in front of Nassau Hall last month of Princeton’s sexual-misconduct policies has prompted the University to authorize an external review of the Title IX processes and to schedule meetings with protesters over the summer.

After meeting privately with a small group of protesters, President Eisgruber ’83 said in a statement that “sexual misconduct has no place at Princeton, and the University remains firmly committed to making its campus safe. “We value student views about how to achieve that goal,” he said, adding that policy changes “must take place through this University’s governance processes ... in a way that is deliberative, well-informed, fair, and open to all views and perspectives.”

Student protesters attended a joint meeting of two faculty-student committees that could play a role in revising disciplinary procedures, and further such meetings are planned during the summer.

The two committees anticipate completing a final report in the fall, the University said, but any possible recommendations could be affected by new regulations for handling sexual-misconduct matters expected to be issued by the U.S. Department of Education.

As this issue of PAW went to press, a presence by protesters at the P-rade June 1 was also being discussed. The sit-in, in which students maintained a round-the-clock presence on the lawn in front of Nassau Hall in often cold and rainy weather, ended May 15 after 200 hours.

Vice Provost Michele Minter, Princeton’s Title IX coordinator, requested an outside review of the program, saying it could “strengthen trust” in the University’s process. Eisgruber approved the request for a review, which will be overseen by Provost Deborah Prentice.

The protest was triggered by University disciplinary action May 2 against a student, described as a sexual-assault victim in media accounts, who was found responsible for writing “Title IX protects rapists” on campus walkways in April. The student was assessed a penalty of four semesters of academic probation, 50 hours of community service, and a $2,722 fine due May 17.

News of the disciplinary action sparked a GoFundMe campaign May 3 that asserted: “The University is taking damages to its property far more seriously than it took the sexual assault suffered by this survivor and many others.” The campaign quickly raised more than enough funds to cover the student’s fine. (A University spokesman said penalties for vandalism may include suspension or probation, campus service, and restitution “tied directly to the cost of repairing the damage to University property.”)

As discussion of Title IX issues grew across campus, a group named Princeton Students for Title IX Reform — later changed to Princeton IX Now — called a protest against procedures that it said “re-traumatize those who have survived violence by subjecting them to grossly misrepresented and subpar procedures.”

The group presented a list of demands, including an external review of the Title IX system, a group of social workers who would help students in Title IX cases, an alternative restorative-justice track for survivors, and departmental status for the Program in Gender and Sexuality Studies.

The group posted accounts online from more than 30 anonymous students and Princeton employees about their personal experiences with Title IX. It also started a petition at change.org, where more than 1,230 students and alumni pledged not to take part in Annual Giving until sexual-misconduct procedures are revised.

A faculty petition of support, urging the administration “to take seriously” the students’ call for reforms, was signed by more than 115 professors and postdocs.

Jamie O’Leary ’19, a member of Princeton IX Now, said the protest had taken students away from “final papers, exams, sleep, post-thesis life, end-of-year celebrations,” and while the sit-in had ended, the group would continue “to fight for survivors on Princeton’s campus.”

By Francesca Billington ’19
“The first note is the most important note,” Gustavo Dudamel announced to the University Orchestra and Glee Club at the beginning of their rehearsal in Richardson Auditorium.

Dudamel, the renowned music director of the Los Angeles Philharmonic and the Simón Bolívar Symphony Orchestra of Venezuela, was on campus for two performances in late April to culminate a yearlong residency celebrating the 125th anniversary of Princeton University Concerts. To prove his maxim, the maestro took the orchestra’s eight bass players through the opening bars of Schubert’s Gesang der Geister über den Wassern over and over again, for more than five minutes.

The piece begins with a low, pulsing murmur. To Dudamel’s ear, it was not low enough. Occasionally, he even put a finger to his lips. “Every note has meaning,” he told the musicians, stopping to explain how each small section of the score fit into a larger thematic story.

“It’s really important and you want to get it right,” bassist Andrea Reino ’20 acknowledged afterward. “[Playing quietly] can seem hesitant and uncertain, but that’s not what it was at all.”

A few minutes into the piece, when their entrance arrived, the violins did not fare much better. “That was good but ... too much,” Dudamel instructed them before beginning the section yet again. The concerts, performed before packed houses at Richardson on April 26 and in Trenton the following day, were the final appearances of Dudamel’s residency. During other visits, he participated in talks, faculty panels, and film screenings. Emphasizing the important role the arts play in society, Dudamel also worked with elementary and high school students from Trenton, including those from an after-school group based on the El Sistema music education program that he had played in as a boy, which inspired him to become a conductor.

During a public conversation April 25 with visiting lecturer Fintan O’Toole, a columnist and critic, Dudamel explained a conductor’s relationship with his musicians. “[The first thing you have to do is to listen. [Musicians] are the ones making the sound. Without them, I can do nothing.”

Dudamel demonstrated that collaboration in the concerts over the next two days. At the end of each performance, the maestro stepped from his podium to stand among the student musicians and singers as applause rained down. This time, the sound that filled the auditorium was loud.

— Gustavo Dudamel

“[Musicians] are the ones making the sound. Without them, I can do nothing.” — Gustavo Dudamel

By M.F.B.
Broader Perspectives

Faculty votes to add requirement for ‘culture and difference’ courses

The University has added a requirement in “culture and difference” as part of the first major revision of general-education requirements in nearly a quarter-century. The faculty voted 41-20 at its April 29 meeting to support the new distribution area for A.B. students starting with the Class of 2024. For B.S.E. students, it will be a seventh potential field for the “humanities and social science” distribution area.

The faculty Committee on the Course of Study, which endorsed the proposal, said culture and difference courses would serve as “a lens” to complement other forms of inquiry, using cultural analysis to explain how people experience the world both within and across groups. Such courses “often [pay] close attention to the experiences and perspectives of groups who have historically been excluded from dominant cultural narratives or structures of social power,” the committee said.

Professors who spoke against the plan said the new requirement didn’t seem to fit other distribution areas, which are described as “different ways of knowing.” Physics professor Shivaji Sondhi voiced concern that instead of providing students with intellectual tools, the requirement would offer “a set of conclusions.”

Supporters countered, however, that the new requirement would encourage analysis without prescribing a specific approach — and more broadly, would help prepare students to become global citizens.

Dean of the College Jill Dolan said after the meeting that for many faculty members, the new requirement is “central to the many things a student should learn at Princeton.” She said most of the University’s peers have instituted a similar requirement.

About 25 percent of all courses offered in the past four years would likely qualify for the requirement, Dolan said; among the Class of 2017, three-quarters of all students took one of those courses.

The path to the new requirement was a winding one: Four years ago, a diversity study group of the CPUC urged the establishment of a distribution requirement for undergraduates related to diversity and culture. President Eisgruber ’83, in creating a Task Force on General Education, specifically asked the group to consider the idea as part of its charge. The task force recommended that all students be required to take a course on “the intersections of culture, identity, and power,” a focus that was modified in response to discussion with faculty over the past two years.

Dolan said the issue has grown more important over time, partly because of events in this country that show “we have become less and less adept at handling our cultural differences.” The new requirement will provide students with “a level of analysis and understanding ... for how we see each other in the world,” she said.

The general-education task force also suggested that Princeton require all A.B. students to take a foreign-language course regardless of proficiency and a course with international content. The Committee on the Course of Study did not endorse the two recommendations, expressing concern about “the additional pressure” that the proposed requirements would have placed on students.

A task force recommendation to reform the academic calendar — moving fall-term exams before winter break and creating a January term — was considered separately last year by the faculty, which voted to change the calendar and provide a two-week wintersession starting in 2020–21.

Princeton’s last review of its general-education requirements was in 1994; the writing and science and technology requirements were modified in 2001 and 2010, respectively. ♦ By Allie Wenner and W.R.O.
Telling Princeton’s Story For More Than 40 Years

Robert K. Durkee ’69 is retiring June 30 after a record 47 years in Nassau Hall, including four decades as the University’s chief spokesman and overseer of alumni relations. Joining the administration in April 1972 as assistant to the president, Durkee has served as vice president for public affairs and — since 2004 — as vice president and secretary. He begins a new project July 1: updating A Princeton Companion, the venerable guide to University life and lore. PAW talked with Durkee in early May.

What’s it been like to speak for Princeton for so many years?
For 40 years I had the vice president for public affairs role, and even before that, when I was in the president’s office, a lot of what I was doing was that same kind of representing the University or interpreting the University to multiple audiences. An important audience is on campus — it really matters that those who are closest to the University have a clear understanding of what it is aiming to do.

Secondly, it’s been absolutely critical to communicate with alumni. In the early years of the Bowen administration, there was a lot of curiosity and concern on the part of alumni about what was happening on campus, and it was my responsibility not only to figure out how to communicate about what was happening, but to help others communicate about what was happening. As vice president for public affairs I was overseeing the alumni office, which I don’t think any of my counterparts at other universities were doing — yet here, communication with alumni was such an important part of the role.

How did you handle especially difficult issues?
You’re always trying to get ahead of the story so that you can shape as much of the narrative as possible. And then you just have to be persistent. There are lots of issues that last a day or two, a week or two, but some have gone on for a very long time — the moving of the Dinky is one example. It’s important to listen to what the objections are so that you can try to help people see that maybe the objections aren’t well placed. We want to make sure people understand what our motives are, what we’re trying to accomplish. They may at the end of the day not agree, but at least they’ll appreciate that you’ve been as candid with them as you can.

What are common misconceptions about the University?
There is still a perception of Princeton that doesn’t appreciate how diverse the campus is and the student body is on multiple levels, and the affordability of Princeton is still not appreciated as widely as we would like it to be. There are still people who perceive Princeton as essentially male, who perceive it as almost entirely white and wealthy — and we have a very different student body than that.

I think there are still parts of the population who think of Princeton essentially as an undergraduate college and fail to appreciate just how strong
On the Campus

We’ve tried to increase recognition of the role of graduate alumni, and to encourage the engagement of graduate alumni in the life of the University.

How have you dealt with student journalists?
In a way it’s the same answer — treat them seriously and with respect. If you invest the time and work with them, you will end up in a better place than if you try to either ignore the question or circumvent the issue.

How have students changed during your years here?
Princeton students have always been very smart; that doesn’t change. Most of them have a real determination to make a difference in the world, and I think that hasn’t changed.

One thing that is different is the amount of time that students now spend talking to their parents. Now, I come from a time when, unless you forgot, once a week you might check in with your parents. This is a generation — because of cellphones and social media — that remains very connected to their families when they come to the campus.

Has the level of student activism changed?
This is another example of perception and reality not exactly aligning. I think Princeton students have been activists. Done in the right way, it’s an important part of the college experience. You see that now with students all the time who are creating nonprofit organizations and NGOs of various kinds. They’re engaging in their communities. They’re engaging in social entrepreneurship. They want to see if they can really effect change and not just talk about it, and I think that’s a very Princeton way to do it.

How have alumni relations changed?
The biggest change is the affinity conferences. They have been very effective in bringing back to Princeton alumni who may not have had the best of experiences, who left Princeton feeling somewhat alienated or at least not ready to be engaged. Whether it’s black alumni, Asian American alumni, Latino alumni, LGBT alumni, graduate alumni, women, Jewish alumni — these have been really moving experiences to see people come back who hadn’t felt fully validated when they were here as students, and now they had a chance to come back and share their experiences with others.

What moments stand out for you?
The night we got final approval to go ahead with the Lewis arts complex would be one of many moments. But I remember in my earliest years here a conversation with Bill Bowen. We had been trying to get something accomplished, and we hadn’t succeeded. I went in feeling bad about this, and Bill said to me, “Did you do the best you could?” And I said, “Yes, I did.” “And did you do everything you could think of to do?” And I said, “Yes.” He said, “In that case, put it behind you, let bygones be bygones, and turn to the next issue.” I remember that because what I have tried to do over the years is meet that standard.

Interview conducted and condensed by W.R.O.

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Mathematics professor emeritus GORO SHIMURA died May 3 in Princeton. He was 89. Shimura joined the faculty in 1964 after two years as a visiting professor, and he retired in 1999. He wrote pioneering papers in modern number theory, arithmetic geometry, and automorphic forms. Professor Peter Sarnak said that what are known as the Shimura varieties are at the heart of geometric theory. Shimura also formulated a conjecture in 1964 that would become a key to then-Princeton professor Andrew Wiles’ solution of Fermat’s Last Theorem. Shimura published more than 100 papers and books, including his 2008 autobiography, The Map of My Life.
Moving On

After lifting Princeton to new heights, Banghart leaves for North Carolina

On her first official day as women’s basketball coach at the University of North Carolina, Courtney Banghart was asked what she was most proud of in her 12 seasons at Princeton. “We had players that dared to be great,” she said. “There were some expectations of how far basketball could go in the Ivy League, and we just smashed that.”

Indeed, the Princeton women had never even reached the NCAA Tournament before Banghart’s arrival. She guided the Tigers to their first appearance in her third season, 2009–10, when freshman Niveen Rasheed ’13 made a dazzling debut and helped her team to a 14–0 Ivy League record. In the next nine seasons, Princeton made seven more trips to the tournament—six as the Ivy champion and one as an at-large selection. In 2014–15, the Tigers were a perfect 30–0 in the regular season, climbed to the top 15 in the national polls, and won their first-round tournament game. Banghart was named the Naismith College Coach of the Year.

Princeton basketball fans are familiar with the bittersweet feeling of seeing a successful coach move on to a larger conference. Bill Carmody left the men’s team for Northwestern in 2000, and his successor, John Thompson III ’88, departed for Georgetown four years later. But this was the first time a women’s coach made a comparable move—the last of many firsts in Banghart’s celebrated career with the Tigers.

A national search for Banghart’s successor began in late April and was still in progress when this issue went to press. Princeton’s next coach will inherit a much-praised recruiting class, an Ivy-champion roster led by honorable-mention All-American Bella Alarie ’20, and the elevated expectations Banghart and her teams created in the last decade.

By B.T.
Kelly ’19 Seeks Another NCAA Medal

Though he had just fouled on one of the biggest throws of his career, weight-thrower Adam Kelly ’19 was confident walking to the circle for his last attempt at the NCAA Indoor Track and Field Championships in March.

“I felt like I understood what I did [on the previous throw] and had a good idea of what I needed to do to fix it,” he recalled.

Sure enough, Kelly tossed a fair throw of 23.38 meters that earned him second place and broke the indoor Ivy League record. “It was incredible that everything I’d worked for these four years happened in my last throw indoors,” he said.

This spring, following a commanding win in the hammer throw at the Ivy Heps Outdoor Track and Field Championships May 4, Kelly aimed for another happy ending in the NCAA outdoor regional and national meets in late May and early June.

Kelly first came to track and field in high school as a means of staying in shape for soccer. He ran one 1,000-meter race before finding his way to the weight throw. And when he saw early success in throwing, he stopped playing soccer.

Working with his coaches at Barrington (R.I.) High School, Kelly quickly became one of the best young throwers in the country, winning indoor nationals his junior year and competing for the U.S. National Team at the Under-23 Pan-American Games.

“I made Adam the priority of that recruiting class because we just don’t get that many kids of that caliber,” said head coach Fred Samara. “He’s one of the most driven and dedicated athletes I’ve coached at Princeton.”

After graduation, Kelly will begin training with the Estonian national team. (His mother is Estonian.)

“There’s a world championship, the Olympics, and [another] world championship … so I feel like this is the time to go for it,” Kelly said. “Even if it doesn’t culminate in world or Olympic success, I want to at least have the experience of being able to train full time.”

* By Sophia Cai ’21
A cross the country, black students are given detention, expelled, and arrested in school at rates far higher than their white peers. Educators and policymakers have long believed racial bias feeds these disparities, but research has been slow to provide a nationwide accounting of the role bias plays. In April, a pair of Princeton researchers compared county-by-county data on racial bias with statistics on school punishment — their results, published in the Proceedings of the National Academy of Sciences, showed that bias and racial disparities are strongly correlated.

“Differences in disciplinary action get overlooked in the discussion around racial differences in education. But it’s really consequential,” said Travis Riddle, a staff scientist at the National Institute of Mental Health who, while a postdoctoral scholar at Princeton, co-authored the study with Princeton professor of psychology Stacey Sinclair. Previous studies have shown that punishments such as suspension and expulsion, which interrupt learning and remove students from their school community, are associated with increased risk of dropping out or getting arrested.

The new study drew upon data about the biases of more than a million Americans and punishment disparities between black and white students in 96,000 schools in nearly all of the nation’s approximately 3,200 counties. It compared the rates of punishment in five categories: in-school suspension, out-of-school suspension, expulsion, arrest, and law-enforcement referral.

The study combined two large data sets: the Department of Education’s 2015–16 biannual survey of disciplinary actions broken down by race for all United States public schools and data collected by Project Implicit, a nonprofit that has gathered information about the biases of millions of people through an online survey since launching in 2002.

Using data about the attitudes of 1.6 million Project Implicit users toward black people, the researchers estimated county-level bias rates, and then compared them with the Department of Education’s data on school punishments. They found that black students experienced higher rates of all punishments but especially out-of-school suspensions, which affected one in seven African American pupils — in contrast to only one in 30 white students. The differences were even higher in counties with higher levels of racial bias.

The correlations don’t prove that bias causes the disparity, but are part of a growing body of evidence that disparities like this one are connected with bias. The results show that racial bias continues to matter in education, said Sinclair. “This is a way of putting a finger on the racial bias and saying it has genuine consequences in important life outcomes.”

Sinclair noted that there are many ways bias could cause these disparities, from individual authority figures choosing to punish black students more harshly to ostensibly neutral policies and procedures — like dress codes targeting particular hairstyles — that disproportionately punish black students. But, she added, “The notion of structural racism clouds the fact that most structures involve people making decisions every day as part...
of organizations. So for the biases that we’re measuring, it wouldn’t be surprising [for those biases to] express themselves via these structural means.” But the disparities in punishment could also feed the perception that black students are rule-breakers, increasing bias in the communities.

Since 2014, when the Obama administration issued new guidelines highlighting these disparities and means for avoiding them, state legislatures and communities around the country have passed policies to constrain schools’ disciplinary tools. By looking at how the disparities have changed in areas with new polices, “we might be able to get at whether it’s racial bias leading to disciplinary action, or disciplinary action leading to racial bias, or maybe both,” said Riddle. “You could see these changes disentangling the association between bias and disciplinary action because people’s biases can no longer have any role.”

The two data sets Riddle and Sinclair used could also be combined to understand the role bias plays in other disparities, like Advanced Placement exams, said Sinclair. In addition to the disciplinary metrics and many other statistics, the Department of Education data set includes measures of AP class enrollment, test participation, and test performance. Testing which of these steps have disparities associated with bias, said Sinclair, “allows us to see where along the pipeline the bias is most consequential.”

By Bennett McIntosh ’16

FACULTY BOOK: ALEKSANDAR HEMON

Stories of Lives Upended

In 1992, Aleksandar Hemon traveled to Chicago on a journalistic exchange — and, when his native Bosnia was engulfed by war, found himself stranded. He wrote his first short story in English in 1995. Since then, the literary accolades have flowed.

Last fall, Hemon joined the Program in Creative Writing as a professor. His latest work is two conjoined memoirs: My Parents: An Introduction and This Does Not Belong to You (Farrar, Straus and Giroux). The family memoir came first. But as he revisited his childhood, Hemon says, “a lot of strange, interesting and baffling memories popped up,” and he assembled those “fragments and reflections” into This Does Not Belong to You.

My Parents details his parents’ often difficult adjustment to Ontario, Canada, where they immigrated to escape the siege of Sarajevo. “I’m compelled to claim that their displacement is the central event of their lives,” Hemon writes. “Our history is a history of unassuageable longing for the home that could never be had.”

You write candidly about your parents’ marriage and their regrets. How did their tensions affect you?

I would like to think that, because I bore witness to my mother’s struggles, I could better understand what it means to be a woman in patriarchy. The question then was — and still is — what I could do to be a better person, for her and others, including my wife and daughters. On a practical level, there is no gendered division in my family — my spouse and I raise our daughters to know that they can do anything they want and that the only expectations that matter are what they expect themselves to be.

You paint a brutal picture of boyhood in Sarajevo. How do you think the culture of patriarchy there differs from America’s?

If you grow up as a boy in patriarchy, you’re inescapably socialized in violence, which has many forms, from street fighting to misogyny. I do not think that the U.S. is that far ahead of any other country. But people are not hand puppets — not even men — and there has to be a way to transcend the limits of one’s society, to change it and in doing so change oneself. My sister has taught me a lot in that respect — because of her I know now that we didn’t have the same childhood, and were not, as it were, living in the same place. It was much easier for me.

This Does Not Belong to You is a collection of memories and musings on memory. What impact did writing these pieces have on you?

In this particular case, I’ve made new discoveries about the relation between memory, language, and narration. Language fills out gaps in memory and in doing so turns them into stories. But a narrative is not built upon the foundation of authenticity and truth, but on the logic of storytelling. I can no longer remember what I narrated — I can only remember narrating it. Most of the memories are of the stories about memories. ◆ Interview conducted and condensed by Julia M. Klein

READ a longer version of Hemon’s Q&A at paw.princeton.edu
SOCIOLOGY: RUHA BENJAMIN

Revealing the People Behind the Frameworks

As a child, Ruha Benjamin was always adapting to new surroundings. Born in India to an Iranian mother and an African American father, she moved with her family a lot—first to California, then South Carolina, the South Pacific, and South Africa. “I didn’t feel out of place, but I didn’t feel in place, either,” she says. It’s perhaps why Benjamin is consistently examining societies and institutions with fresh eyes, never taking any aspect of them for granted.

Today, the professor of African American studies applies her research and analytical skills to exposing the powerful social and political forces that influence science, technology, and medicine—“areas of inquiry that go unquestioned because we think of them as objective, as neutral, as asocial,” she says. “And that is even more reason to study them. Humans are behind them. It’s like pulling the curtain back to see the Wizard of Oz behind all of this.”

By Agatha Bordonaro ’04

Benjamin’s Studies: A Sampling

UNFAIR ADVANCEMENTS
Imagine that you are a woman donating your eggs only to discover that there is no post-op care provided. Or trying to rest on a park bench, only to be poked with small spikes that require payment to retract. In a 2015 TEDx talk, Benjamin discussed the often-unrecognized impact that our social and political mores have on scientific and technological advancements. “I wanted us to think about how we live every day with invisible ‘spikes’ in our various institutions and how so much of our social lives is ‘metered,’” Benjamin says. “Innovation and inequity too often go hand in hand, but they don’t have to if we become more deliberate and conscious about what values and politics we’re building into [the design]—whether it’s a bench or education or health care.”

HUMAN SIDE OF TECH
We often talk about the impact of technology on our society while overlooking the fact that our society is what’s creating that technology, says Benjamin in her forthcoming book, Race After Technology. “Rather than thinking about this device falling from a tree like a fruit, which then has an impact on us, let’s think about what seeds were planted in the first place to grow this particular technology,” she says. “When we just assume that we are the recipients of science and technology rather than the protagonists, we give up our power … to shape the world we’re living in.”

IMAGINED FUTURES
A longtime sci-fi fan, Benjamin has focused on how speculation about the future might produce insights into the world we live in now. “Speculation allows us to question the inevitability of the present,” she says. “It’s not the only present that could have been. There were choices made to get us to this present, which means we can make choices to get us to different kinds of futures.” Through her own fictional narratives, such as “Ferguson Is the Future,” Benjamin relies on “speculation [as] a method of … giving voice to our own agency to shape the future.”

By A.B.
Studies on Themes and Motifs in Literature

Magnificent Houses in Twentieth Century European Literature
Hugo G. Walter '81
This book is a collection of imaginative essays that explore the theme of magnificent and aesthetically interesting houses in twentieth century European literature.

You Can't Always Win
THE GOOD LOSER
Written by Mark Nixon
Illustrated by Bonnie Bright
This picture book discusses good sportsmanship in the face of defeat at the end games, contests, sports and academic endeavors.
Recommended ages: 7-11, Grades 2nd-6th

The Riddle of the Sphinx
Alexandre Montagu '87
A daring escape from Revolutionary Iran. A secret passion between two young men at Princeton. High stakes drama in a New York law firm. A psychological novel of exile, sexual obsession and destiny presented through the lens of alternate realities.

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New Perspectives on Einstein’s E=mc²
Young Suh Kim *61

Young Suh Kim *61 wrote this book with Marilyn E. Noz, dealing with the following issues.

- Albert Einstein received his Nobel prize in 1921, but not for his $E = mc^2$.

- Eugene Wigner received his prize in 1963, but not for his 1939 paper on his little groups for internal space-time symmetries in Einstein’s Lorentz-covariant world.

- What went wrong? Isn’t this a Princeton issue?

Young Suh Kim came to Princeton as a first-year graduate student in 1958 and received his PhD degree in 1961. He is now an emeritus professor at the University of Maryland.

In 1986, Kim told Professor Wigner that his 1939 paper deserves a full Nobel prize, as Einstein’s $E = mc^2$ does. Wigner became very happy.
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A Novel in Twelve Chapters
Jane Austen
Afterword by Claudia L. Johnson
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Democratic Capitalism at the Crossroads
Technological Change and the Future of Politics
Carles Boix

The Power of Networks
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Christopher G. Brinton & Mung Chiang

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A Seventeenth-Century Biography of an African Woman, Concise Edition
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Eyes on China
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Chih-p'ing Chou, Jincheng Liu, and Xin Zou

The Genome Factor
What the Social Genomics Revolution Reveals about Ourselves, Our History, and the Future
Dalton Conley & Jason Fletcher

Walter Kaufmann
Philosopher, Humanist, Heretic
Stanley Corngold

At Home in the World
Women Writers and Public Life, from Austen to the Present
Maria DiBattista & Deborah Epstein Nord

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Harry G. Frankfurt

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The Mapmaker’s Daughter

Katherine Nouri Hughes *84 w’55

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“[An] absorbing historical novel... compellingly interlaces public history and intimate conjecture.”

— The New Yorker

“Voice — the great, elusive necessity in all historical fiction — is rapturous and irresistible in The Mapmaker’s Daughter. ... A very impressive book, indeed.”

— Richard Ford

“Hughes retrieves Nurbanu from history and through a stunning act of imagination takes us into her consciousness. This brilliantly conceived novel is a startling reminder of what even today a woman may encounter when she becomes an accessory to power.”

— Carol Gilligan, author of In a Different Voice

KATHERINE NOURI HUGHES, received her MA from Princeton’s Near Eastern Studies Department and served on its advisory council for 20 years. She is on the boards of WNET/13, the American University in Cairo, Orpheus Chamber Orchestra and Milken Family Foundation. Her late husband Robert Del Tufo, Princeton ’55, was NJ Attorney General. She lives in New York City and Princeton. The Mapmaker’s Daughter is her first novel.

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Relationships that Endure

Alumni and their mentors reflect on guidance, wisdom, and friendship

By Allie Weiss ’13

Through the Entrepreneurship Council, seasoned alumni mentors in New York City work with students and young alumni trying to create startups. Working with the Scholars Institute Fellows Program, which provides community and opportunities for first-generation, lower-income students, the Class of 1979 is inaugurating a mentoring program for these undergraduates. Departments and career offices across the campus connect students and alumni with other Princetonians who have valuable experience — not just in climbing the ladder, but in navigating challenges we encounter elsewhere in life.

“The most fundamental type of teaching is a one-on-one relationship,” says William A. Massey ’77, a professor of operations research and financial engineering and an advocate for mentorship among minority scientists. “That’s something Princeton understands because of the senior thesis.”

“Mentorship is about creating a relationship where it’s fine to ask any question that you might not ask other people in power for fear of seeming ignorant,” says Dean of the College Jill Dolan. She says that while many students learn about mentorship in high school, others are new to the concept. “We try to introduce the idea of mentorship across populations and then find ways to enable students to really think about their advisers as mentors,” she says.

Not all campus mentors are professors. Perhaps yours was the alum who convinced you that Princeton was the place where you’d begin creating your future, and then helped you find your way. Perhaps it was an empathetic staff member who understood the barriers you’d have to knock down. In her memoir, Becoming, Michelle Obama ’85 describes mentor Czerny Brasuell, the director of what was then the Third World Center and is now the Carl Fields Center: “She treated me like an adult, asking for my thoughts, listening keenly … she seemed determined to awaken more boldness in me.”

Who awakened your boldness? Tell us the story of you and your mentor (see page 3 for ways to reach us). We’ll publish responses in print and at PAW Online.

Allie Weiss ’13 is a writer and editor.

Mary Morris and Jodi Picoult ’87

After one tense class, Jodi Picoult ’87 and former Princeton professor Mary Morris developed a close bond that persisted beyond Picoult’s college years. Picoult credits Morris with making her into the writer she is today — a global success with 25 novels to her name and an estimated 40 million books in print. The mentoring now goes both ways, with each author providing feedback on the other’s work.

Morris: I was a relatively young and new teacher. But I had a pretty strong sense of what I thought a student should be able to bring to the table. When I read Jodi’s work, I thought she was a really good writer but some things [in her work] could get moved around. I had a vision for her that I get sometimes with a student, and I thought that it would be a good lesson to workshop her story in class so we could cut and paste and move some scenes around.

I thought this was a great idea, but Jodi obviously didn’t. She came to me basically in tears and said, “No one’s ever touched my writing before.” I told her not to think of her work as engraved in marble. So Jodi went and did the work and she brought the story back. We made revisions a few times, and it was really better. I told her to send it to Seventeen, and they bought it. It was a big deal.

Picoult: The only reason I am a writer is because of what Mary taught me. I had been listening to her in class, and everything she said just made sense. But it wasn’t until I read Jodi’s work, I thought she was a really good writer but some things [in her work] could get moved around. I had a vision for her that I get sometimes with a student, and I thought that it would be a good lesson to workshop her story in class so we could cut and paste and move some scenes around.

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Creative writing programs, particularly at Ivy League universities, tend to turn out a certain kind of literary writer. Mary’s never looked down on me for writing commercial fiction. Not every creative writing professor feels there is value in that. There was a moment when I realized that Mary was taking my work seriously, writer to writer, not just as teacher to student. That was a tremendous moment because there’s no one you respect more than the person who taught you everything you know.
Bonnie L. Bassler and Carey D. Nadell ’11

Though he started as a Ph.D. student in ecology and evolutionary biology, Carey Nadell ’11’s line of research led him to the lab of Bonnie Bassler, a professor of molecular biology and the department chair. As a student and then a postdoc, Nadell worked with Bassler to develop a unique blend of disciplines that he has carried with him to Dartmouth, where he now runs a lab as assistant professor of biological sciences.

Bassler: Carey’s background was in evolutionary theory. He wanted to find a simple experimental system he could use to investigate the biological basis underlying the evolution of social behaviors.

I thought maybe he could teach us something and we could teach him something. We sent him to microbiology boot camp, and when he came back he was a player. Then he was just like everybody else — he was a member of the lab, but he had a different perspective. He exploited all of the techniques that we had been building for 20 years. But he was asking questions that I never would have asked.

There’s a reason we all don’t just work by ourselves. Everybody puts a little bit in, and the whole group succeeds more than they would have on their own. Everybody ended up broader, and the lab had a new dimension to it.

Nadell: My original Ph.D. adviser, Simon Levin, recognized that I should talk to Bonnie. That changed the trajectory of my life. Bonnie was very welcoming and generous — I didn’t know anything about microbiology or genetics. I just kind of hung around, like a stray cat, until I became an actual resident of the Bassler lab household.

It was exhilarating to be immersed in a real experimental group. When you’re doing theory, you’re working on a computer, and if you want to change the color of the bacteria in a simulation, that’s one line of code — it takes five seconds. But if you want to change the color of bacteria that you want to look at on a microscope, it might take three months. At first it was really hard. Bonnie was so patient with me.

You learn in Bonnie’s lab what wonderful leadership looks like. Being under Bonnie’s wing, you see how good leaders help people in their group feel good about what they’re doing and not just learn facts. I’m really grateful, especially now that I’m at Dartmouth and I have to do these things myself. ♦
Tennille Haynes and Amina Yamusah ’13

As a student, Amina Yamusah ’13 spent much of her free time hanging out at the Carl A. Fields Center, but it wasn’t until Tennille Haynes started working there as director that Yamusah got more involved. She took a job working at the Fields Center full time after graduating, in a position that she believes helped lay the groundwork for the establishment of her own company, BLOC, an online professional resource for people of color.

Haynes: I met Amina when I started in 2012 at the Fields Center. Amina was a senior at the time. She was really like my student guide when I got here. She immediately made me feel welcome, and got me involved with students I otherwise wouldn’t have had a chance to meet.

When I started here, it was just me and a temporary administrative assistant. When that person left, I was trying to find somebody I could work with. And I said, “Amina, do you want to work at the Fields Center?” It worked really well, because Amina had a connection with a lot of the students here. We were able to develop that audience that much quicker because they knew her, they trusted her. If she’s connected to the Fields Center, then we were cool, too.

Yamusah: We were interested in bringing speakers to campus. Because of Tennille’s vision of getting institutional dollars and support behind these events, for the first time we were seeing events being packed.

Tennille gave me a lot of trust to get people out to events and to promote things. In hindsight, it really helped build my self-confidence. I left to join an entrepreneurship fellowship, and I don’t think without having Tennille’s support I would have had the confidence to go out and build my own organization afterward.

I build career-readiness software. Tennille helped me with the first conference, literally passing out conference bags. She was one of our first partners, actually bringing Princeton students to one of our events in New York, giving me advice on one of the first iterations of the platform. She was so pivotal in all of it.
Terri Sewell ’86 says a phone call from attorney Julian McPhillips ’68 when she was in high school set her life on a different course. After McPhillips made a case for Princeton, she became the first person from her Selma, Ala., school to go to an Ivy League university. In 2011, she was sworn in as the U.S. representative for Alabama’s 7th Congressional District.

**McPhillips:** I started recruiting for Princeton because I had had such a great experience myself. In the early ’80s, I was reading the newspaper and I read about some young lady from Selma who had won a national debating championship. I said, well, she must be pretty bright, and I made contact with the family.

I met Terri at some kind of reception I had in my home. I could see what a bubbly, smart, eager person she was. I said in my letter of recommendation, this young woman could easily be a U.S. congressperson. It proved to be true.

We just hit it off. It’s hard not to hit it off with Terri. She fast became like a member of the family. So when the picture of her was taken as she was sworn into Congress in 2011, she had me and my wife, Leslie, right there beside her and Nancy Pelosi, with her mother and her aunt.

**Sewell:** I was minding my own business until my guidance counselor got a call from Julian’s secretary. The fact that this man would cut out a newspaper article and invite me to his house to hear about Princeton was really one of those moments in one’s life that changes it forever.

I had never really thought about Princeton. It was his infectious love of Princeton, the way Julian talked about how it changed his life. I don’t know if I would have reached the level of success that I did without the fervent belief that Julian had in my ability to do well at Princeton and to be someone.

My parents drove me up for orientation and helped me set up my room, and then only came back for graduation. It was Leslie and Julian who always came for the big football game and would take me and my roommates out for lunch. They were part of my foundation at Princeton. He and Leslie haven’t left me, even as an adult. About every formative decision I’ve had to make in my life, Julian’s been there.

**Rebecca Lazier and Silas Riener ‘06**

Silas Riener ’06’s first foray into dance coincided with the beginning of Rebecca Lazier’s time teaching in Princeton’s dance program, and the overlap proved to be fruitful for both of them. A connection formed in the studio morphed into a lasting personal and professional one, as Riener danced for Lazier’s company after graduating and followed in her footsteps as a frequent teacher.

**Lazier:** It was my first semester at Princeton. I was creating a work, and Silas was in that piece. I was slowly discovering there’s something unique and special going on here.

The first time Silas would try something, it would be like he’s a colt — coordination was really lacking. But by the third time, it was somehow all together. It always amazed me — the capacity for transformation was so fast and so huge.

I do remember the day he called me after he graduated and said, “When are we going to start rehearsing?” We had seen a lot of shows together. But for me it was this moment of: Do I continue to grow with this person? Do I step away from being a teacher and be a peer? Both people have to be ready. There’s some kind of mentorship, but it’s really about evolving.

**Riener:** I remember Rebecca learned everyone’s name in the class in about five minutes. I had never seen anyone do that before, and I think it speaks to a command of teaching and a respect of the relationship of a teacher and a student.

I probably became what I hope was like a delightful nuisance to her. Her office had a window to the hallway, and I could see if she was in there. I would stop in all the time. I would kind of hang around, ask her questions, try to figure out what her life looked like as a choreographer and an artist and a teacher in this professional capacity. I don’t think I’d ever known a working artist before that.

She was a rare person in my life who would actually entertain and answer all my questions. If there’s a shape to the idea of mentorship, I think it’s about a continuing relationship that is based in inquiry for both of us. The conversation never runs out, and that has been true for the last 15 years. ♦
John McPhee ’53 and Robert Wright ’79

Writer and professor John McPhee ’53 estimates he’s taught some 500 students since he started leading a creative-nonfiction seminar in the 1970s. Journalist and author Robert Wright ’79 was a standout student. After stints in New York and Washington, D.C., Wright moved to Princeton, where his bond with McPhee has continued to flourish over the long bike rides they take together.

McPhee: I was teaching a nonfiction writing class that I still teach. Bob was outstanding. He was a good writer as a student. [But] he has evolved and become an ever more serious and significant writer.

Bob was a transfer student to Princeton from Texas Christian, and he gave me a strong belief in transfer students. Years later, when Princeton stopped taking transfer students, I was unhappy about that. Princeton ought to be really happy that he was here.

I kept up with him over all the years since. But then he came back to Princeton to live here. I’ve known him ever so well since because we go out on bicycles for exercise routinely. He is a very tightly scheduled writer. So you want to go out on your bicycle at 11? Certainly not; he can’t go until 11:15. I have to go out on a bicycle with him in order to talk to him [laughs]. He’s very much a part of the world I inhabit now.

Wright: I remember how privileged I felt to be in his class. The one-on-one conferences he does with students — those were very powerful because you felt you were getting feedback from a master. It was clear that he had read your work very carefully.

I remember being taken seriously by him — seriously enough that I thought maybe I should actually try being a writer. In one of those individual sessions, I remember him saying that he felt that a life of writing could be very rewarding. I took that as personal guidance. You’re in a malleable phase, and when you hear something like that from someone you revere, you take it as almost a message from God.

The relationship has so broadened that I will ask him about advice involving family matters and personal matters. He’s now a full-fledged, multidimensional kind of counselor. I consider him one of my best friends in the world.
Lynn T. White and Renee Hsia ’99

Before turning her attention to medicine, Pyne Prize winner Renee Hsia ’99, a physician and professor of emergency medicine and health policy, studied at the Woodrow Wilson School under Lynn White. She recalls how White, now emeritus, invited her to Thanksgiving dinner with his family one year when she was on campus, establishing what became a decades-long friendship. It’s also provided a model of a highly personable faculty-student relationship that she’s carried into her own teaching career.

White: Calling me a mentor and Renee a mentee isn’t entirely right. She was a mentor to me and to many other people. She volunteered a lot at Princeton — I remember she did work through the Student Volunteers Council.

How’d she do it? She had a very high grade-point average. She was taking hard courses. She was doing pre-med and a tremendous amount of volunteering. How she did all the things she did in the time she had — we’re each allotted 24 hours a day — is something that I don’t understand, and people were noticing that.

Her choice of [the emergency medical field, especially for people who may not have insurance — it’s interesting. The emergency department is crucial for a lot of people. It doesn’t surprise me at all that that’s the particular field that she has gone in for.

Hsia: I did a junior task force with Lynn, and then I chose him as my senior-thesis adviser. He let me be very independent and gave me guidance. I traveled to a couple of places in rural China, kind of on my own. He was totally encouraging. I remember he sent me in his stead to present work at a conference in the U.K. That indicated I’m not going to embarrass him; he had faith in me.

We’ve stayed friends ever since. At my wedding, he gave me a spoon that was thought to have been used by Queen Victoria. He has a warmth that is not expected, I would think, of a university professor. It seemed very personal to me.

Even as a professor myself, there are so many students … it’s hard. Lynn has these recollections — he remembers these things that I barely recall. These are things that are just really authentic.
Mellody Hobson ’91, a nationally known advocate for financial literacy, is quick to emphasize the larger-than-life presence John Rogers Jr. ’80 has had in her adulthood. She met him when she was in high school, and ever since she graduated from Princeton and went to work for his firm, Ariel Investments, where she’s been president since 2000, they’ve spoken every day. The two have developed a strong synergy that’s resulted in both a successful business and a deep well of mutual appreciation.

Rogers: I was part of a group that wanted to distinguish Princeton in its ability to draw prospective students. Mellody came to every event that I organized. She was so confident and mature for her age. You couldn’t help but notice her — she captivated the room whenever she was there.

She was really good at staying in touch, and that led to a summer internship. We worked very closely [together] because we didn’t have many interns. I immediately realized that she was a superstar. I spent a lot of time with her that summer, introducing her to my friends and peers and other alums, because she was a rare talent.

She read everything there was to read on investing and was obsessed about being an expert in the industry. She became invaluable right away. It only took a few years for her to become the head of our marketing department, and a few years after that, president of the firm.

Hobson: My first day of work, he took me to lunch and he said, “You’re going to work with people who have very good titles and make a lot of money, but it doesn’t mean their ideas are better than yours.” That was an invitation to contribute. That was probably the best gift he could ever give me.

I started to realize that if I could make myself indispensable to John, I could learn a lot. He would go to McDonald’s on Saturday mornings and read, and I would just show up there and sit with him. He gave me a lot of time — he would walk me through all sorts of things that I was learning.

It was a mentor-mentee [relationship] for many years, and then it evolved into a partnership. I think what works for us is there was always a tremendous amount of respect. When you’re not second-guessed or doubted, that makes for a better relationship. We know each other’s strengths. And we’re always pushing each other to be better. ✮
Remembering 185

The teacher’s advice:
Write about what you know.
And put a thought around that sentence!

BY TOM NAGORSKI ’84

Many Princeton memories are faint now, or gone altogether, but I remember so well walking to the old elementary school that we knew by its street address — 185 Nassau — for Creative Writing 201, a three-hour, Monday-afternoon seminar during the spring of my freshman year. My other classes that semester were bunched in McCosh and East Pyne — and so even the short trip seemed a small adventure. A crowd of after-lunch students walked that path, along William Street, and while most kept going, aiming for the EQuad straight ahead, another contingent — far fewer of us, and far less weighed down by books — would veer slightly left, just past the Thomas Sweet ice cream shop and into the side door of 185.
The building itself brought something different: a softer atmosphere, the faint odors of arts and crafts, clay and paint-thinner (ceramics and painting were taught here as well). There was the strong smell of mimeograph machines — and here, perhaps, we need an aside for younger readers: Back in the stone age of 1981, students typed stories on portable typewriters, using mimeograph paper, which would then be fed into hand-cranked machines that produced copies. We would write our stories — one was due every two weeks — and leave our purple-inked pages in a bin; it was our responsibility to retrieve each week’s packet, read through it, and return prepared to praise our fellow student writers or pick their work apart.

Come 1:30 each Monday, we were in a classroom that looked and felt more like a place where you might have had “rest period” in kindergarten. Couches, not chairs. No desks or lecterns. No assigned place for the teacher. Not even a blackboard. Shoes off, if we liked. Eight or 10 of us, at most.

And the teacher? Well, the teacher was a novelist. Or a poet. And typically one with a number of published works and literary honors to his or her name. Joyce Carol Oates could be found at 185 Nassau. Jerome Charyn was here. The poets J.D. McClatchy and James Richardson ’71. Whoever it was, you’d sit there on your couch, in varying states of anxiety and admiration. And then one of these writer-teachers would get things started.

My first instructor was Lee Zacharias, less of a boldface name than the others, but a much-honored writer and fine teacher. Zacharias was immediately welcoming, a nice match for a nervous freshman like me. She had a gift for offering enough praise so that a dagger of criticism seemed gentle; the transition from one to the other was almost imperceptible.

The other thing I recall from a semester with Zacharias is that she selected me for that spring’s public reading; this news was at once thrilling and terrifying. I had never spoken at a school assembly, never given a wedding toast, and now I was to read from my own writing. Zacharias took me aside one afternoon and offered a few words of counsel: Try to recall whatever you were thinking when you first wrote the words; concentrate on those words as you speak; focus on the story, and its meaning; and pay no mind to the people in the room. “You’ll be fine,” she said. Easier said than done? Sure.

For me at least, the teacher to remember was the novelist William Humphrey. A visiting professor, he was the one I came to know on occasional after-class walks along Nassau Street. Gruff, no-nonsense, colorful, Humphrey had a Texas drawl and a dry, devilish sense of humor. He had risen from a hardscrabble childhood in Clarksville, Texas. His father died in a car crash when Humphrey was 13; he had moved with his mother to Dallas, dropped out of the University of Texas, and ultimately managed to write his way into a community of rising-star authors in the Northeast. Humphrey’s 1958 debut novel, Home from the Hill, was a critical and commercial success; the 1960 film based on the book made Humphrey a good deal of money.

In the 185 classroom, Humphrey could be stern; he made no effort to soften criticism, and his suggestions were offered more like laws of writing, meant to be followed rather than debated. He came hard at me with one such directive: Write about things you know. We were never given specific assignments, and I had tried an allegorical piece, about a Hitler-like figure in a modern European town. Humphrey didn’t think much of the story, and he didn’t hesitate to share his reasons with the class. It doesn’t feel genuine, does it? Does it feel like Tom is writing about a thing he has known and felt?

He implored us to read, in every free moment. It’s a writing class, yes, but you cannot ever expect to write well unless you read well and widely. Beyond dissecting our stories, Humphrey made
But for me at least, the teacher to remember was the novelist William Humphrey.

He implored us to read, in every free moment. It’s a writing class, yes, but you cannot ever expect to write well unless you read well, and widely.

time for conversation about whatever works we had enjoyed lately — giving his sessions the feel of a book group. Sometimes he read from fiction he favored, to make a point about cadence or pace in the language. Once we convinced him to read from his own work; Humphrey chose a chapter from The Spawning Run, a hilarious sendup of a salmon-fishing expedition in Wales. Another afternoon he told a story about how he’d been punished in grade school, made to sit in the back of class and read the dictionary. He had been furious, feeling wronged and hating the punishment, until he slowly realized, guiltily almost, that he liked it. He had enjoyed reading the dictionary, loved seeing easy words up against the hard ones, learning all manner of words he had never seen or heard. The point, again: Read ... 

One more Humphrey-ism: The man had no patience for “writer’s block.” Sure, writing was hard. And yes, more often than not the result would disappoint. But when a student pleaded “writer’s block,” Humphrey shook his head and presented a step-by-step solution that was at once funny and withering. It went something like this:

“What are you trying to say? Let’s see — there’s a verb for that ... All right, then — who are you trying to say it about? OK, so there’s your subject, let’s get that in there. Hmm, let’s see — we seem to be approaching ... a sentence! Fine. May not be the world’s finest sentence, but for now it will do ... 

“No — how about a thought around that sentence? A few words to situate us? Maybe a button to the end? And now — MY GOODNESS — we have ... a paragraph! You may think it’s awful, that paragraph you’ve just put down there. And probably it IS awful! Might be the worst paragraph you or anyone has ever set to paper. But never mind, it’s on the page, isn’t it? OK, then. Let’s get to work on making it better.

“And THAT ... (here he would smile, sarcasm dripping) ... that is what we call EDITING!”

For all the sarcasm, and disdain, even, I don’t believe his students ever minded. Humphrey was a warm and funny man. He and I had those walks together; Humphrey took other students to his home in Hudson, N.Y., sometimes on fly-fishing trips in the Catskills. I wish I’d taken one of those trips myself.

By the time I graduated, I had taken five creative-writing courses. Those workshops taught me to be a better, more confident writer, and perhaps a better reader as well. I learned that I could improve at the craft, and enjoy it greatly, without ever making the major leagues. When I wrote a book of my own — nonfiction, but still — I pared and pared, and when my editor marked the text with further cuts, I thought of Russell Banks. He’d have found even more words to toss. I long ago found comfort with public speaking, but I still remember Lee Zacharias’ good counsel and appreciate the fact that almost nothing I am asked to do in front of an audience will match the angst that came with reading my own fiction, at age 18, to a room filled with peers and well-known authors. As for William Humphrey, I have shared his reflections on writer’s block with others, my kids included. I think his trick — write a word, then a sentence, a paragraph, and don’t fear the results — is a valuable one.

Recently I read another of Humphrey’s books, Farther Off from Heaven, a memoir published a few years before I met him. It’s an achingly beautiful account of young Billy Humphrey’s rough upbringing in that small Texas town, the boy’s difficult relationship with his father, and the father’s sudden death.

“It was impossible now to believe,” Humphrey wrote, “that so much zest for living as was crammed into that small, explosive package, my father, could have been snuffed out. He had been as positive a presence as a rambunctious boy, snatching at life with both hands. He was one of those to leave his name on every place he went: Clarence Humphrey was here. Such intensity as that with which he went at everything, the fieriness of his feelings, his avidity for sensation and experience: How could all that have been extinguished? ... One would have thought that death could not so soon have found an opening in his defenses.”

I thought of Humphrey himself, tried to imagine him wrestling with a particular paragraph or sentence. Of course when you read a fine piece of writing, it’s hard to imagine that there ever was any wrestling, anything other than the smooth and steady flow from mind to paper. And I also thought, William Humphrey was doing, in the purest sense, what he had been as positive a presence as a rambunctious boy, snatching at life with both hands. He was one of those to leave his name on every place he went: Clarence Humphrey was here. Such intensity as that with which he went at everything, the fieriness of his feelings, his avidity for sensation and experience: How could all that have been extinguished? ... One would have thought that death could not so soon have found an opening in his defenses.”

I enjoyed my time at Princeton, and like many friends I look back and wish I’d made better use of the time there. But I have no regrets about the hours spent at 185 Nassau St. It’s a place that still evokes nostalgia — for those cozy rooms, my fellow students, and for the oasis those three-hour gatherings offered, the break from the treadmill of other academic pursuits. All credit for that is due the wonderful writers — and teachers — we were privileged to meet and learn from, on those long Monday afternoons.◆

Tom Nagorski ’84 is executive vice president of the Asia Society and author of Miracles on the Water: The Heroic Survivors of a World War II U-Boat Attack.

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CHANGING COURSE: In John Sawin ’07’s professional life, he has left banking twice — for golf. In 2013, he left investment banking to compete in elite amateur events around the country. Sawin would return to banking, but soon after, he was approached with an opportunity that made him realize: “There are thousands of bankers in the world, but only one director of golf at Pebble Beach.” Sawin’s title is vice president and director of golf for the Pebble Beach Co., where he oversees the finances, tournaments, and guest experiences at its six properties. The iconic links on California’s Monterey Peninsula will host the U.S. Open June 13–16.
A MODEL OF GRACE
One Princetonian’s lifelong love of Notre Dame may aid its post-fire reconstruction

When the late Andrew Tallon ’91 visited Notre Dame Cathedral for the first time, he had, as the French say, le coup de foudre. “He saw it and fell in love with it,” says his wife, Marie Tallon. He was just 9 and living in Paris with his family while his mother studied at the Sorbonne. Tallon became obsessed with the 12th-century building. “He had a notebook in which he wrote down the whole story of Notre Dame,” Marie says. “It was a lifelong passion.”

Decades later, after Tallon became a professor of art and architectural history at Vassar College, he traded in his notebook for more high-tech techniques of studying the ancient church. Using a portable laser scanner, he sent billions of beams of light throughout its interior, capturing the space in a 3-D model accurate to within a few millimeters.

Tallon died of brain cancer in the fall at age 49, mere months before his beloved cathedral suffered the calamitous fire that destroyed its roof. But his work will live on to help preserve it.

At Princeton, Tallon was inspired by the late Robert Mark, Princeton professor of civil engineering and architecture, to translate his boyhood passions into a career. “Robert Mark was the person who really exposed Andy to the beauty and wonder of the Gothic,” says John Ochsendorf ’98, professor of architecture at MIT and one of Tallon’s collaborators. At Princeton, Tallon sang in the Glee Club, touring cathedrals in France, Italy, and Greece. “He always said singing in those buildings left a strong impression on him,” says Marie. Tallon wrote his senior thesis on the acoustics of medieval cathedrals and got a Ph.D at Columbia, where Ochsendorf served on his doctoral committee. “To get access to a medieval building with Andy was an absolute joy,” Ochsendorf says. “He would always find ways to get into the vault and climb up to all the secret spaces that weren’t easy to reach.”

Tallon pioneered his laser-scanning techniques, in part, to study how old buildings changed and settled over the centuries. “It’s a kind of anthropology, seeing human activity through cold stone and mortar,” Tallon told me in an interview last year for Vassar’s alumni magazine. “You have the thrill of peering back in time and witnessing the story of a building in a way that hasn’t been possible until now.” He was just as interested, however, in bringing alive the buildings as a teaching tool for students and others who might not have access to Gothic cathedrals, combining the scans with panoramic photos of the interior of buildings to create a photo-realistic model.

Near the end of his life, Tallon worked to create a foundation called the Friends of Notre-Dame de Paris to raise funds to repair the cathedral. With the damage that Notre Dame suffered in April, his scan of the building provides the most complete record of the building before the fire. His work could help understand the craftsmanship that went into creating the roof of Notre Dame, which required more than 1,000 individual oak trees. The French government is still deciding whether to try to authentically reconstruct the roof, or re-create it using lighter, more modern materials. But it is already using Tallon’s model to better assess the damage the interior of the cathedral sustained from fire and water damage.

No matter how the cathedral is eventually repaired, Tallon’s work will prove invaluable to architectural historians, preserving the structure of the cathedral virtually in a way that will live on, perhaps, for centuries to come. “It is a beautiful little object,” Marie says of the scan, “and a great gift to future generations of scholars.”

By Michael Blanding
Kathryn Hampton ’06 works for a human-rights advocacy organization in New York City, after 10 years living and working in China, Bosnia-Herzegovina, Iraq, Turkey, and Ukraine.

I graduated from Princeton with a major in comparative literature, a basic understanding of 1980s Chinese poetry, and a wide-eyed longing both to see the world and to live out Princeton’s motto, Princeton in the nation’s service and the service of all nations. After a year teaching English in China with Princeton in Asia, I moved to Bosnia to implement projects that used creative arts to respond to a society torn by ethnic cleansing. I ended up in human-rights monitoring work in progressively more challenging contexts.

In 2014, receiving my first briefing for a position in Iraq with an international organization, I was fascinated by the discussion of risk management. We assessed risk to predict problems, to ensure that we could continue training and supporting Iraqi human-rights advocates despite the security environment. My boss had been in the military for 20 years; this was his first civilian job. To calm our nerves when a project faced challenges, he asked us what he had asked his soldiers after a mission: “Did anyone die today? And have we learned something?” I was gripped by the thought that greater physical risk meant a higher payoff — coming to the conflict zone meant preventing human-rights violations and addressing acute needs, not waiting until after the genocide to pick up the pieces. Still, a logical framework applied. Risk should be accepted only when absolutely necessary and when the benefits outweigh the costs. Risk should be minimized through anticipation and careful contingency planning.

Working in Iraq, I had been evacuated when ISIS was 19 miles away; I was on lockdown after car bombs exploded in the city center. When I moved to Ukraine in 2016 to monitor the ceasefire agreement, I thought that I had an accurate assessment of the risks involved. I knew that after the annexation of Crimea in 2014, armed conflict had broken out in the east. The enduring result is constant shelling along the front line that divides Ukraine proper from the non-government-controlled areas, with the government trying to take back the land and armed groups preventing them. But I was not prepared for the physical and psychological toll of this kind of work. I had worn light flak jackets and ridden in armored vehicles with bodyguards before, but now I was wearing Level IV ballistic body armor (the kind with heavy ceramic plates) — and now I was the driver. I had two days of predeployment tactical-driving training, and now I was driving armored vehicles hundreds of miles on bad roads.
I tackled the new risk environment and found that the physical risks could be managed as I developed new skills. Opening the heavy door of the armored vehicle, wearing my hard plates, and hopping into the high seat of the Land Cruiser made the muscles in my legs sore on the first day. It took an unexpected amount of strength to brake a several-ton vehicle on bad roads, drive for eight hours, and keep up with the convoy. I found it challenging as a woman to navigate biology and privacy, since bushes are off-limits due to possible mines. Our female ex-police-chief colleague airily declared, “Women can hydrate at night”; in other words, don’t drink water during your eight-hour patrol. I learned not to care. I hydrated as much as I wanted and asked my male colleagues to park for a “technical stop” on remote roads: men in front of the vehicles for privacy, women behind. A colleague who had served in Moldovan special forces complimented my driving on patrol.

Weaving around anti-tank mines, driving into the no man’s land between the two sides, I patrolled, observed, and reported about conditions along the international border at entry-exit checkpoints, military checkpoints, shelling craters, destroyed and occupied houses and schools. I corroborated civilian casualties. As tasks and risks that I never thought I could overcome became routine, I started to feel tough and able to take on the world. Over time I didn’t feel as scared of the physical risks; the job was just something that had to be done.

Sometimes the risks did not seem worth it. When a colleague was killed by a land mine on a routine patrol, it hit us all very hard. We had driven those same roads. Were our daily reports worth the life of a colleague? What was the value of our objective reporting about harm to the civilian population if those in power ignored their plight?

There were funny moments, too — when we accidentally set off our vehicle’s siren and couldn’t turn it off until our Norwegian colleague found the switch under the hood; or when someone dressed as “the front line” for our Halloween party. And there were fulfilling moments. I started to find a large part of my identity in being the woman from a different time zone who parachuted in for a wedding or bachelorette party back home and then jetted off again.

As I was learning to cope with a new set of risks, I noticed that this life gradually started to impact me in other ways. In one village, we were concerned about the humanitarian situation because the villagers lived in a no man’s land on the front line, and neither side would let them pass to reach the nearest pharmacies, doctors, and shops, fearing infiltration by saboteurs. We tried to check up on them regularly and to advocate for their needs. One day we went to the village with a new colleague, who was patrol leader for the day. He heard heavy machine-gun fire and stopped us. Should we continue? We laughed. Of course! It’s only heavy machine-gun fire. He looked at us and shook his head. We realized that he was right; we were so overexposed to these situations that we underestimated the level of risk. Our report: six bursts of heavy machine-gun fire, less than a mile west of our position; the patrol held a listening post for five minutes and did not proceed to the village.

To calm our nerves ... my boss asked us what he had asked his soldiers after a mission: “Did anyone die today? And have we learned something?”

A Thanksgiving dinner was the final straw. I’d been talking about making the dinner for friends for a month, and had brought back cranberry sauce, pumpkin puree, stuffing mix, and cornbread from my last R&R to the U.S. There was a military coup just a few days before the holiday, and we were on lockdown. Men in white armbands had taken over the hotel where we lived, and they refused to say who they were. Every day, management was discussing whether to evacuate us. I spent the day cooking, looking out the window into our back parking lot, where a few dozen men in black balaclavas and tactical gear were smoking and talking.

The food was steaming on the table as colleagues walked by, saying we’d be evacuated. (In the end, evacuation came one day later.) I ate with friends in the locked-down hotel, each saying what we were thankful for. We were indeed thankful, but also stressed. My colleague confided in me that she was terrified the balaclava guys would break into the hotel and rape us. As unarmed international monitors, there was little chance of the soldiers intentionally harming us (the greatest danger to us being stray bullets or land mines), but it was scary. The risks and the benefits were not adding up for me any longer. I took the measures to mitigate physical risk adequately as a professional, but humanitarian work became unsafe for me in a different way, because I was burned out, overexposed, and no longer able to make healthy choices. As time went on, the war-zone experiences started to crowd out my creative, emotionally present self. I became irritable and preoccupied with daily reports and patrol schedules.

I left the field and came home to the United States. Last year my friends from Ukraine flew to New York to visit me, and we went to the Macy’s parade and cooked Thanksgiving dinner together. It was a different kind of risk — to leave behind the new identity I had constructed for myself — but this risk has paid off. Coming home opened the door to new adventures, new thoughts, and a new perspective. In choosing to return to the United States, I have a broader vision of what risks are worth taking — like believing in yourself, being willing to fail, and trying new things — and which risks aren’t, like self-sabotage, perfectionism, and overcommitting.

A crucial risk-management principle, for the long term, is balance. I haven’t left human-rights work, but for now, I am best able to pursue that work while based in New York. What I learned since graduating from Princeton is that risks must be continually reassessed, the benefits freshly measured against the real costs, so that we can make the right choices as we invest the years of our lives.
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**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 1948**

**Donald Paul Tschudy ’48**

Dr. Don was born Nov. 8, 1926, in Lebanon, Pa., and grew up in Margate, N.J. At Atlantic City High School he was president and valedictorian of his class. At Princeton he joined the Navy V-12 program, majored in chemistry, and graduated in 1946.


In 1953 Don joined the National Cancer Institute in Bethesda, Md., where he participated in early NCI clinical trials. His many research studies are frequently cited in professional literature. He retired in 1984.

He was a lifelong clarinetist, a knowledgeable big-band jazz fan, and a craftsman of wooden furniture.

Don died Jan. 28, 2019. He is survived by his wife, Betty; daughters Linda Velazquez and Janet Howard; five grandchildren; and two great-grandchildren.

**James V. Compton ’50**


An Exeter graduate, at Princeton he majored in history, was active in Whig-Clio, and belonged to Prospect.

He earned a master’s degree at the University of Chicago. A critic of McCarthyism, he was dismissed by an Arizona school for refusing to sign a loyalty pledge and left the United States. He filled the next 15 years by studying in Heidelberg and Munich, where he held a Konrad Adenauer Fellowship, traveling throughout Europe, including the Soviet Union on motorcycle; writing his Ph.D. at the University of London; and chairing the University of Edinburgh’s Department of North American Studies.

In 1968 he returned to the United States and to San Francisco State University, where he taught until 1995, when he became professor emeritus of history. Still “quite haunted” by Edinburgh, he donated his 1,800-book library to its university and endowed an annual lecture there.

Students flocked to his history classes, delighted by his insolence and imitations of Franklin and Eleanor Roosevelt, whom he knew as a child through his father’s involvement in the New Deal administration. He authored books dealing with Hitler and World War II, the Cold War, and anti-communism in post-World War II America. Jim enjoyed playing his banjo while singing folksongs and political ballads. He had no immediate kin.

**THE CLASS OF 1950**

**Peter W. Anson ’50**

Peter died Jan. 17, 2019, in Minneapolis, Minn., after a long struggle with dementia.

After graduating from St. Paul’s, he served a year in the Army. At Princeton he majored in history and belonged to Colonial.

He worked a few years for his family’s work-glove business, first in Illinois and then in New York City. After a year attending night law school at New York University, he changed from gloves to law and transferred to Yale. A member of the Law Review, he graduated in 1955.

He started his law career in New York, but returned home to Minnesota in 1961 to join Faegre & Benson as a corporate lawyer, later becoming a partner. He also served on non-profit boards, including the Minnesota Nature Conservancy.

After retiring in 1985 he embarked on many trips, including five treks to the Himalayas and hiking in Morocco and Patagonia. He had a passion for learning, attending courses well into his 80s. He was a true handyman, adept at fixing and building things. He loved the outdoors and took his family on countless camping, canoeing, hunting, and fishing trips.

Peter is survived by his wife of 63 years, Sally; four children, including Leslie ’85; nine grandchildren; and a great-granddaughter.

**Maynard Garrison Jr. ’50**

Maynard died Jan. 6, 2019, in California, after a lengthy battle with dementia.

He began law school at Stanford, but ultimately received a law degree from the University of San Francisco. He practiced business law in San Francisco for some 40 years.

His love of golf followed him after Princeton. He claimed three holes-in-one: the first on Pebble Beach’s 17th hole and two at the San Francisco Golf Club. He admired vintage sports cars and raced a Mercedes-Benz and a Kurtis Kraft that he owned.

During his lifetime he served on many boards. He was a member of the Bohemian Club and the Royal & Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews. In later life he became a celebrated author and constitutional scholar. His book about James Wilson of Scotland, one of six signers of both the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution, led to many speaking engagements and honors, not the least of which was a plaque over the University of St. Andrews’ library entrance recognizing his scholarship.

Maynard is survived by his wife of 53 years, Mary; four daughters; and numerous grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

**THE CLASS OF 1951**

**Robert Walter Agee ’51**

Bob was born Jan. 19, 1929, in Huntington, W. Va., to Floyd and Ada Pryor Agee.

He prepared at Woodberry Forest School and at Princeton majored in English. Bob was active in the Westminster Fellowship and Quadrangle. He roomed with Arch Hewitt, Hank Petersen, and James Wright.

Bob married Earleen Heiner in 1952. He entered Navy Office Candidate School and
served as a personnel administration officer from 1953 to 1956. Bob was a past vice president of Agee Department Stores but spent the majority of his working life with Heiner’s Bakery, retiring after 44 years as executive vice president and secretary. Fourteen thousand — that’s the number of loaves, buns, and dinner rolls the bakery could turn out in an hour.

Bob died Aug. 3, 2017, in Huntington. He was 88. He is survived by his wife, Earleen; their children, Brian, Wesley, Katherine, and Kimberly; nine grandchildren; four great-grandchildren; and nephews Dr. Erle Pettus ’71 and Jeffrey Pettus ’77.

Services were held at the First Presbyterian Church in Huntington. Expressions of sympathy to the Marshall University Church in Huntington. Expressions of love to his children, Brian, Wesley, Katherine, and Kimberly; nine grandchildren; four great-grandchildren; and nephews Dr. Erle Pettus ’71 and Jeffrey Pettus ’77.

Frank Evans Bowker Jr. ’51
Frank was born March 5, 1927, in Toledo, Ohio, to Frank and Carolyn Miller Bowker. He prepared at Episcopal Academy in Merion, Pa., and was drafted and served in the Army before coming to Princeton, where he originally began with the Class of '49. A psychology major, Frank was a member of Cloister Inn and graduated with honors. He roomed with Joe Bittenbender and Ben Marshall. He was a member of ROTC and served once again in the Army.

In the early days he began to work in personnel at various firms. His major career was with the human-resources administration at Chevron/Gulf Oil in Philadelphia and Pittsburgh, and he remained with them for 26 years before retiring to Punta Gorda, Fla., in 1986. There he was active in the Congregational United Church of Christ.

Frank died Sept. 13, 2017, in Perrysburg, Ohio, where his daughter Mary lives. He was predeceased by his wife, Katharine, in 1997. He is survived by his daughters Virginia Bowker and Mary Kazinski, and grandchildren Melanie, Megan, and Matthew.

Memorial contributions are suggested to Our Place Community Recreation and Training, P.O. Box 38079, Murdock, FL 33987-0779. Our Place supports the needs of developmentally disabled adults. Frank was a volunteer there.

Macdonald Mathey ’51
Don was born June 12, 1929, in New York City to Gertrude Winans and Dean Mathey 1912. Don came to us from Deerfield Academy and earned a degree in the Woodrow Wilson School. He was active in varsity hockey, tennis, and Cottage Club. He roomed with Jack Davis, Duke deConingh, Bill Dwight, Clint Gilbert, Gerald Mayer, Neil McConnell, Ralph Peters, Don Scott, and John White. Later he attended the Columbia School of General Studies and Teachers College.

His father had won the National Intercollegiate Tennis Doubles Championship in 1910 with B.N. Dell and in 1923 defeated Bill Tilden. Don and his brother Dean ’51 in their time won the U.S. Intercollegiate Doubles Championship. Dean Mathey Sr. 1912 was a charter trustee, and over the years he and his sons were dedicated supporters of Princeton.

Don and his wife, Charlotte, lived in Nantucket where she created Hedged About, a 30-year labor of love consisting of a perennial garden, herb garden, blueberry house, wisteria arbor, and shrub garden.

Don died July 1, 2017, in Princeton. He is survived by Charlotte and their children Roderick ’95 and Heidi ’98. He was predeceased by his brothers David and Dean.

Duane Edward Wilder ’51
Duane was born Feb. 5, 1929, in Warren, Pa., to Clinton E. and Fannie Kornreich Wilder. By the time he was 11 both parents had died and he and his two elder brothers were orphans.

He came to us from the Lawrenceville School. At Princeton he majored in history and was a member of the Liberal Union. He earned an MBA from New York University in 1955 and served in the Army Ordnance Corps for two years.

Over the years Duane lived in New York, Paris, and Fort Lauderdale. In the 1960s he was treasurer of the National Forge Co., of which his father had been a founder in 1915. Duane was long active in liberal politics and a major supporter of the ACLU, and he had a special passion for art and spent 40 years collecting great works. He and his brother Clinton were producers on Broadway.

Duane died Aug. 26, 2017, in New York. He is survived by his brother Robert’s children, Rachel, Clinton, and Robert. His brothers Clinton ’43 and Robert and his life partner Robert Endo predeceased him. Duane bequeathed his entire art collection to the Princeton University Art Museum, where he had been a member and former chair of the advisory council.

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THE CLASS OF 1952

John Fleming Ball ’52
Jack joined us from New Trier High School, where he was director of the student talent show, a harbinger of his college life and career. At Princeton he joined Cap, majored in English, and was very big in Triangle. He roomed with John Birkeland, Steve Bray, Craig Nalen, and Bruce Atwater.

He joined the Navy and served on a destroyer. He joined CBS and had quick success with such programs as Candid Camera, Sing Along With Mitch, and The Man From U.N.C.L.E. In 1961 he left CBS and joined J. Walter Thompson, where he was head of the documentary-television division and produced award-winning wildlife shows. In 1965 he started John F. Ball Productions, focusing on films for Catholic and educational institutions.

Jack and his wife, Anne Firestone Ball, were active in Roman Catholic organizations and the church. They were received by Pope John Paul II in 2003 and supported the Pontifical North American College in Rome.

Jack died March 9, 2018. He was predeceased by Anne in 2013. He is survived by children John Jr., David, and Sheila ’85. The class sends its sympathies to their children with a salute to Jack for his service to our country and his entertaining of millions.
in St. Louis. He expected to serve in the Coast Guard and work in finance.

We later heard that he did work in finance at Schwabacher & Co. in Santa Barbara. He died Jan. 13, 2013, in Mill Valley, Calif.

Harrison Jerome Uhl Jr. ‘52

Jerry came to us from Pingry. At Princeton he majored in architecture and joined Cannon and the Republican Club. He roomed with Harry Burks. After Princeton he went to Carnegie Mellon University and earned a bachelor of architecture degree in 1954. He then enlisted in the Army, went to Officer Candidate School, and served in the Corps of Engineers.

He came back to Princeton to work with a local architect. In 1962 he joined a firm eventually called CUH2A, where he was the managing partner for a number of years until retiring.

Jerry died Oct. 3, 2018. To his children, Harrison J. III, Palmer, and William, the class sends good wishes, along with cheers to their father for his Army service for our country.

THE CLASS OF 1953

Bruce Arnold ‘53

Bruce died Jan. 4, 2019, in Cameron Park, Calif., after an arduous battle with bone cancer. He was born in Evanston, Ill., and came to Princeton from Flintridge Preparatory School. He majored in basic engineering and was a member of Cap and Gown.

After graduation Bruce went to UCLA, where he earned an MBA and met his wife, Laurel Janet Hale. Bruce began a career with IBM before being drafted into the Army. The Army sent Bruce to Fort Ord on Monterey Bay and then to Chicago and Indianapolis, after which he returned to IBM and California, living first in Los Gatos, and finally in Cameron Park in the Sacramento area.

Reflecting on his Princeton career for the 50th-reunion yearbook, Bruce noted that he had done well in engineering courses but made little use of them in his career, though they taught him to think logically and analyze accurately, while the worlds of music, art, and literature, to which Princeton had introduced him, had continued to enhance his life, though he had done badly in those courses.

He is survived by his wife of 62 years, Janet; three children; seven grandchildren; and four great-grandchildren.

THE CLASS OF 1954

Horace T. Allen ‘54


He prepared for Princeton at Sharon Hill (Pa.) High School. At Princeton he majored in philosophy, wrote his senior thesis on “Christian Mysticism,” joined Terrace Club, and was active in several musical and religious organizations on campus.

He attended Princeton Seminary for one year, then earned a master’s of divinity degree at Harvard Divinity School and served in parish ministries in the United States, Scotland, and England. He earned a Ph.D. at Union Theological Seminary with a doctoral dissertation on the new Presbyterian Book of Common Worship. He served on the Consultation on Church Union representing the Presbyterian churches in the North American Consultation on Common Texts and played a leading role in the movement to establish a common lectionary for all the Protestant denominations, which is now well established.

Horace served as professor of worship and preaching at Boston University’s School of Theology from 1978 to 2003. He published extensively on music and liturgy and was a visiting lecturer at Yale, Harvard, Notre Dame, and Westminster Choir College, among other institutions; and in Korea and China, where he was the first Christian cleric to teach at a Chinese university since the Maoist revolution. Colleagues reveled in his intellect and wit, and scores of students regarded him as their mentor.

He is survived by his sister, Margaret Allen Albert; six nieces and nephews; and his dear friend, Carlos Mucha.

THE CLASS OF 1955

Richard Allen Frye ‘55

Richard was born April 10, 1933, in Utica, N.Y. He died suddenly March 8, 2019, in Baptist Hospital in Pensacola, Fla. He was 85.

Born in Whitesboro, N.Y., he graduated in 1951 from Whitesboro High School, where he starred in football, basketball, baseball, and track. Both he and his father, Allen Frye, were elected to the Greater Utica Sports Hall of Fame. He earned a degree at Princeton, where he played football and basketball and earned mention in Sports Illustrated in 1953.

After graduating second in his class at Albany Law School in 1958, he practiced law in Utica for 60 years until his death, highlighted by a successful defense at the United States Supreme Court in the case of United Haulers v. Oneida-Herkimer County Waste Management. Richard was president of the Oneida County Bar Association in 1993 and was awarded the Hugh R. Jones Award from the Oneida-Herkimer County Bar Association in 2006 for outstanding service to the profession and the community.

He was active in Plymouth Bethesda Church, was a founding member of the Optimists Club of Whitesboro, and was a member of the Yahundasis and the Fort Schuyler clubs.

He loved a good joke, Italian opera, chamber music, museums, skiing, golf, and, through thick and thin — mostly thin — the New York Giants.

Richard died on the last day of his two-month vacation in Gulf Shores, Ala., where many friends and family visited him. He is survived by his wife of 63 years, Betty Lou; children Julie McDowell, Mark Frye, Sheila Frye, Tim Frye, and Eric Frye; 10 grandchildren; and one great-grandchild.

Don R. Johnson ‘55

Don was born March 4, 1933. He died Jan. 28, 2019, of lung cancer.

He came to us from the Landon School in Bethesda, Md. At Princeton he majored in biology and was a member of Cloister Inn.

Don earned a medical degree from George Washington University Medical School and served as a flight surgeon with the Air Force before establishing his private ophthalmology practice.

For more than 30 years he built trusting and caring relationships with thousands of patients. Don was a lifelong learner, especially in the arts and sciences.

He was awarded a patent for medical innovation and held various medical leadership positions, but found great joy in creating beautiful works of art through various mediums, including copper enameling and woodworking.

Following retirement Don passionately channeled his surgical precision and artistic eye to the craft of woodworking, where he developed a kinship with fellow turners who inspired his life and art. Most of his beautiful creations were given as gifts of love to friends, family, and charitable organizations.

Don will be lovingly remembered by all who knew him for his kind heart and limitless generosity. He was predeceased by his wife, Barbara. He is survived by three children, nine grandchildren, and three great-grandchildren.

THE CLASS OF 1958

Curtis F. Crandall ‘58

Curt died Jan. 26, 2019, in The Villages, Fla. He was 82.

He came to Princeton from Haddonfield High School, where he was active in publications, dramatics, Glee Club, and tennis.

At Princeton he majored in chemical engineering and held the 1916 War Memorial Scholarship. He was a member of Cloister Inn, where he played IAA football, hockey, bowling, volleyball, and swimming. Curt was active in the Triangle Club for two years. After graduation he earned a master’s
in science degree from Rutgers University and worked for Hercules Inc. for his entire professional career. He was an active member of St. Mary of the Assumption Catholic Church in Hockessin, Del., as a Knight of Columbus and in their youth-sports program. Curt moved from Wilmington, Del., to The Villages in 2011. Curt was predeceased by his first wife, Helen, in 1991. He is survived by his wife, Sandra, whom he married in 2000. Curt is also survived by his children Megan Elizabeth Olson and Julia Anne MacMedan; grandchildren Abigail Helena Olson and Devin Everett Olson; brother Joseph Ross Crandall; nieces Laura Crandall Prescuiti, Kimberly Crandall Paris, and Susan Crandall Burns; and nephew Michael J. Crandall. The class extends its deepest sympathy to them all.

David E. Riordan ’58

Dave died Feb. 12, 2019, in Clifton, Va. He was 83.

He came to Princeton from The Hill School, where he lettered in football and baseball. At Princeton he majored in history, was a member of Tiger Inn, and pitched for the varsity baseball team. He roomed with Mark Miller and Steamboat Porter.

After graduation Dave served in the Army, taught school in New York City, and spent two years with the Department of the Army. After studying Spanish at the University of Barcelona on a grant, he was hired by Merrill Lynch to work in Madrid, which he did for the next five years.

In 1957 he returned to the United States and continued to work for Merrill Lynch until he retired in 1999. With his wife, Kitty, Dave enjoyed traveling, cooking, filming lacrosse games, playing bridge, caning chairs, reading history, and spending time with his family.

Dave is survived by his wife of 43 years, Catherine; children John, Laura, Carey, Melissa, Matthew, and Michael; 11 grandchildren; and siblings Sandra, Michael, Patrice, and Jerris. The class extends its deepest sympathy to them all.

THE CLASS OF 1959

Robert C. Cooke ’59


Born in Duluth, Minn., Robert matriculated with us in 1955 from Austin High School in El Paso, Texas, where he was active on student council and in the Latin club. At Princeton he rowed on freshman crew and joined Whig-Clio. Intending to major in physics, he left Princeton prematurely and continued his studies in Minnesota, which led to a professorship in chemical oceanography at Dalhousie University in Halifax, Nova Scotia, where he remained until his retirement.

He was survived by his wife, Elizabeth Spence; son Hilary; daughter Jessamine; four grandchildren; and brother Anthony.

THE CLASS OF 1961

Stanley R. Panoision ’61

Stan died Jan. 10, 2019, in Kennett Square, Pa., where he had lived for a short time in an assisted-living facility near his son, after spending most of his life in his native Elmira, N.Y.

He came to Princeton from Elmira Southside High School. At Princeton he majored in history, worked on the Campus Fund Drive, was in Orange Key, and ran track. A vice president of Dial Lodge, he lived there senior year with Denny Karjala and Ron Shipman.

Stan spent his career as owner and president of Panoision’s Furniture Inc. He was a New York State ombudsman for the aging for many years, an elder of the First Presbyterian Church, a trustee of Guthrie Healthcare, and a volunteer in many local community agencies and religious organizations. A Reunions regular and a loyal and participative classmate, Stan also served in several roles for the Southern Tier/Northern Tier Alumni Association over the years. John Pasalis represented the class at his service.

Stan is survived by his son, Brad, and wife Sarah; granddaughter Emily; and a brother and sister-in-law. He was a gentle man and a gentleman, and we will miss him.

THE CLASS OF 1965

Stephen M. Holton ’65

Steve died Feb. 1, 2019, after a 12-year battle with cancer.

He was born and raised in Essex Fells, N.J., and graduated from Montclair High School before attending Princeton. He later earned a bachelor of science degree from the University of California, Berkeley and a master’s degree in chemistry from Yale in 1966. His career with IBM included systems-engineering support for Boeing and then for Shell while living in Europe, management at IBM’s Competitive Analysis Lab in Tokyo, and research and development work at the IBM Research Lab in Yorktown, N.Y.

Steve was a talented photographer and traveled extensively on six continents. His interests included reading, cooking, classical music, ham radio, classical history, and Japanese and Chinese culture, to name a few. He became a student of his cancer and frequently surprised his doctors with his in-depth understanding of his disease; he participated in a number of cancer therapy trials in the hope of shedding more light on the nature of his affliction. He also attended numerous class reunions, including our 50th.

Steve is survived by his wife, Peggy; children Stephen, Andrew, and Wendy; three grandchildren; a great-grandson; and his brother, David. The class extends its condolences to them on the loss of this energetic and determined individual.

THE CLASS OF 1968

John K. McNeel ’68

John died Feb. 7, 2019, in San Antonio, Texas, of heart failure. He was 72.

He was born in San Antonio June 18, 1946. He prepared at Lawrenceville, where he was in the Skeet Club, Glee Club, and Chapel Choir. At Princeton he majored in economics and was a member of Ivy. He was active in the Business Society, of which he was treasurer; the Stock Analysis and Investment Club; and the Flying Club. He roomed with Christianson, Nortman, and Baron.

After Princeton John was a management consultant for gas and electric utilities worldwide for 40 years, spending some time at Planmetrics in Chicago. He was a member of the Order of the Alamo, the German Club, the Conopus Club, San Antonio Country Club, The Argyle, Club Giralda, and Pilon Club.

John is survived by his wife, Anne; son Cash; brother Pleas; and sister Clifton. To them, the class extends its profound sympathies.

THE CLASS OF 1969

Holt Apgar ’69

Holt died Jan. 5, 2018. He lived in Fairfax Station, Va., with his wife of 45 years, Phoebe. He and Phoebe met in middle school and shared a wonderful life together.

After attending Friends Academy in Locust Valley, N.Y., Holt graduated from Montclair Academy in New Jersey. At Princeton he majored in history, played varsity soccer, and was an officer of Terrace Club. After graduation he rose to the rank of lieutenant junior-grade in the Navy. Subsequently he served as an assistant to Professor Richard Challener in the Department of History.

After teaching at King’s School, his passion for technology led him to pursue a master’s in computer science, after which he spent a majority of his career as a systems analyst for several defense contractors. He loved traveling, dancing with his daughters anytime a band was playing, and exploring museums and the outdoors. His dry sense of humor and his extraordinary memory and intellect were enviously combined with his insatiable curiosity.

Holt is survived by his much-loved wife, Phoebe; children Phoebe Elizabeth ’00 and Sarah; three grandchildren, Baird, Eloise, and Campbell; mother Helen; brother David; and sister Barbara. He was a life of energy, enthusiasm, and accomplishment.

THE CLASS OF 1973

Lionel R. Jacobs Jr. ’73

Lionel recently passed away while living in Canoga Park, Calif. Lionel came to Princeton...
from Brooklyn Technical High School, one of the most competitive high schools in New York City for mathematics and the sciences. Freshman year he roomed with Billy Joe “Tex” Jackson and played on the undefeated freshman basketball team.

Growing up in the Fort Greene section of Brooklyn, he was a real jazz aficionado, and he introduced classmate Carlton Brown to many jazz clubs in the area. Lionel took a leave of absence from Princeton and graduated in 1975 with a degree in mechanical and aerospace engineering.

After graduation, Lionel followed the advice of Horace Greeley and “went west” to work in the aerospace industry in California. He worked for Lockheed Aerospace and later used his math skills to become a financial analyst.

Our class offers its condolences to Lionel’s family.

**Peter M. Lafen ’73**

Pete died Feb. 13, 2019, of a heart attack. His keen intellect, commitment to social justice and our environment, and ability to engage in deep and meaningful conversation with everyone he met, made an indelible mark on all who knew him.

He graduated from Pennsauken High School. At Princeton Pete majored in history, was a member of Charter Club and enjoyed playing trash percussion with the club’s championship teams. In volleyball, he was known for his thunderous claw spikes and was the go-to guy when the chips were on the line. Jim’s spirit was irrepressible and his sense of humor irresistible. He was a great raconteur who made everyone laugh and was famous for his bear hugs. He earned the nickname “Lumpy” one spring for the way that he hobbled to classes on a sprained ankle.

After graduation Jim embarked on a successful business career, including more than two decades at Levi Strauss and later as chief executive officer at Downline. After leaving Levi Strauss, Jim went on to earn a master’s in education and taught high school history in California. He also served on the board of Lasell College in Massachusetts.

The Class of 1973 offers its sincere condolences to Jim’s wife of 44 years, Suzanne; his sons, Joseph and Nathaniel; his daughter, Sarah; and many adoring friends. We offer our sympathy to Jim’s family.

**Jim went to Columbus (Ohio) Academy, where he was a three-sport athlete and county champion in the backstroke. He followed his father, Herb ’47, to Princeton, where he graduated with a bachelor’s degree in history.**

At Princeton Jim worked for Food Services as a student manager, was a member of Tower Club, and was the only walk-on who made the freshman heavyweight crew’s first boat. At Tower, Jim was a regular at varsity hearts and he played ping-pong and volleyball for the club’s championship teams. In volleyball, he was known for his thunderous claw spikes and was the go-to guy when the chips were on the line. Jim’s spirit was irrepressible and his sense of humor irresistible. He was a great raconteur who made everyone laugh and was famous for his bear hugs. He earned the nickname “Lumpy” one spring for the way that he hobbed to classes on a sprained ankle.

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**The Class of 1975**

**Kathleen Mary Johnston ’75**

Kay died Dec. 18, 2018, after a long and bravely fought battle with ovarian cancer.

Born in Chicago March 17, 1953, at Princeton Kay majored in biology and graduated magna cum laude. In 1979, she graduated from Johns Hopkins Medical School and moved to San Francisco to begin her medical residency in pediatrics. After finishing her residency, she completed a fellowship in genetics at the University of California, San Francisco (UCSF).

Kay was a clinical assistant professor of pediatrics at Stanford University Medical Center from 1986 to 1993. From 1993 to 2015, she was a clinical geneticist at Kaiser Permanente in San Francisco and was chief of the genetics department for 10 years. Also a member of UCSF’s clinical faculty, she was a mentor for many residents, fellows, and genetic counselors there.

Most of all, Kay loved spending time with her family and friends, to whom she was fiercely and selflessly devoted. She was a proud Democrat and feminist.

To Kay’s husband, our classmate Les Timpe ’75; their son, Robert Timpe ’12; and daughter, Clara Timpe; Clara’s fiancé, Josh Ehchols; Kay’s parents, Richard and Mary; her sister, Lyn; her brothers, Richie and Mark; and many other loving family and friends, the class extends its sincerest sympathy.

**Gail Dorff Serota ’75**

Gail died Nov. 25, 2018, after a tragic snorkeling accident. Born in Passaic, N.J., Gail was student council president and valedictorian of her high school class. At Princeton she majored in English, graduating magna cum laude, and was elected to Phi Beta Kappa. During our sophomore year, she met Joseph Serota ’75; they started dating and fell in love.

After graduation and a year as a paralegal, Gail enrolled at the University of Miami School of Law, where Joe was already a student. She served on its Law Review and graduated second in her class in 1979. The following year Gail finished the Orange Bowl marathon first in the women’s division — and she and Joe were married.

Gail clerked for a federal appellate judge and went on to become partner in a Miami law firm. After Joe and his two law partners established Weiss Serota Helfman, Gail joined them for 23 years, making partner there as well.

Committed to the community, Gail served on the Pinecrest, Fla., town council and ran for mayor. She was president of the Princeton Club of South Florida and of the Sisterhood of Bet Shira Congregation.

Gail is survived by Joe; their sons, Michael, David, and Nathan ’14; two daughters-in-law; and granddaughter Maya. We share their loss.

**THE CLASS OF 1975**

**The Class of 1984**

**Margaret Ellen Peebles ’84**

Ellen died Oct. 28, 2018, after a long struggle with alcohol addiction. She was 56.

Ellen was born in Princeton, N.J., and came to the University after attending Princeton public schools. Ellen majored in history, was a member of Charter Club and enjoyed playing trash percussion with the Princeton University Marching Band.

She was a talented writer and worked for a variety of publishing companies during her life, beginning with a summer in the Town Topics front office when she was at Princeton High School and culminating at Harvard Business Review, where she was a senior editor.

Ellen is survived by her sons, Alex Peebles-Capin and Henry Peebles-Capin; her parents, Alison and Jim ’62; her sisters, Lesley ’82 and Marion DeMaria; her sons’ father, John Capin; and many adoring friends. We offer our sympathy to her family and friends.

Donations in her memory may be made to Planned Parenthood.

**THE CLASS OF 1984**

**Ellen died Oct. 28, 2018, after a long struggle with**
Oren Pollock, a dedicated Princeton alumnus and retired assistant treasurer of Sears, Roebuck & Co., died Nov. 21, 2018, at age 82. Pollock graduated in 1949 from Williams College. That year he received a Woodrow Wilson Fellowship for future college teachers. In 1951 he earned a master’s degree in classics from Princeton. Four years of Navy service, marriage to Elizabeth, and children changed his plans for an academic career.

In 1955 he began an almost-30-year career at Sears, the last 20 in the treasurer’s office, from which he retired in 1985 as an assistant treasurer. He had earned an MBA from Northwestern in 1963. In 1993 he first joined the Princeton Alumni Council, where he chaired its committee on community service and was a member of the executive committee and the University’s 250th anniversary standing committee plus others.

From 1997 to 2003 Pollock was an APGA board member, and for years he headed its Annual Giving campaign, to which he was a generous donor for 55 years. He also had been very active in several nonprofit community activities.

Pollock is survived by three children. He was predeceased by his second wife, Anita, and one son, Charles.

Richard C. Haines *59
Richard Haines, a data-processing pioneer, died peacefully Nov. 23, 2018, at age 82. Haines graduated in 1957 from the University of Delaware with a degree in chemical engineering. He earned a master’s degree in chemical engineering from Princeton in 1959. Though trained as a chemical engineer, DuPont hired him for its newly formed data-processing group at the beginning of the information-technology age.

From this start, Haines built a long and productive career in the IT field. Leaving DuPont in 1968, he joined Dun & Bradstreet in New York City and led its efforts to connect its paper-based business records system (one of the largest in the world) to a computer-based system. In 1977 he joined the publisher Harcourt Brace Jovanovich as senior vice president of information systems and operations. In 1981 he founded Arch Associates, a consulting firm on IT strategy and project execution, which he led for more than 20 years.

In 1960 Haines married Denise Games. They had three children before divorcing in 1984. Haines then married Janet Miller in 1988 and retired to New Hampshire in 2005. Haines is survived by his wife, Janet; three children; and six grandchildren.

Eldridge M. Moores *63
Eldridge Moores, distinguished professor emeritus of geology at the University of California, Davis, died Oct. 28, 2018, at the age of 80.

Moores graduated from Caltech in 1959 and earned a Ph.D. in geology from Princeton in 1967. He had a postdoctoral fellowship for study in Greece, which he later continued in Cyprus. This initial work led to his important contributions to plate tectonics.

In 1966 Moores joined the geology department at the University of California, Davis, where he remained for his entire career, culminating in emeritus status in 2003. In 2011 he was awarded the honorary title of Distinguished Professor Emeritus. He was a dedicated teacher and scholar.

Moores wrote or co-wrote more than 130 scientific papers. From 1981 to 1988, he was editor of Geology, the journal of the Geological Society of America (GSA). He played a part in Assembling California, the final volume of the four-volume Pulitzer-prize winning Annals of the Former World, by John A. McPhee ’57.

He was president of the GSA and vice president of the International Union of Geologic Science. He also played cello in the UC Davis Symphony for 28 years.

Moores is survived by his wife, Judy; three children, including Geneva ’88; and three grandchildren.

W. Morven Gentleman *66
Morven Gentleman, a noted retired professor of computer science at Dalhousie University in Halifax, Nova Scotia, died Dec. 13, 2018. He was 76.

Born in Canada, Gentleman graduated from McGill University in Montreal in 1965 with a bachelor’s degree in mathematical physics. In 1966 he earned a Ph.D. in mathematics from Princeton under Professor John Tukey. He then worked at Bell Labs and at the National Physical Laboratory in England before returning to Canada and the faculty of the University of Waterloo.

Gentleman was the first director of Waterloo’s Mathematics Faculty Computing Facility, an important training group for many who later worked in the Canadian computer industry. In 1982 he moved to the National Research Council in Ottawa. He was also director of the Consortium for Graduate Studies in Software Engineering. In 2000 he joined the faculty of computer science at Dalhousie as professor and director of the new Global Information Networking Institute.

His deep understanding of software ranged from his initial focus on mathematical and statistical computation and real-time systems to more generally commercial applications. He retired in 2008 but continued interacting with students.

Gentleman is survived by his wife, Katherine; two daughters; and two grandchildren.

Anthony A. Newcomb *70
Anthony Newcomb, professor of music, emeritus, at the University of California, Berkeley, died peacefully Nov. 18, 2018, at the age of 77.

Newcomb earned a bachelor’s degree from University of California, Berkeley, in 1962. After studying under the noted Dutch musician and scholar Gustav Leonhardt, he returned to the United States and earned a Ph.D. in music from Princeton in 1970. He had joined the faculty at Harvard in 1968, and returned to Berkeley in 1973.

At Berkeley Newcomb was a professor of music and Italian studies. He was also chair of the music department, as well as dean of arts and humanities in the College of Letters and Sciences from 1990 to 1998.

He was a widely respected music scholar whose research focused on vocal music of the Renaissance and early Baroque eras, and later the ontological connections between Wagner and 18th- and 19th-century instrumental works. Newcomb’s research also centered on Italian secular music and poetry.

In 1981 he was awarded the Dent Medal by the Royal Musical Association, a prestigious honor for exceptional research. From 1986 to 1990, he was editor of the Journal of the American Musicological Society, and he was elected to the American Academy of Arts and Letters in 1992.

Arthur J. Hosios *82
Arthur Hosios, professor of economics at the University of Toronto, died Nov. 17, 2018, of ALS at age 68.

Hosios earned a bachelor’s and a master’s degree in engineering from McGill University in 1972 and 1975, respectively. He then worked as a computer analyst in Montreal’s Royal Victoria Hospital, and his first eight publications were in the biomedical engineering field.

He began his doctoral studies at Princeton in 1978 and earned a Ph.D. in economics in 1982. He had joined the University of Toronto as a lecturer in 1981 and began publishing in the top journals of economics. Hosios chaired his department for a decade, and the department flourished under him.

His most widely cited paper, published in 1990, yielded the “Hosios Condition,” wherein he laid out the conditions for the efficient matching of workers and firms. This became a start for a still flourishing literature on search models of the labor market.

More recently, he applied himself to a broader range of activities. He was an adviser to communities in significant land-claims cases against the Canadian government. He also worked in quantitative humanities.

Hosios is survived by his wife, Louise; and two children, Ilana and Aaron ’11.

Graduate memorials are written by the APGA.
Classifieds

For Rent

**Europe**

**Rome**: Bright, elegant apartment. Marvelous beamed ceilings. Antiques. Walk to Spanish Steps, Trevi Fountain. 609-683-3813, gami@comcast.net

**Paris, Left Bank**: Elegant apartment off Seine in 6th. Short walk to Louvre, Notre Dame. 609-924-7320. gami@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-Marais**: 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. max@gwu.edu

**Ile St-Louis**: Elegant, spacious, top floor, skylighted apartment, gorgeous views overlooking the Seine, 2 bedrooms sleep 4, 2 baths, elevator, well-appointed, full kitchen, WiFi. 678-231-2348. triff@mindspring.com

**Italy/Todi**: Luxurious 8BR, 7.5BA villa, amazing views, infinity pool, olives, lavender, grapes, vegetable garden, housekeeper, A/C, Wi-Fi. Discount — Princetonians. Photos/prices/availability: MarilynGasparini@aol.com, p’11

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


**Irish Roots?** Connect! Step back in time! Restored Irish Farmhouse. 14 acres, Ox Mountains, Wild Atlantic Way. Hiking, fishing, golf. info@oldirishfarmhouse.com, ’77

**Provence**: Delightful stone farmhouse facing Roman theater, 5 bedrooms, pool, market town. Frenchfarmhouse.com

**Stunning Paris apartments**: original period details, high-end amenities, the best locations! Bac/St. Germain, Rivoli, Luxembourg Gardens, Rive Gauche, Odeon, Upper Marais. 1-3BR, 1-2.5BA. 917-746-8056, www.36paris.com/for-rent

**Paris near Louvre, Opéra, Ritz Hôtel**: Family managed. Sleeps two, terms depend on season, 6 night minimum. apower7@icloud.com, 831-123-7155, w’49.

**Umbria, Italy**: Stunning, spacious countryside villa, olive groves, fabulous views. Sleeps 4-12, pool. Next to castle, golf course, cashmere shops. WhatsApp: +44 7894 420299; barbarasteino@gmail.com, www.facebook.com/casaledegliolivi/ ’60 ’98.

**Umbria/Todi**: Elegant restored 14thC convent. Walk to town. 4 ensuite BRs, A/C, gardens, olive orchards, pool, WiFi. 847-234-9171. jcrawford@TRIADCAPLLC.COM, ’68.

**Italy/South Tyrol**: Charming 4BR log home. Amazing views, infinity pool, olives, lavender, winter garden, sauna. www.piperbuhel.com ’76.

**Italy/South Tyrol**: Magnificent apartment in 17th-century building in quiet, picturesque courtyard, between the Seine and Pompidou Center. Huge, high-ceiled living room, two large bedrooms plus mezzanine bedroom, two bathrooms, spacious fully-equipped kitchen/dining room. cmarino@free.fr

**Italy/UK**: Beautifully-furnished, historic home in Italy. 2 beds. Sleeps 4. 020-588-8000. Old Irish Farmhouse

**United States Northeast**

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

**Downeast Maine**: Newly renovated 4BR, 2BA cottage on Cathance Lake, sleeps 8. Gourmet kitchen, large lot with pier, pristine water, ideal for family fun, fishing and water sports. Check us out www.taqanan.com ’68.

**Stone Harbor, NJ**: Houses ½ block from beach, sleep 10 each. Great for families, reunions, weddings. VRBO.com/7627382, 7631990. Bayberry10501@optimum.net, 201-830-1669, p’18.

**Wellfleet**: 4BR beachfront cottage, spectacular views overlooking Cape Cod National Seashore, walk to town. 610-745-5873, warrenst@aol.com, 848’86.

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**United States West**

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**Park City/Deer Valley, Utah**: 3BR ski-out condominium in Upper Deer Valley. Newly remodeled, hot tub, beautiful views, available all seasons. Reasonable rates. 917-825-4137 or pkolodzik@aol.com, p’12 p’20.


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62 PRINCETON ALUMNI WEEKLY June 5, 2019
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Photos/details: MovingWater.org 801-419-7289.

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Lake Forest, IL: 3BR, 3.5BA home; updated kitchen and baths, 3-car garage, hardwood floors, crown molding, finished basement. Contact Amy: 847-997-7475, ‘76 p’21.

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This Computer Was an Astronomy Star
By Elyse Graham ’07

Computer used to be a job title, referring to a person who performed calculations on behalf of higher-ups who didn’t want to churn through data for hours or weeks at a time. In the early 20th century, most computers were women. (In the 1940s, one wag suggested we use the term kilogirl as a measure of digital computing power, where one kilogirl equals 1,000 hours of labor.) In 1920, a 22-year-old named Charlotte Moore, after dazzling the mathematics department at Swarthmore College, joined Princeton’s Department of Astronomy as a computer. She rose to astronomy’s highest ranks, a solar specialist who published five monographs and more than 85 papers.

Moore started as an assistant to Professor Henry Norris Russell 1897, calculating the positions of celestial bodies and collecting data on visits to the Mount Wilson Observatory. After taking a break to earn a Ph.D. in physics at the University of California, Berkeley (dissertation on sunspot spectra, 1931), Moore rejoined the lab at Princeton.

Moore’s most enduring contribution lay in her compilation of tables of atomic spectra — which remain foundational to the work of astronomers. Using spectrosopes, arcs, and ovens, she identified the patterns of spectral lines that elements at various temperatures produced. This was applied quantum mechanics. She recorded these patterns, called multiplets, in bound volumes of tables that researchers could compare with stellar spectra to identify the components of distant stars.

In 1936, The Daily Princetonian described her at work: “Behind a large desk scientifically littered with paper, a small, dark-haired woman sits, scrabbles and fingers her slide rule. The desk belongs to an office at 14 Prospect Ave., and its owner is Miss Charlotte Moore, of the Princeton Astronomical Observatory. Last week Miss Moore left her desk long enough to journey to Frederick, Md., and announce to the assembled host of the American Astronomical Society her discovery of three new elements in the sun.” This discovery brought to 61 the number of elements found on Earth that could be found in the sun. Later, Moore’s spectroscopy identified the element technetium in the sun, the first time anyone found that element in nature.

A year after that article appeared, Moore married another Princeton astronomer, Bancroft Sitterly 1917 ’1922. He proposed after a night of stargazing.

The work of human computers lives on in the codes and architectures of digital computers. Moore’s tables of atomic-energy levels became the foundation of the National Institute of Science and Technology’s database of atomic line identifications, the entry point for all atomic data. “It isn’t glamorous,” she told The Washington Post in 1961, “but the work, itself, carries you along on its own interest.” That comment downplays the importance of her contributions. Scientists still cite Moore’s tables today.

Their value, says astrophysicist and historian Steve Shore, “extends far beyond their original intention — without these lists, modern stellar atmospheres analyses would be impossible.”

“Behind a large desk scientifically littered with paper, a small, dark-haired woman sits, scrabbles and fingers her slide rule. The desk belongs to an office at 14 Prospect Ave., and its owner is Miss Charlotte Moore, of the Princeton Astronomical Observatory. ...”
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Gina Talt ’15 (left) from the Office of Sustainability supervises her student team at the S.C.R.A.P. Lab (Sustainable Composting Research at Princeton), where a new in-vessel composter transforms food scraps from campus cafeterias into nutrient-rich soil enhancer. *Annual Giving supports* innovative programs and promotes thoughtful, environmentally friendly use of campus resources.

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