DEALMAKER
Regis Pecos ’77 and the end of Santa Fe’s Entrada
Princeton Environmental FORUM

To register and for information on the program and speakers, please visit environment.princeton.edu/pei25

RICHARDSON AUDITORIUM
PRINCETON UNIVERSITY
THURSDAY, OCTOBER 24
4:30PM–6PM
FRIDAY, OCTOBER 25
8:30AM–7PM

Coinciding with the 25th anniversary of the Princeton Environmental Institute, Princeton faculty and alumni environmental leaders will address the most urgent environmental issues of the 21st century in a series of discussions focused on topics including Climate Change Science and Policy, Biodiversity, Water and the Environment, and Human Perspectives and Social Solutions.

#pei25 #envprinceton
An editorially independent magazine by alumni for alumni since 1900

Legal historian Sarah Seo ’02 *16 discusses how the arrival of cars reshaped interpretations of the Constitution.

Tiger of the Week
Greig Metzger II ’82 works to boost literacy through the nonprofit Little Free Libraries.

Opening Up
No topic is off-limits for comedian Catherine Cohen ’13 — in her stand-up routines or on her irreverent podcast, Seek Treatment.

Dear Class of 2019
How to be an alum: Helpful tips from an expert.

On Coeducation
Women — and one man — in the Class of 1973 remember their first weeks on campus.
Schmidt Hall: Transforming the Future of Computer Science at Princeton

When the members of the Class of 1976 matriculated at Princeton in the fall of 1972, the catalogue for their first academic year listed just three “basic courses” for computer science, all of which were in the Department of Electrical Engineering.

Among the members of that class was Eric Schmidt. In the years ahead, Eric would become one of the world’s foremost visionaries and leaders in the world of data science and an extraordinary supporter of his alma mater. But during his undergraduate years at Princeton, Eric pursued his interest in computers by majoring in electrical engineering, “because computer science was barely an option.”

Today, computer science at Princeton is not just an “option”; it is the single largest undergraduate program at Princeton. Approximately 25% of our students either concentrate or earn a certificate in this discipline. More than one in three computer science majors are women, roughly double the national average. About 60% of Princeton undergraduates enroll in COS126, the department’s introductory computer course. The popularity of this class reflects the enormous influence computer science is having on every field of scholarly study.

Computer science has expanded so rapidly over the past decade — a nearly fivefold increase in computer science concentrators by class from 2009 to today — that it is currently spread across more than half a dozen different buildings. This awkward arrangement has accommodated the department’s rapid growth, but it inhibits the vibrant exchanges and scholarly partnerships so essential to intellectual life at Princeton. Fortunately, the spectacular generosity and foresight of Eric Schmidt ’76 and his wife, Wendy Schmidt, will bring the department together again.

The Schmidts’ most recent marvelous gift to Princeton is providing funding to create a purpose-built home for the entire computer science department in a totally transformed Guyot Hall. As Eric said when the gift was announced this spring, “Wendy and I are excited to think about what will be possible when Princeton is able to gather students and faculty in one place, right at the center of campus, to discover now-unimaginable solutions for the future century.”

Eric Schmidt has been in the forefront of the revolution in data science. As chief executive officer of Google from 2001 to 2011, and then as executive chairman of Google’s parent company, Alphabet Inc., the results of his vision and leadership have literally touched the lives of the vast majority of the people of the world and nearly every area of human enterprise. Similarly, his generosity to his alma mater, not only through this gift, but also through the Schmidt Data X Fund and the Schmidt Transformative Technology Fund, is advancing the University’s robust capacity for pathbreaking teaching, innovation and collaboration.

The Schmidt gift will give Guyot Hall a new lease on life. The building has housed environmental science programs for more than one hundred years, but it can no longer support the 21st-century laboratories that they require. The University plans to construct new facilities for the Department of Geosciences, the Department of Ecology and Evolutionary Biology, and the Princeton Environmental Institute.

Jennifer Rexford ’91, chair of the computer science department, leads a discussion about some of Princeton’s landmark digital humanities programs.

University Architect Ronald McCoy says, however, that while Guyot Hall is more than a century old, it is surprisingly well-suited for the needs of computer science students and faculty. Its narrow floorplate will allow for generous amounts of daylight in its new classrooms and offices. Additions will support the growth of the department. McCoy sees computer science’s new home in an old building as a contemporary, vibrant, functional space.

Because Guyot’s renovation must wait until the current building during the interim period. When the former Guyot Hall is reopened, the improved facility will be named Eric and Wendy Schmidt Hall. The legacy of Arnold Guyot, Princeton’s first professor of geology and geography and the hall’s namesake, will be recognized in a new built space for the environmental science programs elsewhere on campus.

As Jennifer Rexford ’91, the Gordon Y.S. Wu Professor of Engineering and chair of the computer science department, recently observed, “Computer science is transforming nearly every human endeavor, and every academic discipline. The field offers tools for converting raw data into knowledge and better decisions, as well as a mode of thought for expressing creative ideas as algorithms for answering a wide range of questions. The central location of historic Guyot Hall places the computer science department at a focal point between all four divisions of the University, enabling closer collaboration and serendipitous encounters for faculty and students alike.”

I am confident that computer science at Princeton will continue to make significant contributions to our ability to understand and manage society’s challenges and opportunities. And, thanks to the generosity and vision of Eric and Wendy Schmidt, Princeton students and faculty will be even better positioned to further the University’s influence on the future for many years to come.
Changes, 194 Nassau Street, Suite 38, Princeton, NJ 08542.

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Our purpose is to report with impartiality advertising, and a University subsidy. Its purpose is to report with impartiality news of the alumni, the administration, the faculty, and the student body. We do not necessarily represent official positions of the University.

We would like to hear from you.

Letters should not exceed 250 words and may be edited for length, accuracy, clarity, and civility. Due to space limitations, we are unable to publish all letters received in the print magazine. Letters, articles, photos, and comments submitted to PAW may be published in print, electronic, or other forms.

September 11, 2019  Princeton Alumni Weekly  3
they were not given the opportunity to verbally contest what he had to say. They did not leave or seek to prevent Will from speaking.

It is difficult to see why values of civility and democratic discourse would have required docile compliance with a campus ritual wherein Will’s voice was elevated to the status of a neutral dispenser of wisdom. Unspecified calls for civility too often leave no place for collective action to pursue real changes in the distribution of power. At their worst, such exhortations ask us always and everywhere to engage in politics with the sanctimoniousness of a Sunday-morning talk show where nothing more than the conversation itself is at stake.

Student activists are often wrong. But they also have to spend the rest of their lives in a world that people like Will have created. Their desire to act, and not merely opine, is an antidote to the smugness of a comfortable managerial and professional class for which politics has long since ceased to hold any sense of urgency.

Jacob Denz ’10
Cambridge, Mass.

Editor’s note: Related comments by Jack M. Zimmerman ’48, Mike Devine ’62, F. Paul Brady ’60, Peter Suedfeld ’63, and Norman Ravitch ’62 can be found at PAW Online.

GUYOT’S NEW ROLE

As reported in PAW (On the Campus, July 10), the University is eviscerating and renaming Guyot Hall, moving out ecology and evolutionary biology and geosciences and moving in computer science. As an EEB alumnus pursuing a Ph.D. in oceanography, the change concerns me, partly for sentimental reasons but also due to the perception of a sinking baseline of academic focus on the study of the natural world.

Guyot Hall, named after Arnold Henry Guyot, foundational geology professor and significant figure in 19th-century science, is historically valuable to Princeton. This history, along with its biodiversity-themed external architecture and museum collection within, makes it the proper home of EEB and GEO. Moreover, Guyot’s connection with the molecular biology buildings to the south represents a holistic view of studying nature, melding the reductionist tools of the molecular and information revolutions with an integrative understanding of ecological and Earth systems.

Granted, the University’s plan for EEB and GEO includes improved labs in a new building. But letting them drift away from a hotspot of research activity signals that the University is turning from science that focuses outward on the real world and welcomes in the public with natural history exhibits. Instead, Princeton is consolidating its heart of silicon. Information technology is immensely valuable to science, but I hope the University better balances investigation of the real world and exploitation of the world of 1s and 0s. It’s too bad there aren’t any billionaire ecologist donors to make this point to Princeton.

Matthew Costa ’11
La Jolla, Calif.

(Via Facebook) I know the new geosciences facility will be amazing, and that the collegiate Gothic details of the brick exterior of Guyot Hall will be preserved and the Guyot name will “be preserved in another location.”

But I’m still wistful about GEO in Guyot!

Michaele Kashgarian ’83
Livermore, Calif.

THE IMPACT OF MENTORS

In the June 5 feature on alumni and their mentors, PAW invited alums to write about their own stories. Here are some responses; more can be found at PAW Online. Share your story at paw@princeton.edu.

I was moved by the Princeton mentors story, since I too have several wonderful mentors. To find someone beyond our own family who provides counsel and support and who believes in us when we don’t always believe in ourselves is a true gift.

One of my most treasured mentors was my thesis adviser in politics, Professor Gerald Garvey. I was always greeted with a boisterous “Come in!” as if my latest list of incessant questions
and stumbling blocks was a delightful addition to his day. He could release the suffocating vice grip of the thesis process with his warmth, wit, and his sharp but comforting guidance. I quickly realized that more than wanting to be proud of my thesis, I wanted to make him proud. I’m sure I’m not the only Princetonian who sometimes felt there had been some admissions mishap in my arrival. Professor Garvey made me believe my abilities were bigger than even I could see — the gift of a great mentor.

After several visits with him during Reunions, a heartbreaking moment came when I learned of his passing. Speaking at his funeral in the Chapel — one of the great honors of my life — I reflected on the immeasurable impact Professor Garvey had on my life not just on campus, but in every achievement since. May we remind our mentors while they’re still with us what a boundless gift they are to us.

Kendra Gahagan ’93
Boston, Mass.

At a recent gathering of oceanographers who specialize in understanding the interaction of marine life with climate change, I repeatedly saw the influence of one person: Jorge Sarmiento, a professor in the Department of Geosciences since 1980.

I first met Jorge when I made the life-changing decision to take his course on physical oceanography. I was entranced by the prospect of a field in which math and physics could be put to use on fundamental questions about how our planet worked. After getting my doctorate, I spent 13 years working with Jorge as a research scientist in his group, as a collaborator at the NOAA Geophysical Fluid Dynamics Lab, and as adjunct faculty in the Atmospheric and Oceanic Science Program.

Jorge’s impact derives from three qualities: his ability to identify problems that are important and that require synthesizing expertise from different disciplines; his ability to organize teams of people with different expertise to carry these problems forward; and his relentless promotion of those people and their work.

Jorge is a tireless advocate for his

FROM THE EDITOR

Good News for the New Year

Welcome to the first issue of PAW’s 120th year. We begin with two pieces of happy news.

This month, Carlett Spike joins the PAW staff as our primary campus reporter. She’ll also edit our Behind the Research feature, introducing you to the work of Princeton professors in all disciplines.

Carlett knows how to cover a campus — that’s what she did in her job at the University of Delaware. Before that, she was a Delacorte magazine fellow at the Columbia Journalism Review, where she wrote about topics such as the freelancing life, magazine business models, and newsroom diversity.

Carlett, a proud Rutgers grad, has a master’s degree from the Columbia University Graduate School of Journalism — an impressive credential, to be sure. While it’s not on her résumé, she is also a self-identified “Jersey girl.” And so we’re especially excited to say: Welcome home.

We normally don’t use this space to announce engagements, but the news from Chloe Angyal ’09, who has been a PAW contributor, and Zach Wahls *18 cries out for an exception. Wahls, who has a master’s degree from the Woodrow Wilson School, is an Iowa state senator; Angyal is a freelance journalist, contributing editor at MarieClaire.com, and the author of a forthcoming book about gender and ballet.

Angyal learned about Wahls in 2011, when he was a college student and addressed the Iowa House of Representatives about how he was raised in a family with two mothers. A video of his impassioned speech went viral (bit.ly/zach-wahls). Angyal wrote about it for the website Feministing, under this headline: Marry Me, Zach Wahls.

Next September, he will. — Marilyn H. Marks ’86

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Space deadline: Oct. 22
Ad material due: Nov. 5

For more information:
Colleen Finnegan
cfinnega@princeton.edu
609.258.4886

September 19

Kimberly Prather
Distinguished Professor
Scripps Institution of Oceanography
UC San Diego

HIGHLIGHT SEMINAR:
Unraveling the impacts of humans and oceans on clouds and climate

Maeder Hall, Princeton University
92 Olden Street
12:30 p.m. – 1:30 p.m.
Open to the public
junior colleagues, and his willingness to work outside of his intellectual comfort zone inspires the rest of us to do so as well. For his 70th birthday in 2016, almost two-thirds of the 18 Ph.D. students and more than 50 postdoctoral fellows and researchers he’d supervised by that time made the trek to Princeton for a scientific conference to say thanks to him and to point the way to the future of understanding our beautiful, complex, and threatened planet.

Anand Gnanadesikan ’88
Professor and Chair, Department of Earth and Planetary Sciences
Johns Hopkins University

The stories on Princeton mentors were fantastic, and I felt compelled to provide color to the legacy of Courtney Banghart, recently departed head coach of women’s basketball. Coach Banghart is easily the most successful coach the program has ever seen, but the most powerful impact she had on my life doesn’t show up in the record books.

My senior year was Coach Banghart’s first at the helm of the women’s basketball program. I was a captain of a team she inherited, and calling me a mediocre Division I athlete is probably a generous assessment. We turned in a dismal 7–23 record, but it was the best year of basketball I’d ever had.

Each player was expected to bring her best each day, but your best was always good enough to earn Coach’s respect and encouragement. Effervescent and inclusive, Coach Banghart created a true community among players and alumni alike, regardless of whether they played for her or not, and regardless of whether they were All-Ivy selections or rode the bench. It is easy to define her time at Princeton by her winning records and NCAA tournament appearances, but my year with her is defined by empowerment. Coach Banghart taught me how to be a leader of people.

Ali Prichard ’08
Atlanta, Ga.

REUNIONS: A TIME TO CARE

“Bid Every Care Withdraw,” Gregg Lange ’70’s column posted July 3 at PAW Online, is playful and poignant, just like Gregg himself.

People expect that the clever, privileged, well-blessed individuals accepted to Princeton and other Ivies routinely become board-certified thoracic surgeons or intellectual-property lawyers, and many do — though it’s never automatic and seldom easy, even with palpable advantages. And for those with less visibly traditional success, life can at times seem the vehicle for bringing unbidden cares, frustrations, and setbacks.

Reunions are times for celebration and for remembering … and for caring. A time to care for those with cares — who, I expect, represent a larger proportion of “Old Nassau” singers than we might think.

Paul Basile ’70
Paris, France

See Venice with an Ecologist

Expert travelers know that local expertise can transform a place. Context tours are led by chefs, architects, historians, archaeologists, and artists — all passionate professionals in their fields. With half- to multi-day tours in over 60 global capitals, let us show you the world with Context.

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Privately guided tours for travelers who love to learn
Founded in the summer of 2000, the James Madison Program in American Ideals and Institutions in the Department of Politics at Princeton University is dedicated to exploring fundamental and enduring questions of political thought and constitutional law. The James Madison Program promotes a greater appreciation of the Western tradition of legal and political thought. It also supports the application of fundamental principles to modern social problems, particularly as they are manifested in the domain of public law. By supporting the study of foundational issues, the James Madison Program seeks to fulfill its mandate of offering civic education of the highest possible quality.

James Madison, a 1771 graduate of Princeton University, was the principal architect of the Constitution and fourth President of the United States. In his honor, the James Madison Program builds upon Princeton’s traditional strengths in public law and jurisprudence. This tradition goes back to Woodrow Wilson, the first McCormick Professor of Jurisprudence in the Department of Politics, and has been carried on with great distinction by his successors: W.F. Willoughby, Edward S. Corwin, Alpheus T. Mason, Walter F. Murphy and Robert P. George.

One of the most visible ways in which the James Madison Program promotes civic education is through its sponsorship of conferences and lectures, which are free and open to the public. Visit us at jmp.princeton.edu for full event details!

FALL 2019 PREVIEW

Tuesday, September 17, 2019
Is Constitution Day Unconstitutional?
George F. Will *68, Washington Post
Respondent: Christopher L. Eisgruber ‘83, President, Princeton University
The Princeton University Constitution Day Lecture
Supported by the Office of the Provost
Sponsored by the Program in American Studies; Cosponsored by the James Madison Program in American and Ideals and Institutions and the Program in Law and Public Affairs

Thursday, September 19, 2019
Is the Supreme Court Legitimate?
Michael S. Greve, Antonin Scalia Law School, George Mason University
The James Madison Program Constitution Day Event
Cosponsored by the Program in American Studies

Thursday, September 26, 2019
Panel Discussion on the 2019 Princeton Pre-Read, Stand Out of Our Light
Antón Barba-Ray, Catholic University of America; Mark Bauerlein, Emory University; Glenn Harlan Reynolds, University of Tennessee College of Law
Moderated by Ana Samuel ’00, Witherspoon Institute; Canavox

Wednesday, October 2, 2019
The Challenge to “Brain Death”: Are We Taking Organs from Living Human Beings, and If We Are, Does It Matter?
Patrick Lee, Franciscan University of Steubenville; D. Alan Shewmon, M.D., University of California; Peter Singer, Princeton University
Moderated by Robert P. George, Princeton University
Cosponsored by the University Center for Human Values Decamp Bioethics Seminars

Thursday, October 17, 2019
The Annual Walter F. Murphy Lecture in American Constitutionalism
The Honorable Amy Coney Barrett, United States Court of Appeals for the Seventh Circuit
Cosponsored by the Program in Law and Public Affairs

Monday, November 4, 2019
America and the Just War Tradition
J. Daryl Charles, Acton Institute; Mark David Hall, George Fox University

For more information, contact us at (609) 258-5107
We invite you to become a friend of the James Madison Program at jmp.princeton.edu/forms/alumnifriends
Dear Princetonians,

It’s the start of a new academic year, and campus is a symphony of back-to-school sounds — from voices united in “Old Nassau” at the first-year Step Sing to a chorus of alumni cheers welcoming the Class of 2023 at our annual Pre-rade.

Alumni also welcome a new slate of Alumni Association leadership helmed by Richard J. Holland ’96 as president, Mary J. Newburn ’97 as vice chair, Maria Carreras Kourepenos ’85 as treasurer and Juan E. Goytia ’00 as assistant treasurer.

This joyous sense of “welcome” will resound as a round of “welcome backs” with a series of homecomings throughout the year, starting with our alumni conference October 3-5 (Thrive: Empowering and Celebrating Princeton’s Black Alumni; highlights on page 10); Princeton’s annual Homecoming and Tiger Tailgate on October 26, when Princeton tackles Harvard football; and our 105th Alumni Day and Service of Remembrance on February 22.

We will also welcome alumni to off-campus events, including Princeton football vs. Dartmouth at Yankee Stadium on November 9 (tickets at goprincetontigers.com) and the women’s ice hockey team vs. Ohio State in Las Vegas(!) December 14 and 15. This year, President Eisgruber will visit alumni in Atlanta (December 11), Dallas (March 4) and Boston (April 7) — and, of course, greet many of the 26,000-plus alumni and guests expected to return to campus May 28-31 for Reunions 2020.

Whether across the country or back at the “best old place of all,” we look forward to every alumni gathering singing with a sense of “welcome home.”

Hip, hip…

Alexandra Day ’02
Deputy Vice President of Alumni Engagement

With Thrive: Empowering and Celebrating Princeton’s Black Alumni set for October 3-5, 2019, we invited the conference’s four Steering Committee co-chairs to reflect on the upcoming event. Here’s what they said.

What are you most looking forward to at Thrive and why should others attend?

“Thrive is a wonderful opportunity to connect and reconnect with alumni across the generations. Thrive is different than Reunions — it affords a different kind of opportunity to connect with people, attend educational sessions and hear how Princeton is addressing issues pertaining to the black community at the University. I attended the last conference and left feeling different about Princeton; I was inspired and energized by amazing black alumni and administrators with whom I interacted. I am equally as excited by what will happen at Thrive.”

LORI DICKERSON FOUCHÉ ’91

“Thrive is going to be the most engaging, enriching and exciting black alumni conference to date. The diversity of topics, panelists and special guests will make this conference both inspiring and impactful.”

MICHAEL S. FLETCHER ’03

“Thrive is an opportunity to learn about校友 from across the decades, learning more about their Princeton experiences and discovering ways to better serve the black alumni community. Thrive is going to be the most engaging, enriching and exciting black alumni conference to date. The diversity of topics, panelists and special guests will make this conference both inspiring and impactful.”

TUMI AKINLAWON ’15

Aside from reconnecting with fellow alumni on our wonderful campus, I’m looking forward to the robust group of speakers and sessions that are planned. It will be a chance to hear how others are thriving after our individual Princeton experiences.”

CRAIG ROBINSON ’83

These pages were written and paid for by the Alumni Association
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YOUR ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

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CRAIG ROBINSON ’83

Fiyinfoluwa “Tumi” Akinlawon ’15
Michael S. Fletcher ’03
Lori Dickerson Fouché ’91
Craig Robinson ’83

These pages were written and paid for by the Alumni Association
Conference Highlights

A CONVERSATION with President Christopher L. Eisgruber ‘83

RECEPTION AND DINNER with Congresswoman Terri Sewell ‘86, U.S. House of Representatives

PERSPECTIVES ON HIGHER EDUCATION with Lily D. McNair ’79, President, Tuskegee University; and Ruth J. Simmons, President, Prairie View A&M University; in conversation with Christopher L. Eisgruber ‘83, President, Princeton University

A CONVERSATION with Selwyn Seyfu Hinds ’93, Showrunner, Producer and Screenwriter; and Broderick Johnson ’90, Co-Founder and Co-CEO, Alcon Entertainment

A DISCUSSION with Cecilia Elena Rouse, Dean, Woodrow Wilson School of International and Public Affairs; featuring Andrea J. Campbell ’04, Boston City Council President; Satana Deberry ’91, District Attorney, Durham County, North Carolina; and Eric Johnson *03, Mayor, Dallas, Texas

A CELEBRATION of 50 Years of African American Studies at Princeton and 10th Anniversary of the Carl A. Fields Center with Eddie S. Glaude Jr. *97, James S. McDonnell Distinguished University Professor and Chair, Department of African American Studies

AN EVENING OF POETRY AND MUSIC with Tracy K. Smith, Roger S. Berlind ’52 Professor in the Humanities and 22nd Poet Laureate of the United States; and Stanley Jordan ’81, Multi-Style Musical Innovator

ENTREPRENEURSHIP PROGRAMMING including Alumni Startup Showcase and Keynote Panel with Kamil Ali-Jackson ‘81, Chief Legal Officer, Chief Compliance Officer and Corporate Secretary, Aclaris Therapeutics; and John W. Rogers Jr. ’80, Co-CEO and CIO, Ariel Investments

Faculty Lectures, Performance Arts Showcase, Alumni Author Book Fair, Enrichment Activities, Alumni Panels, and so much more.

All Princeton alumni are invited to attend with one guest for the complimentary three-day event.

Visit thrive.princeton.edu to register and view the conference schedule.
On the Campus

Dozens of gargoyles of animals — living and extinct — decorate the exterior of Guyot Hall; here are some of the more picturesque ones. The limestone carvings were reportedly created in the studio of Gutzon Borglum, sculptor of Mount Rushmore.

Photographs by Ricardo Barros
On the Campus

Construction Ahead

Work on two residential colleges to usher in a new wave of projects

The construction of two new residential colleges south of Poe Field will begin in the spring, providing housing for 1,020 undergraduates in structures that will range from three to seven stories in height.

The project, scheduled for completion in the summer of 2022, will serve two purposes. Construction of one college will allow the University to increase enrollment by 125 students per year for a total of 500 additional students. The second college will provide "swing space" to allow the renovation and in some cases the replacement of older dorms, with Wilson College mentioned as a likely candidate for upgrading.

Each of the two new colleges will have four wings of residential halls that will shape three courtyards, University Architect Ron McCoy ’80 said, and each will have its own dining hall that will open to a shared courtyard. Some dorms will have "green" roofs, and some will offer outdoor terraces for students. A central courtyard, called College Walk, will bring together the two colleges.

There will be 12 configurations of dorm rooms, McCoy said, ranging from singles to two-bedroom quads to suites for upperclassmen. Each college will have 12 resident graduate students and a residence for the head of college, and each residential hall will have a kitchen.

Deborah Berke Partners is the architect for the project.

The college to the west, south of Bloomberg Hall, will be named Perelman College, recognizing the lead gift by the Perelman Family Foundation. No name has been announced for the college to the east, south of Scully Hall. To make room for the new colleges, the 1895 softball field, the Lenz Tennis Center, and two soccer facilities — Roberts Stadium and Plummer Field — will be relocated.

McCoy described the architectural style as contemporary. Exteriors will be brick in a "warm, earth-colored" tone; wood will be the dominant accent material for the ground level and for interior finishes of public spaces. He said the designs of landscape architect James Corner Field Operations will be a strong feature of the 10.5-acre site. Perelman College will reflect the woodlands to the west; the other college will have distinctive tree clusters in each courtyard.

The new colleges will be air-conditioned, McCoy said, with heating and cooling provided by a geothermal-exchange hot-water system that draws from underground wells. He said the structures will be certified LEED gold.

The project will signal the start of a major construction boom that will

Rendering shows new residential colleges at center below Poe Field; neuroscience and psychology buildings are at right.
Beginning work on the residential colleges in the spring will signal the start of a major construction boom that will “transform this campus.”
— Kyu Whang, vice president for facilities

“transform this campus,” said Kyu Whang, vice president for facilities. Multiple buildings are proposed for both the existing campus and the University’s planned Lake Campus, across Lake Carnegie. Whang gave the following timetable for projects, while cautioning that dates could change:

- The complete rebuilding of the University Art Museum, doubling its size, is expected to begin by the summer of 2021 and to be completed by the fall of 2024.
- Construction of new buildings along Ivy Lane/Western Way for environmental studies and for bioengineering is expected to begin by the end of 2021; completion is planned for 2024.
- New graduate-student housing with about 600 beds on the Lake Campus is scheduled for completion by the spring of 2023. A planned pedestrian bridge over Lake Carnegie, as well as parking and transit facilities on the new campus, would also be in place by then.
- A new racquet center on the Lake Campus for squash and indoor and outdoor tennis is planned for completion in early 2024.
- Also scheduled for completion in 2024 are a replacement for McCosh Health Center and an expansion of Dillon Gym.
- Extensive renovations of Guyot Hall to become the new home of computer science are planned to begin in 2024 and be completed by mid-2026. New construction will rely on geothermal wells, Whang said, with about 10 to 13 acres of wellfields required over the next decade. Over the next 25 years, the University plans to gradually convert existing buildings from steam to the geothermal system. ◆ By W.R.O.

STUDENTS, FACULTY GO BEHIND THE SCENES

Museum Partners With HBCUs

Bart Devolder, above left, conservator at the Princeton University Art Museum, speaks about approaches to conservation during a weeklong program on campus for students and faculty members from historically black colleges and universities (HBCUs). The program — designed to help increase diversity in art leadership — offered mentorship opportunities, writing and research assignments, and an inside look at how the museum works. “The art museum field simply doesn’t look like the people of this country,” said museum director James Steward. He said Princeton feels a responsibility to introduce students “to career paths they might not have considered, and thus to help ensure that museums and the humanities remain relevant.” ◆

TITLE IX PROTESTS SPUR SUMMER ACTIONS

Student activism challenging the University’s sexual-misconduct policies and procedures at the end of the spring term led to action on several fronts over the summer.

An EXTERNAL REVIEW of Princeton’s Title IX office, requested by Title IX administrators and endorsed by President Eisgruber ’83, was well underway in mid-August and should be completed in October, University spokesman Michael Hotchkiss said. He said the review is being conducted by three professionals from other universities “who have extensive, relevant experience.”

Members of the Faculty and Student Committee on Sexual Misconduct and the University Student Life Committee were scheduled to meet 15 times during the summer with students and administrators. They created a working group on restorative-justice practices, supported by students as alternative pathways for healing and justice that fall outside the punitive system. The TWO COMMITTEES also endorsed plans for a new web portal to provide students with information on support resources and on investigation/adjudication processes. The committees expect to issue an interim report in the early fall, with an additional report before the end of the fall term.

A graduating senior was charged by the University with disorderly conduct and obstructing a University function after participating in TITLE IX PROTESTS by students during the P-rade at Reunions. The student, who asked that his name be withheld, said he received a short disciplinary probation in July, which he said “essentially means the University will keep a record of the incident, but nothing further.” ◆ By W.R.O.
On the Campus

Illustration: Paul Zwolak; photo: Stacy Jantz

Twenty years ago, PAW reported on a groundbreaking change to Firestone Library’s reference room: Each desk had been equipped with an outlet for a laptop computer.

“Technology is booming in the library,” PAW correspondent Ann Waldron wrote with enthusiasm, while assuring that Princeton hadn’t “given up on the book and gone completely high-tech.”

Today, laptops are everywhere on Princeton’s campus — sometimes glowing from the back rows at dance performances and the bleachers at football games — and increasingly in classes and precepts.

But just as PAW readers feared that Princeton had lost something — had “given up on the book” — by accepting laptops in the late 1990s, professors and students in more recent years continue to worry about potential drawbacks. Do laptops help students take more detailed notes, or do they drag attention away from the professor and down the rabbit hole of the internet?

The debate has existed in colleges across the country since laptops first became classroom fixtures in the early 2000s. At Princeton, professors’ concerns pushed the Faculty Committee on the Course of Study to discuss the issue in a meeting in the fall of 2009. It concluded that individual professors should make their own decisions on whether to ban laptops in the lecture hall, a policy that stands today.

In 2014, psychologists published a study on laptop note-taking in a Princeton lecture hall. Even when distractions were controlled for by disconnecting computers from the internet, students who used laptops performed worse on conceptual questions about the lecture than students who took notes with paper. The researchers concluded that using laptops to take notes entails “shallower” mental processing than traditional pen and paper.

English professor William Gleason said he thinks that more faculty have moved to ban laptops in recent years — but no clear data on the question exist. (Gleason noted that he doesn’t ban laptops from his classes.)

Some students choose to rely on handwritten notes, even in courses where computers are allowed. “Even though I can’t write everything down at the same speed,” said Katherine Ross ’22, “I feel like I understand concepts better and also remember them without needing to revise as much.”

For engineering students, this can be a practical decision: It’s easier to write symbols and diagrams than to create them on a computer. For others, the presence of laptops interrupts a focused environment in the classroom. “The physical barrier of a screen between the professor and me alone makes it more difficult for me to concentrate,” Abbie Minard ’20 said.

Ross added that using pen and paper helps to preempt the temptation to multitask. “I always tell myself I’m multitasking, but then I look up and I’ve zoned out for 10 minutes and am totally

STUDENT DISPATCH

Laptops in the Classroom: Are They a Useful Tool, or Just a Distraction?

By Allie Spensley ’20

Psychology professor Nicole Shelton has described her view from the front of McCosh 50 as “looking over a sea of glowing, white apples.”

Illustration: Paul Zwolak; photo: Stacy Jantz
confused,” she said.

Professor emeritus Harvey Rosen, whose Introduction to Microeconomics course regularly drew more than 400 students, said he banned laptops for many years and received essentially no pushback. “Even the anonymous course evaluations include basically no criticisms of this policy,” Rosen said.

Yet many students continue to find laptops useful. In large lectures where computers are allowed, most students will be typing on a keyboard rather than writing with a pen. Psychology professor Nicole Shelton has described her view from the front of McCosh 50 as “looking over a sea of glowing, white apples.”

Laptops offer digital conveniences: the ability to write more and write faster, to search quickly for a term or pull up a helpful article. “If I’m trying to take handwritten notes I literally cannot keep up with the professor, and thus dedicate so much time to trying to write everything down quickly that I lose some understanding of the material,” noted Camellia Moors ’22.

And for students with learning or physical disabilities, laptops and tablets can be invaluable necessities for taking notes. One problem with laptop bans is that students with disabilities are either unable to take notes effectively or, if they request accommodations, have to disclose their disability by using a laptop in class.

Associate professor Casey Lew-Williams, who teaches his developmental psychology course in a large McCosh lecture hall, addresses concerns about distraction and accessibility by dividing the classroom. The left section of seats is pen-and-paper only — reserved for students who would be distracted by others’ screens. Students can use laptops in the rest of the room.

“I want students to take in information in a way that works for them, and I don’t want students to have to ‘out’ their learning disability if they in fact need to use a laptop,” Lew-Williams explained. “If this means that students type continuously on a computer, fine. If they want to download a journal article I’m describing, fine. If they want pen and paper, fine.”

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IN SHORT

The University REACHED A SETTLEMENT with a student who filed a lawsuit five years ago charging that Princeton had discriminated against him by failing to accommodate his mental-health disability and requiring him to withdraw after he ingested 20 tablets of a prescribed antidepressant in his freshman year. The University agreed last month to reimburse the student $29,315 for tuition and other expenses and to contribute $75,000 to the Jed Foundation, a nonprofit focused on student mental health and suicide prevention. The student graduated from Princeton in 2016.

After the U.S. Justice Department opened a compliance review in 2014, the University clarified its policies and practices for student leaves of absence and accommodations for students with disabilities.

The 2018-19 ANNUAL GIVING campaign raised $68.6 million, the third-highest total in the University’s history. The 25th-reunion Class of 1994 set the pace by raising $7 million. The Class of 1984 set a 35th-reunion record with $6 million, while the Class of 2009 broke the 10th-reunion mark with $594,100. Graduate alumni donated $2.2 million. The number of undergraduate donors increased by nearly 200 from the previous year, according to Susan Walsh, executive director of Annual Giving. But with the addition of more than 1,280 new graduates to the alumni body, undergraduate participation slipped for the fifth straight year, to 55.4 percent.

At a time when alumni-giving rates are declining nationally, Walsh said, Princeton continues to receive “very broad-based support” as a result of a personal approach in which most alumni are contacted by someone they know. She also cited efforts targeting the youngest classes, including regional events and the addition of Venmo, a mobile payment service, as a giving option.

EVA KUBU was named associate dean and director of graduate-student professional development. She previously was director of Princeton’s Center for Career Development (formerly Career Services).

STANLEY N. KATZ, lecturer with the rank of professor of public and international affairs, has retired. Coming to the University in 1978, he served as director of the Center for Arts and Cultural Policy Studies, acting director of the Program in Law and Public Affairs, and president of the Center for Jewish Life. He is president emeritus of the American Council of Learned Societies and received the National Humanities Medal in 2011.

STEVEN GUBSER, ’94-98, a scholar of string theory and black holes, died Aug. 3 in a rock-climbing accident while vacationing with his family in Chamonix, France. He was 47. Gubser was granted tenure in 2001 and became a full professor in 2005. His research on black holes shed light on connections between theoretical models and real-world systems. He was an innovative teacher and wrote about science for the lay reader. A full-page photo of Gubser and his daughter Lillian unicycling in this year’s P-rade appeared in the July 10 issue of PAW.

Toni Morrison died Aug. 5 in the Bronx, N.Y. She was 88. A faculty member from 1989 to 2006, she founded the Princeton Atelier in 1994. President Eisgruber ’83 praised Morrison’s scholarly leadership in creative writing and African American studies and her mentorship of students, saying she “has inscribed her name permanently and beautifully upon the tapestry of Princeton’s campus and history.”

Morrison received the National Book Critics Circle Award for Song of Solomon in 1978 and the Pulitzer Prize for Beloved in 1988. In 1993, she became the first African American to be awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature. Morrison received the National Humanities Medal in 2000 and the Presidential Medal of Freedom in 2012. Princeton awarded her an honorary doctorate in 2013, and in 2017, the University renamed West College as Morrison Hall in her honor. Her papers are housed in the Princeton University Library.

IN MEMORIAM: Nobel Prize-winning author and humanities professor emerita TONI MORRISON died Aug. 5 in the Bronx, N.Y. She was 88. A faculty member from 1989 to 2006, she founded the Princeton Atelier in 1994. President Eisgruber ’83 praised Morrison’s scholarly leadership in creative writing and African American studies and her mentorship of students, saying she “has inscribed her name permanently and beautifully upon the tapestry of Princeton’s campus and history.”

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IN MEMORIAM: Physics professor emeritus STANLEY N. KATZ died Aug. 3 in a rock-climbing accident while vacationing with his family in Chamonix, France. He was 75. Palmer joined Princeton’s faculty in 2000 and taught until 2011, serving as acting chair of African American studies. His research focused on the African diaspora, exploring aspects that extended well beyond the American slave trade.

IN MEMORIAM: Music professor emeritus PETER WESTERGAARD ’56 died June 26 in Princeton. He was 88. He joined the faculty in 1968 and retired in 2001. Westergaard was a composer of chamber music, opera, and orchestral works. He served as chair of the music department in 1974–78 and 1983–86 and conducted the Princeton University Orchestra in the 1970s. Westergaard received a grant from the National Endowment for the Arts to complete his opera The Tempest, which was nominated for a Pulitzer Prize.

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Defending the Title
Floyd ’20, defensive backs provide a foundation as Tigers build for an Ivy repeat

With Princeton’s offense averaging an astounding 47 points per game last fall, it was easy to overlook the role that defense played in the football team’s undefeated season. But in the Tigers’ biggest tests — on the road at Harvard and at home against Dartmouth — key stops proved just as important as touchdown runs.

All-Ivy safety TJ Floyd ’20 knows this as well as anyone. Against Harvard, he made an interception in the end zone in the second quarter and forced a fumble (recovered by defensive end Jake Strain ’20) in the fourth as the Tigers held on for a 29–21 victory.

“Our defensive play in those games really helped us come out on top, and I think that’s something that’s going to carry over into every game this year,” Floyd said. “Defensively our goal is going to be to keep the score at zero. If the other team can’t score, they can’t win.”

Floyd intercepted six passes last year — the most by a Tiger since All-American Jay McCareins ’06 picked off nine in 2005 — and Princeton held opponents to 10.8 yards per pass completion, ranking eighth nationally among NCAA FCS teams.

With eight starters returning, including two cornerbacks and two safeties, the defense should be one of Princeton’s strengths. On offense, the team is looking to reload after sending three grads to NFL training camps (quarterback John Lovett ’19 and receivers Stephen Carlson ’19 and Jesper Horsted ’19).

Floyd, who played in all 30 games of his first three collegiate seasons, grew up in Jacksonville, Fla., where the SEC and ACC dominate the college football landscape. His high school coach, Corky Rogers, was the first to encourage him to look at the Ivy League — a nudge he was grateful to receive.

“I didn’t necessarily know what to expect [at Princeton],” Floyd said. “It’s surprised me in a lot of ways. There are some really good athletes, and some NFL guys are coming out of the Ivy League each year.”

Water polo goalie ASHLEIGH JOHNSON ’17 was named the Most Valuable Player at the FINA World Championships after leading the United States women to their third straight championship June 26. Johnson made 14 saves in her team’s 11-6 victory over Spain in the final. She also helped the U.S. win gold at the Pan American Games Aug. 10.

Men’s squash alum TODD HARRITY ’13 won two gold medals for the United States at the Pan American Games, competing in the men’s team event and the men’s doubles with partner Chris Hanson. Harrity is the top-ranked American man on the PSA World Tour.

ELIZA STONE ’13 won gold in both the women’s individual and team saber events at the Pan American Games. Stone and Kat Holmes ’17, who won gold in team and individual epee, led an impressive U.S. team that also included gold medalists Kasia Nixon ’20 (women’s team epee) and Chloe Fox-Gitomer ’22 (women’s team saber).

Four other Tiger athletes captured Pan Am medals: Bella Alarie ’20 (U.S. women’s basketball, silver), Kareem Maddox ’11 (U.S. 3-on-3 men’s basketball, gold), Kathleen Sharkey ’13 (U.S. women’s field hockey, bronze), and Elise Wong ’19 (Canada women’s field hockey, silver).
Kareem Maddox ‘11 has not changed, but the game he’s playing has.

Maddox is still the inside-outside offensive threat and agile defender who starred for the Princeton men’s basketball team, but now he plays 3-on-3, half-court games to 21 points (or 10 minutes, whichever comes first) with a 12-second shot clock.

“There’s no time for thinking,” he said. “You have to do something and do something fast. That’s what’s great about the game.”

Maddox is vying to represent the United States when 3x3 basketball, as the International Basketball Federation calls it, debuts at the 2020 Olympic Games in Tokyo. He’s well on his way: He helped the U.S. team win gold for the first time at the World Cup in the Netherlands June 23 and then topped the podium again at the Pan American Games in Peru July 29.

Maddox said the passing, cutting, and outside shooting he practiced at Princeton prepared him to pursue an opportunity usually reserved for NBA stars: “Being able to walk with Team USA into the opening ceremony and to compete with 'USA' across your chest — there aren’t many honors like that in the sports world.”

By Justin Feil
When Professor Tracy K. Smith became poet laureate of the United States in 2017, she embarked on a series of trips to bring poetry, she says, “to parts of the country where literary festivals don’t always go.” Her travels took her to rural areas in Alaska, Kentucky, Louisiana, South Dakota, and other states, where she visited not only libraries but also prisons, rehab centers, retirement facilities, and youth detention centers.

Smith, the author of four books of poetry, won the 2012 Pulitzer Prize, and her memoir, *Ordinary Light*, was a 2015 finalist for the National Book Award in nonfiction. With her two-year tenure as poet laureate concluded, Smith took over in July as chair of the University’s Lewis Center for the Arts, succeeding theater scholar Michael Cadden, who led the center for eight years. Smith talked to PAW about what she learned from her travels, why small libraries are so critical to communities around the country, and why she is writing librettos for operas.

**Q&A: TRACY K. SMITH**

**Poetry in the Heartland**

**Former U.S. poet laureate reflects on what she learned from rural America**

What inspired you to focus your work as poet laureate in rural America?

I was trying to think about what poetry specifically could do at this moment in America. What I believe poetry invites us to do is to really listen to each other earnestly, in good faith. Poetry makes you alert, and it makes you beholden to another perspective, and I thought that could be a great shift in approach for the country. We’ve been talking at one another, talking about one another, defending our positions, and in the process exacerbating the sense of division.

On your visits, you gave audiences an anthology of American poetry, and together you read and then discussed poems. How were you able to make people comfortable?

There were plenty of people who felt some apprehension talking about poetry. My job was to say right off the bat, “Whoever you are, you have the necessary skills to talk about this poem. You don’t need a specialized vocabulary. All you need to do is pay attention to what’s happening in this poem, what it causes us to see, feel, wonder, and notice.”

People offered great observations about language and imagery. At a rehab center in rural Kentucky, someone said, “I know this is a love poem, but this is giving me a new way of thinking about my relationship with drugs. It was a love affair.”

What did you find when you visited small libraries in rural areas?

Libraries are a lifeline for people, especially children. To be able to go into a safe space with adults who care about you — it can save a person’s life. I met a girl in Kentucky ... the librarian walked her home after my event. She was a latchkey kid — she wore a key around her neck — and there was lots of stuff going on in the household. Being at the library gave her a respite from that. It was one of countless lives saved by librarians.

In July you became chair of the Lewis Center, which has seen enrollment in its classes climb by more than 50 percent in the last seven years. The Lewis Center is growing so much. We want to find ways for more students to have the opportunity to experience...
Life of the Mind

“Poetry makes you alert, and it makes you beholden to another perspective, and I thought that could be a great shift in approach for the country.”
— Poet Tracy K. Smith, chair, Lewis Center for the Arts

these classes. Art gives students whose home departments might be very far from humanities a vital vocabulary for the world and the chance to see themselves as art makers. I really do believe it can change your life to spend time looking at the world in the ways artists do. It makes better lawyers, better policymakers, and it makes better artists, too.

Lately you have been writing opera librettos. How did you get interested in doing that?

When I finished a memoir a few years ago, I was excited to realize that my medium is not only verse — it’s language. Then Judd Greenstein [*14] invited me to collaborate on an opera about Robert Moses and Jane Jacobs called A Marvelous Order. My first commissioned libretto, Castor and Patience [about historically black-owned land in the American South] will premiere next year at the Cincinnati Opera. I’m excited about how the art form highlights what’s at stake in a private life. It’s so highly dramatic and also so accurate to what it feels like to be human.

You started a podcast, The Slowdown, which is billed as “five minutes of poetry every weekday.” On each episode, you read a poem, mostly works by contemporary American poets. Did the idea come from your work as poet laureate?
Yes. It felt so meaningful to talk about poems with people that I thought, “I wish I could invite more people to this conversation.” It’s reaching people with this notion that poetry can speak to your daily life in profound ways. I think of the episodes as reflections or meditations on day-to-day life. They open up space for a great poem to speak to you.

Interview conducted and condensed by Jennifer Altmann
Behind the Research / Life of the Mind

Jha’s Studies: A Sampling

SHRINKING THE POOL
Because of the small amount of incoming data, devices for individual use, such as a smartwatch, may not have a large-enough sample size for AI to work effectively. But Jha and his team have developed a new algorithm, SCANN, that helps train the networks to process small- and medium-sized amounts of data, making AI feasible for personal tech. “You can find applications in many different domains. Health care is one. Cybersecurity is another. It could be aviation. It could be autonomous vehicles. It could be any of these internet-of-things [devices],” Jha says.

SMART SECURITY
Where there is more technology, there are more opportunities for malicious attacks. If an autonomous vehicle is hacked, for example, it can be made to crash. If an insulin pump is hijacked, it could release too much of the hormone and harm its diabetic host. So Jha and his team work to embed cybersecurity defenses into new “smart” tools while also providing protection for older products. For example, a 10- or 15-year-old pacemaker might not have the latest wireless encryption features, so Jha’s team developed MedMon, a pocket-sized monitor that works with pacemakers and other medical devices to intercept malicious signals. ♦ By A.B.

Niraj Jha’s work blends the internet of things and preventive health care through noninvasive, wearable technology. ♦ By Agatha Bordonaro ’04

ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING: NIRAJ JHA
Advancing a Smarter and Safer Internet of Things

For the past three years, Indian-born Princeton professor Niraj Jha has worked to advance machine learning by improving the software it runs on, known as artificial neural networks. Like a human brain, these networks take in information and create pathways to process it. But until now, the networks have been too cumbersome for small devices.

“If I have a smartphone, smartwatch, or even just a sensor, it is difficult to put neural networks on them because neural networks consume a lot of energy” and would quickly drain the device’s battery, explains Jha.

By adding useful connections and pruning away redundancies, just as a human brain does from babyhood to adulthood, Jha and his team have succeeded in making neural networks that are 10 to 1,000 times smaller than existing models — bringing the power of artificial intelligence into our pockets with the aim of revolutionizing health care, cybersecurity, and other fields. ♦ By Agatha Bordonaro ’04

Illustrations: Agata Nowicka (top); Mikel Casal (at right)

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Illustrations: Agata Nowicka (top); Mikel Casal (at right)
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Thank you from Princeton Athletics
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The Dealmaker

HOW REGIS PECOS ’77 CONFRONTED HISTORY AND BRIDGED A GAP BETWEEN TWO COMMUNITIES

BY MARK F. BERNSTEIN ’83

BORNE ALOFT BY CONQUISTADORS, the statue of the Virgin Mary processed through the Plaza de Santa Fe surrounded by dozens of angry Pueblo Indians. The conquistadors on the afternoon of Sept. 8, 2017, were play-acting; the Pueblos definitely were not. Nor were the nearly 180 armed riot police, including four stationed on the rooftops to look for trouble.

Down in the Plaza, a faux conquistador approached a faux Indian princess, who read a prepared script welcoming him and his fellow soldiers into the city. The ceremony was meant to commemorate the Spanish reoccupation of Santa Fe in 1692. “Peaceful” reoccupation, the pageant’s organizers emphasized. Hardly, Pueblos and historians countered. When the rector of the Cathedral Basilica of St. Francis of Assisi attempted to give a blessing, protesters drowned him out, shouting, “No pride in genocide!” while counterprotesters chanted, “Viva La Fiesta!”

Eight of the Pueblo demonstrators were arrested.

Regis Pecos ’77 did not attend the ceremony, known as the Entrada. No self-respecting Pueblo would participate in a whitewashed celebration of the tribe’s subjugation. But Entrada protests, which had simmered for years, had escalated dramatically, and it seemed that Santa Fe had narrowly missed an escalation into violence. Pecos — the former governor of the Cochiti Pueblo, director of the Santa Fe Indian School’s Leadership Institute, longtime player in New Mexico politics, and Princeton’s first Native American trustee — recognized that something needed to be done.

The Entrada kicked off Santa Fe’s annual Fiesta, a weeklong tourist attraction in September that includes Catholic masses, musical performances, a ball, a pet parade, and the burning of a 50-foot-tall marionette called Zozobra (“Old Man Gloom”). Although the Fiesta is funded by the city, the Entrada had been staged by a private group called Los Caballeros de Vargas, which, its letterhead states, is “dedicated to preserving the rich Spanish History, Culture, and Faith.”

The history behind the Entrada is generally agreed upon. The Pueblos drove the Spanish out of Santa Fe in 1680. Twelve years later, the Spanish returned. After surrounding the town with cannons and threatening to destroy it, Don Diego de Vargas entered without bloodshed. The ceremony was meant to commemorate the Spanish reoccupation of Santa Fe in 1692. “Peaceful” reoccupation, the pageant’s organizers emphasized. Hardly, Pueblos and historians countered. When the rector of the Cathedral Basilica of St. Francis of Assisi attempted to give a blessing, protesters drowned him out, shouting, “No pride in genocide!” while counterprotesters chanted, “Viva La Fiesta!”

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This is the “event” the Entrada aimed to re-enact.

But of course, the story doesn’t end there. By 1693, when it became clear that the Spanish had returned to stay, the Pueblos resisted and were brutally suppressed. De Vargas ordered more than 70 of them to be executed in the Plaza. While the moment of Spanish re-entry may have been peaceful (albeit at gunpoint), the Entrada ceremony is, at the very least, deliberately incomplete.

Eventually, that incomplete story becomes reality, “a history no one disputes,” Pecos says of the Entrada ceremony. “It really speaks to who the storyteller is. You realize how others have been telling our story and how over time we embraced somebody else’s story to be the truth of our history.”

Like many historical fictions, this one has proven to be enduring; the Spanish have been commemorating their peaceful re-entry into Santa Fe since 1712. The modern Entrada, however, dated back to 1919, when white businessmen who ran the city created it to drum up tourism. Hispanics did not even get to play de Vargas until relatively recently.

Sporadic demonstrations against the Entrada began in 1977 but escalated in 2017 when protesters put tape over their mouths to signify the silencing of Native voices. Over the next two years, they became increasingly charged until the events of Sept. 8, 2017, less than a month after the violent clash over Confederate monuments in Charlottesville, Va.

The morning after the 2017 Entrada, Pecos contacted the leaders of the All Pueblo Council of Governors, the collective body of the 20 sovereign New Mexico Pueblo tribes, and implored them to act. The governors, who also had seen the news, needed little prodding. They asked Pecos to represent them and called for immediate talks with the city and the Roman Catholic archdiocese. In addition to observing his Native religious practices, Pecos is, like most Pueblos, a devout Catholic.

“He’s a person of unique stature in bridging all sorts of New Mexico worlds,” says Santa Fe Mayor Alan Webber, who has worked with Pecos. Most of those worlds center on Santa Fe, but to get a fuller understanding of the world Pecos comes from, it is necessary to travel to Cochiti Pueblo, about 35 miles to the southwest.

THE ONLY ROAD TO COCHITI PUEBLO, the tribal settlement, is dominated by a view of the Jemez Mountains in the far distance and a massive brown wall in the foreground. The wall is Cochiti Dam, built by the Army Corps of Engineers nearly half a century ago to control flooding on the Rio Grande. Pecos refers to it as “the desecration.”

It is difficult to overstate the size of Cochiti Dam. Five miles long and nearly 250 feet high, it is the 23rd-largest earthen dam in the world. Besides creating Cochiti Lake, a popular fishing, boating, and recreation area, the dam spawned a new town (named Cochiti Lake) centered around tourism, a golf course, and condominiums on land leased from the tribe. But the lake submerged some of the tribe’s sacred land, and its enormous pressure on the water table caused seepage up to half a mile away. Within months of the dam’s completion, almost all of the Cochitis’ agricultural land was flooded.

Pecos, a burly, soft-spoken man with thick white hair, remembers the constant beep-beep of construction vehicles, day and night, throughout his childhood. “It was annoying
Regis Pecos ‘77 outside the Cathedral Basilica of St. Francis of Assisi, built on the site of a church that was destroyed in 1680, when the Pueblos drove the Spanish out of Santa Fe. They returned 12 years later.
not just to the ears,” he says. “There was a paradise being destroyed before your eyes.”

Cochiti Pueblo is a tiny place, with a population of about 900. Pecos grew up speaking only Keres, the tribal language, until he entered school. His father was a farmer and school bus driver; his mother was a homemaker. “Everyone we knew lived in similar circumstances,” Pecos recalls. “We didn’t know how poor we were.” When he was a boy, Pecos and his brothers turned in old bottles for deposit and used the pennies to buy Kool-Aid packets, which they would prepare with brown river water.

Neither of Pecos’ parents finished high school, but all five of their children attended college. Baseball, though, was Pecos’ first love. He says he hoped to pursue it at least at the college level until his grandfather pointedly asked him one day how playing ball would help his people.

Following a game at an Albuquerque prep school when he was in eighth grade, Pecos saw a flyer advertising a summer program at Phillips Exeter Academy. He decided to apply and spent two summers there on scholarship, riding the Greyhound bus to New Hampshire and back because his family could not afford plane fare.

Another chance encounter during his senior year turned Pecos toward Princeton. Anthropology professor Alfonso Ortiz, a Pueblo himself, heard Pecos speak at a high school conference and encouraged him to apply. “He said, ‘You come to a place like Princeton, and it will open doors and put you on a national stage,’” Pecos recalls.

After graduation, though other opportunities were open, Pecos says it never occurred to him to go anywhere but home. He earned his doctorate at the University of California, Berkeley, returned to New Mexico, and spent his career in a variety of tribal posts. He has served as governor and lieutenant governor of the Cochiti Pueblo and is on its tribal council.

In those roles, Pecos spent nearly 30 years seeking redress from the Army Corps of Engineers for the damage done to the Cochiti lands. With uncharacteristic bitterness, he still remembers how patronizing the Army officers could be in their crisp dress uniforms. After one meeting, he was so upset that he again sought advice from his blind, 99-year-old grandfather.

“There will be many more people like this appearing in your life journey,” his grandfather said. “They can define who you become or, if your mind and heart are open, will teach you differently. Never allow yourself to become what you hate.”

Working with Hawaii Sen. Daniel Inouye, chair of the Senate Committee on Indian Affairs, Pecos pushed the Army to issue an apology in 2001 for the damage that Cochiti Dam had caused. In a separate deal in 2016, he helped secure the return of nearly 9,000 acres from the federal government that had been wrongly taken from the tribe.

While working on tribal matters, Pecos also served as director of the New Mexico Office of Indian Affairs and as chief of staff to New Mexico House Speaker Ben Luján, a state powerbroker who provided him with a master class in negotiation, compromise, and getting parties to reach agreement. Pecos ran for public office once, unsuccessfully, but says he has no regrets working behind the scenes. “Being in those circles of power allowed me to have more influence than I could ever have as a legislator.”

Education has been a third strand of Pecos’s public career. He chaired the board of the Santa Fe Indian School and co-founded the school’s Leadership Institute, which brings high school students to the Woodrow Wilson School each summer. In 1997, Pecos was named a Princeton trustee. He is believed to be the first Native American trustee at any Ivy League university.

Once the Pueblo governors retained Pecos to negotiate for them, he requested meetings with the city and the archdiocese, deliberately excluding, for the time being, the Caballeros and the Fiesta Council. This was partly a point of pride for the governors, who insisted that they would only negotiate “government-to-government,” in Pecos’ words, but it also enabled a small group to frame the discussion behind closed doors, where everyone could speak freely.

Throughout the fall of 2017, Pecos engaged in shuttle diplomacy, meeting privately with the archbishop of Santa Fe and the mayor, who agreed that the Entrada should not continue. Then Pecos invited the others to join the discussion. With each group, he began by asking participants to identify their core values, seeking to find something that united them and to keep them from entrenching in old grievances. They spoke of similar values, using words such as love, respect, compassion, faith, understanding, empathy, and gratitude. In subsequent meetings, whenever they were stuck, Pecos returned to that list and asked the parties if they were acting consistently with the values they had articulated.

This proved especially important in negotiating with the Caballeros, the group that ran the Entrada and thus had the largest stake in continuing it. Its leaders offered to modify the ceremony to make it less objectionable, such as having the conquistadors process without swords or armor, but insisted that the event celebrated the idea of peaceful coexistence, even if the historical details were not accurate. Furthermore, they said, the Entrada had become central to their Hispanic identity.
and they resisted giving up something they had come to accept as part of “their” history.

Here, the blending of ethnicity and religion proved to be one of the unity, and a truth and reconciliation commission would be appointed. Most important, the Entrada to move ahead in unity, and a truth and reconciliation commission, have

Over the centuries, the statue has had many names. It was originally known as Our Lady of the Assumption, but de Vargas renamed it La Conquistadora because he credited the Virgin Mary with allowing him to retake the city in 1692. The statue is still known by that name today, although the archbishop of Santa Fe proposed a more politically correct alternative name, Our Lady of Peace, in 1992. For many years, even during the Entrada, women from the nearby Tesuque Pueblo dressed the statue in Native clothes for the Fiesta.

Pecos appealed to the Caballeros, in part, as Catholics, and pointed to the example of the statue with dual names, celebrating both conquest and peace, and even dressed in Pueblo clothes. He says he also resorted to the dictionary, citing the definitions of “colonialism” and “faith.” Colonialism, he wrote, “is about imposition, forcefulness, displacement, and subjecting others in the name of power. Faith is about brotherhood and peace.” He concluded by posing a question: “If this event is about defining the inheritance for your children, which of these do you want them to inherit?”

By the end of July 2018, just weeks before the Fiesta was to begin, the parties had reached an agreement: The church would issue a formal apology for its historical mistreatment of the Native population, a piece of art would be commissioned for the Plaza commemorating the parties’ commitment to move ahead in unity, and a truth and reconciliation commission would be appointed. Most important, the Entrada would be retired, replaced by a Celebration of Community Faith made up largely of Catholic and Native prayers.

In a public statement, the Caballeros formally acknowledged the Spanish oppression of Native people following the reoccupation. “The decision to retire the Entrada celebration came with a lot of friendly and continual dialogue,” it said, “but ultimately it was determined to retire it for the sake that all cultures be united, in honor of the peace that was achieved through Our Lady of Peace, La Conquistadora, the conqueror of hearts on that September day in 1692.”

To memorialize their agreement, Pecos asked a group of distinguished New Mexicans, including poets and civic activists, to write a new proclamation to go alongside the original one issued by the Spanish in 1712. “We recognize that there is much healing to do,” the new proclamation states. “For that reason, we commit ourselves to honest and compassionate engagement no matter how hard, no matter how long. We believe in our capacity to change and be changed.

“Let us release our burdens. Let us unlearn and relearn. Let us walk together... that we may speak truth, that we may be transformed, that we may heal, that we may be kin.”

TO AN OUTSIDER, an obvious question is whether the retiring of the Entrada could be a model for a nation still wrestling over the future of Confederate monuments and other markers of an often sanitized history. Paul Torres, the chair of the All Pueblo Council of Governors, believes the parties were able to reach agreement because they were “the right people in the right place at the right time.” Certainly, a small group of local residents, bound by a shared faith, were able to meet privately and hash out their differences free from outside interference. What also seems clear, and what could offer a model, is that the parties found a solution because everyone wanted to find a solution.

As the new proclamation acknowledges, healing takes time and the truce the parties reached remains tenuous. Some steps in their agreement, such as commissioning an art project and appointing a truth and reconciliation commission, have not yet been undertaken. For Pecos, stopping is not an option. “Whenever we fail, it creates the unintended consequence of another generation deepening their entrenched.”

There is a story he likes to tell. Last year, on the first day of the Fiesta, Pecos arrived downtown before dawn and traced the route the Entrada had taken in the past, starting at the cathedral and continuing past the Plaza toward the Rosario Chapel, where a sunrise Mass of peace and reconciliation would be held instead. The chapel was hidden by trees, and Pecos had trouble finding his way.

“You could only see the dim lights from inside the church,” he says. “It was very symbolic of where we started, where there was a glimmer of the spirit, but it could very easily be blown out, depending on how we engaged in making it brighter to guide us into the future.”

As Pecos stepped tentatively through the predawn darkness, he heard someone call his name. It was Paul Torres.

“He asked, ‘Are we going the right way?’” Pecos recalls. “And I said, ‘You know what, Mr. Chairman, let’s just walk a little further.’”

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

paw.princeton.edu
Dear Class of 2019

No “Old Nassau” at karaoke night

Welcome to your new life outside the cushy confines of Princeton’s campus. Post-graduation is an exciting and scary time — like Prom and Halloween mashed into one sexy, frightening life event.

But there’s no need to tremble, young graduates. The Princeton Alumni Weekly has asked me, a real-life Princeton alum, to dispense some advice on how you can transition from coddled Ivy Leaguer into a Normal, Functional Human Being.

Look, I might not be an expert on the lives of 22-year-olds. I do not “get” Snapchat. I cannot name a TikTok star. I do not know what “post-Malone” means. (Is it a Cheers thing?)

But I do consider myself a Princeton alum who has successfully moved beyond my Old Nassau days. My wallet is no longer filled with multicolored passes to Ivy; now it is filled with adult stuff, like loose Rolaids and a loyalty card for a smoothie shop that closed eight years ago.

And so, I’ve scrounged together 10 tips that will help you achieve escape velocity from Princeton and launch you into successful Adult Orbit.

If you follow all of my advice, you will find yourself thriving in the real world. And if you have questions about any of these tips, please: Do not contact me on Snapchat. I deleted it from my phone after about four minutes. I do not understand it.

Jason O. Gilbert ’09
Comedy writer and producer
The Daily Show With Trevor Noah

1. Drop all the Princeton stuff from your small talk

For starters, it is no longer acceptable to ask someone what eating club they were in. In the real world, an “eating club” sounds like a weird cannibal thing. If you’re looking for an easy conversation starter, ask about a non-controversial topic like Palestine.

2. No one wants to see your toes

This one is for the fellas. Guys: I know you love your flip-flops. You wore them to class, late meal, winter formals, whatever. But past a certain age (22), it is no longer acceptable to show your toes in public unless you are (1) at the beach or (2) have found work as an actor in a Tinactin commercial.

3. Go back, but not too often

It is fine to visit your younger friends and ex-lovers who remain Princeton undergraduates every once in a while. It is not fine to be there so often that the whole campus is wondering if you ever turned in your thesis.

4. Invest in glassware

When you move into your first apartment, you will have a strong temptation to buy a 500-pack of red Solo cups and no actual glasses. Do not do that. Literally every beverage on the planet tastes better when it is not coming out of a plastic cup. I know you are thinking, “But washing glasses takes so much time!” My friend, you have no children, no thesis to write, and no exams to study for. You can carve out three seconds to wash a water glass.

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7. Go back, but not too often

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2. Do not attempt to play beer pong at any drinking establishment

Setting up a drinking game is frowned upon at most bars and restaurants—even if you offer the maître d’a chance to take on the winner. Your favorite drinking game should only be played in two places: at your own home or at the home of a co-worker you dislike.

3. Learn to cook

Unless you work for one of those tech companies that try to mask the drudgery of labor with an on-site cafeteria, your days of casually ordering up a Philly cheesesteak whenever you want are over. Cooking is a skill you’ll use forever, or at least until that inevitable day in the future when we’re all subsisting on Amazon Nutrient Slurry™.

5. Keep reading

Sure, you’ve graduated and are no longer cramming 700 pages of *The History of Visigoth Stonemasonry* in one night in a desperate attempt not to fail *Art and Architecture of the Sixth-Century Pyrenees*. But find some books, magazines, and websites to enjoy. Reading! It’s not just something your professors assigned to punish you during a hangover.

6. Broaden your repertoire

If your work colleagues have a karaoke night, do not excitedly grab the microphone and sing an a capella rendition of “Old Nassau”: You will be passed up for that promotion.

9. Don’t be “that guy”

Certain young alumni have a tendency to shoehorn Princeton into every conversation. “So what kind of music do you listen to?” “Well, I got really into Imagine Dragons when I was at Princeton.” Don’t be that guy. (That goes for both bringing up Princeton and being into Imagine Dragons.)

10. Listen to alumni, but don’t let them control your life

The career network of Princeton alumni is incredible, and you shouldn’t hesitate to reach out for career advice to a (ahem) more mature alum who has your dream job. But don’t try to emulate anyone; be yourself. We know some things, but not everything. (But trust me about the flip-flops.)
When Princeton Opened Its Doors

A SPECIAL ANNIVERSARY

TIGERS AND PUSSYCATS
By Lisa Dorota Tebbe ’73

Lisa Dorota Tebbe ’73 held executive positions at IBM before attending Yale Divinity School in her 50s, and now works as a hospice chaplain in Connecticut.

I discovered how important women are — and will always be — in my life, and I learned how to thrive in a man’s world.

“Tigers and Pussycats,” “Kittens Ready to Invade Halls at Princeton,” “Minichicks Arrive at Princeton” — inane headlines with photos of me in newspapers worldwide. These bizarre reactions to my first day at Princeton confounded this naïve, excited, and enthusiastic 17-year-old from rural New Jersey. Never before had I been called a pussycat, kitten, or minichick (whatever that was).

As I stepped on campus, the reporters and photographers descended on all of the students, but the women attracted the most interest. At first, I found the frenzy fun and exciting. Eagerly I posed for pictures outside Pyne Hall, where I was delighted to share my basement-level double with June Fletcher, my childhood friend. The pictures were staged: In a photo of June and me carrying books and suitcases, which ran in the New York Daily News, the luggage was empty.

Greater absurdity soon ensued. Boys dropped through our ground-level basement window and raced through our room to get into the dorm. Within a few days, June was targeted because she had won the “Miss Bikini” beauty contest during the summer, and had painted her bicycle with tiger stripes. As a result of this publicity June and I were unusually visible and often shunned and avoided — even more than the other women seemed to be. The few dates I went on were strange, awkward, and painful. Male friends were few and far between. Was this really what life at Princeton University would be like?

Optimistically I started my classes and hoped that getting to know other students in academic environments would be more comfortable, more familiar. Surprises lay in store, however. In my 300-level German class of about 20 students, I was the only woman, and no one would sit next to me. Day after day, the
Members of the Class of 1973 march in the Pirade at their 10th reunion with their famous coeducation banner.
same situation made me more and more anxious, so I began coming late to class to ensure that I could sit next to someone. I realized that my neighbor (whoever he might be) wouldn’t speak to me, but at least I wouldn’t feel like a contagious freak in the middle of the classroom. To my disbelief, my math instructor called me at my dorm to ask me to join him on an out-of-town weekend. Did he really think that was why I was at the University?

Chemistry was invigorating and included afternoon labs in the Frick basement. Imagine my shock when I learned that there were no women’s bathrooms in the building. Women had to leave Frick, cross Washington Road, and enter Firestone Library to find a restroom. Several of my exams were returned with correct answers marked wrong, forcing me to approach the male grad student to request clarification. He would say, “Oh, you’re right. I’m so sorry,” as he changed my grade with a smirk on his face. A midterm exam was marked with an A and “Nice perfume!” Slowly I was stripped of my delusions that I was attending a coed school. Clearly Princeton was a man’s school with a handful of women attending.

As the early excitement and novelty wore off, life settled into a difficult and solitary routine. I retreated into books and academics with my favorite places being Firestone Library, Prospect Garden, the Chapel, and Pyne Hall, of course. Isolation and loneliness continued until the middle of sophomore year. Yes, it was a long time — but a time of tremendous growth and personal discovery.

Why did I stay at Princeton? you ask. Giving up and embracing failure was never an option. A core set of dear friends supported and encouraged me. I discovered how important women are — and will always be — in my life, and I learned how to thrive in a man’s world. I built the strength to be independent, to not judge myself by headlines and rumors, to know myself and protect myself.

Eventually, I found my place at Princeton, and I loved it. I loved it. My classmates, dear friends, professors, the campus, the opportunities, the learning, the precepts, the football games, Tower Club, Reunions, the magnolias, the challenges — I loved them all. I will be forever grateful to have had the opportunity to be part of this remarkable institution. I have even learned to treasure the difficult lessons, as tough as they were, of that first year. Now privileged to serve as our class secretary, I go back to Old Nassau all the time. Tears spill down my face at every P-rade as the Class of 1973 marches through our stunning campus carrying the banner “Coeducation Begins.”

Those early, difficult times at Princeton prepared me for the world I would enter upon graduation. I have lost count of how many times since Princeton I was the “first woman” this and the “first woman” that. No problem. As the saying goes: “Been there, done that.” In fact, I was proud and ready to be first. Being ignored by my classmates helped me find my voice, a voice that has served to speak up in the countless times I have been unfairly dismissed, disregarded, or disrespected since my freshman year. The times of solitude in the Chapel, at the library, in the gardens, reconnected me with a faith that has sustained and nourished me my entire life. After the initial agonizing trials at Princeton, I knew I could face just about anything and have the confidence that I would survive. Better than survive — this Tiger would succeed.

ONCE UPON A TIME IN NEW JERSEY

By Carol Obertubbesing ’73

Carol Obertubbesing ’73 earned a master’s degree in American studies at Boston College, had a career in public television and radio, and now serves as president of the Woodstock Folk Festival and on the leadership group of the Princeton Club of Chicago.

When I spoke in class, everyone turned around as if I were an exotic animal — partly because I was often the only woman there and partly because I had a “Jersey accent.”

Princeton has been the defining experience of my life, but it was never a clear path. Growing up in Union City, N.J., I was considered a “disadvantaged” student. However, in the summer of ’69, I was riding high: I had close friends, I was yearbook editor and class valedictorian, America had just put a man on the moon, people were coming together at an event called Woodstock, and I was going to be a pioneer in Princeton’s coeducation “experiment.”

On move-in day, activity was everywhere. Over the summer Pyne Hall had been renovated for the arriving “coeds.” Locks were installed on the doors; bathrooms had doors on toilet and shower stalls (men’s dorms did not); new furniture had been purchased; and kitchens and laundry facilities were installed (women cook and clean, right?). The locks were gone in a week or so, and by the time I graduated there were coed dorms. Many male students resented small dorm rooms turned into quads and all the fuss over women.

I remember crowds of people, cameras flashing, my first significant relationship, and a world completely different from any I had experienced. As the excitement wore off, insecurity took over. When I spoke in class, everyone turned around as if I were an exotic animal — partly because I was often the only woman there and partly because I had a “Jersey accent.” I stopped talking in class. I also did everything I could to get rid of my accent and to feel part of this new world. When I returned home, I was accused of “tawking funny” and “putting on airs.” Now I seemed to belong to neither world.

“Commons” dining hall was noisy and stark. The lack of residential colleges meant there was little social life for freshmen and sophomores. I tried to join the staff of The Daily Princetonian but was discouraged by my interviewer. Few sports were available to women; I tried tennis but couldn’t compete with those who had played for years. I’d come to Princeton in part because of the open-stacks library and started to spend more time at Firestone, but most of my classes required a book each week, so I struggled and lost my love of reading. (Later I read Love Story for pleasure; while it may not have been great literature, it did rekindle my love of reading.)
Had I become engaged in an extracurricular activity, I might have found more camaraderie, but instead I felt as if I didn’t belong. This crystallized later that year when a proctor would not let me return to Pyne Hall because he didn’t believe I — a woman — was a student.

When Nixon invaded Cambodia in April 1970, I joined UNDO, the Union for National Draft Opposition, and was energized by working with students in other classes and members of the community. Through UNDO I met Mike Epstein ’71, who later became my husband. A trip together while working for UNDO turned into 40 years of happiness and a lifelong love of folk music.

It was a heady but turbulent time. The Vietnam War, the civil-rights movement, and the beginning of the women’s and LGBTQ movements stirred emotions. Hope and despair could live side by side. For me it became a time of discovery through interdisciplinary courses and poetry and humanities classes such as “African Folktales,” “Film in American Culture,” and the first women’s studies course taught by Ann Douglas and Nancy Weiss Malkiel. I loved being a pioneer in both film and women’s studies, helping to establish the Women’s Center and writing my senior thesis on “Women in American Film from 1925–1950.” I embraced discovery and change; others found solace in the familiar. Divisions arose, but most of the time we could exchange ideas over a beer at the campus pub, brown rice at the Theatre Intime café, or a cup of Constant Comment tea or glass of Mateus rosé in our rooms.

My interdisciplinary studies became an integral part of how I look at the world. Connecting ideas and connecting people has been an important part of my life, from teaching Nathanael West’s book Miss Lonelyhearts with the film Grand Hotel, to building bridges among people and organizations in my outreach work at public radio and television, to teaching interdisciplinary humanities courses to senior citizens and strengthening community through music. As an alumna, I became active in regional associations, particularly the Princeton Club of Chicago. I helped to start its Women’s Network and organize a celebration of the 50th anniversary of undergraduate coeducation in Chicago last spring. One of my favorite experiences has been serving as a mentor for a Princeton Project 55 fellow. In a life of changes and moves, Princeton has been the one constant from 1969 to today.

Thus many of the people, places, and events of my freshman year helped shape my life. Prospect Garden, a favorite retreat, became our wedding site. Colonial Club, where we had danced to “Sympathy for the Devil,” hosted our wedding reception and Mike’s memorial service. I remember walking by the construction enclosure when Whig Hall was being repaired and seeing a painting of a smiling sun. It reminded me of a folk song used at Mass in those days: “And the morning will see the strolling sun, as he happily rises o’er the land, a messenger on his daily run giving news of a father’s guiding hand, so put away care, let freedom be yours, joy is everywhere.” I couldn’t help but smile as I saw that.

Princeton — its spirit of place and its people — has left an indelible mark on my life. They have helped me to find out who I am, have enriched my life in so many ways for 50 years, and continue to inspire me to live up to Princeton’s informal motto, “Princeton in the nation’s service and the service of humanity.”

When I was treated dismissively by my professors or classmates, I wondered, “Is it because I am black or because I am female?”

I was raining in September 1969 when my mother and I arrived on a train at Princeton Junction with several suitcases and my cello. It was the first year of coeducation at Princeton University, and I was a freshman.

We had already shipped a trunk, filled with pleated, wool skirts that my mother bought for me while I was in junior high school — she thought I would grow into them — and had painstakingly hemmed to a more fashionable length.

My mother had made sure that I met her cousin Inez, who lived in Trenton. I had never heard that we had any relatives in New Jersey until I decided to go to Princeton. I realized later that she was giving me an anchor, someone to contact if I ran into any problems. New Jersey was very far away from Illinois — if I needed immediate assistance, no one in Evanston could help me. After a couple of days of getting me settled, my mother made preparations to return to Evanston and leave her 16-year-old daughter alone. A black proctor reassured her: “We’ll look after her, ma’am.”

During those first few days, there were people everywhere: parents and grandparents with college students and their siblings carrying things in and out of dorms. All of the female students had been assigned to live in one dorm: Pyne Hall. My address was easy to remember: 123 Pyne Hall. I had never seen a dorm room before then, but I had my own bed, desk, and storage space. My roommate, a smiling brunette from upstate New York, seemed pleasant. I was ready to begin college and be on my own for the first time in my life.

Classes were held in two formats: lectures in huge lecture halls with resounding acoustics, and small groups called precepts, where students would try to outthink and debate each other. None of the main buildings had enough bathrooms for women — we were an afterthought, and Princeton was not really ready for us. It wasn’t even ready to give us the swim test — thank God. I was usually the only female and definitely the only black student in a precept. As a first-generation college student, many fields of study were foreign to me. I had never heard of philosophy, but I signed up for Philosophy 101. The preceptor marked my paper with a question: “What are you doing in college?” When I was treated dismissively by my professors or classmates, I wondered, “Is it because I am black or because I am female?”

I tried out for the Princeton University Orchestra, confident that I would make it. I had played cello since fourth grade and participated in many musical productions — my high school was known for its spring and summer musicals. I didn’t make the orchestra. “What do I do?” I asked the person who relayed the news. That person suggested joining the community orchestra, but I had no car. I took lessons from a professional musician but eventually stopped playing.

I had been a journalism student in high school, but I didn’t even try out for the Prince. I don’t remember why.

Being around so many unabashedly intellectual African Americans was a novelty to me. In high school, there were usually just two African American students in my honors classes: Harold and me. At Princeton, it was refreshing to sit and talk with (mostly male) black students from all across the United States, Africa, and the Caribbean. I didn’t feel a need to “dumb down” to be accepted, and my ideas were treated with respect.

All of the black people I met at Princeton seemed so much more mature than I was, and definitely more cool. Most of the African American women had Afros (if their hair was kinky enough to bush out), and no one was wearing wool, pleated skirts or plaid dresses. I realized that two pairs of jeans and many shirts would be sufficient. My mother had packed an electric straightening comb, but I had not used it — I had no practice straightening my hair whatsoever. When another black coed offered to cut my hair into an Afro, I jumped at the chance to not risk burning myself or my hair. Within two weeks of arriving on campus, I had an Afro.

At some point during those first days, a white coed invited me to go with her and her roommate to New York to be on the Cousin Brucie show. The show had a live audience, and when we arrived at the makeup room, the makeup people rushed to the other two women and left me sitting alone. During the taping, Brucie asked the other two women if they knew that they were going to get into Princeton when they applied, and they giggled “No.” He asked me the same question; I said “Yes,” and waited for him to ask why. From my high school journalism course, I knew that a follow-up question should be coming. Brucie said, “You did?” and turned to the other two young ladies. He never spoke to me again, even though staff members held up signs marked “Talk to Tonna.”

(The answer to the question never asked: In April 1969, the Princeton admission office contacted my public high school, then rated among the top 10 in the country, to ask if there were any black female students who could do the work at Princeton, as the University was looking for qualified prospects. My counselor informed them of my grades, extracurricular activities, and SAT and ACT scores. “Fine, we’ll admit her,” the admission person responded. “Just tell her to apply.”)

Here are some results of my experiences as a member of the first four-year class of women at Princeton:

I am not afraid to be a “first.” Or an “only.” I was one of the first women in an influx of women entering pastoral ministry in the early 1980s; we attended seminary in pursuit of pastoral degrees rather than religious-education degrees. I was one of the first women to be ordained an itinerant elder (minister) in the Second Episcopal District of the African Methodist Episcopal Church — and the only woman in my class of those pursuing ordination.

I am cautious but open when approaching new situations.
A September 1969 LIFE magazine photo shoot included this image of Lisa Halaby ’74, now Queen Noor of Jordan, meeting other Princeton students. She took a year’s leave from Princeton to study photography, work, and travel.
Things are not always as they appear at first glance. Sometimes, institutions are welcoming you because you fit a trend, not because you are really valued.

I am not impressed by education or wealth. Both are a result of opportunity and access. Neither indicates intelligence, integrity, or whether someone is an interesting person to know.

I am grateful for the opportunity to have been a pioneer at Princeton. Princeton prepared me to be comfortable in mostly male situations. This has been invaluable to me in seminary and church ministry. I gained a wealth of experiences that I could gain only there and found lasting friendships that I treasure to this day.

**COEDUCATION: ONE MAN’S VIEW**

*By Gil Serota ’73*

Instead of the social experience I had envisioned, weekends in 1969 and early 1970 felt like they must have been before coeducation.

The Princeton Class of 1973 made history as the first in 223 years to include freshman women. Sometimes I think people forget that there were male members of that class. There were 820 of us, compared to 101 women. Together, we were then the largest freshman class Princeton ever had.

At every P-rade for the last 40 years, our class has marched with female thread. I could not imagine it any other way.

The Princeton Class of 1973 was comprised of 820 male and 101 female students. Together, they had a tremendous impact on the fabric of our class, which is strongly interwoven with female thread. I could not imagine it any other way.
FIRED UP: Bill Baumbach ’75 ’87 took his first ceramics course at Princeton with Toshiko Takaezu while working toward his undergraduate degree in biochemistry. Before beginning his graduate studies in molecular biology, he spent a year as Takaezu’s apprentice. Baumbach has pursued science in parallel with art ever since. “To me, the thought processes used in science and art are very much alike,” he says. “Experimentation, creativity, and technical excellence are driving forces in both areas.”
In August 1969, more than 400,000 people descended upon a sprawling dairy farm in Bethel, N.Y., for a three-day festival of "peace and music" known as Woodstock. Dale Bell ’60 was one of them. The filmmaker was there to shoot and help produce what became the Academy Award-winning 1970 documentary Woodstock, a monumental, three-hour-plus ode to the music, people, events, sentiments, and spirit of the tumultuous 1960s. The film’s editors included Martin Scorsese and Thelma Schoonmaker. “We were anthropologists in addition to being lovers of music,” says Bell, who has had a long career in television and film. “We designated ourselves the storytellers of the 1960s.”

This fall, to commemorate the 50th anniversary of the music festival — whose organizers included Joel Rosenman ’63 — Bell will release his third book, Woodstock: Interviews and Recollections (Rare Bird Books), featuring essays by dozens of musicians and moviemakers. “It represents the Rashomon view of us as filmmakers: how we got there, what we did, how it informed the 1960s, how it informed filmmaking, and how we were a merry band of pranksters who assumed the ultimate responsibility of telling one of the ultimate stories of the 1960s.”

Bell has wanted to be a documentary filmmaker ever since he saw Kon-Tiki, the 1950 documentary that chronicled Norwegian explorer and filmmaker Thor Heyerdahl’s raft expedition from South America to Polynesia. “I wanted to be that person I saw on the screen,” says Bell, noting that he learned multiple languages to emulate the multilingual Heyerdahl. He even booked passage as a mess boy on a Norwegian freighter in the summer of 1957 “so I could get to Oslo to meet [him],” Bell says. He never made it to Oslo, but Bell would work with Heyerdahl 25 years later on the National Geographic special The Tigris Expedition: In Search of Our Beginnings. “I wanted to use the camera as a tool for telling stories about issues that related to social justice,” Bell says. “[At Princeton], I was a loner. I was an explorer. I wanted to learn what other people, besides those at Princeton, were about. It is why I set out in my summers of 1955, 1956, and 1957 as a hitchhiking hobo, an itinerant worker.”

This drive is what motivated Bell to make Woodstock. Along with his friends and colleagues, he’d been involved in...
the civil-rights movement, the protests against the Vietnam War, and the women’s movement.

“There was this incredible sense of social injustice that was permeating every one of our cores,” he says. “It was this sense of, ‘We are responsible for these young people, this generation. Could we shake up the world with this film?’”

Planning for the film project was minimal, Bell recalls. Until just weeks before the Woodstock Festival, crew members had been planning a concert at Columbia University to test out a new, high-tech editing machine that allowed them to film and splice together three different images — a novelty at the time and well-suited to concert footage. They suddenly realized: Why not just film Woodstock? “We came together in an instant,” Bell says.

With such last-minute preparations, he says, one of the biggest challenges was making sure the team had enough raw film to use; Kodak was shipping it to them one box at a time for the days leading up to and through the concert. Producers were negotiating footage rights with artists on the fly, backstage. But perhaps the greatest challenge came once all the filming was complete, Bell notes. “Warner Bros. wanted a 90-minute film out for the college crowd in December 1969,” he says. He and his team felt that cutting the footage down to that length and for that purpose would compromise its integrity. The team ended up taking back its sound tracks to ensure Warner Bros. couldn’t recut the film, as well as hiring a 24-hour armed guard to protect the negatives.

But Bell and his team were right. Not only did Woodstock win the Academy Award for best documentary, but it continues to resonate with audiences, just like the festival itself.

“It’s a metaphor about life — endurance, sticking together, camaraderie, looking out for each other, helping to feed each other, trusting each other, respecting each other,” Bell says. “Was this film the Magna Carta of the 1960s? Humbly, I vote yes. I didn’t know that we could do that, and I didn’t know that it could last. But it does. We need it now, politically. We need it now.”

◆ By Agatha Bordonaro ’04

NEW RELEASES

Residential architect Donald M. Rattner ’85 draws on psychological research to explain how architectural and design elements can boost productivity and creativity. My Creative Space: How to Design Your Home to Stimulate Ideas and Spark Innovation (Skyhorse Publishing) explains how shape, style, color, and light can inspire creativity.

In A Republic of Equals: A Manifesto for a Just Society (Princeton University Press), economist Jonathan Rothwell ’09 examines America’s income gap and attributes it to a lack of opportunities for lower-status groups and privileged access to markets and services reserved for elites — a system that disproportionately affects racial minorities. Rothwell offers new proposals for greater political and social equality.

In this nonfiction medical drama, Richard Preston ’83 introduces the heroes and heroines who risked their lives to save others in an Ebola outbreak. Crisis in the Red Zone: The Story of the Deadliest Ebola Outbreak in History, and of the Outbreaks to Come (Random House) is an account of the world’s response to the continent-jumping outbreak and a chilling reminder that it could happen again.

In Jay-Z: Made in America (St. Martin’s Press), professor Michael Eric Dyson ’93 draws from more than a decade of his teachings on the rapper. Dyson explores Jay-Z’s talents — from his lyrics to his penchant for weaving politics and social-justice themes into his music — arguing that he deserves a place among the great American poets.

In Misa Sugiuira ’91’s coming-of-age novel, This Time Will Be Different (HarperTeen), teenager Cj discovers a rewarding creative outlet working at her family’s flower shop. But when her mom considers selling the shop to people who defrauded her grandparents while they were in internment camps, Cj finds a greater purpose and fights to keep her family and community from falling apart.

Ross Kenneth Urken ’08’s Jamaican nanny Dezna Sanderson was a godsend, helping him navigate his dysfunctional family. Another Mother (Ian Randle Publishers) is her story, which Urken researched by traveling to Jamaica and developing a bond with her family and her homeland.

Father and son Philip Wexler ’72 and Michael Wexler ’92 explore the life and legacy of Rabbi Mendel Schneerson, the only rabbi ever awarded the Congressional Gold Medal. Social Vision: The Lubavitcher Rebbe’s Transformative Paradigm for the World (Crossroad/Herder & Herder) is an exploration of Schneerson’s social views, activism, and ideas for repairing society — ideas that are still relevant decades after his death.

Crying the News: A History of America’s Newsboys (Oxford University Press) tells a story of America with the news carrier at the epicenter of cultural, economic, and political highs and lows. Vincent DiGirolamo ’97’s book offers a new perspective on the young news merchants as individuals worthy of research, vital to the survival and well-being of their families and instrumental to the development of a free press.

◆

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September 11, 2019  PRINCETON ALUMNI WEEKLY  43
Q&A: CRAIG MAZIN ’92

A FORAY INTO TELEVISION LEADS TO A HIT SERIES

For Craig Mazin ’92, creating, producing, and writing Chernobyl — the gray-hued, meditative five-episode HBO-Sky series about a Soviet-era nuclear disaster — marked a professional departure. Mazin had written several comedy films, including two installments each of the film franchises Scary Movie and The Hangover. He spoke to PAW about Chernobyl, which is nominated for 19 Emmys, and how he came to write it.

What do you remember about the 1986 Chernobyl disaster?
I remember it in the context of the Challenger [space shuttle disaster] three months earlier. Instead of feeling like the Evil Empire screwed up, there was a sense of sympathy. For the first time, we were not thinking of the Soviets as future conscripts in the Cold War, but as people like us.

What we didn’t know, and what we know now, is why it occurred. I also didn’t know how heroically individual people behaved. Soviet communism didn’t work, but the communal spirit of Soviet citizens was very real. It was heartbreaking that people who really did care for one another were so failed by and abused by their own government.

Why did you decide to pursue this particular story?
I had been doing feature comedy from the start, and at some point you become a specialist. But eventually I had enough success that I was able to take some risks with my career.

I went down a rabbit hole researching Chernobyl around 2014. Around the same time, TV became far more flexible in format. I knew the story could not be told properly at movie length, but it also wasn’t right for an ongoing, 22-episode series. So I went to HBO. It wasn’t a huge commitment, so they told me to write the script and see how it looked. I told them the one thing I could assure them is that the plant blowing up would be the least interesting thing. And it worked.

As you dug deeper, what surprised you?
The fact that there was a resistance to truth from within the Soviet scientific community itself. Elements of the scientific establishment actively participated in a cover-up because the truth reflected poorly on them. When you lose science, you’re in real trouble.

It was a combination of hubris and arrogance, but it also stemmed from secrecy and the withholding of information. A safety culture had not been fully established. Under the Soviet system, there was an inability to do things right by the letter of the law, so everybody engaged in this strange collective fiction. That’s how you ended up with the reactor running for a few years even though it had never passed all the tests required to run it in the first place. You had to silently conspire to survive.
Many have commented on how accurate the granular visual details are. Our costume designers had teams of people rummaging through closets, and we got bolts of vintage cloth for suits. We had an adviser whose job was to make sure any military outfit was correct down to the medals and buttons. Some of the feedback we’ve gotten from people in the former Soviet Union is that it was weirdly nostalgic for them.

Some critics say the story can seem too “Hollywood.” I disagree with all of it. I don’t think we spent a lot of time on character — no one’s falling in love or dating. It’s about the kind of relationships when you’re in a foxhole together. The fact is, for the vast majority of people who have seen it, they understand our purpose was not to create a pure documentary, but to convey a story by drawing as heavily as possible from truth.

Did the public’s interest in the series surprise you? We thought people would like it, but we didn’t think it would be a popular hit in the U.S. It’s become HBO’s most-watched limited series since Band of Brothers — 12 million people have watched it so far, which for this kind of series is pretty crazy. It did well for Sky in the U.K., and it’s also done very well in India.

The show demonstrates how government lies can lead to disaster. The role of falsehoods in our politics is a consistent theme nowadays. Is that a coincidence? The inherent desire to turn away from truth to a more comforting narrative is not new. But this current convulsion is global. You see it in Brexit. It’s happening here, in Brazil, the Philippines, and France, so there is a sense that there is a global war on truth, and narratives are now being weaponized by everyone. I want people to realize the Soviet system didn’t drop from the sky. We have to guard against arranging ourselves in systems where we hurt one another, and really guard against systems that fear the truth.

Interview conducted and condensed by Louis Jacobson ’92

Regional Roundup

The PRINCETON ALUMNI ASSOCIATION FOR NANTUCKET ISLAND (PAANI) held its 50th consecutive gathering Aug. 8 at the home of Keith Roe ’68. According to PAANI president Andy Cowherd ’74, the 86 attendees included a wide range of Princetonians — from a member of the Class of 1949 to current undergrads. Cowherd is fond of billing PAANI as “Brigadoon: It appears for one night, and then it’s gone, into the mist.” But the group pays dues, interviews prospective students, and supports scholarships and internships. Cowherd says the group would welcome more members, especially those who may be vacationing on the island when the gathering occurs each year at the end of the first full week of August.

On International Woman’s Day, March 8, the PRINCETON ALUMNI ASSOCIATION OF SINGAPORE (PAAS) drew an audience of about 45 for its She Roars Singapore event, which featured panel discussions, a taped welcome message by U.S. Rep. Terri Sewell ’86, a screening of clips from the She Roars gathering on campus, and a discussion with Helena Eu ’74, the first Singaporean alumna. Robert Kraybill ’89, PAAS secretary, who spearheaded the effort, says the event united alumni “around a topic that would build connection back to the University and highlight the fantastic progress the University and its alumnae have made since the first days of coeducation.”

SUBMIT your regional group’s news to paw@princeton.edu

New Podcast at PAW Online

In popular culture, the car is seen as a symbol of freedom. But as legal historian SARAH SEO ’02 *16 writes, driving a car is also “the most policed aspect of everyday life.” Seo, the author of Policing the Open Road: How Cars Transformed American Freedom (Harvard University Press), discussed the automobile’s impact on law enforcement on PAWPcast, our monthly podcast series:

Constitutional questions The Fourth Amendment protects people and their houses, and papers, and effects. Effect is another word for a movable thing, and a car is obviously a movable thing. And so, under the common law, an officer needed a warrant to stop and search a car. But there was a problem: Cars were easily mobile. People could get in a car and drive off at any time they wanted to. This posed really huge obstacles for law enforcement.

So what did the Supreme Court do? They completely changed the common law. They said that an officer does not need a warrant to stop and search a car if the officer has reasonable or probable cause that there’s contraband inside. This is a huge transformation.

Legal leeway One unintended consequence is “driving while black.” The problem of racialized policing on the road that we see today is a product of this history. … When a police officer stops somebody for a minor traffic violation today, during that traffic stop, the Fourth Amendment starts allowing the officer to investigate further if the officer has a hunch or a suspicion that there might be more in the car. For minority drivers that often can result in a search of the entire car.

LISTEN to the full interview at paw.princeton.edu/podcasts

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Online Class Notes are password protected. To access, alumni must use their TigerNet ID and password. Click here to log in: http://paw.princeton.edu/class-notes
MEMORIALS

PAW posts a list of recent alumni deaths at paw.princeton.edu. Go to Reader Services on PAW’s home page and click on the link “Recent Alumni Deaths.” The list is updated with each new issue.

THE CLASS OF 1943

John H. Blake III ’43
Budge died Dec. 24, 2018, at home in Tres Pinos, Calif., after spending a happy day with friends and family. He was 97 years old.

Hailing from a hard-working farming family in Freehold, N.J., Budge prepared at Admiral Farragut Academy in Pine Beach, N.J., before coming to Princeton, where he majored in chemical engineering, rowed crew, and was on the wrestling team.

He left Princeton at the end of junior year to enlist in the Army, though he did later secure his Princeton degree. During World War II, Budge won a Bronze Star as an Air Force captain.

In 1945 Budge married Marilyn Morshead in Berkeley, Calif., and the two went on to have three children. They also adopted a nephew after Marilyn’s sister died.

Budge earned a master’s degree at Stanford in 1947 and a Ph.D. at the University of California in 1954. While in California Budge alternated between his interests in studying/teaching and farming from 1946 through 1954. In 1954 he finally accepted a job offer with the department of chemical engineering at the University of Colorado as a professor. After 10 years there, where he and his family fully enjoyed the vastness and natural beauty of the Colorado Rockies and the healthy lifestyle it afforded them, John accepted a job with a corporation back in California. The family bought and ran a historic farm for many years, bringing Budge back to his roots, working the land.

Marilyn predeceased Budge in 2016. He is survived by his children.

Glen H. Lathrop Jr. ’43
Glen died July 13, 2017, at his home in Webbers Falls, Okla. He was 95.

Born in South Pasadena, Calif., Glen attended South Pasadena High School, where he participated in boxing, student government, and debating. He graduated from Princeton in 1946.

Glen distinguished himself as a naval officer in the Pacific, Korea, and the Antarctic.

During the course of his service, he and those serving with him received Presidential and Secretary of the Navy citations. Glen earned a law degree from the University of San Francisco in 1952, but soon heard the Navy calling him back into service in the Antarctic. He finally retired from the Navy in 1973 due to a bout of stomach cancer. Fortunately, his treatment put the cancer into remission, but his legal aspirations were put on the shelf and he took up farming and ranching in Virginia, Oregon, Pennsylvania, and finally Oklahoma.

Glen married Nellie May Thomas April 28, 1944, and they spent 51 happy years together. After Nellie died Glen soon met and married Imogene Plunkett, with whom he enjoyed nearly 20 years of bliss. He regretted not having any children, but said he felt that he had “made peace” with his God. He was an active member of Gore United Methodist Church until his death.

Glen said about the impact of Princeton, “I reckon it made me a better man by far — and in turn I’ve tried to be of service to my fellow men and women.”

THE CLASS OF 1948

John B. Miner ’48 ’55
Jack was born July 20, 1926, in New York City. He died May 8, 2019, of natural causes in Eugene, Ore.

He graduated from Deerfield Academy. At Princeton he majored in psychology. He earned a master’s degree at Clark University, and then came back to Princeton and earned a Ph.D. in 1955. Jack was awarded a Bronze Star as an Army staff sergeant in Europe and in combat.

As a full professor at the University of Oregon and with visiting appointments at other universities, his lifelong career was as a teacher, researcher, author, and consultant on organizational development and behavior, management, and entrepreneurship. A fellow of the American Psychological Society and with a term as president of the American Academy of Management, he was active in and received numerous awards from these and other academic and professional organizations.

Jack had three marriages. The longest, for 46 years, was to Barbara, who survives him. Together they parented five children and stepchildren and 12 grandchildren. They all survive him.

Donald B. Reed ’48
Don was born in Bethel, Conn., in June 1915. He died a week before his 94th birthday in Lee’s Summit, Mo., a Kansas City suburb.

After Navy service, Don graduated Princeton with high honors in electrical engineering, earned an MBA at the Wharton School, then was on three years active duty with the 6th Fleet in the Mediterranean Sea.

His lifelong business career was in export power-plant sales (electrical turbines), first with Trane Corp. (office in Princeton), and then with De Laval Turbines, of La Crosse, Wis. There Don met and married Rita Jean Coburn. With his career with De Laval mostly in East Asia, Don and Rita and their daughter, Marti, who now lives in Sydney, Australia, lived for years in Singapore and then Hong Kong before retirement in 1990 to Lee’s Summit.

Their ardently pursued retirement pastimes included classical music in Kansas City and opera performances in Des Moines — and for Don, worldwide contacts via his ham radio antenna in the backyard.

Rita and Don’s marriage lasted approximately half a century until her death. They are survived by their daughter, Marti Travers; two grandchildren, Samantha and Daniel Travers; and Don’s sister, Norma Moulton.

THE CLASS OF 1949

John M.D. Hughes ’49
Jack died April 29, 2019, at an assisted-living facility in Easton, Md., near his home in St. Michaels. His wife of 32 years, Marilyn, died in 2002.

Jack is survived by his two children, Pamela and John Jr., and two grandchildren.

Jack was in the Navy from March 1943 until July 1945. Coming to Princeton at that time, he joined the Class of 1949 although he was two years older than many of us. He retained his NROTC status while on campus, majored in economics, and took his meals at Prospect.

After graduation, Jack worked briefly for Bristol-Myers, then joined the Lee Higginson firm on Wall Street as a trader in municipal bonds. In our 25th-reunion yearbook he said he “was still doing municipal-bond trading,” but now with Kidder Peabody. In 1969 Jack retired and he and Lyn moved to St. Michaels to enjoy volunteering, traveling, and sailing on their boat, which was named (appropriately enough) Tigerlily.

Jack and Lyn developed many good friends during their years together. To those friends,
and to their children and family, we offer our deepest sympathy.

**Richard B. Robinson ’49**

Dick died April 22, 2019, in his home at the Ocean Reef Club in Florida.

Dick, a Hill School graduate, joined us in 1946 after a year in the Army. At Princeton he majored in mechanical engineering, and belonged to ASME and Charter Club. In September 1948, he married Barbara, and they lived off campus for his junior and senior years.

After graduation he worked for a machine-tool firm in Cincinnati, then founded his own distributorship, Technical Equipment Sales, which he headed until retirement. He was active in the Princeton Alumni Association of Southern Ohio, the Cincinnati Nature Center, the Boys and Girls Club, the Stepping Stones Center, and the Commonwealth Club. His activities, both before and after retirement, were riding, sailing, golf, indoor badminton, and bridge.

He was predeceased by his wife of 45 years, Barbara; and by his second wife, Mary Lou. He is survived by his children, Pamela, Patricia, and Barbara; four grandchildren; five great-grandchildren; two step-grandchildren; and three step-grandchildren. His friends and family remember him affectionately, and we offer them our condolences and sympathy.

**Karl F. Schaepfer Jr. ’49**

Karl died March 30, 2019, after a long illness. He grew up in Milwaukee, Wis.

Karl enlisted in the Navy in 1945, majored in psychology at Princeton, and graduated from Temple Medical School in 1954. After a surgical residency, he completed a four-year residency in urology at Jackson Memorial Hospital in Miami.

Karl married Gloria Grush. They traveled to California and settled in Fullerton, where they raised four children. Karl maintained a urology practice in Anaheim for 45 years, with hospital privileges across Orange County. He was a member of the Orange County Urologic Society, and the California Medical Review Board and was chief of staff at Martin Luther King Jr. Hospital. He remained close lifelong friends.

He grew up in Milwaukee, Wis.

He was predeceased by his wife of 45 years, Barbara; and by his second wife, Mary Lou. He is survived by his children, Pamela, Patricia, and Barbara; four grandchildren; five great-grandchildren; two step-grandchildren; and three step-grandchildren. His friends and family remember him affectionately, and we offer them our condolences and sympathy.

**THE CLASS OF 1950**

**David K. Akers ’50**

Dave died March 19, 2019, at his F6 Ranch home in Kimble County, Texas, where he and his wife, Margaret, had lived since the mid-1950s.

He came to Princeton from University High School in Cleveland. He majored in economics and belonged to Colonial.

Following graduation he sought his fortune in the Texas oil fields. After three months as a drilling-rig roughneck, he was convinced there was a better way and came back east to Harvard Business School. After a two-year hitch as a Coast Guard PT boat commander, he worked in Houston for a short while, then moved to west Texas hill country to become a rancher and pecan grower. Dave met Margaret (Wellesley ’52) while he was at Harvard. They married in 1954 and raised their three children on the ranch.

Ranching did not restrict Dave’s dedication to service, as he was an active participant in the prison ministry Kairos, a participant in veterinary medical missions to Honduras for more than 20 years, and a school board member. An expert at barbecuing, Dave always kept the welcome mat out at the ranch.

Dave was predeceased by Margaret in June 2017. He is survived by their children, Carol ’81, Kenneth ’84, and Susan; six grandchildren; and brothers Robert ’48 and Bruce ’56.

**THE CLASS OF 1951**

**Richard E. Freeman ’51**

Dick was born Nov. 7, 1928, in Morristown, N.J., to Lewis and Claire Giblin Freeman. He came to us from Morristown High School. At Princeton he was a biology major and belonged to Campus Club. He roomed with Clem Darby, Bob Frey, and Lew Thompson, all of whom remained close lifelong friends.

In 1953 Dick and Virginia Fogel were married. His business career of 40 years was with Merck & Co.; he retired as director of chemical marketing operations in 1991. For many years the Freemans lived in Westfield, N.J., spending weekends and vacations at a family house in Vermont. In the later years they moved permanently to Dorset, Vt.

Dick died April 14, 2018, in Equinox Terrace, an assisted-living facility in Manchester Center, after a long struggle with Parkinson’s Disease. He was 87. He is survived by his wife, Virginia; their children, Lisa and Jonathan; and grandchildren Alexandra and Rebecca Freeman.

Memorial gifts in Dick’s memory may be made to the Southern Vermont Arts Center, 1930 SVAC Drive, Manchester VT 05254 or to the United Church of Dorset and East Rupert, P.O. Box 263, Dorset VT 05251, where his memorial service was held.

**James Hiller Hardie Jr. ’51**

Jim was born Dec. 1, 1929, in Pittsburgh, Pa., to James and Elizabeth Alcorn Hardie. His father was a member of the Class of 1925.

Jim grew up in Point Breeze, Philadelphia, and came to us from Shady Side Academy. At Princeton he majored in history, belonged to the Pre-Law Society, and was a member of Cap and Gown. He roomed with Bill Askin, Loyall Edge, Dave Lowrey, Bart Rea, and Keith Schnebly. He married Frances Curtis in 1953, earned a law degree from Harvard in 1954, and became an associate with Reed Smith, a major Pittsburgh law firm. He spent nearly five decades with Reed Smith, was a member of the executive committee, and specialized in securities law.

Jim died April 8, 2018, at home in Fox Chapel, Pa. He was 88. He was survived by his wife, Frances; their children J. Hiller, Janet Harley, Andrew, and Michael; 10 grandchildren; his brother Logan; half-brother Thomas Todd; and sister Elizabeth Forrest. He was predeceased by daughter Rachel Share. The family suggests that contributions in his memory be made to either the Pittsburgh Ballet, 3900 Liberty Ave., Pittsburgh PA 15224 or to the Audubon Society of Western Pennsylvania, 614 Dorseyville Road, Pittsburgh PA 15228.

**Richard Davidson Hargrave ’51**

Dick was born Nov. 30, 1928, to Thomas and Catherine Davidson Hargrave in Rochester, N.Y. His boyhood years were spent between Rochester and Canandaigua, one of the Finger Lakes.

A graduate of Phillips Exeter Academy, at Princeton Dick majored in mechanical engineering and was a member of Quadrangle. In 1953 he married Pamela Verster and served as a Navy pilot for almost four years. His varied business and engineering career culminated in the design and manufacturing of tennis rackets with classmate George Vaughn.

Died March 9, 2018, in Dunedin, Fla. At the time of his death, he was survived by his children Noeline Baruch, David Hargrave, and Gillian Hargrave; stepson Daniel McMillan; his first wife, Pamela Hargrave; second wife, Michaela Mahoney Hargrave; brother Tom ’46; sister Margaret Frame, who died Feb. 27, 2019; 11 grandchildren; and nephew Alexander Hargrave Jr. ’68. He was predeceased by his sister Jean Farnham; brother Alexander ’41; sister...
**Gardner Wiley Munro '51**

Chip was born May 9, 1929, to Dana and Margaret Wiley Munro. His father was the Tod Professor of Public Affairs at Princeton from 1939 to 1961.

Chip came to us from Deerfield. At Princeton he majored in history and was a member of Dial Lodge. He joined the Air Force in February 1951, earned a Princeton degree in 1952, married Corinne Cronin in 1954, and was discharged from the service in 1955. He earned a master’s degree from the Rutgers Graduate School of Social Work.

He headed an international adoption agency (ISS) in Seoul, South Korea, and then served refugee-relief services in Saigon, South Vietnam, before coming to the Council for Community Services in Rhode Island as associate and then executive director. He retired from the Rhode Island Department of Children, Youth and Families after 19 years as a clinical social-work supervisor in 2004. Chip did volunteer social work in Haiti, where years before his father had been a State Department special envoy.

Chip died Feb. 21, 2018. He is survived by his wife, Frances Racine Munro; his children, Robin Perez, Drew, Jennifer, Ralph, and Abigail Munro-Hulley and their families; and his sister Margaret Griffin. He was predeceased by his first wife, Corinne; and sister Carol Monas.

**James Mitchell Umstattd ’51**

Jim was born May 4, 1929, in Canton, Ohio, to William and Doris Bowman Umstattd. His father was the Tod Professor of Public Affairs at Princeton from 1939 to 1961.

Jim is survived by his wife, Betsy; their children, the Tod Professor of Public Affairs at Princeton from 1939 to 1961.

Jim traveled widely in his early post-Princeton years as a builder of important charities. Ed died April 16, 2019. He is survived by his wife, Priscilla; and their children, E. James III ’80, Elinor, and Abigail. The class extends sincere condolences to them all, with a salute to Ed for his exceptional service to our nation, military and diplomatic.

**Alexander Clinton Zambriskie Jr. ’52**

Sandy graduated from Groton. At Princeton he majored in history and joined Quad, the Student Christian Association, and the St. Paul’s Society. He roomed with Nick Clifford, Ledlie Laughlin, George Heyer, and Spencer Gordon.

He followed his father, Alexander Sr. ’20, and his two older brothers into the Episcopal ministry, and thereafter led a blessed life working with diverse groups in a range of churches with his wife, Margy, in Alaska, New Jersey, Puerto Rico, New York City, Pennsylvania, Salzburg, and Trieste.

After a year at New College, University of Edinburgh, Sandy studied at Virginia Theological Seminary and was ordained in 1956. In 1984 he earned a doctor of ministry degree from the Princeton Theological Seminary.

Sandy died March 4, 2019. He is survived by Margy and children Katrina, W. Tyler, Paul, J. Lane, and Sally. The class sends sympathies to them all with appreciation of our brother’s life of service to others.

**THE CLASS OF 1953**

**John Leslie Arrington Jr. ’53**

John was born Oct. 31, 1931, in Pawhuska, Okla., and died May 15, 2019, in Tulsa, Okla.

John prepared for Princeton at the Lawrenceville School. He was a member of Terrace Club, majored in the German section of the modern language department, and wrote his thesis on the “Emergence of Collective Spirit in Early German Romanticism.” He was elected to Phi Beta Kappa in his junior year and graduated summa cum laude. He went on to Harvard Law School, where he graduated magna cum laude in 1954. Following his initial years as a builder of important charities.

John joined the Air Force in February 1951, earned a Princeton degree in 1952, married Corinne Cronin in 1954, and was discharged from the service in 1955. He earned a master’s degree from the Rutgers Graduate School of Social Work.

**Edwin Parker Conquest ’53 ’67**

Ned was born in Richmond, Va. He came to Princeton from Episcopal High School in Alexandria, Va.

At Princeton, he majored in English, joined Cottage Club, played in the marching band, and was in Triangle shows in his junior and senior years. Selected as a Rhodes scholar, Ned earned a bachelor’s degree and a master’s degree in English literature at Oxford. He served in the Army as an artillery lieutenant with the Second Armored Division in Germany.

Returning to the United States, Ned went to Harvard Law School, where he was president of Lincoln’s Inn in his senior year. However, three years of legal work gave him “neither satisfaction nor enjoyment,” so he returned to Princeton to earn a Ph.D. and move on to a career teaching Victorian English literature at Georgetown University before retiring in 1974 to write stories, poems, and plays.

Ned traveled widely in his early post-graduation years and especially treasured the memory of 16 days spent in Lambarene, Gabon, West Africa, at Albert Schweitzer’s hospital. He was a member of many organizations, including the Metropolitan Club, the Cosmos Club, and the Bohemian Club.

Ned died May 28, 2019, in Richmond, Va. He is survived by his older brother, Dr. Henry Fairfax Conquest ’50.
Murray Smith ’54

Murray drafted his own obituary at the outset of his colorful essay in Lives of ’54, our 50th-reunion yearbook:

Murray Smith died May 12, 2019, at the age of 87.

After Princeton he attended Harvard Law School and served two years as a special agent in the Army Counterintelligence Corps.

During his 40-plus year business career in San Francisco, he was an attorney, management consultant, investment banker, and president of several companies.

He was a past president of the University Club of San Francisco and a member of the Olympic Club, the Guardsmen, the Jesters Club, and the Mechanics Institute.

Was twice the California state singles squash champion, a Pacific Coast veterans squash champion in singles and doubles, U.S. and Canadian veterans doubles finalist, and had three holes in ones. Earned Eagle Scout, Order of the Arrow, and was an FAA licensed pilot.

Murray loved: his children, his friends, this country, smart conversation, good books, American jazz, classical and country music, opera, impressionist painting, the Golden Gate Bridge, PacBell Park, Fenway Park, Wrigley Field, real marinis, petrale, tortellini, chicken livers, good maduros, doubles squash, Pebble Beach and The Lakeside, bridge, backgammon, California wine, California, Canada, Mexico, Italy, France, cold beer, hot weather, hot cars, and the world of finance.

Murray leaves his former wife and longest-time friend Jean, of Sebastopol; daughter Helen and grandson Jeffrey, of Santa Rosa; and son Sam, of Redding. There will be no visiting.

Contributions may be made to guardsmen.org.

THE CLASS OF 1955

Thomas D.R. Parr ’55

Tom, son of Henry A. Parr III, was born June 1, 1933, in Baltimore and died March 11, 2019. With wife Jenepher, they had four children, Amanda, Sophie (died in 1989 from childhood leukemia), Dudley, and Crawford.

His exciting Air Force life, too crowded to be more than outlined here, his Cold War service focusing on his work in the second-highest radar site in the world with all its ramifications and the concomitant oblivion in which the U.S. population lived, culminated in his final year in which he had a 100% mission-accomplished ratio.

Betrayal by a business associate left Tom angry. He turned to Christ and after 30 days was able to shed his hatred and forgive the individual, in the process learning that forgiveness is not an act of altruism, but a selfish necessity.

His storied engagement in the insurance business culminated in the agency of Maury Donnelly & Parr in Baltimore.

Tom lost his fascination for duck hunting when his dog Windy died. It was replaced by a catch-and-release program for Atlantic salmon.

Our late classmate Bob Russell introduced Tom to the Hospital for Consumptives, originally the oldest resource in the country for tubercular patients, where Tom served on the board.

Tom filled various roles in several Episcopal churches. The class sends condolences on the death of a man of many facets who will be sorely missed.

THE CLASS OF 1956

Gordon A. Millspaugh Jr. ’56

Sandy passed away peacefully Sept. 12, 2017, at home in Far Hills, N.J.

Born an only child in Bay Head, in a rambling Victorian on the Jersey Shore, he was raised by his parents, two spinster aunts, and an unruly retinue of beloved cousins. He attended Kent School before coming to Princeton, where he majored in history and was a member of Cap and Gown.

After graduation, he vacillated between joining the ministry or studying law, ultimately choosing law. He graduated from Harvard Law School in 1959, where he was a member of the Harvard Law Review. He then served two years in the New Jersey National Guard before settling in Bernardsville, N.J., to raise a family. Soon after, he lost an infant daughter, a tragedy that ultimately served to reinforce his lifelong faith and strengthen the spiritual bond he shared with his wife, Joan.

As a trust and estate lawyer, Sandy derived enormous satisfaction helping individuals and families manage life and legacy. He also devoted countless hours to charitable organizations related to education and the environment, serving on the boards of the Victoria Foundation of Newark and the New Jersey Conservation Foundation, among many others.

Sandy was known for his kindness, sense of humor, and generosity. He leaves behind his wife, Joan, of 58 years; three children, including Gordon ’87; and five grandchildren.

Jack D. Veatch ’56

Jack died June 4, 2019, in McLean, Va.

Born in Iowa, Jack spent his pre-Princeton years in Omaha, Neb. At Princeton he majored in English, was sports editor of The Daily Princetonian, and was a member of Cannon Club, serving as its social chairman.

Jack roomed with Toby Wise, Fritz Hollenberg, and Bill Susen.

Jack had a 41-year career in the property and casualty insurance business in Washington, D.C. He founded his own agency in the mid-1970s, which he sold in 1997, and then retired to residences in Virginia and Florida. He was president of the District of Columbia Insurance Agents Association in 1968 and voted its Member of the Year in 1971; he also served as national director of the National Association of Insurance Brokers.

In addition to his intelligence and good judgment, Jack possessed a special quality of warmth and good humor. He could tell a story about something that had occurred like no one else — never losing the kernel of actuality, but skillfully embellishing the tale to heighten the drama, the excitement, and the humor.

Jack is survived by his wife, Louise; daughter Marie-Louise Ferraras; sons Chris and Dan ’87 (a 1988 Olympic swimmer); and brother Jerry. He was a true friend and will be sorely missed by all.

THE CLASS OF 1960

James A. Aull IV ’60

The class lost a dedicated public servant in Jim on June 8, 2019.

The son of James III ’25, Jim came to us from The Hill School, where he was active in the Student Christian Association and was co-editor of The Hill News. At Princeton he majored in American history, joined Elm Club, became president of the Student Christian Association, and was a Chapel deacon. After sophomore year he joined a YMCA delegation to Russia in the first — and highly controlled — experiment in cultural exchange of the Cold War era. This began a lifelong involvement with the YMCA.

Jim earned a master of divinity degree at Chicago Theological Seminary and a master of arts in teaching at Northwestern. His career included teaching high school history, professional positions in the YMCA movement, and finally 26 years with Chicago Youth Centers, retiring in 2010. His early YMCA affiliation drew him into the civil-rights and social-justice movements that defined his career and shaped his goals and his efforts to make the world a better place.

He suffered from myeloma for 10 years and succumbed to congestive heart failure. He is survived by his two sons, Gino and James Bradley; granddaughter Rebecca; former wife Gayle; and his partner and spouse of 30 years, Jeffrey Smith.

THE CLASS OF 1962

Robert W. Hunt Jr. ’62

The class was saddened to learn of the death of Robert on March 23, 2019, of complications of pneumonia.
Bob came to us from Laguna Blanca School in Santa Barbara, Calif., where he played baseball and basketball. At Princeton Bob started with the Class of 1959 and played baseball. He left after two years to serve in the Marine Corps. During this time he met and married his wife, Nancy. Returning to Princeton, he became a member of our class and majored in philosophy. After graduation he earned a master’s degree in philosophy from UCLA and accepted a position at the University of Redlands, advancing to associate professor.

In 1977 Bob and Nancy moved to San Clemente and began a successful career as a husband-and-wife real-estate team. Through his years as a broker he also served the real-estate community as a director of both the California Association of Realtors and the National Association of Realtors and as an association president. He wrote a weekly column on real-estate issues and published texts on business and real-estate ethics.

Bob is survived by his wife of 60 years, Nancy; sons Trey, Scott, Matt, and George, and their wives; and several grandchildren. The class extends its condolences to all.

The class extends its condolences to all.

George T. Wofford III ’62

George died April 13, 2019, after a lengthy and courageous battle with Parkinson’s disease. George came to us from San Marino, Calif. At Princeton he majored in geological engineering, was president of the Geological Engineering Society his senior year, a member and president of Quadrangle Club, and vice chairman of the Interclub Council.

Following graduation, George earned an MBA from the University of Southern California and then embarked on an IT career, concurrently serving six years in the Army Reserves during the Vietnam War. He retired as the chief information officer and a senior vice president of the Federal Home Loan Bank of San Francisco.

He characterized the most important aspect of his life as coming into a personal relationship with Jesus Christ. He was very committed to his local church. He also enjoyed boar hunting, making apple cider, country music and cowboy bands, majored in architecture, and fine coffee.

The class extends its condolences to his wife, Nancy; daughters Elisabeth Busboom and her husband, Don, and Catherine Wofford; and her husband, Don, and Catherine Wofford; and grandchildren Torrey, Tucker, Samuel, and Ellie; brother Bill; and sister Carole.

Finley Meislahn ’64

Fin died unexpectedly March 13, 2019, in Middletown, Conn., from pneumonia related to recently diagnosed blood cancer.

He came to Princeton from Albany Academy. His father, Harry, was in the Class of 1927, and brother, Skip, was in the Class of 1960. Fin rowed on the heavyweight crew as stroke and captain senior year. He majored in psychology, ate at Ivy, and roomed over Blair Arch with Calhoun, Faux, and Shenk. In 1964 he rowed in the last Princeton Olympic trials crew.

Fin devoted his life to what he loved. He coached at Rutgers, Princeton, USC, Dartmouth, and Cornell. He revitalized the Princeton lightweight program and created the foundation for the unified boathouse for all programs that continues to this day. Boats in his name have graced our boathouse for 50 years.

As the successful head coach at Cornell, his crews won three national championships and competed at Henley. He was an Olympic coach in 1976 and 1980. More important, he retained close friendships with his former oarsmen.

A stroke in 1988 cut short a distinguished career, but Fin never lost interest; his fellow coaches elected him president of their association.

At Cornell, Fin met his wife, Nancy Hargrave Meislahn, who was director of undergraduate admissions and later vice president and dean of admissions and financial aid at Wesleyan.

The class extends its condolences to his wife, Nancy; daughters Elisabeth Busboom and her husband, Don, and Catherine Wofford; and her husband, Don, and grandchildren Torrey, Tucker, Samuel, and Ellie; brother Bill; and sister Carole.

To Nancy and Skip, the class extends its profound sympathies.

Leroy S. Zider III ’64

Roy died Feb. 18, 2016, surrounded by his family.

He came to Princeton from West Hempstead High School, where he was president of the student council and salutatorian. At Princeton Roy was known to many as “Herr Pi.” He majored in the electrical engineering-physics program. He lived and was social chair at Cannon Club his senior year. He liked to reminisce that “when the party was rocking, you could slide from the red bar to the green bar.”

After Princeton he worked at Grumman and Lockheed before graduating from Harvard Business School in 1970. He subsequently worked at Morgan Stanley, Boston Consulting Group, Iowa Beef Processors, and National Semiconductor. He was featured in both Forbes and The Wall Street Journal. In 1980 he started a general management-consulting business, with clients such as AT&T, Supercuts, and Syntex.

Late in his life, he spent his time reflecting and reading. His children remember many of his sayings fondly, including “Do it now,” “Excreta tauri cerebrum vincti,” and “You’re gonna miss me when I’m gone.” He is survived by Linda, the mother of his children; son Alex ’04, daughter Jackie ’06, and three grandchildren, whom he called his “pet human beings.”

The class extends its condolences to all.
MEMORIALS / PRINCETONIANS

THE CLASS OF 1967

David E. Weir '67

David died unexpectedly Jan. 30, 2019, in Christiansted, St. Croix, USVI.

Dane entered Princeton from Waynesboro, Pa., via Mercersburg Academy, where he graduated cum laude, was captain of the cross country team and co-captain of the track teams, and a member of the student council, Latin Club, Irving Society, and Varsity Club.

At Princeton he participated in freshman cross country, the Princeton Engineer magazine, the cross country, the Intercollegiate Bridge Club, and the Intercollegiate Bridge Team. In 1974 the American Contract Bridge League named him a Life Master. He roomed with Bob Serfass in 1903 Hall and wrote his thesis for dean of the school of engineering Howard Menand, graduating in industrial engineering. Dave had a four-year ROTC scholarship and was commissioned upon graduation, and he entered the Marines.

Dave was a platoon commander in the war in Southeast Asia and came home with a Bronze Star for heroism. He finished military service in 1973 as a captain after being an instructor at officer candidate schools in San Diego and Quantico.

In 1974 Dave began a 40-year actuary career, retiring in 2014. He married Maureen Claire Dower in May 1980 and was an active sailor with memberships in the Raritan Yacht Club and later the Great Oak Yacht Club of Chestertown, Md., often participating in the Marion to Bermuda yacht race. His hobbies included classical and jazz music, skiing, running, travel, and faithful attendance at Sunday Catholic Mass.

Dave is survived by his wife of 38 years, Maureen; daughters Cherie and Jennifer; sons David; four grandchildren; sisters Elaine; and brothers Michael and Kevin. The Class of ’67 is honored by this faithful, decent man.

THE CLASS OF 1988

Andrea E. Hall Adebowale '88

Andrea, a four-year breast cancer survivor, died Nov. 8, 2018, after a valiant battle with lung disease. She was a product of the Newark, N.J., Public School System, graduating from University High School in 1984.

At Princeton she majored in civil engineering and lived in Forbes College her freshman and sophomore years. She was a member of the Society of Black Engineers, serving in a variety of capacities including president. She participated in the Gospel Choir and was an active member of the Third World Center.

After Princeton she began her lifelong employment with the City of Newark. She was the first female African American engineer assigned to the Department of Engineering, Division of Water Supply. She worked her way up the ranks to become the Director of the Newark Department of Water and Sewer Utilities in 2014.

Andrea had been involved in a number of civic and community groups, including the Girl Scouts, the Order of the Eastern Star, and the East Orange Rams Football Association. She was known for her big heart, beautiful smile, dedication, toughness, and compassion.

She is survived by her husband, Akinwumi; her children, Ambrye, Akin, and Aaron; her stepchildren, Adejoke and Adeyinka; her grandson, Jeremiah, her mother, Bertha; and brothers Eddie and Stewart.
Classifieds

For Rent

Europe

Paris, Left Bank: Elegant apartment off Seine in 6th. Short walk to Louvre, Notre Dame. 609-924-7520. 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, 312-473-9472.

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. 678-322-8444. triff@mindspring.com

Italy/Todi: Luxury rental 8BR, 7,3BA villa, amazing views, infinity pool, olives, lavender, grapes, vegetable garden, housekeeper, A/C, Wi-Fi. Discount — Princetonians. Photos/ prices/availability: MarilynGasperini@aol.com, p’11.

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


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

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

Paris, Marais: stunning, quiet, luminous very large one-bedroom on the 3rd floor of a 17th-c. building, elevator, fully-equipped kitchen/dining room, beautifully furnished. bbaudez@princeton.edu

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.56paris.com/for-rent

Paris near Louvre, Opéra, Ritz Hôtel. Family managed. Sleeps two, terms depend on season, 6 night minimum. apower78@icloud.com, 831-321-7155, w’49.

Umbria, Italy: Stunning, spacious countryside villa, olive groves, fabulous views. Sleeps 4-12, pool. Next to castle, golf course, cashmere shops. +44 7894420299; barbarasteino@gmail.com, www.umbriaholidayvilla.com ’60–98.

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

Riviera. France/Italy border. Romantic 3BR garden flat with breathtaking Mediterranean views. www.ilvalico.eu

The Silveroom Club is opening its subscriptions for the 2019-2020 season. As boutique travel club we offer our members luxury apartments, townhouses and villas in London, Rome, Tuscany and Scotland. www.silveroom.com

Africa

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

United States Northeast

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

Stone Harbor, NJ: Houses ½ block from beach, sleep 10 each. Great for families, reunions, weddings. VRBO.com/7627382, 7652290. Bayberry10501@optimum.net, 609-258-4886

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

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A Thousand Words A Year

By Elyse Graham ’07

Princeton sits on the coastal plain of New Jersey, a thick layer of sediments that overlays deeper layers of sedimentary and metamorphic rocks: gneiss, shale, silicate, slate. The coastal plain used to be a mountain range that eroded on both sides, leaving behind the Palisades mountains and rich sedimentary soils mingling with glacial soils and tills. The soils are responsible for the lovely agricultural areas around Princeton, the oak-and-maple forests and grassy farmlands that hold the town in a leafy embrace. Geology is destiny.

In 1935, Clara Mabel Rice, a secretary in the University's Department of Geology, completed a dictionary of geological terms, the first such dictionary to be published. The book, which was published the same year, contained some 15,000 terms, the product of 15 years of toil. (PAW was unable to find an image of Rice.)

The project began in 1920, when Rice asked Professor Gilbert Van Ingen where she might find a dictionary of geological terms. “There ain’t no such animal,” he replied. She promptly undertook to create one, canvassing colleagues and students for words, jotting them on index cards, hunting down meanings, and classifying the notes into branches of knowledge such as economic geology, evolution, general geology, glacial geology, paleontology (vertebrate and invertebrate), petrology, physiography, mineralogy, stratigraphy, and structural geology. She checked the words and definitions with experts; when experts disagreed, she included every variant. Her immense card index became the wonder of Guyot Hall, growing at an average rate of 1,000 words a year.

Today’s readers of C.M. Rice’s Dictionary of Geological Terms may note how many terms are outdated, making the book a memory bank of an earlier era in geology. Such terms include dander (slag); dam shale (oil shale); dead ground (unproductive rock in a mine); lob of gold (a small accumulation of gold); loop (a fault); lie (for a mine to be idle); lizard stone (speckled green-black rock); Lydian stone (jasper); Maggie blaes (low-quality ironstone); mountain milk (CaCO₃, the basis of limestone); mountain butter (alunogen); mountain soap (waxy halloysite); rhums (bituminous shale); wandering coal (a meandering coal seam); whin (hard rock); and whin dike (a dike made of igneous rock).

Rice died in 1961 while spending her retirement with her sisters. Her card index was lost somewhere over the years. So were many of the words, which, missing now from Guyot Hall, abide in her dictionary as a lost way of talking about the earth sciences: playful, lyrical, as human in scale as milk or butter or soap. The lexicographical summit of her book eroded as old words gave way to new words embodying new models, new fields, new perspectives. Mountains rise and fall in universities as in nature — though their buried influence often helps new growth to bloom. ◆
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