

**COLLEGE  
RANKINGS**

**MARTY JOHNSON '81,  
LOCAL HERO**

**SEXUAL-MISCONDUCT  
POLICIES CHANGED**

# PRINCETON ALUMNI WEEKLY



## RACE AND PRIVILEGE

**Lawrence Otis Graham '83:  
How affluence and status  
couldn't shield his family  
from bigotry**

OCTOBER 8, 2014  
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*Ford Family Director of Athletics, Mollie Marcoux '91, with team captains after the annual PVC Frosh Soph Welcome Barbeque.*

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An editorially independent magazine by alumni for alumni since 1900



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**Sparking Quipfire!**  
In a new episode of PAW Tracks, three alumni tell the story of the improv troupe's origins.



**Meet the Class of '18**  
View a slide show of this year's freshman class at the annual Pre-rade in September.



**Race in the Ivies**  
Rana Campbell '13 discusses what she learned from reporting on the experiences of black students.



**Monday Sports**  
Read about the weekend's big games and standout athletes every Monday at PAW Online.



**Boots on the Ground**  
Columnist Gregg Lange '70 marches through the history of ROTC at Princeton.

Top: Denise Applegate/Office of Communications; from left: Quipfire; Kathryn Moore '15; courtesy Rana Campbell '13; Beverly Schaefer; Eric α Brac



# Opening Exercises: Meaning in Life—and at Princeton

*This year's Pre-read selection, Susan Wolf's Meaning in Life and Why It Matters, inspired my Opening Exercises address on September 7. I encouraged our freshmen to engage deeply with the remarkable people they will encounter at Princeton, and to wrestle with questions about what makes life meaningful. Here is what I told the Class of 2018. —C.L.E.*

Opening Exercises is, for me and for my colleagues here at the front of the chapel, one of our favorite times of the year. It is a time of new beginnings, of excitement about what is to come. For those of us who teach at this University, each September feels like the beginning of a new chapter in a marvelous story.

And, if you are anything like the generations of Princeton students — myself included — who have come to live and study on this campus in the past, today feels like the beginning not just of a new chapter, but of an entirely new book. And what a beginning! Swirled in pageantry, with drums and choirs and bright flags in this thrilling hall of stained glass and soaring archways that we call a chapel but that looks much more like a cathedral. Or a castle. Or Hogwarts.

Admit it: Many of you are thinking that this chapel looks a little bit like Hogwarts. Great vaulted stone ceilings, professors in flowing robes, students with special talents gathered from all over the world, each assigned by some mysterious method to one of the residential colleges — you have seen this before! You feel like you are at the outset not just of any story, but of an adventure — *your* adventure, your own version, perhaps, of *Harry Potter and the Sorcerer's Stone*.

And if that is what you are feeling, you are right, because there is magic in this place. The magic, though, is not in sorting hats or flying brooms, but in the people in this chapel alongside you. Right around you now are the characters, the *dramatis personae*, of the story that you will help to create during your time on this campus. Inside this chapel are some of the best friends whom you will ever meet in your life — and there are people who will challenge you, some who will frustrate you, many who will stimulate and provoke you.

Some of these people — these characters, if you will, in your story at Princeton — you have encountered already, though you may not yet know how important they will become in your lives. Others remain to be discovered in later chapters — the sophomore chapter, perhaps, or the senior chapter, or even the alumni chapter, which is a very long chapter (or maybe even a sequel). That sense of imminent discovery is, of course, part of what makes new beginnings so intriguing, so delightful — and, to invoke the idea that Susan Wolf explores in the book that you have read — so *meaningful*.

For generations — indeed, quite literally, for centuries — Princeton students have treasured their time on this campus. They have experienced their lives here as rich with meaning in the way that Professor Wolf describes. While you are here, you will have extraordinary opportunities to do what you love and to explore passions new and old — passions for ideas, for the arts, for service, for athletic competition, for spiritual growth, for what matters most to you. And you will have the strong sense that what you are doing genuinely matters, if for no other reason than that it is preparing you for responsibilities and vocations yet to come, even if you do not know what those responsibilities and vocations will be.

In that way, the unknown, the sense of possibility and mystery that comes at the beginning of a story, can make it easy to feel — without really thinking about it — that life is meaningful. You don't have to know what kind of life is genuinely valuable; all you have to know is that there is some life that is valuable, and that you need to prepare for the unknown challenges that will stand in the way of it, whatever it turns out to be — just as Harry Potter had to prepare for dragons and evil wizards without knowing exactly what he was destined to do or become.

At one point in her book, Professor Wolf seems to suggest that this sort of unreflective meaning might be ideal. She quotes the late philosopher Bernard Williams, who wrote that “the question of life's being desirable ... ‘gets by far its best answer by never being asked at all.’” Though I admire her book greatly — which is, after all, why I asked you to read it! — I disagree with this particular suggestion.

There is something about the human condition that causes us, even when we are happy, to question whether we are living the lives that we are meant to live, to wonder whether there are better uses for our time on this earth. When that question agitates us, when it disrupts our complacency and our pleasure, we should not bemoan but rather welcome it. For that whispering of conscience, that desire to make the best of ourselves and our world, is part of what gives humanity its dignity.

I hope that you will take advantage of the unique opportunity that this University gives you to ask what will make your own life meaningful, not just during your



DENISE APLEWHITE

Addressing the freshman class in the University Chapel.



time on this campus but in the decades that lie ahead. One of the things that you will discover as your own Princeton story unfolds is that you are surrounded here by an extraordinary collection of people with remarkable perspectives to share. Over dinner, on the path to class, or in late-night conversations, they will offer insights and pose questions that will linger for a lifetime. Rarely, if ever, will you find yourself immersed in an environment with so many resources for exploring life's largest questions.

Professor Wolf says at another point in her book — in a passage that I very much agree with — that our desire to be engaged in projects of independent value is “related to our social natures,” and, more specifically, with our desire to be working in concert with, and to be valued by, others. All of us are for that reason partly a reflection of the communities that we inhabit. And today you enter a quite extraordinary community. If you allow it to do so, if you seek out the broadest and most demanding range of contacts, the Princeton community will raise your sights, inspire you to expect more of yourself, and deepen your reservoirs of understanding.

This University has dazzling architecture, beautiful landscaping, awesome traditions, glittering credentials, unsurpassed resources for learning, and occasional resemblances to Hogwarts. Yet, Princeton's soul resides not in its beauty or its splendid facilities but in its people, and the unique character of this University depends ultimately upon the intimacy and the inspiration of the human touch. The experiences you have here will depend on whom you get to know — and that observation applies not only to your classmates, but also to your teachers.

At last June's Commencement exercises, I told the graduating seniors that teaching is a personal art. I said that the teachers who mattered in their lives did so partly because they took the time, and made the effort, to know them personally. That, I will wager, is true of the teachers who have mattered in your lives, too. And it will be true of the teachers who matter most to you here.

I often ask Princeton alumni to tell me about the teachers who made a difference in their lives when they were students here on this campus. None of them talk to me about great teachers who never knew their names. They talk to me about the teachers whom they knew personally.

You have come to a university that is small enough, personal enough, and that cares enough about teaching that you can get to know the extraordinary people who will teach you. That is an exceptional opportunity. But it only matters, of course, if you really do get to know them.

Part of that is our responsibility — my responsibility, in other words, and the responsibility of my colleagues on the faculty who will teach you here. But part of it, a big part of it, is your responsibility. You will need to make an effort to get to know us.

It is traditional, in speeches of this kind, for presidents to give advice to incoming freshmen. It is also traditional for freshmen to ignore the advice that presidents give them. I will accordingly keep my advice simple. Get to know your professors! Talk to them after class. Go to their office hours. Invite them to lunch.

Taking this advice probably goes against your instincts. It will require some courage. We professors imagine ourselves to be youthful, hip, stylish, and ever so approachable. You know better. You see us — or most of us, anyway — as unfathomably ancient, occasionally eccentric, and at least mildly intimidating. You may be right. But even if most of us on the faculty are neither quite so young nor so affable as we like to think, we care deeply about teaching and about you, our students. If you make the effort to get to know your professors, your Princeton adventure — and the years that follow it — will be more rewarding, and more meaningful, as a result.

So get to know your professors. And, more generally, get to know the people around you. Reach out as broadly as you

can during your time on this campus. Meet people. Engage in conversations. Get to know the characters who accompany you on your Princeton adventure — not just the obvious comrades, but the ones who seem different, or puzzling, or even slightly strange. You've all read enough novels to know that characters who at first appear insignificant, or uninteresting, or unsympathetic may turn out to be quite wonderful. Learn what the people

around you have to teach you, because I will guarantee you this: Everyone around you here has something to teach you — and, likewise, each of you has something to teach us.

That is one of many reasons why all of us on this campus feel both fortunate and excited to welcome you and your families to this special community. We look forward to the fresh infusion of energy, insight, and commitment that you bring to Old Nassau. We will cheer with enthusiasm, pride, and sheer joy as you formally begin your Princeton adventure a few minutes from now by walking into campus through the FitzRandolph Gate. For you are today, and forever you shall be, Princeton University's GREAT CLASS OF 2018! Welcome to Princeton!




New Wilson College residents enjoy a moment together prior to Opening Exercises.





AN EMAIL NEWSLETTER FROM THE **PRINCETON ALUMNI WEEKLY**

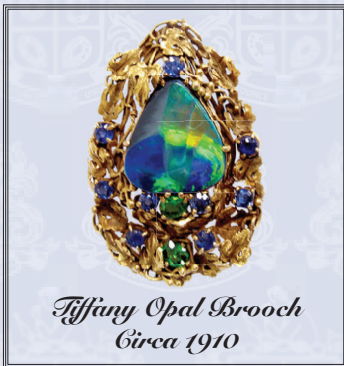
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# Inbox

## DEFINING EVOLUTION

After PAW's fine article on Peter and Rosemary Grant ("The People Who Saw Evolution," cover story, April 23), I was surprised that the only follow-up was a long, critical letter from Brian Solik '84 (Inbox, July 9). Mr. Solik trots out familiar creationist talking points about evolution. He brushes aside the work of the Grants because, in a few decades, they did not witness speciation — a process that typically takes millions of years.

### The bottom line is that creationism ... is rebutted by mountains of evidence.

Mr. Solik dismisses the Grants' observations as mere "microevolution." That's a term co-opted by creationists in an attempt to give their worldview credibility, given the fact of documented, real-time evolutionary changes — such as bacterial resistance to antibiotics, insect adaptation to pesticides, and, yes, the changes in the beak structures of the finches witnessed by the Grants in the Galápagos Islands.

But this so-called distinction between "micro" and "macro" evolution is widely discredited. As noted by Niles Eldredge, one of the nation's leading paleontologists, in *The Triumph of Evolution and the Failure of Creationism*: "There is utter continuity in evolutionary processes from the smallest scales (microevolution) up through the largest

scales (macroevolution)."

The bottom line is that creationism — the belief that God created all species in their current forms, as described in the Bible — is rebutted by mountains of evidence. It has virtually no support in the academic and scientific world. That PAW would publish Mr. Solik's letter as the last word on the topic — with no rebuttal by the Grants or anyone from Princeton's distinguished Department of Ecology and Evolutionary Biology — is disappointing.

**Greg Schwed '73**  
New York, N.Y.

I must take issue with Brian Solik's definition of evolution in his letter. Mr. Solik quotes a correct "typical definition from a PBS website," but as he states, that is a definition not of evolution but of "the evolutionary process of speciation." The process of speciation is an example of an evolutionary process. It is not a synonym of evolution. In biology, evolution, derived from the Latin verb *evolvere*, to unroll or unfold, is defined in dictionaries and standard textbooks as, for example, "change in the properties of groups of organisms over the course of generations" and "passed via the genetic material from one generation to the next" (quotations from the excellent textbook *Evolution* by Douglas J. Futuyma of the State University of New York at Stony Brook).

Not unexpectedly, Joel Achenbach '82, in his accurate PAW article, and the scientists Peter and Rosemary

## FROM PAW'S PAGES: 04/23/48

### SPORTS NEWS

Dear Sir:

AT the New Orleans meeting the subject of the *Weekly's* athletic news coverage came up with a dull thud.

Our esteemed editor, Ernest Stewart, believes that the alumni have risen above any interest whether Princeton wins or loses a Big Three Championship. We are now avidly interested in the antics of the Liberal Union and bigger things—atomic warfare and vital world issues. Witness the flood of letters to the editor on such subjects.

Mr. Stewart professes to follow the pseudo-scientific polling line. Letters on sports are falling off. Ergo, why soil the pages of his illustrious commentary with more than two pages of perfunctory sports reporting. Nobody wants to know the names of the men on Princeton's teams, except an occasional rabid moron like the writer.

The editor's typical Princetonian daintily turns the two sports pages with a scented hanky pressed to his patrician proboscis. Maybe a few hearty souls who still think a sound mind and a healthy body are important, will cover his desk with letters pointing the way to a bare mention of some of Princeton's all too few victories and the men, not only the stars, who make them.

WRITE NOW, RIGHT NOW!

Lake Success, L.I. CHARLES A. POWERS '38

Grant correctly use the term evolution. Mr. Solik points out correctly that the Grants study what is "sometimes called microevolution." However, microevolution is one kind or aspect of evolution. Mr. Solik states falsely, perhaps inadvertently, that it "is not evolution at all." Everyone is familiar with microevolution because that term encompasses the genetic changes that we inherit from our grandparents and parents. As Futuyma put it succinctly, "Biological evolution may be slight or substantial: It embraces everything from slight changes in the proportions of a gene within a population to the alterations that led from the earliest organism to dinosaurs, bees, oaks, and humans." From their "natural laboratory" at Daphne Island, the Grants have significantly advanced understanding of how microevolution occurs and its broader impacts on populations and species.

**Alan J. Kohn '53**

**Professor emeritus of biology**  
**University of Washington**  
**Seattle, Wash.**

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Darcey Steinke





**THE POWER OF ONE**



All Princeton alumni should read the letter from the leadership of Princeton AlumniCorps (<http://blog.alumnicorps.org/2014/06/20/john-fish-55/>) and the accompanying book of tributes to John Fish '55, who died in June. The tributes celebrate John's life of commitment to the public interest, his work with society's "poor, marginalized, and oppressed," and his belief "in the power of people from different generations and walks of life coming together to create communities where all can thrive." He lived as he believed, transforming the overused, almost meaningless cliché — "Princeton in the Nation's Service" — into a lifetime of advocacy and action. Most of us, despite best intentions, do little more than "talk the talk"; John "walked the walk."

John Fish believed that students and graduates could make a substantial impact on the lives and aspirations

of those less fortunate. Perhaps more importantly, his example created for those students and graduates a touchstone through which each could appreciate how, individually, they could influence both their own sense of personal value and the well-being of the larger world.

As we grow older, each of us inevitably spends some time wondering whether our brief presence on Earth really had any impact and value on those around us. Read the memorials and appreciate the power of one to influence both individuals and all humankind. If all Princetonians could aspire to the example — perceived and lived — of John Fish, we would move forward with a fuller vision of our own self-worth and toward a better world community.

**Markley H. Boyer '55**  
*Glenmoore, Pa.*

**FOOTBALL STANDOUT**

The late great Jack Davison '51, remembered in PAW (Memorials, June 4) as a mere defensive back? I beg vehemently to differ! Jack was one of the

superlative running backs in Princeton history. I once saw him score four touchdowns, as I recall, in a single game vs. Harvard, running through the enemy lines like Moses parting the Red Sea.

I never did meet him, but I met his wife on his graduation day as I was handing out programs (she needed an extra copy). "It's OK, I'm Jack's wife," she said blithely, confident that I wouldn't squeal to the deans about Jack being illegally married for nearly two months. (In our era, marriage before graduation was a no-no, making you subject to immediate dismissal.)

Please rectify the record for a great athlete.


**Paul Hertelendy '53**  
*Berkeley, Calif.*

**SHORT END OF THE STICK**


Students of Asian descent at Princeton (and elsewhere in the United States) seem to get the short end of the stick on campus, as highlighted by two articles in the June 4 issue. With respect to the racial composition of the school ("Undergraduate Yield Up, Grad Yield Down"), Asians are touted by school administrators as "minorities" in order to add to the diversity count of the class. Yet it is also well known that administrators place a higher bar for Asian students in admission to college, where they have to outperform not only their minority peers on entrance examinations (by large margins) but also whites (as highlighted by the research of sociology professor Thomas Espenshade '72) to have the same chance of admission.

And on campus, even though the largest single racial minority group is Asians, discussions about race, discrimination, stereotypes, etc. never seem to include them ("Student Dispatch: Encounters With Racism, Captured on a Whiteboard"); yet there are many negative prejudices that the group has to deal with. Too bad the whiteboard campaign did not include an Asian student holding a sign proclaiming: "I am not a boring, math geek with tiger parents" or "I get the downsides but not the upsides of being a minority."


**Kai L. Chan '08**  
*Dubai, United Arab Emirates*



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**NO MERE PR PROBLEM**

In your article, you reduce the crisis of humanities to a PR problem (“Notes on a Crisis,” feature, July 9). I couldn’t disagree more.

Not a humanities scholar myself, rather a scientist with many years of interest in philosophy and religion, I would venture to say that humanities and philosophy have not contributed anything of value for the last hundred years. One could say these fields of human endeavor have rather been administered, but not been creative with any major new ideas. My argument goes like this:

The last major contribution to a worldwide social and moral impact from philosophy came from the Vienna Circle of neo-positivists about 1930. Their contribution, disregarding all the major contributions of these great men and only regarding ethical values, could be summarized in the words of Victor Kraft as follows: The norms of morality are derived from the aims of all people to satisfy their carnal desires.

After 1938 and Hitler’s usurpation of Austria, these people were dispersed all over the world and their ideas with them. From then on and with the rise of capitalism and the natural sciences, these values still dominate worldwide.

The humanities including philosophy not only are in a crisis, but they have become almost obsolete with respect to the paradigms of a larger part of humanity. Religious ideas have taken over and will do so in the future. New religious paradigms will determine the future of humanity.

**Franz Moser ’51**  
*Hart bei Graz, Austria*

**RECALLING PAUL SIGMUND**

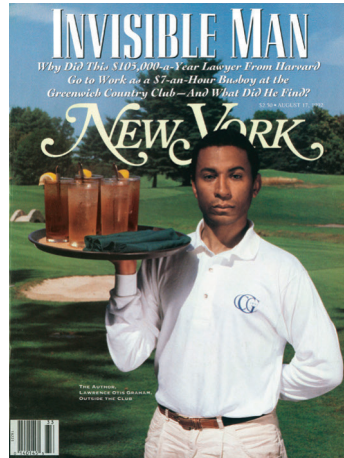
I noted in the June 4 On the Campus section that Paul Sigmund has died.

Professor Sigmund was my thesis adviser. I think he pretty much got stuck with me; he was the politics department’s expert on Latin America, and my thesis was on a gubernatorial election in Puerto Rico, where I had grown up.

He helped me get a summer research grant so I could sit at the Library of Congress after junior year; he held the hand of that very callow youth and finally

**FROM THE EDITOR**

**Living While Black**



Lawrence Otis Graham ’83 shot into the national spotlight in 1992, when he appeared on the cover of *New York* magazine dressed in the workers’ uniform of a country club known to have no black or Jewish members, one hand hoisting a tray of drinks to be served, the other tucked neatly behind his back. He was a 30-year-old corporate lawyer, but he wasn’t a member of the club. “I got into this country club the only way that a black man like me could — as a \$7-an-hour busboy,” he wrote, and went on to describe what he witnessed and heard while serving the members. It wasn’t pretty.

PAW reached out to Graham early last summer to continue a discussion about race and privilege that had begun on campus and reverberated across talk shows, newspaper columns, and blog posts. You may recall the essay “Checking My Privilege” in the *Princeton Tory*, in which Tal Fortgang ’17 took others to task for ascribing his success “not to the seeds I sow but to some invisible patron saint of white maleness” and for “casting the equal-protection clause, indeed the very idea of a meritocracy, as a myth.” We wanted another perspective, one that would illustrate something about daily life as an African-American Princeton alum.

Graham’s piece was more timely than we could have imagined. In his essay (page 26), he describes his teenage son’s recent encounter with racism — a blast of reality. Then, as he was writing the piece, Michael Brown, an unarmed black teenager, was shot and killed in Ferguson, Mo., sparking weeks of unrest and prompting a federal civil-rights investigation into the practices of Ferguson’s police department. During the editing of his essay, Graham was stopped by a police officer on a county highway, not far from his home — an apparent case of racial profiling.

Princeton is hosting its third conference for black alumni Oct. 16–18 (for information, go to <http://alumni.princeton.edu/goinback/conferences/bac/>). In addition to the keynote presentations — including a talk by Nobel Prize-winning novelist and professor emerita Toni Morrison — alumni and faculty members will speak on panels about current events, student life, and professional issues. One discussion, marking the 50th anniversary of the Civil Rights Act, has a question in its title: “How close are we to the dream?” Graham’s essay suggests that there remains quite a distance to go.

In this issue, we debut a feature in the Princetonians section (page 36) profiling alumni who are not often in the news but have interesting life stories nonetheless. The issue also is notable for what we do *not* have in our alumni coverage: a Class Notes column for 1933. Class secretary Paul W. Earle ’61 has reported that no members of ’33 are believed to be alive. In his final column, in the Sept. 17 PAW, Earle provided a brief history of the class, which came of age during the Roaring ’20s and graduated into the Great Depression.



The class column began Sept. 30, 1933, and — just as Class Notes reports are today — the news was overwhelmingly positive: Despite the state of the economy, classmates told of finding jobs, traveling, and attending graduate school as usual. But buried in the *Nassau Herald* class poll is a suggestion that the class had not forgotten about the Depression altogether. Asked what they thought was Princeton’s most useless course, members of ’33 responded: economics. — *Marilyn H. Marks ’86*

From top: courtesy New York magazine; 1933 Nassau Herald

# Holiday Gift Guide

Advertise  
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to 69,000  
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The December 3 issue of PAW will have a **Holiday Gift Guide** section, reserve advertising space now for your jewelry, clothing, book, cd or other wonderful gift item or service.

**Space deadline:**  
October 22

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Alumni members of

**Cannon Club  
Dial Lodge  
Elm Club  
Dial Elm Cannon**

are invited to a  
**Homecoming Reception** at the  
Cannon Dial Elm Club after the  
10/25 Harvard game, 4-7 pm

## Inbox

made me understand that “thesis” had a meaning — it was not a history paper, but one that argued a position. He was kind when he easily could have been condescending, and because of him I actually ended up writing something that I can look back on with some pride.

I didn’t and don’t know his family, but I want them to know he was a good and honorable man, someone who made a difference to me.

**Jon Holman '66**  
*San Francisco, Calif.*

### BOWEN \*58 AT HAVERFORD

There was a minor but unfortunate error in PAW’s coverage of Bill Bowen \*58’s talk at Haverford College’s commencement (From the Editor, July 9). He did not “fill in for” or “replace” former Berkeley chancellor Robert Birgeneau. President Bowen instead was invited to address our class of 2014 in his own right (Haverford typically invites three or four distinguished persons to address our graduates and their families).

I would also dispute PAW’s description of Haverford students’ actions as “arrogant and immature.” First, not all students opposed the invitation to Dr. Birgeneau. Bill Bowen’s more nuanced comment was, in fact, “I think that Birgeneau, in turn, failed to make proper allowance for the immature, and, yes, arrogant inclinations of some protestors.” Second, a commencement address (and honorary degree) is far from a chance to share views; it is an honor bestowed by a college or university with no opportunity for commentary, exchange of opinions, or rebuttal.

**Bruce Partridge '62**  
*Professor emeritus  
Haverford College  
Wayne, Pa.*

### UNIVERSAL CONCEPTS

I appreciated the challenging apologia for a Princeton education in the Commencement address of President Eisgruber '83 (President’s Page, July 9). He summed up all the ideals of student-friendly compassionate and coherent teaching, instilling the desire for learning and the value of research, the importance of continuing study

in our professional lives, and promoting a liberal educational approach in all our activities.

We thank him for challenging even the old-timers in PAW to continue appreciating and following these important-for-today, essentially universal concepts.

**Charles Graves '53**  
*Geneva, Switzerland*

### RECALLING BILLIARDS

One of my favorite Princeton memories was playing billiards at Charter Club — carom billiards, in which one’s cue ball simply had to strike the two object balls during the course of one’s shot. This was a treasured club activity for me and several clubmates, with coffee, after supper. We rarely attempted the three-cushion variety of the game, in which the cue ball must strike three rails during the shot, because it would have taken us all night to achieve 25 points. I very much enjoyed being a member of the club team.

### Are there any billiard tables left on Prospect Avenue?

At my 10th reunion, to my sorrow, I noticed Charter had replaced the billiard table with a pool table. I am wondering when carom billiards ceased to be a club sport. Are there any billiard tables left on Prospect Avenue?

**John Parfitt '64**  
*Manchester, N.H.*

### WE'D LIKE TO HEAR FROM YOU

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**Phone:** 609-258-4885  
**Fax:** 609-258-2247

*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.*



# On the Campus



Students returning to campus found a new sculpture installed near Whitman College's Fisher Hall. "Thetis Circle," a 13½-foot work of Cor-Ten steel by Beverly Pepper, is on loan for five years. Patton Hall is to the right. Photograph by Ricardo Barros



# 'Fully Compliant'

## Agreeing to governmental demands, Princeton alters sexual-assault policies

In the face of strong federal pressure to act, the faculty voted last month to revise the University's sexual-assault policies, including lowering the standard of proof in disciplinary proceedings.

As of mid-September, Princeton was one of more than 75 colleges under investigation by the U.S. Department of Education's Office for Civil Rights (OCR), the agency charged with enforcing Title IX. The law prohibits discrimination based on gender in federally funded education programs, and it applies to cases that involve sexual harassment, sexual violence, stalking, and intimate-partner violence.

OCR contacted the University in July about its review of Princeton's practices, which was triggered by a complaint nearly four years ago. "It became clear that we needed to modify our sexual-misconduct policies and procedures to become fully compliant with current Title IX requirements," President Eisgruber '83 said, and that "we should make these changes as promptly as possible."

A faculty committee met during the summer and recommended several changes that the OCR said were necessary, including adopting the standard of preponderance of the evidence — "more likely than not" — in sexual-misconduct cases. The University previously had used the standard of clear and persuasive evidence. Princeton noted that it was the last of its Ivy peers to move to the new standard.

Other changes remove students from adjudication panels, provide for trained investigators to conduct investigations and make findings, allow people outside

**"Even if we don't entirely agree with every nuance of [OCR's] interpretation of the law, we do share their goals."**

— Vice provost Michele Minter

### How disciplinary procedures in sexual-misconduct cases are changing

#### STANDARD OF EVIDENCE

**Old** Clear and persuasive

✓ **New** Preponderance of the evidence ("more likely than not")

#### INVESTIGATIONS, FINDINGS, AND PENALTIES

**Old** Independent investigator or administrator gathers information; subcommittee of the faculty-student Committee on Discipline adjudicates

✓ **New** Team of three trained investigators gathers information, determines findings of fact and responsibility (no students are involved). Penalty determined by the dean of undergraduate students and an associate dean of the Graduate School

#### ADVISERS TO COMPLAINANT AND RESPONDENT

**Old** Must be from the University community

✓ **New** Non-University individuals, including lawyers, are permitted

#### RIGHT OF APPEAL

**Old** Only the respondent

✓ **New** Respondent and complainant

the University community — including lawyers — to serve as advisers to complainants and respondents, and give both parties the right to appeal.

The proposed revisions were distributed less than two weeks before the first faculty meeting of the year, on Sept. 15, and some faculty members called for more time to study the changes. During a 45-minute debate, questions were raised about the impact of each of the changes.

Comparative literature professor Thomas Hare, a member of the committee that drew up the proposals, warned that federal penalties that Princeton could face for even a single violation of the law "are enormous."

After rejecting a proposal to delay a vote, the faculty overwhelmingly voted in favor of the changes.

Eisgruber announced the creation of a faculty-student Committee on Sexual Misconduct to review the effectiveness of Princeton's procedures, support services, and efforts to prevent sexual misconduct. Dean of the Faculty Deborah Prentice said the new group would enable the faculty to "continue the conversation" about the new policies and could recommend further changes. Eisgruber said the committee would report back to the faculty in the fall of 2015.

The Council of the Princeton University Community was scheduled to vote Sept. 29 to incorporate the changes in *Rights, Rules, Responsibilities*, the University's guide to standards of conduct.

Michele Minter, vice provost for institutional equity and diversity and Princeton's Title IX coordinator, said the University hopes that the policy changes will encourage students to come forward to report incidents "within a system that is responsive and will take them seriously, that offers the resources to support them, that is accessible and fair."

The University's actions come "at a very complicated moment nationally," Minter said. "OCR has a very strong point of view, and even if we don't entirely agree with every nuance of their interpretation of the law, we do share their goals." ♦ By W.R.O.



## IN SHORT

As the faculty prepared for an October vote on changing the University's grading policy, a report showed that **GRADES HAVE CLIMBED** over the last three years. A-range grades accounted for 43 percent of grades in undergraduate classes in 2011–2014, up from 40.1 percent in 2008–2011. Over the last three years, departments in the natural sciences and social sciences were the toughest graders: A's were 38 and 39.2 percent, respectively, of their total grades.

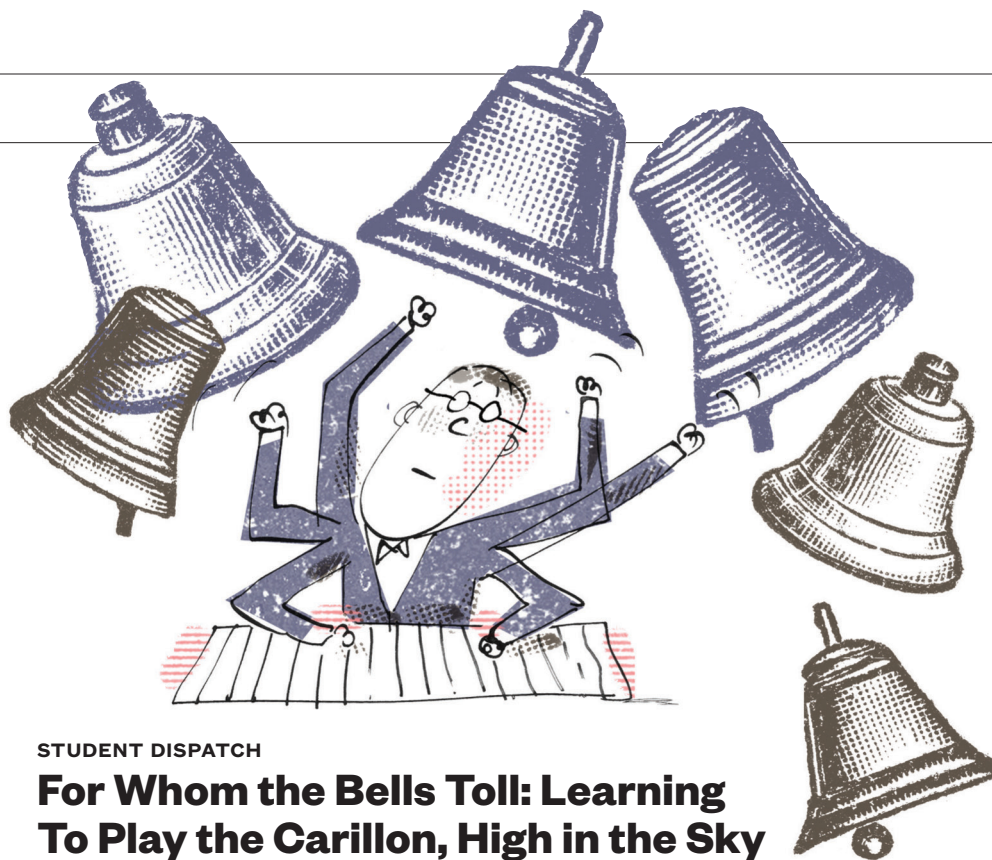
Princeton is expanding its **ONLINE TECHNOLOGY** initiative to a second Web platform, NovoEd, that offers MOOCs (massive open online courses). History professor Jeremy Adelman is using NovoEd to allow Princeton students taking his fall course, "Global History Lab," to work on lab assignments with students around the world. Part two of the NovoEd course begins Oct. 26. Princeton faculty also offer courses on the Coursera platform.

**IN MEMORIAM EDWARD NELSON**, professor emeritus of mathematics, died Sept. 10 in Princeton



at age 82. After receiving his Ph.D. from the University of Chicago,

Nelson spent three years as a fellow at the Institute for Advanced Study. He served on the Princeton faculty from 1959 to 2013. Nelson made fundamental contributions to a variety of fields of mathematics, including probability, logic, mathematical physics, and foundations. ♦ By A.W.



## STUDENT DISPATCH

## For Whom the Bells Toll: Learning To Play the Carillon, High in the Sky

*Dana Bernstein '15*



Alec Payne '16 was dizzy by the time he arrived at his first music lesson of the academic year. It was hot and humid, and

he had climbed 137 narrow, spiraling steps to the top of Cleveland Tower at the Graduate College. Awaiting him was Princeton's 36.5-ton carillon: As Payne's teacher, University carillonneur Lisa Lonie, has said, the carillon is a "public" instrument, and its music — or false notes — resound a mile away.

The carillon — a set of bells struck by hammers, controlled by a player at a keyboard — is the largest of the percussion instruments. Princeton's is more massive than most: It has 67 bells and a clapper weighing 200 pounds.

Three students attended the Sept. 7 lesson given by Lonie, Princeton's fourth carillonneur and the first woman in the job. Each is an experienced pianist, but the transition from piano is no snap. Instead of pressing small, responsive keys with fingertips, carillonneurs strike wooden keys — known as batons — with their fists to control the bells. The bells in the lower range — Princeton's lowest note is a G that weighs 12,880 pounds — are controlled by foot pedals.

As on a piano, a player can crescendo and diminuendo on the carillon, by altering the force used to press the batons and foot pedals and "how fast you're throwing that clapper against the lip of the bell," Lonie said.

Pounding on the batons looks painful, but she said it's not: "The thrust is transferred up through your hand, so it doesn't hurt."

Payne, who has played piano for 10 years, said adjusting to the carillon's foot pedals was tricky: "You have to coordinate twice as many limbs."

The lesson marked the first time that Regina Cai '15 played on the real carillon instead of on a practice console in the basement. The carillon was more difficult: "You can feel that the heavier bells are much harder to ring," she said.

Lonie demonstrated, playing traditional pieces like "Old Nassau" as well as contemporary songs such as American Authors' "Best Day of My Life." Then the students got their chance, playing "America the Beautiful" and some short melodies. While there were a few wrong notes, Lonie told them to take it slow and just keep going.

Though no one on the ground could see the musicians, "playing," said Payne, "was a little nerve-wracking." ♦





Following Opening Exercises and the Pre-rade, freshmen gathered for a barbecue on Alexander Beach.

# Quest for Meaning

**Eisgruber's message to Class of '18:  
Seek adventure, focus on what matters**

**M**embers of the Class of 2018 took in the Chapel's majesty — its gothic chancel, its soaring stained-glass windows, its high, vaulted ceiling — during Opening Exercises Sept. 7 as President Eisgruber '83 drew parallels to another fantastical scene.

"Admit it, many of you are thinking that this Chapel looks a little bit like Hogwarts," Eisgruber said, referring to the school attended by Harry Potter and his friends. "If that's what you are feeling, you are right, because there is magic in this place."

Urging the 1,312 freshmen to seek adventure and search for meaning during their campus years, Eisgruber said that beginning Princeton is "like the

beginning not just of a new chapter, but of an entirely new book."

Students seemed to appreciate Eisgruber's literary allusions. His description of a Princeton experience composed of many chapters resonated with Mya Abousy, a freshman from McLean, Va. "There are still people out there that I haven't gotten to meet who are going to make such a big impact on my life," she said.

Sporting a "Team Forbes" T-shirt, Jasmine Peled, from Los Angeles, joked that although Eisgruber "made a lot of wrong Harry Potter references," she "still appreciated his effort."

Following Opening Exercises, the freshmen marched through FitzRandolph

Gate in the Pre-rade as students and alumni cheered them on, waving orange 2018 pennants.

"I know the significance of that gate and it's such a big tradition, but right when we were in it, and everyone was cheering, my heart kind of froze," Abousy said, referring to the Princeton legend that students who walk out of the gate before Commencement will not get their degrees.

Some things this year were new. About 1,150 freshmen received the meningitis B vaccine during two clinics offered at orientation; some complained of "meng arm" — a sore forearm — but said they were not alarmed by the outbreak of nine meningitis cases associated with Princeton last year.

Eisgruber moderated an evening discussion in McCarter Theatre about the book *Meaning in Life and Why It Matters*, which all freshmen had been assigned to read over the summer. Taking part in the event were the book's author, Susan Wolf '78, and a faculty panel that responded to Wolf's arguments.

Wolf, a University of North Carolina philosophy professor, recounted the disappointment she has felt when observing students aspiring to comfort and prestige, rather than meaning. "If reading this book puts this aspiration on your radar, however you understand meaning, that will count for me as a terrific result," she said.

Community Action, Princeton's pre-orientation service program, took up Wolf's call to action by discussing the book's message and working to implement it. This year, Community Action expanded to partner with more than 50 organizations, ranging from nonprofit theater groups to faith-based communities, attracting 174 freshmen. (Outdoor Action trips drew 715 participants.)

Students volunteering with Habitat for Humanity in Trenton reflected on the meaning of relationships while renovating the organization's headquarters and working in a Habitat facility that sells donated furniture and building materials. "We talked a lot about how we were building relationships through our community service and by building community," said Karis Cha, a participant from Leesburg, Va.



Princeton's 578 new graduate students also participated in orientation activities, including a panel offering faculty and student views on "Success in Graduate School." One student asked about instances of failure, and electrical engineering professor Claire Gmachl responded that risk-taking is encouraged.

"A good research project is one that hasn't been solved already and that inherently has some risk of failure," Gmachl said. "Failure is built into the system because we're breaking new ground, and that's good." ♦ *By Bina Peltz '15*

### THE CLASS OF 2018

**Applicants:** 26,641

**Admitted:** 1,983

(7.4%, tied for a record low)

**Enrolled:** 1,313 (33 from the waitlist)

**Yield:** 66.2%

**Students receiving financial aid:** 58%

**Male-to-female ratio:** 51.6/48.4

**Sons/daughters of alumni:** 11.3%

**All U.S. minority students:** 43%

(a record high — data for underrepresented minority students were not released)

**Recruited varsity athletic prospects:** 16.8%

**International students:** 11.2%

**First-generation college:** 11.8%

**Pell Grant recipients:** 18%

(a record high)

**From public schools:** 59.3%

**From private schools:** 40.1%

**Home-schooled:** 0.6%

**B.S.E. students:** 23.8%

**Number of U.S. military veterans:** 0

*Source: Office of Admission*

### NEW GRADUATE STUDENTS

**Doctoral-degree students:** 429

**Master's-degree students:** 149

**Applicants:** 10,964

**Admitted:** 11%

**Male-to-female ratio:** 62/38

**International students:** 46%

**All U.S. minority students:** 13%

**Underrepresented U.S. minority students:** 7%

**Sciences and engineering:** 45%

**Humanities and social sciences:** 34%

**Woodrow Wilson School:** 15%

**Architecture:** 6%

*Source: Office of the Dean of the Graduate School*

### RATING PRINCETON

## A New Term, a New Set of Rankings

**No. 1** *U.S. News & World Report:* "Best National Universities"

**No. 2** *Kiplinger's Personal Finance:* "Best Values in Private Colleges"

**No. 3** *Payscale.com:* "Ivy League Schools by Salary Potential" (average early-career salary: \$60,000; mid-career salary: \$113,900)

**No. 4** *Money:* "Best Colleges for Your Money"

**No. 4** *Forbes:* "America's Top Colleges"

**No. 6** *Times Higher Education World Reputation Ranking*

**No. 6** *Academic Ranking of World Universities*

**No. 10** *U.S. News & World Report:* "Best Undergraduate Engineering Program" (tied with Cornell and University of Texas – Austin)

**No. 10** *QS World University Rankings* (tied with Caltech)

**No. 27** *Washington Monthly* (rated on social mobility, research, and service)

**5 Stars (of 5)** *Campus Pride:* "Top 50 LGBT-friendly colleges/universities"

### Princeton Review

**No. 3** in financial aid

**No. 9** in "Most Beautiful Campus"

**No. 10** in "Students Study the Most"

**No. 11** in "Best-Run Colleges"



### CLASSES HELD AT RUTGERS

## Two Enroll As NROTC Returns

Freshmen Kira Ivarsson, left, and Christina Onianwa were sworn in as midshipmen in the Naval Reserve before the start of classes, the first Princeton students to enroll in Naval ROTC since the University and the Navy formally reinstated the program at Princeton last spring. As part of a "crosstown" program with Rutgers University, the students travel to New Brunswick three times a week for Naval Science classes and drill instruction. Naval ROTC previously was active at Princeton from 1945 to 1971. ♦

## On the Campus

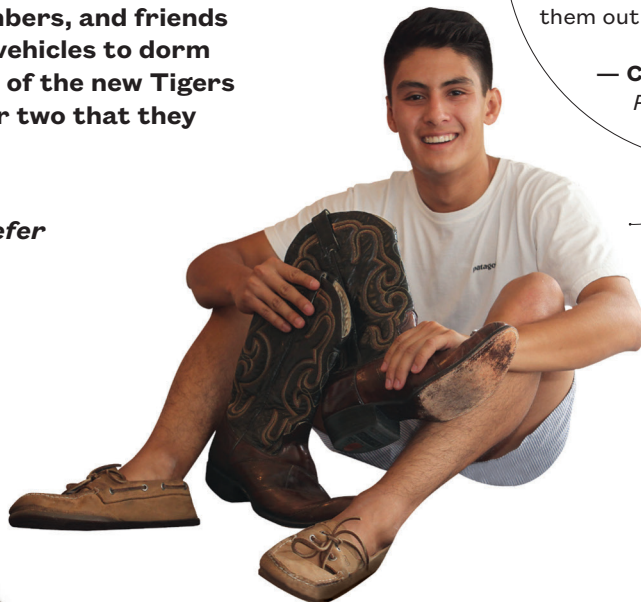
THE CLASS OF '18 ARRIVES

### New Kids on the Block

For most members of the freshman class, the Princeton journey began the Saturday of Labor Day weekend: freshman move-in day. As students, family members, and friends lugged belongings from vehicles to dorm rooms, PAW asked some of the new Tigers about the special item or two that they couldn't do without.

By David Walter '11

Photos by Beverly Schaefer



**How many pairs of shoes did you bring?**  
A lot. [Pulls out five pairs of boat shoes.] **Where'd you get those cowboy boots?** I got them in Pasadena, actually. **The Wild West! When are you planning to wear them?** I don't know, I'll break them out eventually. They go with everything!

— Charlie Ramirez '18  
Pasadena, Calif.



**Pack any good-luck charms?** I brought a slide rule that was given to me by my grandfather. It's from the '40s. **Why is it lucky?** He was an engineer during and after World War II. I'm named after him, and I thought it'd be cool to channel his intelligence. **Are you going to be an engineer, too?** Yup. **Pop quiz: Can you work a slide rule?** Not at all! [Laughs]

— Joe Redmond '18  
Littleton, Colo.

**What's that?** They're running bibs, that you wear at meets. **You were a high school runner?** Yeah. **Show me the highlights.** I went to New Balance Nationals, that [bib] has my name on it. ... These are from league meets; we would wear those every week. **What are you going to do with them?** I'm going to hang them on my wall. **Or you could wear them, like a sash!**

— Avery Kratzer '18  
Wantagh, N.Y.







**What food did you bring?** A lot of cookies, and ramen noodles. You just gotta — it's not college without those. **And what's going on your walls?** A lot of posters. That one's of A\$AP Rocky, this one's of Sublime. **What was your packing strategy?** There were lots of times I had to decide between one thing and the other ... but then I just took both.  
 — **Gokul Mukunda '18**  
*Marlboro, N.J.*

**What's your most prized possession?**  
 Probably my fridge. **Is it already stocked?** Yeah. Right now with water, Gatorade. And I keep some cheeses in there, little snacks like that. **How's football practice so far?** Good. ... Hopefully I'll be on some special teams, be able to make the travel squad. **Hydration's so important for athletes.** Yeah, it is. I'm restocking every day.  
 — **Mark Fossati '18**  
*Upper Saddle River, N.J.*



**What are your move-in essentials?**  
 I like all my hair products. I have two curling wands, one straightening iron, a blow dryer ... **New Jersey weather's so weird, it's good to have options.** Exactly! It's humid, it's breezy ... **You've got to adapt.** Every day, a new hairstyle.  
 — **Bethlee Lindor '18**  
*Irvington, N.J.*



**You've got a lot of stuff in the car.** I have a twin sister [Alison '18], and we're going to Rocky after this. **Did you two fight over who brought what?** No, but I might have to make the trek to get some clothes. We share them. **So is your room going to be heavy on the orange and black?** Gray and white are more the colors I've been using. I like it simple. **Like that pillow.** Like this pillow!  
 — **Danielle Herman '18**  
*Stow, Ohio*



FIELD HOCKEY

# New-Look Attack

## Seniors Evans and Kirby guide freshmen as the Ivy League champions reload

**A**llison Evans '15 scored and Sydney Kirby '15 notched an assist in the 2012 NCAA Championship, which Princeton won 3-2. It was the first national title in the field hockey program's history and an unforgettable moment for both players, then in their second season.

Two years later, Evans and Kirby are the only starters from that game still on the Tigers' roster. Though much has changed around them, the two remain the dynamic duo they were in 2012 — Kirby netted the first two goals of the season Sept. 7 against then-No. 6

**Improving quickly may be the name of the game this season.**

Virginia, and Evans scored a third just two minutes later.

"She really is a general out there," head coach Kristen Holmes-Winn said of Kirby. "She's very aggressive, which is great; I think it feeds into our mentality, and I think she's learning when she needs to rein it in and when she can go for it."

In the Virginia game, Kirby, Evans, and Rachel Park '18 sparked a 4-1 run that nearly saw Princeton take down the Cavaliers in Charlottesville. Though the Tigers lost, 6-4, that rally offered a glimpse of the team's explosive potential.

"We didn't come out of the UVA game feeling dejected," Evans said. "We felt like we could physically see the improvement [over the course of the game]."

Improving quickly may be the name of the game this season. Several young players played key minutes against Virginia and No. 4 Duke, Princeton's opening opponent. Midfielder Ryan McCarthy '18 helped Kirby put pressure on defenders with an assist and six shots, while Park made her first collegiate shot count with a goal against Virginia. Lexi Quirk '18 also has seen time in the starting lineup, at striker.

Kirby and Evans say the early tests are a good thing. Kirby noted that few teams in the country will show the kind of intensity that Duke presented in a 1-0 win over the Tigers Sept. 5, and Evans added that the freshmen are "learning how to work out their nerves."

The Tigers will call on those lessons in October and early November, when they will be shooting for a 10th consecutive Ivy League title. The schedule also includes more nonconference tests — No. 5 Syracuse Oct. 5 and No. 2 Connecticut Oct. 26, both at home — that could show just how far the talented freshman class has come. ♦ *By Stephen Wood '15*



**Sydney Kirby '15 is one of two starters remaining from Princeton's 2012 national championship team.**

Beverly Schaefer



## SPORTS SHORTS

**WOMEN'S SOCCER** coach Julie Shackford announced that the 2014 season will be her last at Princeton. Shackford has led the Tigers to six Ivy League championships and eight appearances in the NCAA College Cup, including in 2004, when her team reached the national semifinals. The 2014 Tigers improved to 1-1-2 with a 2-1 victory over Villanova Sept. 14.



Shackford

Julian Griggs '15 scored with 0:28 remaining to lead **MEN'S SOCCER** to a 5-4 win at Seton Hall Sept. 14. The Tigers were 1-1-1 in their first three games.

**MEN'S WATER POLO** won its first six contests, including a three-game sweep at the Princeton Invitational Sept. 6-7 and a 14-12 overtime victory over the University of California-Irvine Sept. 14.

**MEN'S and WOMEN'S CROSS COUNTRY** revived the traditional H-Y-P meet — an event that dates back to 1922 — in New Haven Sept. 12, and both Princeton squads finished first in the team standings. The Tiger women placed five runners in the top seven; Sam Pons '15 led the way for the men, winning the individual title. It was the first men's H-Y-P meet since 1997.

 **READ MORE:** Princeton sports every Monday at [paw.princeton.edu/blog](http://paw.princeton.edu/blog)

John Sawin '07 tees off at the U.S. Amateur qualifier in Elverson, Pa., July 16.



## EXTRA POINT

## A Year on the Amateur Circuit: Sawin '07 Tests His Game at Top Golf Tournaments

*Brett Tomlinson*



For golfer John Sawin '07, the opening round at the U.S. Mid-Amateur Championship in September was a slog. After trying to

straighten out his irons all day, he hit what felt like a solid shot on the 18th hole, only to watch the ball carom off the side of the green into a patch of calf-high fescue. From there, he lobbed a soft wedge into the greenside rough. Finally, he chipped his fourth shot downhill and watched with a half-smile as the ball rolled into the cup for par — a slim consolation at the end of a 7-over-par round.

“Sometimes you’re feeling it, and sometimes you’re not,” he said afterward, putting the day firmly in the latter category. “But I’m having fun with it, regardless.”

Sawin was nearing the end of a season-long journey through some of the most prestigious tournaments in amateur golf, and by nearly every measure, it had been a success. During one 15-day span in July, he won the Pennsylvania Amateur and qualified for two national championships, the U.S. Amateur and the U.S. Mid-Amateur (for players age 25 and older). Will Green, the Princeton men’s golf coach, was duly impressed. “To be as consistently competitive as he’s been, this entire year, is remarkable,” Green said.

A three-time All-Ivy player at Princeton, Sawin worked in investment banking for nearly seven years before leaving his job at Barclays in Menlo Park, Calif., to test his game at 20 events in nine states over the course of eight months. He’ll wrap up his travels in late October and begin planning his next career move.

Taking a hiatus between jobs is not uncommon in the 90-hour-week world of banking, but Sawin worried about how his friends and colleagues would view his trip. He wondered if he’d be seen as cavalier or less than appreciative of the job he’d had. The response, he says, has been overwhelmingly positive. Friends and family have offered frequent encouragement, and Sawin has returned the favor with messages and blog posts from the road.

When Sawin reflects on the year, he highlights a few favorite tournaments, but his thoughts quickly drift away from the golf course to the things he’s been able to enjoy between stops: friends’ weddings; Reunions; the Princeton graduation of his sister, Alex '14; and dinners at home with his parents. When he was working, Sawin says, he canceled more vacations than he took. This year, he’s found a new balance in his life, temporarily at least. Add that to the list of victories. ♦

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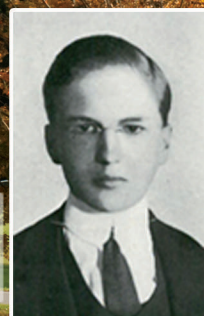


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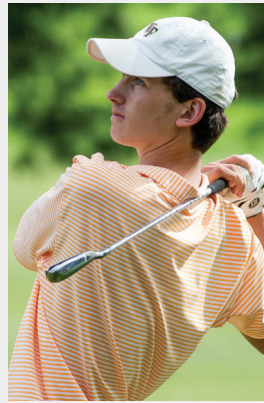


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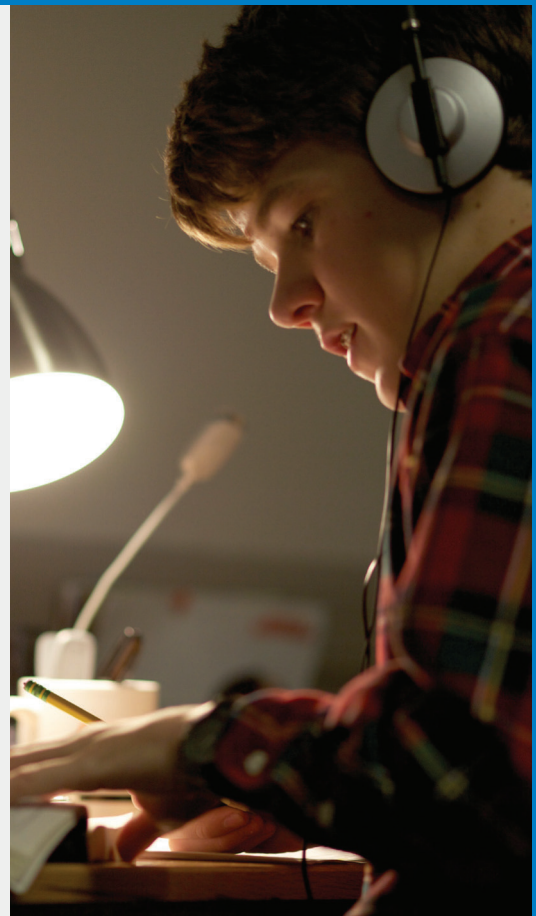
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Michael Graves, *Alessi Tea Kettle*, 1984, stainless steel, poly amides, 9 x 9.75 x 8.75 inches, Courtesy of Michael Graves Design Group. Michael Graves, *Denver Library, South Elevation*, 1994, pencil and colored pencil on yellow tracing paper, 14 x 26 inches, Courtesy of Michael Graves & Associates, photo: Ken Ek. Michael Graves, *Model of Brighton Pavillion for Target*, 2003, cardboard, paper, paint, 12 x 15.5 x 15.5 inches, Courtesy of Michael Graves & Associates, photo: Ken Ek. Michael Graves, *2-Slice Toaster for JCPenney*, 2013, stainless steel, 12.25 x 7.25 x 8 inches Photo: Michael Graves Design Group. Michael Graves, *Model of Portland Building*, 1982, cardboard, paper, paint, 10 x 8 x 8.5 inches, Courtesy of Michael Graves & Associates, photo: Ken Ek.





# Life of the Mind

THREE VIEWS ON PSYCHOLOGY: A WRITER'S IMAGINING

## Behind the Hysteria

In *Dreaming for Freud*, novelist Sheila Kohler reimagines the “Dora” case study

One of Sigmund Freud’s most famous case studies concerned a young woman he called Dora, who suffered debilitating pain and at times lost the ability to speak after accusing a family friend of making sexual advances toward her. The case is regarded as a landmark in psychoanalytic theory for its discussion of psychosomatic illness and the significance of dreams.

Sheila Kohler’s novel *Dreaming for Freud* reimagines the interaction between Freud and Dora, conjuring their daily sessions, motivations, and anxieties, and bringing the iconic case to life in a new way.

“I wanted to give her a voice,” says Kohler, a lecturer in creative writing, because in Freud’s seminal 1905 paper, *Dora: An Analysis of a Case of Hysteria*, “she hardly is ever allowed to say anything.”

In Kohler’s imagining, Freud and Dora, whose real name was Ida Bauer, don’t quite get along. Freud is anxious about money — he had six children — and craves professional recognition. He needs Dora both for her father’s money and for her dreams, which he is certain will prove his theories. “Freud was only 44, and very much at the beginning of his career,” says Kohler. “He was finding his way.”

Though Freud, as a male and an authority figure, had the upper hand in the relationship, that power is tempered — in Kohler’s portrayal — by Dora’s wealth. As their sessions unfold in the novel, Dora analyzes Freud as much as he analyzes her. Kohler imagines Dora finding a copy of Freud’s *The Interpretation of Dreams* in her father’s library and, after reading it,

using her dreams to steer Freud’s analysis as she pleases, seizing control of her treatment. Freud’s case study depicts Dora as “this pathetic hysteric,” says Kohler, but the author’s research into Dora’s life demonstrated that she was quite savvy. After Dora’s father lost all his money, she survived by teaming up with his former mistress to start a club that charged society ladies money to play bridge.

In Kohler’s portrayal, Freud’s behavior sometimes is sexist, but he also affords women more respect than many other men did in early 20th-century society. He bullied Dora, Kohler says, insisting that her father’s friend made sexual

advances toward her because she secretly was in love with him. On the other hand, Freud listened to her and many other female patients at a time when few others did.

Dora found in Freud a sounding board for her intelligent mind, at a time when few channels existed for women to express themselves, Kohler points out. And Freud helped Dora — over the course of her treatment, several of her maladies disappeared. “Freud was aware that [women] actually had desires and sexual feelings,” says Kohler. “I think we have to thank him for making huge steps forward, just in the process of listening.”

In real life, Dora abruptly quit her treatment, and a regretful Freud considered the case a failure. But his write-up of Dora’s case would be widely praised for its empirical approach and its identification of new psychological ideas, and would ensure Freud’s — and Dora’s — place in history. ♦ By *Eveline Chao* ’02



“I wanted to give [Dora] a voice,” says Sheila Kohler, a lecturer in creative writing, because in Freud’s seminal 1905 paper “she hardly is ever allowed to say anything.”

Professor Susan Fiske has expanded on her years of research on the psychology of discrimination to explain why we love Brand A and hate Brand B.



THREE VIEWS ON PSYCHOLOGY: MARKETING

## Building Your Brand

We judge companies the same way we judge people, according to Susan Fiske

**S**usan Fiske, a professor of psychology and public affairs, has spent years studying how we make judgments about people, finding that our perceptions stem from instant evaluations of warmth and competence. Recently, she examined how we assess products and concluded

that we use the same criteria for faceless companies as we do for friends. Rather than dispassionately weighing cost and quality, we are loyal to a brand based on swift, internal decisions.

“When we make snap judgments, we use whatever information is available to decide very quickly if another person

**Companies “need to be sincere about their commitment to their customers because that’s the relationship that will build loyalty over the long term.”**

shares our values or if they’re a threat,” Fiske says. “We do it with racial and ethnic groups, as well as with large human collections like companies.” In her book, *The Human Brand: How We Relate to People, Products, and Companies*, written with marketing consultant Chris Malone, Fiske expands on her years of research on the psychology of discrimination to explain why we love Brand A and hate Brand B.

Working with other social psychologists, especially her former student Amy Cuddy ’05, now a professor at Harvard Business School, Fiske found that we instinctively are drawn to people who exhibit two traits: warmth and competence. A lack of one or both of these characteristics inspires suspicion, pity, or even disgust.

Since we use these same judgments with brands, a company must prove that it is well-intentioned — akin to the warmth humans show to earn trust — as well as capable. Companies, says Fiske, “need to be sincere about their commitment to their customers because that’s the relationship that will build loyalty over the long term.” Fiske says we’re less price-sensitive than we imagine; we will pay a higher price for a more trustworthy experience.

Using an online survey of a random sample of 120 adults, Fiske and Malone found that the companies that scored high in warmth and competence — Hershey’s, Johnson & Johnson, and Coca-Cola — were also likeliest to be respected. Troubled brands like BP ranked low on both traits, arousing feelings of contempt. Government-subsidized corporations like Amtrak and the U.S. Postal Service generally were regarded as well-meaning but incompetent and drew pity from respondents. Luxury brands like Rolex and Mercedes, meanwhile, were seen as efficient but aloof and tended to inspire



envy, though Fiske notes that among wealthy customers, an aura of exclusivity could make those companies seem more attractive.

A positive interaction with a business has the same components as a positive interaction with a person, Fiske asserts, so corporations' gestures need to be genuine. A mail-in rebate that is impossible to claim will leave customers fuming because they will view the company as deceitful. The companies that earn our trust appear warm and accessible — they list their phone numbers on their websites, make sure that their customer-service lines are staffed properly, and actively solicit feedback. "Sincerity is hard to fake," Fiske says. "People are great fraud detectors."

That's why, although it seems counterintuitive, one of the best times to shore up customer loyalty is when a business has made a significant misstep. In 2009, Domino's Pizza was facing an unusual dilemma: It was rated highest among its competitors for service and speed of delivery, but when it came to taste and quality, it was dead last. When the company began to shoot commercials for its revamped recipes, it featured company employees — including its CEO and the head chef — openly admitting that their old pizza hadn't been very good. The ads even showed focus-group footage of disgruntled consumers complaining that Domino's pizza crust tasted like cardboard. After the ads ran, sales soared, Fiske says.

The key to Domino's success, according to Fiske, was that the company managed to display vulnerability and remorse. By saying that it had failed, Domino's was offering a sincere plea for forgiveness. It wasn't a corporate interaction — it was human.

"The closer a company can get to replicating an honest, person-to-person relationship, the more loyalty it will generate," Fiske says. "Companies do better in the long run if they own their mistakes and try to do right by their customers. Fundamentally, it's just like any successful individual relationship. It's all about respect." ♦ *By Amelia Thomson-DeVeaux '11*

### THREE VIEWS ON PSYCHOLOGY: THE BRAIN AT WORK

# Memory Bank

## Uri Hasson develops a model of how our brains use memories

**U**ri Hasson, an associate professor of psychology and a member of the Princeton Neuroscience Institute, is developing a model to understand how memory is used by the brain to process information. His work may help clinicians devise better methods for diagnosing memory disorders and provide insights about attention deficit hyperactivity disorder.

### What is the conventional way to think about memory?

The metaphor comes from computer science. In modern computers, there is a separation between the parts that process information and the parts that store memory. In psychology, researchers separate the neural circuits into those that process information from working memory and those used for long-term memory systems. And this has really influenced the way scientists studying the brain think.

### What is your theory?

Memory and processing are integrated in the brain because we constantly need to combine current and past information. When we engage in conversation, what

was said a few seconds ago, a few minutes ago, and even a few hours ago is crucial for processing each incoming word. So I believe there is no separation between memory and processing.

### How does this translate to what actually is taking place in the brain?

In the brain, you don't see neurons dedicated to memory but not involved in the processing of information. We now know that each neural circuit can do both — retain information over time and dynamically respond to new, incoming information. This simple observation was overlooked by many researchers who have generally thought that in the brain, as in computers, memory functions are separate from the parts that do processing. That model was developed using clever, quick, controlled lab experiments, but, as we found in our research, it is not suitable for the processing of daily-life events — seeing a movie or conversing with a friend. So we started to develop a new model in which memory and processes are combined in each neural circuit. ♦

*Interview conducted and condensed by Anna Azvolinsky '09*



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# THE RULES

## Making sense of race and privilege

BY LAWRENCE OTIS GRAHAM '83



The Graham family at home

I knew the day would come, but I didn't know how it would happen, where I would be, or how I would respond. It is the moment that every black parent fears: the day their child is called a *nigger*.

My wife and I, both African-Americans, constitute one of those Type A couples with Ivy League undergraduate and graduate degrees, who, for many years, believed that if we worked hard and maintained great jobs, we could insulate our children from the blatant manifestations of bigotry that we experienced as children in the 1960s and '70s. We divided our lives between a house in a liberal New York suburb and an apartment on Park Avenue, sent our three kids to a diverse New York City private school, and outfitted them with the accoutrements of success: preppy clothes, perfect diction, and that air of quiet graciousness. We convinced ourselves that the economic privilege we bestowed on them could buffer these adolescents against what so many black and Latino children face while living in mostly white settings: being profiled by neighbors, followed in stores, and stopped by police simply because their race makes them suspect.

But it happened nevertheless in July, when I was 100 miles away.

Family photo: Christine Butler



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It was a Tuesday afternoon when my 15-year-old son called from his academic summer program at a leafy New England boarding school and told me that as he was walking across campus, a gray Acura with a broken rear taillight pulled up beside him. He continued along the sidewalk, and two men leaned out of the car and glared at him.

“Are you the only nigger at Mellon Academy\*?” one shouted.

Certain that he had not heard them correctly, my son moved closer to the curb, and asked politely, “I’m sorry; I didn’t hear you ...”

But he had heard correctly. And this time the man spoke more clearly. “Only ... nigger,” he said with added emphasis.

My son froze. He dropped his backpack in alarm and stepped back from the idling car. Within seconds, the men floored the sedan’s accelerator, honked the horn loudly, and drove off, their laughter echoing behind them.

By the time he recounted his experience a few minutes later, my son was back in his dorm room, ensconced on the third floor of a four-story, redbrick fortress. He tried to grasp the meaning of the story as he told it: why the men chose to stop him, why they did it in broad daylight, why they were so calm and deliberate. “Why would they do that — to me?” he whispered breathlessly into the phone. “Dad, they don’t know me. And they weren’t acting drunk. It’s just 3:30 in the afternoon. They could see me, and I could see them!” My son rambled on, describing the car and the men, asking questions that I couldn’t completely answer. One very clear and cogent query was why, in Connecticut in 2014, grown men would target a student, who wasn’t bothering them, to harass in broad daylight. The men intended to be menacing. “They got so close — like they were trying to ask directions. ... They were definitely trying to scare me,” he said, as I interrupted.

“Are you okay? Are you —”

“Yeah,” he continued anxiously. “I’m okay. I guess. ... Do you think they saw which dorm I went back to? Maybe I shouldn’t have told my roommate. Should I stay in my dorm and not go to the library tonight?”

Despite his reluctance, I insisted that he report the incident to the school. His chief concern was not wanting the white students and administrators to think of him as being special, different, or “racial.” That was his word. “If the other kids around here find out that I was called a nigger, and that I complained about it,” my son pleaded, “then they will call me ‘racial,’ and will be thinking about race every time they see me. I can’t have that.” For the next four weeks of the summer program, my son remained leery of cars that slowed in his proximity (he’s still leery today). He avoided sidewalks,

choosing instead to walk on campus lawns. And he worried continually about being perceived as racially odd or different.

Herein lay the difference between my son’s black childhood and my own. Not only was I assaulted by the n-word so much earlier in life — at age 7, while visiting relatives in Memphis — but I also had many other experiences that differentiated my life from the lives of my white childhood friends. There was no way that they would “forget” that I was different. The times, in fact, dictated that they should not forget; our situation would be unavoidably “racial.” When we moved into our home in an all-white neighborhood in suburban New York in December 1967, at the height of the black-power movement and the Rev. Martin Luther King Jr.’s civil-rights marches, integration did not — at all — mean assimilation. So my small Afro, the three African dashiki-style shirts that I wore to school every other week, and the Southern-style deep-fried chicken and watermelon slices that my Southern-born mother placed lovingly in my school lunchbox all elicited surprise and questions from the white kids who regarded me suspiciously as they walked to school or sat with me in the cafeteria. After all, in the ’60s, it was an “event” — and generally not a trouble-free one — when a black family integrated a white neighborhood. Our welcome was nothing like the comically naïve portrayal carried off by Sidney Poitier and his white fiancée’s liberal family members in *Guess Who’s Coming to Dinner*, which had opened the very month that we moved in.

It wasn’t about awkward pauses, lingering stares, and subtle attempts of “throwing shade” our way. It was often blatant and sometimes ugly. Brokers openly refused to show houses to my parents in any of the neighborhoods that we requested, and once we found a house in *The New York Times* Sunday classifieds, the seller demanded a price almost 25 percent higher than listed in the paper. A day after Mom and Dad signed the contract, a small band of neighbors circulated a petition that outlined their desire to preemptively buy the house from the seller to circumvent its sale to us. My parents were so uncertain

**By the time my son recounted his experience a few minutes later, he was back in his dorm room, ensconced on the third floor of a four-story, redbrick fortress. He tried to grasp the meaning of the story as he told it: why the men chose to stop him, why they did it in broad daylight, why they were so calm and deliberate.**

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\*The name of the boarding school has been fictionalized.

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**No overzealous police officer or store owner was going to profile our child as a neighborhood shoplifter. With our son's flawless diction and deferential demeanor, no neighbor or playdate parent would ever worry that he was casing their home or yard.**

of this new racial adventure that they held onto our prior house for another four years — renting it on a year-to-year lease — “just in case,” as my mother always warned, with trepidation on her tongue.

Referred to as “that black family that moved onto Soundview,” we never quite felt in step with our surroundings. A year after moving in, my 9-year-old brother was pulling me down our quiet street in his red-and-white Radio Flyer wagon when we were accosted by a siren-screaming police car; an officer stepped out shouting, “Now, where did you boys steal that wagon?” Pointing breathlessly to our house a few yards away, we tried to explain that it was my brother’s new wagon, but the officer ushered us into the back seat. Our anguished mother heard the siren and ran across three lawns to intervene. What I remember most is how it captured the powerlessness and racial isolation that defined our childhood in that neighborhood.

We never encountered drawn or discharged guns like those faced by unarmed black teenagers Trayvon Martin in Sanford, Fla., or Michael Brown in Ferguson, Mo. But I was followed, stopped, and questioned in local stores and on local streets frequently enough that I wondered whether my parents would have been better able to protect us from these racial brushes had they been rich, famous, or powerful — or if they had been better acquainted with the white world in which they immersed us. Perhaps I was naïve to think that if they had been raised outside segregated Southern neighborhoods and schools, they would have been better able to help us navigate the life we were living. In the 1970s, I imagined that the privileged children of rich and famous blacks like Diana Ross, Bill Cosby, or Sidney Poitier were untouched by the insults and stops that we faced. Even though the idea wasn’t fully formed, I somehow assumed that privilege would insulate a person from discrimination. This was years before I would learn of the research by Peggy McIntosh, the Wellesley College professor who coined the phrase “white male privilege” to describe the inherent advantages one group in our society has over others in terms of freedom from discriminatory stops, profiling, and arrests. As a teenager, I didn’t have such a sophisticated view, other than to wish I were privileged enough to escape the bias I encountered.

And that was the goal we had in mind as my wife and I raised our kids. We both had careers in white firms that represented the best in law, banking, and consulting; we attended schools and shared dorm rooms with white friends and had strong ties to our community (including my service, for the last 12 years, as chairman of the county Police Board). I was certain that my Princeton degree and economic privilege not only would empower me to navigate the mostly white neighborhoods and institutions that my kids inhabited, but would provide a cocoon to protect them from the bias I had encountered growing up. My wife and I used our knowledge of white upper-class life to envelop our sons and daughter in a social armor that we felt would repel discriminatory attacks. We outfitted them in uniforms that we hoped would help them escape profiling in stores and public areas: pastel-colored, non-hooded sweatshirts; cleanly pressed, belted, non-baggy khaki pants; tightly-laced white tennis sneakers; Top-Sider shoes; conservative blazers; rep ties; closely cropped hair; and no sunglasses. Never any sunglasses.

No overzealous police officer or store owner was going to profile our child as a neighborhood shoplifter. With our son’s flawless diction and deferential demeanor, no neighbor or playdate parent would ever worry that he was casing their home or yard. Seeing the unwillingness of taxis to stop for him in our East Side Manhattan neighborhood, and noting how some white women clutched their purses when he walked by or entered an elevator, we came up with even more rules for our three children:

1. Never run while in the view of a police officer or security person unless it is apparent that you are jogging for exercise, because a cynical observer might think you are fleeing a crime or about to assault someone.
2. Carry a small tape recorder in the car, and when you are the driver or passenger (even in the back seat) and the vehicle has been stopped by the police, keep your hands high where they can be seen, and maintain a friendly and non-questioning demeanor.
3. Always zip your backpack firmly closed or leave it in the car or with the cashier so that you will not be suspected of shoplifting.
4. Never leave a shop without a receipt, no matter how small the purchase, so that you can’t be accused unfairly of theft.
5. If going separate ways after a get-together with friends and you are using taxis, ask your white friend to hail your cab first, so that you will not be left stranded without transportation.
6. When unsure about the proper attire for a play date or party, err on the side of being more formal in your clothing selection.
7. Do not go for pleasure walks in any residential neighborhood after sundown, and



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never carry any dark-colored or metallic object that could be mistaken as a weapon, even a non-illuminated flashlight.

8. If you must wear a T-shirt to an outdoor play event or on a public street, it should have the name of a respected and recognizable school emblazoned on its front.

9. When entering a small store of any type, immediately make friendly eye contact with the shopkeeper or cashier, smile, and say “good morning” or “good afternoon.”

These are just a few of the humbling rules that my wife and I have enforced to keep our children safer while living integrated lives. For years, our kids — who have heard stories of officers mistakenly arresting or shooting black teens who the officers “thought” were reaching for a weapon or running toward them in a menacing way — have registered their annoyance at having to follow them. (My 12-year-old daughter saw the importance of the rules when, in late August, she and I were stopped by a county police officer who apparently was curious about a black man driving an expensive car. He later apologized.)

**N**ot many months ago, my children and I sat in the sprawling living room of two black bankers in Rye, N.Y., who had brought together three dozen affluent African-American parents and their children for a workshop on how to interact with law enforcement in their mostly white communities. Two police detectives and two criminal-court judges — all African-American — provided practical suggestions on how to minimize the likelihood of the adolescents being profiled or mistakenly Tasered or shot by inexperienced security guards or police officers. Some of the parents and most of the kids sat smugly, passing around platters of vegetables and smoked salmon — while it helped to have the lessons reinforced by police officers, we had all heard it many times before.

My kids and I had it all figured out.

Or so we thought.

The boarding-school incident this summer was a turning point for us — particularly for my son and his younger siblings. Being called a nigger was, of course, a depressing moment for us all. But it was also a moment that helped bring our surroundings into clearer focus. The fact that it happened just days before the police shooting of Michael Brown increased its resonance for our family. Our teenage son no longer makes eye contact with pedestrians or drivers who pass on the street or sidewalk. He ceased visiting the school library this summer after sundown, and now refuses to visit the neighborhood library, just one block away, unless accompanied. He asks us to bear with him because, as he explains, he knows that the experience is unlikely to happen again, but he doesn't like the uncertainty. He says he

now feels both vulnerable and resentful whenever he is required to walk unaccompanied.

It also was a lesson for us to grasp that some white men may believe such acts are really no big deal. I called a dean at the boarding school, who seemed to justify the incident as something that “just happens” in a place where “town-and-gown relations” are strained, but he had little else to say. My son's school adviser never contacted me about the incident, acting with the same indifference that so many black parents have come to expect. After I reached out to them, I never heard from either man again. Like so many whites who observe our experiences, these two privileged white males treated the incident like a “one-off” that demanded no follow-up and that quickly would be forgotten.

Through no fault of their own, many white men, I think, are unaware or unappreciative of the white male privilege that they enjoy every day, which Wellesley's Professor McIntosh wrote about in her studies of race, gender, class, and privilege. They have no idea how much they take for granted, or know of the burdens endured daily by many people in their own communities. Nor do they appreciate the lingering effects of such burdens and daily traumas. Perhaps many feel that racism is inconsequential, if not altogether dead. After all, as some of my white colleagues have pointed out cynically, how much racism can there be if the country elected a black president?

Let me say that to acknowledge that white male privilege exists does not mean that white privileged men are hostile or racist — or that all bad things that happen to black people are occurring only because of racial bigotry. But I am no better able to explain the lackadaisical response of the two white men to whom I reported the incident than I am able to explain the motives of the two white men who called my son a nigger in the first place.

And perhaps this is why it is so difficult to fairly and productively discuss the privilege (or burdens) that are enjoyed (or endured) by groups to which we don't belong. Try as I may to see things from the perspective of a white person, I can see them only from the experience that I have as a black man and had as a black boy. As we observe each other and think that we have a close understanding of what it means to be black, white, Hispanic, Asian, male, female, rich, or poor, we really don't — and very often we find ourselves gazing at each other through the wrong end of the telescope. We see things that we think are there, but really aren't. And the relevant subtleties linger just outside our view, eluding us. ♦

*Lawrence Otis Graham '83 is an attorney in New York and the author of 14 books, including *Our Kind of People* and *The Senator and The Socialite*.*

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# The Good Neighbor

Thirty-three years ago,  
Marty Johnson '81  
set out to fight poverty  
in his own backyard.  
He's still at it.

By Dorian Rolston '10

## In Old Trenton, the historic district

just east of downtown, redbrick row houses are crumbling, their windows broken, their upper rooms open to the sky. A banner flaps across one drooping façade, advertising new apartments “coming soon” — in 2009. The streets are mostly empty, the klatches of men who stood outside the barred Hi-Grade Wine & Liquor store now dispersed by an approaching storm. But on Wood Street, a narrow lane gouged with potholes, lights are burning inside a squat former print shop where Isles, a local nonprofit, salvages Trenton's remains: repurposing scrap tires as planters for a vegetable garden and boarded-up windows as vibrant murals. To Isles, blight is just another kind of opportunity.

Marty Johnson '81, founding president of Isles, possesses a keen sense of what lies beneath the decay. “Marty can see something no one else can see,” says Isles training manager Andre Thomas, who joined the organization after serving five years in prison. For more than three decades, Johnson has worked to reclaim Trenton from the creep of urban decline. Gordon MacInnes \*65, a two-term New Jersey state senator who now heads the nonprofit research institute New Jersey Policy Perspective, admires Johnson for creating a successful social enterprise in a city with “very little civic life left.”

A think-and-do-tank with a \$9.57 million budget and an up-by-the-bootstraps mantra, Isles helps the poor to help themselves. Its community-development projects work to revitalize neighborhoods, “physically rebuilding out of the existing stock of Trenton,” says Alejandro Zaera-Polo, dean

of Princeton's architecture school. On nearby Tucker Street, a 20,000-square-foot former paint factory has been revamped (with a \$1 million donation from NRG Energy, headed by Johnson's classmate David Crane) into a solar-powered alternative high school and solar-vocational training center. Isles Youth Institute has helped about 650 high school dropouts earn a diploma or GED certificate and prepared about 870 unemployed people for energy-industry jobs. An Isles weatherization and home-safety subsidiary called E4, which employs some of those trainees, has tested for lead in about 2,100 homes and removed lead from dozens. Isles also establishes and manages community gardens, provides financial counseling and low-interest loans, and rehabilitates homes and helps low-income residents purchase them. As Johnson says, “We're starting with people's capabilities. We provide them with enough assistance, kick 'em in the ass, and give 'em a hug.”

Johnson is about 6 feet tall, with burly limbs that betray his days as a gunner on Princeton's football squad. A self-described “serial entrepreneur,” Johnson draws funding from more than 300 sources. But he shifts fluidly between executive argot and street talk, and knows that some Youth Institute students think of him “like a dad.” He pays little mind to most conventional measures of success, which he finds short-term and incomplete. He appraises his work, instead, by lessons learned — “where the magic is,” he often says — and believes that the path out of poverty is a path to self-reliance, “a way not to be needed.”

Peter Murphy





**Marty Johnson '81**  
in the Chestnut  
Community Garden  
in Trenton, which  
Isles supports.



Industry first came to Trenton in the late 17th century, when Mahlon Stacy, a Quaker from England, built a grist mill. For generations, the city would see itself as a center of manufacturing, notably proclaiming its status in 1935 on a bridge spanning the Delaware River — “TRENTON MAKES” emblazoned on one side, “THE WORLD TAKES” on the other — to signify the burgeoning manufacture of ceramics, cigars, and wire cables that could suspend landmark bridges. But as in other Rust Belt cities, industry in Trenton eventually ground to a halt. Today, 26.6 percent of its residents live in poverty, a rate that’s almost three times the state average. In Isles’ neighborhood of Old Trenton, within sight of the gold dome crowning the State House, poverty is even more widespread.

More than three decades after Isles began working in Trenton, poverty in the city — and increasingly, in the surrounding suburbs — only has worsened. “One of the problems of trying to assess anybody’s work in a situation like that is, how do you measure their progress against a flood tide? You’re building sand castles and you’ve got a tsunami coming,” says MacInnes. Still, Isles’ multifarious efforts in community development, public health, alternative education, and job training provide vital lifelines to families and neighborhoods, he says. “And they’re doing it against enormous negative forces that they can’t control.”

Johnson believes that federal antipoverty programs can encourage dependency. Isles receives federal and state funding for major projects, though it aims to prevent dependency by requiring participants to demonstrate initiative — for example, to pay a small fee for financial-literacy services. Isles’ philosophy begins “with an expectation that individuals want to be self-reliant, and are capable of managing their own interventions with relatively little intermediation,” he says. “Government employees, even smart ones, are not better able to manage the lives of those in poverty.”

Rutgers professor Julia Sass Rubin, a visiting professor at the Woodrow Wilson School, says beleaguered cities need “actors on the ground” who are able to monitor local conditions and mobilize swiftly. “Government is not good at adapting quickly,” she says. “And the theory is, that’s why you have community-based responses: They can be on the ground and meet the needs. What you have with Isles is just a well-managed organization that can harness the resources and meet the needs.” Yet, in Trenton, one of the poorest cities in one of the country’s wealthiest states, some needs are met only by government’s social-safety net, Rubin says. “The idea that families can just pull themselves up by their bootstraps, that you don’t need to create infrastructure and address institutional barriers and provide subsidy, is a false one,” she says. “You need to do both.”

Johnson grew up in Akron, Ohio. When he was 16, his parents divorced and lost the family house. Johnson and his younger brother and sister stayed with their mother, who was disabled from an accident and unable to work. The household survived with public assistance and help from others. When Johnson would buy groceries with food stamps, the transactions unnerved him. He feared being stigmatized, labeled as “a kind of sick patient,” and he strained to be “treated as still capable, still normal.” Confronting scarcity, he thought only of immediate needs, and worried about being driven to make

poor decisions. “To do that as a kid,” Johnson says, “that really sears into your psyche, becomes a part of who you are.”

Brought to Princeton, in part, to play football, Johnson never quite felt settled. Teammate John Kistler ’81 recalls players ribbing Johnson for wanting to save the world. An anthropology major, Johnson itched to escape academia for “real-world problem-solving,” and in the spring of his junior year, he traveled to the state of Pernambuco in northeastern Brazil. After two months of refining his Portuguese and observing local customs, he meandered south along the coast, reaching a fishing village in the Port of Suape. It was, he says, “the most beautiful place I had ever seen — ever.” But multinational corporations had proposed an industrial complex, and residents were rallying to defend their estuary and way of life. Johnson wrote his junior paper in condemnation of such projects “done in the name of progress.” Then he hitchhiked around Brazil, ruminating: “What would it look like if you really wanted to restore the environment and help those you really thought needed to be helped?”

Approaching graduation, Johnson considered job offers from corporations, including one that would have paid “more than my father ever made,” he says. He turned them down.

“We’re basically handed a sword when we leave FitzRandolph Gate,” Johnson says. “The sword cuts in two directions. The sword is basically saying you can do anything now. And the beauty is that you *can* do anything. The danger of that is that you can do *anything*. So how do you keep some level of humility, and use the good side of the sword to take some risks and go out and make change?”

Toward the end of his senior year, Johnson, along with Mark Schultz ’80, Ian Keith ’80, and Andrew Reding ’77, started Isles. Schultz, now an associate director at the Land Stewardship Project in Minnesota, says that Isles was envisioned as something “that could be owned and controlled and operated by local communities, not by distant experts from afar.” After graduation, the partners shared a \$100-a-month room in Trenton and a car with “holes in the floorboards,” and eked out about \$10,000 to spend on projects. An early \$31,000 grant from the Dodge Foundation kept Isles afloat. (“It was a slight roll of the dice,” says Scott McVay ’55, the former executive director at Dodge.)

After a few years, the partners left, and Johnson settled in for a long haul. He married Liz Lewis, a plant pathologist, and started a family. The Johnsons lived in a Trenton neighborhood by the Delaware River known as the Island. It was quieter than other parts of the city, but friends and family members still considered the move “risky and experimental,” Johnson says. They had three sons, who attended local schools — making

**Johnson eschews the word “program” in describing what Isles does because he thinks it implies a “power relationship” that marginalizes the poor.**





**Johnson with Princeton engineering students and visiting lecturer Robert Harris in 2008. The students were helping to transform the former textile mill into what's planned as the core of a "sustainable urban village."**

friends and receiving reduced-price lunches like most of their peers. All three transferred to the private Princeton Day School for middle or high school, a move that made Jeremy Johnson, who later entered Princeton with the Class of 2009, aware of educational and socioeconomic disparities. "I was pretty academically behind," he says. "I was entering a much more elite group of people who did not worry about things that I had to worry about. ... We were never hungry. But we were very conscious of the fact that we couldn't [afford to] do things." He adds: "There were a handful of awkward moments where parents of my friends wouldn't let them come over to play because they didn't want them in Trenton."

At Isles, Marty Johnson, who has been a Princeton trustee and visiting fellow at the Woodrow Wilson School, often draws on his anthropology training, which equipped him to deal with "reasons that people give for fearing outsiders." In a predominantly black, poorly educated community, he has had to answer for being "too white" and "too educated." He plays down the considerable intellectual horsepower of Isles' staff (which includes three alumni). He eschews the word "program" in describing what Isles does because he thinks it implies a "power relationship" that marginalizes the poor. Instead, he prefers "product," which "ultimately hinges on people taking this stuff and moving toward self-reliance and away from needing you."

**T**he Youth Institute doors open by 7 a.m., when all 50 or so students engage in guided self-reflection, and close around 9 p.m., when anyone left behind is delivered home safely by car. Students learn by doing: To study geometry, they truss roofs; to study business, they run one. Prospective students submit to a week-long boot camp of physical tests (push-ups, sit-ups, sprints) and prohibitions (no cellphones, no gang colors). Johnson aims to weed out anyone attending only because of a guardian's insistence or a judge's decree. He

calls it "tough love." "When push comes to shove, we're not interested in graduates," he says. "What we're interested in are people who are on the pathway to self-reliance."

In early 2005, Johnson made one of his few exceptions and accepted a student from a judge. Donta Sanders, then 17, had been expelled from school and jailed half a dozen times for, among other charges, assault with a deadly weapon. But coming from a large family with a sick mother to care for, Sanders struck a chord with Johnson. Sanders enrolled at the Isles Youth Institute, studying construction. He took his first trip beyond Trenton (to the Wyoming Rockies), got his first suit (Calvin Klein, \$350), and gave his first public speech (to more than 300 people). Johnson "pushed me outside my comfort zone and showed me what I was capable of," he says.

Today, Sanders is still finding his way, raising his two children as a single father and earning \$17.50 an hour doing maintenance for a real-estate company. He feels more capable, personally and professionally. "Before, I walked around like somebody owed me something," he says. "Now I'm a little bit more humble, willing to hear somebody else's problems, OK with constructive criticism. And these qualities are helping me go through life."

Beyond working student-by-student and block-by-block, Isles is implementing a plan to spark revitalization on a wider scale. Led by Julia Taylor '99, Isles' managing director of community planning, Isles conducted a community-needs survey for Trenton in 2009, finding that the city's most pressing concern was property abandonment. This spurred Isles to inventory vacant properties, identifying thousands of empty buildings and lots. To prevent the vacancy problem from expanding, Isles has counseled about 1,500 families about home ownership, helping about a third of them avoid foreclosure or move into affordable homes. Isles has "this really strong knowledge base of what people are looking for," says Marc Leckington, Trenton's deputy director of housing and





When they were young: Johnson speaks at a celebration of community gardens around 1989, when Isles was about eight years old.

economic development, “and this great 10,000-foot view of what’s going on in the city.”

On 1.7 acres that lay fallow for most of Isles’ existence, Roberto Clemente Park now sports a pastel-colored playground and a full-size basketball court outfitted with glinting rims and bleachers. In 10 abandoned buildings on Stockton Street, where copper piping had been stripped for scrap metal and used needles were strewn beside bare mattresses on the concrete floors, 26 spruced-up units will be offered for rent or sale later this year; in the nearby Stockton Arms complex, another 34 are being rehabilitated. Backed by state grants, Isles has developed more than 500 affordable homes.

Isles manages 60 community gardens and has established more than 150 over the years, yielding, Johnson estimates, more than a million pounds of fresh produce in communities lacking supermarkets selling healthy food. Isles construction students have built many of the raised beds — necessary to avoid poor soil — and recently created a beds-and-sheds micro-business to serve other gardeners, Johnson says.

June Ballinger, executive artistic director of Passage Theatre Co., a community arts organization, can remember looking out her office window onto “all sorts of squalor going on in the alley — people using it as a bathroom, and drinking, and prostitution,” she says. “And a lot of that has gone away.” With Passage, Isles has applied for (and matched) a \$75,000 National Endowment for the Arts grant to create an arts district near the Trenton Transit Center.

Isles has had disappointments, as well. In 2008, Isles partnered with state police to launch Operation CeaseFire, which deployed civilian volunteers to connect crime victims to social services and to defuse tension between gang members. Trenton police statistics suggested that the program reduced gun-related crime, but after two years, funding ran out and violence escalated.

“There have been lots of moments when I thought it made no sense to continue to do this, and lots of good reasons why I should have left,” Johnson says. “But they weren’t good

enough to overcome what was a basic belief that we had to get through the hardest times, had to get through the burnout, in order to find out what’s real and what’s possible.”

Recently, Johnson noticed a curious trend: Most of those approaching Isles for housing assistance have been looking beyond the city, not within it. Johnson saw that Trenton was losing population, while the surrounding suburbs were gaining. At the same time, poverty metrics — students eligible for free lunches, median household income, private jobs — showed that Trenton’s problems had bled into the communities around it. “It started as just Trenton,” Johnson says. “Now it’s moving.” He compares Isles’ anti-poverty efforts to “running up an escalator.”

Early next year, Isles will move into a sprawling, late-19th-century former textile mill in Hamilton, just outside of Trenton, as part of a larger project to create a “sustainable urban village” called Mill One with mixed-income housing, a business incubator, an artist residency, and a hub for nonprofits. Athletes and alumni members of the Princeton Varsity Club have helped demolish parts of the old building and assisted in landscaping, painting, and cleanup. Students in a University class on sustainable design helped Isles evaluate options such as geothermal energy and rainwater recapture; another class explored weatherization techniques. Once completed, about four years from now, the \$20 million complex will enable Isles to continue its work in Trenton while expanding beyond. “This building enables us to regionalize our services in a way that makes more sense, and really does honor what’s happening now, which is that [poverty is] not just a city issue anymore,” Johnson says.

In a recent letter to his sons, Johnson reflected on raising them in Trenton and including them in activities at Isles. The three boys were shuttled around to community-organizing events; they discussed social issues over dinner and did homework at Isles. “We had created an organization that was a labor of love — our chance to improve the world and be creative,” Johnson wrote. “Isles gave us a chance to get to know Trenton and its people as a bundle of assets, not just deficits (or sick systems) to overcome. ... In our ideal world, our kids would deeply experience both Princeton and Trenton, function highly in each, and even be a bridge between them.”

Today, son Lon Johnson ’08 is a lawyer; Colin ’13 works in marketing. Jeremy Johnson left Princeton after his junior year in 2006 to run a business he had founded as a student. Since then, he co-founded the online-education company 2U, which went public in March. He also joined the board of PENCIL Inc., a New York partnership between businesses and schools. His interest in education, he says, stems from his “direct experience with the Trenton public school system and with friends left without any college guidance.” Noting the “extraordinary” guidance he received in his private school, he is trying, as his father had hoped, to connect his two worlds.

Jeremy draws inspiration from his father’s sheer doggedness and commitment. Most people trying to do good for a neglected community on a shoestring budget would have failed, Jeremy believes, but his father “was unwilling to fail — through his stubbornness and ingenuity and unwillingness to let this problem go.” Then, he adds: “He’d like nothing more than to make Isles irrelevant.” ♦

*Dorian Rolston ’10 is a freelance writer living in Cambridge, England.*



# PRINCETONIANS

ROB KUTNER '94

## LAUGHING AT HISTORY

*Mining the past — and a hypothetical future — for comedy*

What does the future hold for America? Comedy writer Rob Kutner '94 predicts a gay, female, Asian-American president immortalized on Mount Rushmore, California collapsing into the sea, and, perhaps most consequential, the discovery of a cure for the common cold.

Those events — and others equally unanticipated — come to pass on Kutner's music-comedy album, *2776: A Millennium of American Asskickery*, a tongue-in-cheek survey of the first thousand years of American history, available at [2776.us](http://2776.us).

As head writer for Conan O'Brien's late-night TV show, Kutner is adept at turning current events into comedy. He is one of four writers who help craft O'Brien's nightly monologue. Before joining the *Conan* staff, Kutner wrote for comedians Jon Stewart and Dennis Miller, among others, and has won

five Emmys and a Peabody Award. The former anthropology major and Quipfire! performer also once announced halftime shows for the Princeton marching band.

With his partners, Joel and Stephen Levinson, Kutner rounded up a wide range of stars for his mock-history album, including several not noted for their comedic skills. Besides actors and comedians such as Will Forte, Martha Plimpton, and Margaret Cho, the album features *Jeopardy!* host Alex Trebek and NPR correspondent Nina Totenberg singing. All proceeds go to OneKid OneWorld, which provides educational assistance to children in El Salvador and Kenya.

Kutner's fellow Tigers also helped out. Shortly before leaving for New York to start filming her new TV series, *Unbreakable Kimmy Schmidt*, actor and comedian Ellie Kemper '02 took a role in a video for the song "These Aren't the Droids," a lament that so much science fiction seems to have been written for adolescent boys. The guy in the Darth Vader costume is writer and actor David Rodwin '92.

It's not right to give away the album's ending, but as awesome as America is, our descendants someday will thank Canada — and a singing Alex Trebek — for saving our bacon. ♦ *By M.F.B.*

**Rob Kutner '94 as a cyborg patriot from the year 2776.**



FOLLOWING: [PILGRIMOGRAPHY.COM](http://PILGRIMOGRAPHY.COM)

**Blogger:**  
**KATHRYN HAMPTON '06**  
**A traveler's chronicle of life in Iraq and elsewhere**



After moving to Bosnia and Herzegovina in 2007, Hampton decided to document everyday life there with photos and mini-essays about art,

food, and culture. She moved to Iraq but was evacuated in August and now is in Sarajevo. **“I'm making a cultural wardrobe adjustment for work**

**in Iraq. ... There is huge diversity in the way [women] experiment with personal fashion within the framework of cultural and religious convictions.”**

From top: courtesy Rob Kutner '94; courtesy Kathryn Hampton '06



John Jameson '04 enjoys his flower garden with his wife, Lucy '06, and their daughters.

## LIFE: 10 YEARS OUT ...

*John '04 and Lucy Jameson '06 tend their garden and young family, steps from their alma mater*

John Jameson '04 was raised in the suburbs a few miles from Princeton, in a neighborhood with lots of big houses that many parents worked long hours to pay for. As he grew up, Jameson remembers thinking that was not the way he wanted to live. When he and his wife, Lucy '06, married in 2006, they agreed that “if we find ourselves working more hours than we want to support our lifestyle, we’ll change our lifestyle,” he says.

Jameson had taken a job at the University after graduating with a classics degree — he wanted to stay in town while Lucy finished college — and still works there, as a web developer for the Office of Communications. Their small ranch house in Princeton is perfectly situated — “work is a mile and a half this way, and church is a mile and a half that way,” he says.

They bought the house from an elderly couple — John describes it as “a little old fixer-upper” that was not much changed since the 1960s. The Jamesons set to work fixing it up — demolishing, painting, and spackling themselves — and John planted more than 50 kinds of flowers on the quarter-acre property. He uses a spreadsheet to track the blooming periods of each one.

In front, there are blueberry and elderberry bushes (gallons of berries are frozen for pancakes in the winter) next to green beans and broccoli, along with persimmon trees. In back, a flower garden attracts swallowtail and monarch butterflies for their daughters, who are 2 and 4. Lucy taught high-school physics after college and now is at home full time. “We hope I can continue to be a stay-at-home mom to care for our family, church, and neighborhood,” she says. Her husband adds, “We have a crushingly normal life. It’s wonderful.” ♦ By J.A.

### WEEKLY ROUTINE

**To keep up the Greek he learned in college, Jameson reads the New Testament in Greek during church services.**

## This Side of the Kickline



Matt Dengler as Fitzgerald

F. Scott Fitzgerald 1917 — or at least his spirit — will appear on a New York City stage this November alongside an all-male kickline when the musical *The Underclassman* opens. The show portrays Fitzgerald as a Princeton sophomore penning songs for the Triangle Club and pining after Ginevra King, the Chicago heiress considered the model for Daisy in *The Great Gatsby*.

Written by the husband-and-wife duo Cara Reichel '96 and Peter Mills '95 and inspired by Fitzgerald's first novel, *This Side of Paradise*, the musical depicts the author “finding his voice as a writer,” says Reichel, who founded Prospect Theater Company with Mills and three other Princetonians in 1998. The show is a reworked version of *The Pursuit of Persephone*, which the group staged in 2005.

The 19 cast members of *The Underclassman* — including Billy Hepfinger '10 in the role of Edmund Wilson 1916 — will spend their first day of rehearsals learning the locomotive to immerse themselves in Princeton traditions. *The Underclassman* opens Nov. 9 at the off-Broadway theater The Duke on 42nd Street. For more information, visit [ProspectTheater.org](http://ProspectTheater.org). ♦ By J.A.

Clockwise, from top left: Christina Keddie '03; Kayla David



RICHARD YAFFA '54

# FINANCIAL LITERACY

*A retired executive helps high school and college students learn to manage their money*

Several years ago, Richard Yaffa '54 overheard some adolescents in his Westchester, N.Y., neighborhood commiserating about the fact that they didn't have enough money to go to a concert. A former economics major, Yaffa figured they never had been taught about budgeting. When he discussed the issue with friends over dinner, they challenged him to "do something about it" — and he did.

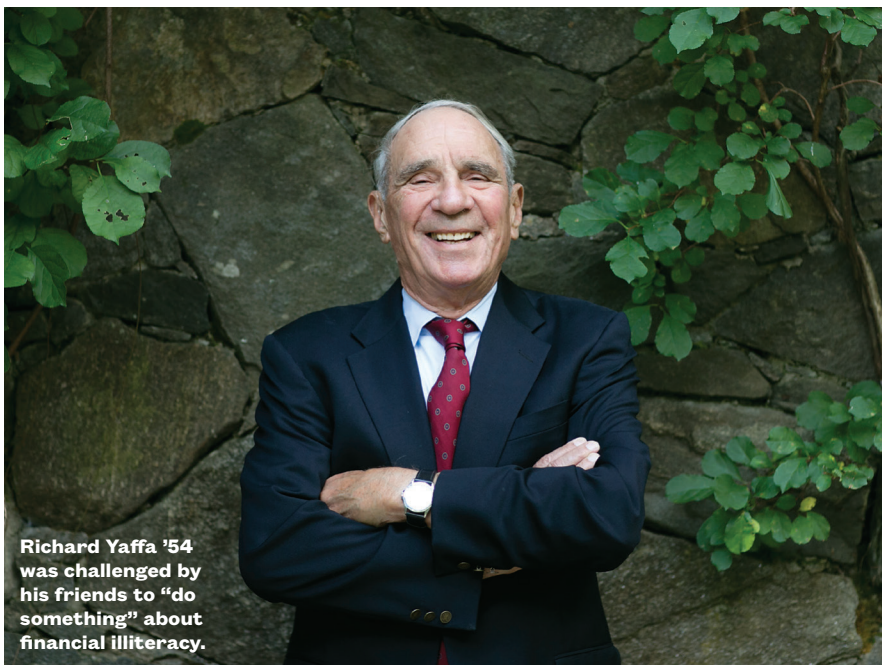
In 2009, Yaffa, who has an MBA from Harvard Business School and helped run a household-products company for 40 years, founded My Money Workshop, a nonprofit that offers free classes on money management to high school and college students in the greater New York area. He first offered the workshop

**The aim is to help students "get started in the world without doing things that are going to hurt them for many years."**

at Sarah Lawrence College, his wife's alma mater; since then, more than 5,000 students at 40 schools and two correctional facilities have taken part, including Princeton undergraduates during intersession. The aim is to help students "get started in the world without doing things that are going to hurt them for many years," Yaffa says.

Yaffa's seminars use the imagined paycheck of a fictional entry-level worker to teach budgeting and explain how a credit score impacts one's future. For example, a student's parents might give him a cellphone and insist he pay the bill. Not understanding the repercussions, the student may frequently pay late, leading to a low credit score, which hinders the ability to rent an apartment or buy a car. The need for this basic financial training does not correlate with a student's socioeconomic or educational background, Yaffa says.

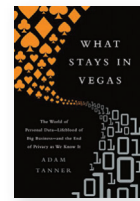
My Money Workshop is funded by donations; Yaffa hopes to find a corporate sponsor to expand. ♦ *By Agatha Gilmore '04*



Michael Falco/Black Star

Richard Yaffa '54 was challenged by his friends to "do something" about financial illiteracy.

NEW RELEASES



Every day, our personal information is gathered online by businesses so they can do a better job tracking our preferences and marketing products to us. **Adam Tanner '88** examines how companies assemble and make use of this data in a largely unregulated netherworld in *What Stays in Vegas: The World of Personal Data — Lifeblood of Big Business — and the End of Privacy as We Know It*.



**Mark Alpert '82's** *The Furies* weaves cutting-edge science into an inventive thriller. The novel — about a clan of people with a rare genetic mutation who live in seclusion in the wilderness of Michigan's Upper Peninsula — blends history, science, and witchcraft to explore how the paranormal could indeed be possible.



The global financial crisis of 2008 altered the international balance of power, argues **Jonathan**

**Kirshner '92**. In *American Power After the Financial Crisis*, he asserts that the political influence of the United States was eroded during the economic meltdown, while countries such as China found their political capital enhanced.

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# CLASS NOTES

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# MEMORIALS

**PAW posts a list of recent alumni deaths at [paw.princeton.edu](http://paw.princeton.edu). Go to "Web Exclusives" on PAW's home page and click on the link "Recent Alumni Deaths." The list is updated with each new issue.**

## THE CLASS OF 1937



### Robert D. Stuart Jr. '37

Robert Stuart, a Princeton charter trustee from 1970 to 1980 and then a trustee emeritus, died May 8, 2014.

Coming to us from the Los Alamos Ranch School, Bob won the Philo Sherman Bennett Prize in Political Science. He played freshman hockey and managed the varsity crew. He managed advertising for *The Daily Princetonian*, chaired the *Nassau Herald*, and was a member of Tiger Inn. He married Barbara Edwards in 1938.

At Yale Law School, Bob was founding director of the America First Committee and then joined the Army, serving in Europe as a staff officer. In 1947, Bob joined Quaker Oats, in which his family was heavily involved. He ran the company from 1966 to 1981, introducing new products and buying toy company Fisher-Price. From 1984 to 1989 he served as ambassador to Norway.

Bob was a dynamic presence in the Illinois Republican Party and a national committeeman from 1964 to 1972. In the early 1990s, he served on the nation's Defense Base Closure and Realignment Commission.

Together with Barbara, who died in 1993, Bob had four children, three of whom went to Princeton. To Bob's wife, Lillian, whom he married in 1995, and his children, the class extends its sympathy.

## THE CLASS OF 1941



### Cliff C. Jones '41

Cliff died March 6, 2014, at home in Kansas City, Mo., where he lived most of his life.

He prepared at Pembroke Country Day School. At Princeton he majored in economics and graduated with honors. He was active in inter-dormitory and interclub athletics and was a member of Tower Club.

During World War II, he was a Navy lieutenant serving as gunnery officer on a destroyer in the Pacific. He saw action in the Aleutians, the Philippines, and Okinawa, where

his ship was sunk on May 4, 1945. Following military service, he joined R.B. Jones & Sons Insurance Co., working his way up to president and CEO. After retiring in 1975, Cliff entered the Department of Religious Studies at the University of Kansas and earned a master's degree.

He was elected president of the Junior Chamber of Commerce in 1948 and then president of the Greater Kansas City Chamber of Commerce in 1957. He was founder and chairman of Jones and Babson, the management corporation of the Babson Mutual Fund, until its sale in 1993.

Cliff was founder and second president of the Civic Council of Kansas City and director of many Kansas City corporations.

Predeceased by Patricia Busler Jones, his wife of 58 years, he is survived by his son, the Rev. Cliff C. Jones III; daughters Lisa Schellhorn and Leigh Jones-Bamman; and seven grandchildren.

## THE CLASS OF 1945



### John B. Watkins '45

John Watkins of Leland, Mich., died April 6, 2014, after a brief illness.

John attended Detroit University School and followed his brothers, Jim '40 and George '41, to Princeton. His time on campus was interrupted by Army service in World War II. While at Princeton, he was a member of Charter and graduated from SPIA.

After Princeton, John received an MBA from the University of Michigan and moved to Grosse Pointe, Mich. He married Jean Hyde Watkins in 1950 and flew for the Army in the Korean conflict. After Korea, John went to work at Detroit Bank and Trust Co. and was one of the first chartered financial analysts in the country. In 1977, John moved to Leland and opened a financial-advisory and counseling practice.

John was an avid golfer and was a fixture at Men's Day at the Leland Country Club until he was almost 90. John was a lifelong supporter of Princeton, acting as class agent, doing

alumni interviews and traveling to Reunions and alumni days. He wore his orange sport coat proudly around town.

John was predeceased by his wife, Jean, in 2003. He is survived by his sons, Warren, John Jr., and David; grandchildren Megan, Andrew '04, Jennifer, Caitlin, Sarah, Elizabeth, and William; and three great-grandchildren. The class expresses its sympathy to the family.

## THE CLASS OF 1946



### Boyd R. Compton '46

When '46 published its 50th-reunion yearbook, we had not heard from Boyd Compton since 1959 and his address

was unknown. Before our 65th reunion, in 2011, however, a Manhattan address for him turned up. Nothing else. He died soon afterward, on July 11, 2011.

Early records indicate that Boyd's undergraduate major was international affairs and that he worked for the Rockefeller Foundation. An Internet search reveals that the Crane-Rogers Foundation's Institute of Current World Affairs (ICWA) now offers the reader some 48 lengthy, descriptive letters from Indonesia written by Boyd between Oct. 22, 1952, and July 16, 1957, apparently while he held an ICWA Fellowship. Providing detailed, intensive insight into Indonesian people and culture, the letters (ranging from five to 15 typewritten, single-spaced pages) meet the ICWA's goal of "fostering understanding of the world by immersing promising individuals in the study of a country, region, or globally important tissue." Typical of Boyd's wide interests are his subject headings, such as "President Sukarno and the Islamic State" and "Jeep Ride Through Java."

While '46 does not know of Boyd's survivors or family, if any, it is proud to salute Boyd and remember what we do know about the life of this interesting classmate.



### Peter V. Gardner '46

For 31 years, Dartmouth College enjoyed the privilege of seeing its highly competitive rowing crews coached by Pete Gardner. He was recruited

there after seven years of coaching Princeton freshman crews. And from 1973 until he retired from Dartmouth in 1987, he coached the U.S. lightweight crews in the summertime world championships, including the 1980 Olympic oarsmen.

"There is nothing I would rather do than coach," Pete wrote for our 25th yearbook. "It combines the best of teaching and competing. I am my own boss. I feel I am doing something creative, and I cherish the continual contact with young men." When he said that, his Hanover rowers had, in the most recent two

years, beaten every major crew in the United States except Harvard.

In Hanover, Pete served on the town's board of education, taught Sunday school, and served as deacon at the Congregational Church. He also supervised a children's skiing project.

Pete's death April 10, 2011, was not reported to Princeton until October 2012. His presumed survivors included his wife, Lou; three sons; one daughter; and two grandchildren. The class is proud to have had Pete as a member.



**John W. Lewis Jr. '46**

Our 50th-reunion yearbook reported that Jack Lewis had not been heard from since 1952 and that his address was unknown. Before our 65th reunion, however, he checked in with a Burke, Va., address at which he lived until he died Oct. 13, 2012, in Salisbury, Md.

Obituaries in *The Washington Post* and in the *Republican Herald* of Pottsville, Pa., reported that Jack "was retired from the Government Accountability Office and prior to that was a jeweler for more than 25 years." It added that he was "an avid Civil War history buff and loved sailing and traveling."

Jack was preceded in death by his wife, Nancy Green Lewis. He is survived by two sons, David J. and Michael W.; and his granddaughter, Kara A. Lewis. The class reaches out warmly to Jack's family.



**Joseph P. McKeehan Jr. '46**

Joe McKeehan was a lifetime telephone man. In 1943, the Navy V-12 program moved him to Cornell, where he earned a bachelor's degree in electrical engineering. During naval service in the Philippines he helped create the electric and telephone systems at Subic Bay. New Jersey Bell Telephone hired him fresh from the Navy in 1946.

Joe was a plant engineer by 1950. He transferred to New York Telephone, and in 1958 became a district manager. From there, he moved to executive posts in each department until he reached retirement in 1985. His retirement home for some time was in Palm Beach Gardens, Fla., but his last known address was in Massapequa, N.Y.

In his autobiography in our 50th-reunion yearbook, Joe said, "I disliked nothing about Princeton." Presumed survivors when Joe died July 31, 2011, were his wife, Ruthanne, and son Joseph III. The class is pleased to memorialize this classmate who spent only a few months with us yet maintained loyalty to Old Nassau.

**Richard O. Walker Jr. '46 \*48**

Dixie Walker was a lifelong student, teacher, athlete, and friend. He came to us in 1942



as a letterman in four high school sports as well as an All-Ohio football star, and then earned his "P" on Tiger basketball and football teams.

Following wartime service in an antiaircraft unit, he received a bachelor of science degree and a master's degree in civil engineering from Princeton.

During more than 30 years in architecture and engineering with Abbott Merkt and Co., Dixie worked with colleagues in the design of department stores, airport facilities, shopping centers, and even a new city near Lille in France. Then he turned his talented drive toward an associate professorship in construction engineering at Purdue University, teaching his knowledge and skills to a new generation until he retired as professor emeritus in 1988.

Dixie's beloved wife, Marjorie Stearns Walker, predeceased him in 2007. When he died March 19, 2011, he was survived by his sons, Richard O. Walker III '73 and David Stearns Walker, and five grandchildren.

The class is grateful for the full life of one who served as our class president, as president of the Princeton Club of New York, and as senior warden at Christ Church in Bronxville, N.Y.



**Richard D. Young '46**

In our 25th-anniversary yearbook, describing the 20 years after he earned his Ph.D. at the California Institute of Technology in Pasadena in 1952, Dick Young said, "Throughout this time I have been doing systems engineering and analysis work on a large variety of military systems, including missiles, aircraft radar, electronic counter measures, command and control, communications, and the new Navy ship systems." The work was with Hughes Aircraft Co., then with TRW Inc., then Litton Systems Inc. It continued with Litton until retirement.

Dick's spare time went to family and the California outdoors, with annual backpack hikes in the Sierra Nevada mountains, usually at altitudes from 9,500 to 11,000 feet. His death May 27, 2010, was not reported to Princeton until May 14, 2012. Survivors at that time were presumed to be his widow, Ragna, daughter Nina Louise, and son John Paul.

**THE CLASS OF 1948**

**Peter K. Hoglund '48**

Pete was born in Bronxville, N.Y., Jan. 13, 1927, and died in Palo Alto, Calif., March 23, 2014.

He grew up in Europe, graduated from the Cranbrook School in Michigan, and, after serving a year in the Navy, graduated from Princeton in 1948. He majored in mechanical engineering and was elected to Phi Beta Kappa.

Frank Wile '47, Ed Wasson '47, and Gene Harbeck were his roommates and lifelong friends. Other Hoglund Princetonians include brother William '56; Pete's son, Tom '77; and granddaughter Erika '14.

After graduation, Pete began a lifelong career with General Motors, first with the Electro-Motive Division in La Grange, Ill., then with the Euclid Division in Cleveland. He also held other management and executive assignments, including seven years with Euclid in Scotland, with Opel in Germany, opening up business for GM in China, and lastly with Electro-Motive, as division head and a corporate vice president. His father and brother were both directors and senior officers of GM.

Pete married Janet Allen in 1952. The Hoglunds retired first to Hilton Head, S.C., but then established homes in Carmel, Calif., and Jackson Hole, Wyo., to be closer to grandchildren and the Tetons. Janet died in 2010. Pete is survived by his sons, William and Thomas; five grandchildren; and a great-grandson.

**THE CLASS OF 1950**



**Frank Feiner '50**

Frank died March 27, 2014, in Schenectady, N.Y., his home since 1955.

Born in Hamburg, Germany, he fled with his mother in 1938 and settled in Cleveland, where he graduated from Cleveland Heights High School. At Princeton he was a member of Whig-Clio and vice president of Prospect Club his senior year.

Continuing his study of physics, Frank earned a master's degree in science (1952) and a Ph. D. in experimental nuclear physics (1955) from the Carnegie Institute of Technology. He then moved to Schenectady to join the Knolls Atomic Power Lab. His work there involved the nuclear-physics data underlying the design of nuclear reactors for the Navy. He retired in 1999.

Frank was a strong patron of the arts and loved opera. He was a supporter of liberal causes, a volunteer mentor in the public schools, and an active member of the Union College Academy of Lifelong Learning. After retirement, he became an enthusiastic patron of Elder Hostels, both domestically and abroad.

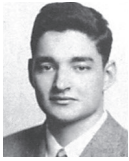
Our condolences go to his wife, Rose; son Richard '84; daughter Claire; two stepdaughters; and three grandchildren. His first wife, Marjorie, whom he married in 1952, predeceased him in 1997.

**Frederick R. MacFadden Jr. '50**

Fred, professor emeritus at Coppin State University, died March 19, 2014, in Baltimore.

A graduate of Glassboro (N.J.) High School, Fred worked on the *Nassau Lit*, managed the Campus Sales Agency, and majored in





English at Princeton. After three years in the Army, he was an instructor at several lower schools, a YMCA secretary, and a life-insurance salesman. Then, to his own “astonishment,” he found himself re-entering academia at Penn, where he earned advanced degrees in English — a master’s degree in 1956 and a Ph.D. in 1961.

He taught at Mansfield (Pa.) State College for several years before accepting a professorship at Coppin State in Baltimore, where he taught English until retiring in 1999. He was architect of Coppin’s first honors program.

He was a scholar of American literature, with papers appearing in a variety of publications. His book, *Knight with Quill*, was published in 1997. He edited the Baltimore-area Mensa newsletter, was a board member and actor with Arena Players of Baltimore, and a multiple winner with Toastmasters International. Fred’s Christian faith and family were always central in his life.

We extend our sympathy to Jean, his wife of 57 years; daughters Lily and Julie; son Ned; and three grandchildren.

#### THE CLASS OF 1953



##### David K. Anderson '53

If past class president Bill Ogden had not done some probing to track down Dave so treasurer Bob Kenagy could inform him of class dues, it

would not have been known by Alumni Records or us that Dave, living in Salzburg, Austria, had died Sept. 19, 2013, following a massive stroke.

It seems that obituaries, as we know them, are not published in Austrian newspapers. One of Dave’s sons, Peter, supplied details. Dave had grown fond of Austria when he was stationed there in the Army after graduating from Princeton. In 1956, he married Jutta Haberfellner, a 1949 graduate of the University of Graz in Austria.

Dave earlier had earned a law degree from the University of Illinois. He joined Mobil and later worked for Standard Oil. Still later, he was general counsel for Sperry Computer Systems International. Finally, he opened his own practice, Anderson & Associates, in Washington, D.C. Then he and Jutta relocated permanently to Salzburg.

Jutta died in 2001. Besides Peter, Dave is survived by his sons, Wolfgang and Christopher, daughter Claudia, and six grandchildren. Peter said his father always spoke highly of Princeton. We speak highly of Dave, and wished our paths had crossed more often.

##### Charles Syer IV '53

“Buddy,” as he was called by classmates, was one of eight Woodberry Forest School “Tigers”



who entered Princeton in September 1949. Gus Brothman '51 learned that Buddy died May 6, 2014. He had been living at Westminster Canterbury in Hampton Roads,

Va., a retirement facility on the Chesapeake Bay where Gus also lives. Gus said that Buddy suffered a severe stroke on Christmas Eve 2013 and failed to recover from it.

At Princeton, Buddy graduated *cum laude* in economics and took his meals at Charter Club, not Cottage as his obituary stated. He wrote for *The Daily Princetonian* and *Nassau Sovereign* and roomed senior year with Bill Taylor, Bill Webster, and Jack Mills. Jack recalls that Buddy was “very intelligent” with “a pleasant personality” and is sorry Buddy did not maintain contact.

Buddy served the obligatory two years in the Army and then worked at Hanover Bank in New York City, the Investment Corp. of Virginia, and United Virginia Bankshares (now SunTrust Bank in Norfolk). He was keenly interested in the arts and was a voracious reader.

Buddy never married. Among his survivors are his brother, John B., niece Virginia Genereux, and nephew John B. Jr. We are saddened to lose this thoughtful and gentle man.

#### THE CLASS OF 1954



##### Robert C. Bennett '54

Robert Bennett died Feb. 19, 2014, from rapidly spreading cancer.

Born in Long Branch, N.J., he attended Kent School. His

Princeton major was the Woodrow Wilson School. He was a member of Quadrangle Club, the Varsity Glee Club, and the varsity lightweight crew. He served as secretary of the class sophomore year. Bob was in NROTC and after graduation went on active duty aboard the U.S.S. *Valley Forge*, including duty as an admiral’s aide.

Bob earned a master’s degree from the Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy at Tufts. He joined First City Bank in New York City and spent more than 33 years with the bank, working in Singapore, India, Brazil, Finland, and eventually California. He was appointed president of Citibank’s Edge Act entity in San Francisco and started its private banking presence in northern California.

Bob was known for his jokes and stories. He did a bungee jump at age 67 while on a trip to New Zealand. He was a member of Costco (which he wanted mentioned in his obituary) and the Stock Exchange and Banker’s clubs in San Francisco.

The class is honored by his service to our country and sends condolences to Jane, his wife of 48 years; son Robert; daughter Sarah; and four grandchildren.

#### THE CLASS OF 1955



##### Henry S. Grove III '55

July 21, 1933, was a big day for Henry Grove II and Jane Galloway Grove, for on that date they produced the remarkable Henry Grove III, recognized

pioneer and leader in the video-systems industry and a man who was much loved.

On scholarship from Springfield High School in Chestnut Hill, Pa., Henry majored in economics, waited tables in Commons, and was on the field hockey club team. He joined Charter, and roomed senior year with Peter Litt, Harvey Dice, and Bob Olson.

In 1965 Henry launched the Peirce-Phelps video systems division and built it into one of the world’s largest videoconferencing systems integrator and provider of related services.

Henry and his family summered in Beach Haven, N.J. He and his wife, Joan, traveled widely and, for most of his life, Henry sailed and played golf, squash, and tennis.

Henry will be remembered for his friendship and integrity as well as his razor wit, room-brightening grin, and heartfelt laughter. He died April 16, 2014, leaving Joan; sons Don (Liz), Steve (Barbara), and Dave (Holly); six grandchildren; and his sister, Emily Pratt. To them all, the class extends heartfelt sympathy.

#### THE CLASS OF 1957



##### Robert G. Miller '57

Bob died Feb. 11, 2014. He was a resident of Lafayette, Calif.

At Princeton he majored in politics and joined Prospect Club. He was active in

intramural track, cricket, Whig-Clio, and the student center. His senior roommates were Jack Eliassen and John Willmorth.

Bob was a second lieutenant in the Army, after which he earned a law degree from Stanford. Early on he was assistant U.S. attorney in the District of Columbia. For much of his career he specialized in regulatory law for Bank of America in San Francisco. He continued to practice into his 70s with the law firm of James B. Clapp and as an arbitrator for the Financial Industry Regulatory Authority.

Bob was an adjunct professor at Golden State University. A deeply religious man, he was active in the Synod Council of the Lutheran Church. He loved singing, playing the guitar, and composing songs. He followed the San Francisco Giants and public affairs closely.

Bob is survived by Mary, his wife of 48 years; daughter Margaret; son Jim; and three grandchildren. We will miss this fine man.

#### THE CLASS OF 1958

##### Alan S. Bergman '58

Alan died of cancer March 15, 2014, in Pasadena, Calif., where he had gone for



medical treatment.

Alan grew up in Brooklyn and graduated from Lincoln High School. At Princeton, he was an active musician, playing drums in the University band and orchestra and also with Stan Rubin's Tigertown Five and the Johnny Eaton Quartet. As an economics major he wrote his thesis on the music performing-rights industry. Alan was a member of Terrace Club. His senior-year roommates were Fred Quitkin, Marshall Katzman, Jerry Wool, and Mike Huckman. Mike spoke at Alan's funeral in New York.

Alan earned a law degree at New York University and applied his legal talents to the music industry. His first job was as general counsel to Frank Loesser (composer of *Gypsy and Dolls*) and the Loesser music-publishing companies. He later became an attorney at ABC Records and, in 1973, formed his own law firm specializing in the music business. Alan's clients included many prominent figures in jazz. At Alan's funeral T.S. Monk, Thelonious' son, performed a drum tribute. In 2005, Alan and his friends Ed White '56, Pete Blue '57, Dick Lincoln '57, and Tom Artin '60 reunited to form the Princeton Jazz Quintet and played regularly at the Princeton Club of New York.

The class sends sympathy to his daughters, Jennifer and Leslie; his sister, Betty; his wife, Patricia Kirkish; and his former wife, Alice.



**Robert A. Graham '58**

Bob Graham died suddenly April 26, 2014.

He was born and raised in Long Branch, New Jersey, where he graduated from Long Branch High School. During his freshman year he roomed in Henry. Sophomore and junior years he roomed with Pete Erlandsen, Bob Givey, Art Griffin, Dave Peterson, and Andy Pew in Joline. Senior year he lived in Cuyler with Bob Givey and Kent Mina, which led to a lifetime friendship between the Grahams and the Minas. Bob was a member of Elm Club and graduated with a bachelor's degree in electrical engineering. He then started a successful career in the telecommunications business working with New Jersey Bell, Mountain Bell, and Bell Atlantic. He retired in 1998 as president of Bell Atlantic Directory Services.

Bob enjoyed traveling, biking, good food, and playing golf at Congressional Country Club. He and Nancy, his wife of 51 years, frequently vacationed worldwide, often on biking or hiking excursions. His positive, affable, and caring nature made him a friend to all whose lives he touched.

The class sends its sympathy to Nancy; his daughter, Courtenay; grandchildren Connor and Kayleigh; son Kyle and his wife, Emmeline; and his sister, Betty.

**THE CLASS OF 1960**



**James A. Stansbury Jr. '60**

Jim died Jan. 16, 2014, in Croton, Ohio, from complications during surgery.

Born in Texas, Jim came to Princeton from North Plainfield (N.J.) High School. He majored in politics, played on the freshman golf team, and was an outstanding end on the varsity football team until he was injured prior to his junior year. He later coached freshman football. His roommates included Bud Madigan, Mike Widmer, and Tom Riley his sophomore and junior years, and he lived at Cannon Club his senior year, where he was vice president.

Jim spent his professional career in the insurance industry in Illinois and Ohio. In 1985, he opened his own firm, Stansbury and Associates, where he assisted in the negotiations between his clients and health-care insurance companies.

Jim loved sports of all kinds. In his spare time, he coached boys' basketball at the junior-high-school level. He was an accomplished golfer and taught all of his children to play.

Jim's life revolved around his family. He raised his five children, James III, Cathleen McGowan, Cara (now deceased), Michael, and Christopher with his first wife, Carol (née Mucha). He is survived by them and his wife, Dorothea; two stepchildren; eight grandchildren; and his brothers, Edward and Richard. The class sends sympathy to them all.

**THE CLASS OF 1963**



**John E. Becker '63**

John, of Bay Village, Ohio, died March 15, 2014, after a hard-fought battle with cancer. He had been a Realtor in the Cleveland area for many years and had served as chairman of the Cleveland Area Board of Realtors.

John came to Princeton from Euclid (Ohio) Senior High School, where he was student council president and played in several bands, including a Dixieland jazz ensemble that received national recognition in *Down Beat* magazine. At Princeton, he roomed freshman year in Brown Hall with Randy Hurlburt (also from Euclid), Mike Otten, and Ron Palmquist. John majored in religion, belonged to Elm, played in the concert band, and was on the Jamesburg Committee for the Student Christian Association. He enjoyed reading, sports cars, history, and politics.

"John was a remarkable man with a remarkable sense of humor," said Emma Gregory, a colleague at Professional Realty Inc. in Cleveland. Lee Hammell, a high-school classmate and lifelong friend, recalled, "John played piano, all the reed instruments, and filled in on acoustic bass" for their school's

concert band.

John is survived by two nieces. To them and to all John's friends, the class sends sympathy.



**Peter G. Veeder '63**

Pete, a skilled lawyer and exemplary fundraiser, died of cancer Jan. 13, 2014.

A lifelong resident of Pittsburgh, Pete graduated from University of Pittsburgh School of Law in 1966. After working four years with U.S. Steel, he focused on environmental issues, joining the law firm of Thorp, Reed & Armstrong in 1970. He rose to managing partner, opened the firm's Washington office, and for more than 10 years was listed in *The Best Lawyers in America*.

Devotion to Pittsburgh was evident in his work for organizations such as St. Edmund's Academy, the Visiting Nurses Association, Pittsburgh Center for the Arts, Carnegie Museums of Pittsburgh, and Carnegie Museum of Art. He was named 2005's Outstanding Volunteer Fundraiser by the Association of Fundraising Professionals, Western Pennsylvania Chapter.

At Princeton, Pete majored in English, ate at Colonial, rowed freshmen lightweight crew, and was known to classmates as a gentleman's gentleman — a term that stuck with him to the end. More recently he became an accomplished watercolorist and developed an extensive collection of toy soldiers complemented by impressive knowledge of military history.

The class shares its sorrow with Sybil, Pete's wife of 48 years; daughters Sybil Wilson and Hillary Dietz; a son, Gerrit; brother James Jr.; and seven grandchildren.

**THE CLASS OF 1964**



**Paul R. Kitch '64**

On March 12, 2014, Paul ("Pete") Kitch graduated to heaven after a richly blessed life on earth dedicated to his Lord Jesus Christ, his family and friends, and public service.

At Princeton, Pete was a member of the varsity basketball team, the Engineering Council, and Cannon Club. He served as president of the Basic Engineering Society. He went on to earn an MBA from Stanford.

A celebration of Pete's life in Wichita, Kan., his lifelong home, lauded his humble character, devotion to helping those less fortunate than he, and his many accomplishments. That list included numerous public- and private-service appointments to boards of directors; company start-ups and expansions; and, most recently, his founding of KIPHS Inc., a developer of public-health software applications. When Pete was asked to designate his single greatest accomplishment, he quickly named his family as his *magnum opus*.



Pete is survived by his wife, Dianne; children Krista Rader and Shauna Williams; brothers Ed, Jim, Tom, and David; sons-in-law David Rader and Chance Williams; and 11 grandchildren. He was preceded in death by his grandson, Huck Williams. The class extends profound condolences to all of Pete's family.

#### Charles T. Scribner '64

Charlie, who entered Princeton with the Class of 1962 but graduated with '64, died March 10, 2014, after a long battle with lung disease.

He came to Old Nassau from New York City and Deerfield and went from Princeton to the University of Chicago, where he earned two medical degrees. He spent most of his working years as a general practitioner in the Chicago area. He later settled in Canton, Conn.

Late in his career he gave generously of his time to elderly patients, making rounds and house calls without compensation. He is remembered as a rebel with and without a cause who read voraciously, loved argument, and enjoyed testing the tolerance of his more conservative colleagues.

Charlie studied the classics, history, poetry, prehistoric astronomy, celestial navigation, mythology, and paleo-archaeology. He was admired for his tenacious pursuit of solutions to intricate problems and his whimsical poems. Behind his irascible façade was a youthful inquisitiveness coupled with an awkward shyness in social situations. One friend wrote of him, "He was a rare bird and will be missed."

Charlie is survived by his faithful wife, Lisa, and their two spirited daughters, Elizabeth and Sarah, to whom the class sends condolences.

#### THE CLASS OF 1967



#### Edward Y. Chapin IV '67

Chattanooga businessman and civic leader Ed ("Chape") Chapin died Aug. 6, 2011.

He was a renaissance man of boundless intellectual interests and achievements. A local newspaper observed, "If the shoes of this community asset are ever filled, it will require a roomful of dedicated public servants."

At Princeton, he was an electrical engineering major, sales manager at WPRB, and member of Key and Seal. He earned an MBA from Emory.

In addition to serving as president of his family tourism business, Rock City Gardens, Ed was the Chattanooga region's first Apple computer dealer. He was owner/operator of WLOM-FM and founder or leader of many technological organizations. He led the establishment of Chattanooga's 911 system, served as president of civic organizations, and received many awards. He worked behind the scenes to support and fund civic programs.

Ed exuded intellectual curiosity. He was an

avid sailor, astronomer, private pilot, master gardener, woodworker, and winemaker.

Ed had unbounded love for his family. He was devoted to his wife, Linda Standefer Chapin, for 45 years until her death in 2009. The class sends sympathy to his children, Betsy, Ted, and John; his grandchildren; his father, E.Y. Chapin III '44; brothers Garnet '72 and Jim; sister Mary; and his nieces and nephews.



#### Samuel H.S. Magruder '67

Samuel ("Sam") Magruder died suddenly July 25, 2012.

Sam grew up in rural southeastern Pennsylvania. He graduated from Kent School and at Princeton earned a bachelor's degree in chemical engineering. He stroked the freshman crew and was a Naval ROTC scholar and Tower Club member. After graduation, Sam attended the Naval Nuclear Power School and did active service in the submarine fleet in the North Atlantic between 1967 and 1971. He returned to civilian life, attended Harvard Business School, and earned an MBA in finance in 1974.

Sam's career included stints at Bank of New England as a commercial lender in the energy field followed by years at Fidelity Investments and finally New York Life. His passion for squash led to decades of involvement with the Harvard Club of Boston Athletic Committee and the Massachusetts Squash Racquets Association. He was an active member of Grace Church in Newton Corner and served for many years as the treasurer of the board of the Rebecca Pomroy Foundation of Newton. As a hobby woodworker, he produced many fine pieces for his family and friends.

Sam is survived by Elizabeth ("Leezie"), his wife of 39 years; and his children, Will, Elizabeth, and Abby.

#### THE CLASS OF 1970



#### Richard T. Jannarone '70

Dick died July 17, 2013, while seeking treatment for advanced prostate cancer in Germany.

Dick came to Princeton after high school in West Point, N.Y., where his father was dean of academics at the U.S. Military Academy. Dick arrived as his high-school valedictorian, three-sport athlete, and an Eagle Scout. Four years later he left as a chemical engineer and second lieutenant in the Corps of Engineers.

Dick's next stop was the University of Michigan, where he earned a master's degree in chemical engineering as well as an MBA. He spent four years in the Army in Kitzingen, Germany, with the 10th Engineers.

After his service, Dick pursued a career that focused largely on jet engines. He started at Air Products in Allentown, Pa., and worked variously at United Technologies, Lockheed

Martin, and Bell Helicopter. He continued consulting in this area after his retirement.

Dick remained active by playing golf, tennis, and zip lining.

All who knew him remarked on his sweet nature, gentleness, and sly wit. He personified friendship. To Dick's wife, Susan, and his sons John '03 and Scott, the class extends its sincerest condolences.

#### GRADUATE ALUMNI

#### Robert E. MacKenzie \*50

Robert MacKenzie, retired associate professor of mathematics at Indiana University, died peacefully at home Oct. 20, 2012. He was 92.

MacKenzie graduated with a bachelor's degree in physics from Cal Tech in 1942. During World War II, he was a physicist at the Naval Ordnance Laboratory in Washington, D.C. In 1945, he received a graduate degree in mathematics from Indiana. He earned a Ph.D. in mathematics from Princeton in 1950.

He taught at Indiana from 1950 to 1990. An active member of the mathematics department, he was assistant chairman from 1962 to 1967 and managing editor of the *Indiana Mathematics Journal* from 1971 to 1977.

MacKenzie wrote three books and several articles on algebra and number theory, as well as a monograph on Henselian local rings. He also co-authored two books with mathematician Louis Auslander.

He was predeceased in 2006 by Mildred, his wife of 56 years. His survivors include a daughter, three grandchildren, and five great-grandchildren.

#### Rolf E. Sartorius \*65

Rolf Sartorius, professor emeritus of philosophy at the University of Minnesota, died Jan. 15, 2014, at the age of 74.

Sartorius graduated from Penn with a B.A. in 1961. He then entered Princeton with a Woodrow Wilson Fellowship Foundation award for prospective college teachers. In 1965 he graduated with a Ph.D. in philosophy. His lifelong interests in the philosophy of law, political philosophy, and applied ethics were established at Princeton.

He taught at Wayne State (1964-1966) and Case Western Reserve (1966-1969) universities before teaching at Minnesota from 1969 to 1984, when he retired. He published extensively in his areas of interest, and became a leading political and moral philosopher.

After traveling in East Africa and Europe, Sartorius and his wife retired to an active lifestyle in Hilton Head, S.C., in 1988. He is survived by Kay, his wife of 53 years; two children; and four grandchildren.

*This issue has an undergraduate memorial for Richard O. Walker Jr. '46 '48.*

*Graduate memorials are written by the APGA.*

# Classifieds

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**Italy/Todi:** Luxurious 8BR, 7.5BA villa, amazing views, infinity pool, olives, lavender, grapes, vegetable garden, daily cleaner, WiFi. For photos/prices/availability: VRBO.com, #398660. Discount Princeton affiliates. 914-320-2865. MarilynGasparini@aol.com, p'11.

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

**France, Dordogne-Lot.** Dream house, mythic village. Wonderful restaurants, markets, vineyards, bicycling, swimming. (Alumni Discount). maisonsouthernfrance.com, 617-608-1404.

**Central Paris apartment:** Elegant spacious (900 sqft), 2BR off Le Marais. www.Parischezhadia.com, 215-715-2095.

- ◆ **France/Provence:** Charming hilltop
- ◆ village of Venasque near Avignon. Restored
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- ◆ and rooftop terraces. Sensational views.
- ◆ \$850-\$1,500 per week. See www.chezkubik.com, lilypadinc@aol.com, 413-274-6839.

**Villas in Tuscany:** Luxury self-catering & full staff villas with A/C in Tuscany for rent, www.tuscandream.com, 310-859-3494.

**Paris,** large, elegant studio near the Arc de Triomphe. Weekly \$1,000. WiFi. ideces@princeton.edu

**Berlin Countryside Manor:** 6BR, 6.5BA. Complete restoration 2014. Biking, walking, swimming, cultural excursions. Jolie von Arnim

'95, www.theoutpost.de/english-website/

## Mexico

**San Miguel, Mexico:** Quintessential colonial, 3 bedrooms, 4 baths, kitchen, courtyard, gas fireplaces, rooftop view. Four blocks to the Jardin. Includes cook/cleaning. kdanders12@gmail.com, +1 (202) 903-8143, k'58, 62.

## United States Northeast

**Waitsfield, VT (MadRiver, Sugarbush):** Circa 1860 farmhouse, 6BR, 3BA, fireplace. Stowe — 19 miles. 2 day minimum. 978-922-6903, '51.

**Wellfleet:** 4 bedroom beachfront cottage with spectacular views overlooking Cape Cod National Seashore. 609-921-0809 or warrenst@aol.com

**Stone Harbor, NJ:** On beach, upscale. 570-287-7191. E-mail: radams150@aol.com

**Castine, Maine:** 18th century house in quaint coastal village, 4BR, 3BA, www.lowderhouse.com

## United States West

**Big Sky Montana:** Charming 4 BR log home on 20 acres beautifully furnished, spectacular views, Big Sky sunsets, skiing, hiking, fishing and golfing within 5 minutes. Close to Yellowstone National Park and Bozeman. Enjoyment all 4 seasons. 610-225-3286. jgriffi644@aol.com, s'67.

**Portland, Oregon:** Gorgeous Pearl District loft for rent by the day, week, or month https://www.airbnb.com/rooms/1399503, Kristen Rainey '97, rainey@alumni.princeton.edu

**Santa Fe, NM:** 4BR, 3½BA vacation home, gorgeous décor, 3,250 sq. ft. SW style, A/C, large FR, patio/fenced yard - pets ok, enclosed decks, arroyo view, privacy, short or long term, 818-257-0508, '69.

**Park City, Utah:** Stunning, 7BR house with separate apartment. Sleeps 20, hot tub fits 15! Canyons Resort ski-in, ski-out home — convenient access to renowned Alta and Snowbird resorts. 10 minutes to Park City. Enjoy all four seasons! colony.ski getaway@gmail.com, '89.

## Adventure

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## Real Estate for Sale

**Arizona:** Scottsdale, Paradise Valley, Phoenix



and Carefree. Houses, condos and lots. Rox Stewart '63, Russ Lyon Sotheby's International Realty. 602-316-6504. E-mail: rox.stewart@russlyon.com

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lynne.d.v@gmail.com



**Trout Run:** 5 bedroom, 4 bath log cabin. \$625,000, Blowing Rock, NC. Email: ashwink@bellsouth.net, '88.

#### Paris — Wonderful view of Seine:

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**Private Sale — Naples, FL:** Designer home in the exclusive Knightsbridge estates of Kensington G&CC. 4BR, 3.5BA, separate master suite/bath including his/hers w.c., library, open kitchen, FR, DR, LR, large spa —pool terrace, outdoor kitchen. Gated, on secluded site with expansive tropical views of lake/golf course. Offered at \$1.4 million. Email Jelson1@comcast.net, 239-272-8352, w'46, p'72.

**Buenos Aires, Argentina:** Fantastic investment opportunities in the most cosmopolitan city of South America. Brand new or currently under construction apartments at cost price. Enquiries: ross.bagully@bezpropiedades.com, www.bezpropiedades.com

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# Tigers Assault the Klan

W. Barksdale Maynard '88



**O**n Oct. 16, 1924, the Ku Klux Klan invaded Princeton in a parade of cars — only to be harried by 800 undergraduates who blocked the convoy’s progress up Nassau Street. Students tore off white hoods until the police intervened.

Created during the Reconstruction era to intimidate blacks in the South, the KKK was revived after receiving favorable press in the 1915 movie *The Birth of a Nation*. By the Roaring '20s, the Klan was railing against immigration, then a major issue in the Garden State.

New Jersey’s ethnically diverse cities were hostile to the Klan, but Hightstown and other communities near Princeton were hotbeds, brimming with anti-Catholic

sentiment. The largest KKK rally and cross-burning ever held in the Northeast took place on the outskirts of Trenton, with 10,000 in attendance. A month later came the automobile parade down Nassau Street.

Another Klan stronghold lay just 14 miles north of campus, in Zarephath: Alma White College, named for its founder, an ardent evangelist who called her religious movement Pillar of Fire.

White admired Princeton for its Presbyterian roots and

even had her students erect dormitories resembling West College. She sent two sons to Old Nassau, and Arthur K. White '21 helped his mother promote a pro-Klan message through publications and pioneering radio broadcasts.

“For Princeton to try to remain indifferent to the Ku Klux Klan,” Alma White told a *Daily Princetonian* reporter in 1923, “is for Princeton to revolve, detached, in her own little eddy of oblivion while the rising tide of the greatest

moral and political movement of the generation sweeps by.”

Princeton president John Grier Hibben 1882 disagreed, condemning the Klan as un-American for inflaming “race and religious prejudices.” Princeton students showed their views by attacking the Klan parade, and the hateful movement soon waned in the state. ♦

**“The Answer” by Charles Henry “Bill” Sykes. The cartoon appeared in the Philadelphia Public Ledger, now defunct, and the Los Angeles Times, in 1921.**



# Chigusa

## and the Art of Tea in Japan

OCTOBER 11, 2014–FEBRUARY 1, 2015

Made in China in the late thirteenth or fourteenth century, the extraordinary tea-leaf storage jar named Chigusa spent the next seven hundred years in Japan, where it acquired great prestige as well as its individual name, which was chosen from court poetry. Centering on this revered object, the exhibition reveals how tea practice in Japan created a performative culture of seeing, using, and ascribing meaning to objects.



*Chigusa and the Art of Tea in Japan* is organized by the Smithsonian's Freer Gallery of Art and Arthur M. Sackler Gallery with major funding from Toshiba International Foundation—25 years of supporting the arts. Generous support is also provided by Mitsubishi Corporation (Americas), and Dr. Sachiko Kuno and Dr. Ryuji Ueno.

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Tea-leaf storage jar named Chigusa, China, 13th–14th century; Mouth cover (kuchi-oi), China, 15th century, tailored in Japan; Cord for securing mouth cover (kuchio), Japan, 1868–1912; Net bag for Chigusa (ami), Japan, 16th century. Freer Gallery of Art, Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D.C., purchase



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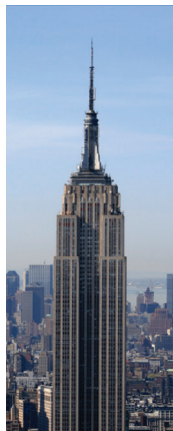


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Please contact Katie Bluzmanis in Membership today at 212.596.1240 or at [membership@princetonclub.com](mailto:membership@princetonclub.com) or visit us at [www.princetonclub.com](http://www.princetonclub.com).