ALUM WINS MACARTHUR AWARD
GRE OPTIONAL FOR SOME
HISTORY WAR ON TWITTER

PRINCETON ALUMNI WEEKLY

150 YEARS OF FOOTBALL
INVEST IN YOUR CLASSMATES.
WE DO.

We are a private venture capital fund exclusively for Princeton alumni. Our fund invests in a diversified portfolio of venture-backed companies founded or led by fellow alumni. If you are an accredited investor and looking for a smart, simple way to add VC to your portfolio, join us.

This year’s fund — Nassau Street Ventures 2 — is now open to investors.

LEARN MORE
Visit www.nassaustreetventures.com/alumni
Email invest@nassaustreetventures.com
Call 877-299-4538

The manager of Nassau Street Ventures 2 is Launch Angels Management Company, LLC, dba Alumni Ventures Group (AVG). AVG is a venture capital firm and is not affiliated with or endorsed by Princeton University. For informational purposes only; offers of securities are made only to accredited investors pursuant to the fund’s offering documents, which describe the risks and other information that should be considered before investing. Past performance is not indicative of future results. Contact Tom Meyer at Tom@NassauStreetVentures.com or info@avgfunds.com for additional information.
Linda Coberly ’89 explains continuing efforts to pass the Equal Rights Amendment.

Podcast Spotlight
Kirsten Wrinkle ’88 goes behind the curtain with theater pros.

Tigers of the Week
Lesley Wake Webster ’96 creates a new TV comedy; Rachel Jackson ’11 defends human rights.

Flowing History
Gregg Lange ’70 recalls Fred Fox ’39’s image of Princeton as a river.

On the cover: From left, William Danforth ’57, John Sapoch Jr. ’58, John Kraus ’56, and Sidney Pinch ’56 wait for the snap from center John S. Thompson ’56; photo: Bettmann Archive/Getty Images
“In the Service of Humanity”—Novogratz Bridge Year Program Prepares Leaders and Global Citizens

Over the past decade, more than 300 undergraduates have begun their Princeton experiences on a life-transforming path toward global citizenship. Spending an academic year abroad working alongside community-based service organizations, these students have undergone dramatic personal growth—in perspective, knowledge, and maturity—while learning more about the wider world and developing as leaders. They are Princeton’s Bridge Year scholars.

When the University launched its Bridge Year Program in 2009, our goal was to create a distinctive opportunity for incoming first-year Princeton students to spend their first two semesters engaged in service outside their home countries. Sandra Bermann, Princeton’s Cotsen Professor in the Humanities, chaired a committee that thought carefully about the program’s structure and decided several features would be critical for success. The Bridge Year Program would be tuition-free; it would immerse students in their host communities to deepen their learning about the world and themselves; and it would help students develop an orientation toward service that would shape their Princeton educations and, hopefully, their lives after graduation.

President Shirley Tilghman, Professor Bermann, and I were confident when we launched the program that it would enhance the education we could provide to our students and advance Princeton’s longstanding commitment to service. But we could never have imagined the scale of its impact on the lives of our Bridge Year students, on the communities they have served, and on this University.

Since the program’s inception, Bridge Year students have made outsized contributions to our campus community. They have held countless leadership positions; received numerous honors, including the Pyne Prize, the Martin Dale Fellowship, Gates Cambridge Fellowships, and Rhodes Scholarships; and served as Young Alumni Trustees. Their achievements at Princeton and beyond are remarkable.

Now, thanks to an extraordinary gift from Michael Novogratz ‘87 and Sukey Cáceres Novogratz ‘89, Bridge Year is a permanent part of our educational program, overseen by the Office of the Dean of the College. The Novogratzes’ generosity has also enabled us to expand the number of students from each incoming class who participate in Bridge Year.

In making the gift to endow and name the program, Michael Novogratz said: “I believe that Bridge Year gives students an incredible opportunity to prepare for their role as leaders of an increasingly interconnected world. At the same time, it offers abundant opportunities for introspection and personal growth. Students return from it with a real sense of purpose, and an interest in being of service to their communities, and to the world. The combination of the stellar Princeton education and a commitment to helping others is powerful.”

I could not agree more. As you read this column, more than three dozen Novogratz Bridge Year students are living in Tiquipaya, Bolivia; Kunming, China; Udaipur, India; Yogyakarta, Indonesia; and Dakar, Senegal. In the months ahead, they will develop deep friendships, navigate challenges, serve communities vastly different from their own, and come to know the world in new ways.

Daniel Shepard ’19 spent nine months as a Bridge Year student in Senegal volunteering with Tostan, a non-governmental organization that seeks to empower local communities to lead their own development. He said that “the regular moments of

Chaz Copeland and Kiara Rodriguez Gallego, who participated in the 2014–15 Bridge Year cohort, teach an English lesson during a community service project in Lincang County, Yunnan Province, China. (Photo courtesy of the Novogratz Bridge Year Program.)

reflection and conversations during Bridge Year made me more intentional with my time during my years on campus,” adding that the experience “solidified my motivation to work for purpose and not for profit.” Today, Daniel works for Ceres, a Boston-based nonprofit committed to transforming the economy for a sustainable future.

Lizzie Martin ’14 *18 participated in the Bridge Year program during its inaugural year. She lived in Varanasi, India, and worked at a school for children and young adults with disabilities. “My experiences through the Bridge Year Program reinforced many of my existing priorities and helped me develop new ones that continue to influence who I am as a person today,” she said. After graduating from Princeton, Lizzie spent two years as a graduate fellow at the U.S. Department of State through the Scholars in the Nations Service Initiative working in the Bureau of International Security and Nonproliferation, at the U.S. Mission to the International Organizations in Vienna, and in the Bureau of Democracy, Human Rights, and Labor. She is now pursuing a Ph.D. focused on political communication at the University of Pennsylvania.

Nina Onyemeziem ’22 spent her Bridge Year in Bolivia, working for Mano a Mano, an organization that supports rural communities through a variety of health, education, and infrastructure projects. “I feel like I take time to understand people a lot more than I used to,” she said. “In Bolivia, our discussions covered topics that definitely brought out differing opinions and while it was hard to swallow some of them, I learned that background and experiences dictate a lot of these opinions.” She said her Bridge Year experience also made her more open to pursuing international experiences and testing her comfort zone.

We are deeply grateful to Michael and Sukey Novogratz for recognizing the transformative power of Bridge Year and ensuring its future for generations of Princetonians to come. The University, and the world, will be all the better for it.
CONFRONTING HISTORY

The arrival of the Sept. 11 issue, with its cover story about Regis Pecos ’77’s skilled negotiations to transform Santa Fe’s Entrada ceremony, could not have been more timely. As history teachers at the Baldwin School in Bryn Mawr, we were crafting a test question for our sophomores that would address the primary concept we’d examined in the first weeks of school: how accounts of the same history are shaped and used differently by varied populations depending on their cultural backgrounds, past political experiences, and current needs.

Our unit had begun in pre-Columbian American history and ended with the Pueblo Revolt of 1680. As we wrestled with a good essay question, copies of PAW hit our adjacent mailboxes. Not only did the story of the Entrada controversy dovetail perfectly with our course content, but Pecos’ compassionate but determined negotiation will be a model we reference as our classes continue discussing how accounts of the same history are shaped and used differently by varied populations depending on their cultural backgrounds, past political experiences, and current needs.

We were especially impressed by Pecos’ work with stakeholders to identify common ground, transforming a controversial ritual in a way that promises to validate multiple constituencies that have at one time or another suffered marginalization and oppression in the Southwest, while not distorting the hard truths of the specific history of 1690s Santa Fe.

In an era when “speaking truth” too often seems to mean strong-arming one’s opponents into resentful submission, this piece offers a hopeful alternative.

Gretchen Boger ’08
Athan Biss ’05
Bryn Mawr, Pa.

Your excellent article on Regis Pecos defusing tensions in Santa Fe unfortunately promotes the Europhobic myth that all in the Americas was harmonious and idyllic until the Europeans came. The article speaks of “historical fictions” and “an often sanitized history.” The only way to avoid having an embarrassing history is not to have a history. In this, the Native Americans are fortunate: Extremely little of their history was written down and preserved, so they do not need to answer for so much now.

But their history is there. French Jesuits around Lake Huron recorded the practice by the Wendat of keeping captives from other tribes to torture for sport. A settler on a wagon train in the mid-1800s wrote in his diary of an attempt by the Sioux to exterminate the Pawnee; since the Pawnee had been ravaging his wagon train, he wished the Sioux success. And in Meso-America, where a writing system was developed, their history records wars, invasions, and human sacrifice on a massive scale. There was a reason for the frontier.

Let’s just dig a hole next to the cannon, cover up the portion above ground with the dirt, and trick everyone into believing that Rutgers had stolen it. Incredibly ... it worked.

THE CANNON HOAX OF ’69

Fifty years ago, S. Aaron Laden ’70 asked me to come to his dorm room for a secret meeting. That evening he informed the assembled group of a preposterous plan. He noted that the approaching Princeton-Rutgers game marked the 100th anniversary of college football. In the years before 1869, Princeton and Rutgers students had rumbled several times over possession of a Revolutionary War cannon. The cannon ultimately was buried on campus of a Revolutionary War cannon. The cannon ultimately was buried on campus between Whig and Clio with just the breech end above ground. According to legend, the two universities agreed to settle their differences with a football game, and hence intercollegiate football was born.

Aaron said the idea would be to steal the cannon, claim Rutgers had purloined it, and then to display it before the game and acclaim our recovery of it. But the cannon weighed 1,088 pounds, and we never could have removed it. Instead, he said, let’s just dig a hole next to the cannon, cover up the portion above ground with the dirt, and trick everyone into believing that Rutgers had stolen it. Incredibly, our band of 12, in the dark of night, did just what Aaron proposed — and it worked.

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.

WE’D LIKE TO HEAR FROM YOU

paw.princeton.edu

October 23, 2019 PRINCETON ALUMNI WEEKLY 3
I still recall when my grandfather, George Reeves, held my hand as he walked me to my first day of morning kindergarten at the Nassau Street School, before continuing on to his job as the steward of Tower Club (1906–1952). There are a very few of us alums for whom “Remembering 185” provides a different reminiscence. The same building, prior to the University’s purchase and some renovation, had been our Nassau Street Elementary School.

I still recall when my grandfather, George Reeves, held my hand as he walked me to my first day of morning kindergarten at the Nassau Street School, before continuing on to his job as the steward of Tower Club (1906–1952). I was there through grade five and knew the building well.

A half-century ago on Sept. 25, one of the most ingenious hoaxes in Princeton history succeeded. Newspapers across the country touted Rutgers’ “masterful coup.” A day later we revealed, to another avalanche of national news, that the cannon was safely in place and it had all been a deception executed by clever, imaginative Princetonians. The headline in The Philadelphia Inquirer declared:

MEMORIES OF ’185’

I greatly enjoyed seeing 185 Nassau featured in the June 5 issue. However, that grand old building housed far more than the Creative Writing Program. Visual arts and theater and dance also made 185 Nassau their home, and as with creative writing, both of these certificate programs nurtured artistically inclined students, taught by leading artists. In my year alone (1984), visual arts graduated eight students, including internationally renowned talents such as Mary Weatherford, Dave Maisel, and Accra Shepp. Our instructors included Emmet Gowin, Sean Scully, and Jim Seawright.

Please consider a more in-depth feature on this underappreciated treasure.

Joel Deitch ’84
Atlanta, Ga.

There are a very few of us alums for whom “Remembering 185” provides a different reminiscence. The same building, prior to the University’s purchase and some renovation, had been our Nassau Street Elementary School.

I still recall when my grandfather, George Reeves, held my hand as he walked me to my first day of morning kindergarten at the Nassau Street School, before continuing on to his job as the steward of Tower Club (1906–1952). I was there through grade five and knew the building well.

Decades later, in my junior year at the University, I found myself there again, taking what was probably one of the first computer courses just across the hall from my first-grade class. I noted the same wall clocks with Roman numerals, and the water fountains were still at elementary–school-age height.

Now, 50 years after my University graduation, I occasionally return to “185” for events and can’t help trying to recapture who and what were there in my 6-year-old’s mind. Our old gym has become a theater, with the former upstairs track remaining in place. It will always really be Nassau Street School.

Jim Floyd ’69
Princeton, N.J.

The ties that bind some Tigers indeed run deeper within the building now known as 185 Nassau. Jim Floyd ’69, Regan Kerney ’68, and I felt fortunate to have attended the grand Nassau Street School, and each of us was blessed to have as our kindergarten teacher the renowned Mrs. Potter, an older African American woman who had been a much-revered teacher in the once-segregated Princeton schools. From her ground-floor, left-side door, morning kindergarten class, she recommended to Principal Loomis (wife of the First National Bank of Princeton president) my promotion to the third grade. Several years later, Thomas Moore, vice president of the school board and my father, negotiated the sale of the building to the University.

Princeton was all-male when I attended Nassau Street School, so who knew that I would have a sociology class at 185 as a freshman? I would often pop in to visit our former gym where Joe Brown, the renowned sculptor, had a two-story piece in the works facilitated by his use of what was once our mezzanine track and the ropes that hung from the ceiling for our Presidential fitness test.

Yina Moore ’79
Princeton, N.J.

Author’s note: In a letter at PAW Online, Regan Kerney ’68 tells how he took a course that “probed into Confucian philosophy” with Professor James T.C. Liu in the same “185” classroom where he had attended first grade.

FOR THE RECORD

An incorrect photo was published with the memorial for Vincent Johnson ’64 in the Sept. 11 issue. The memorial appears with the correct photo in this issue.
On the Campus

Hundreds of freshmen jammed Dillon Gym Sept. 13 for the Student Activities Fair, with organizations and clubs ranging from Anime-Manga Princeton to Woke Wednesdays vying for attention with signs, music, dancing, and prizes. Photograph by Ricardo Barros
Fourteen University departments and programs will no longer require the Graduate Record Examinations (GRE) for graduate admission, the latest in a series of actions by the Graduate School to encourage broader diversity.

“To achieve our academic mission requires Princeton to identify, attract, and develop the most promising individuals from as many segments of society as possible,” Renita Miller, the Graduate School’s associate dean for access, diversity, and inclusion, said in a statement.

Of Princeton’s incoming U.S. graduate students, a record 43 percent are minorities, and 28 percent are first-generation and/or come from low-income households. Underrepresented-minority grad students increased from 13 percent in 2014–15 to 23 percent this year, also a record figure.

Departments that made the GRE optional cited concerns that the costs of the exam ($205) and of test preparation disproportionately affect underserved students. Critics also question what the test scores actually prove.

“Studies suggest that GRE scores are not great indicators of graduate-school success and underserve students who cannot afford test prep or to take the exam multiple times,” said Professor Zemer Gitai, former director of graduate studies in the molecular biology department.

Professor Johannes Haubold, director of graduate studies in the classics department, cited concern “that standardized tests are culturally biased in favor of certain groups, and that they end up testing primarily how good one is at taking tests.”

In an email, Miller pointed to a number of factors that have increased the diversity of the grad-student population. They include the Princeton Prospective Ph.D. Preview, which brought potential students from underrepresented backgrounds to campus Oct. 3-4 as an introduction to what an education at the University could be like. The program began last year.

The Graduate School is accepting applications for a new one-year predoctoral fellowship initiative to give students a year to prepare before officially starting a Ph.D. program. Miller said students from historically underrepresented groups and those who actively work to promote diversity are encouraged to apply. Princeton representatives also visit historically black colleges and universities and Hispanic-serving institutions.

Other programs are designed to support these students once they are admitted, Miller said. The Graduate Scholars Program pairs students with a dean or staff member who serves as a mentor during the student’s first year. In the Diversity Fellows program, graduate students help build community by organizing social and academic events.

“These initiatives have added to a greater sense of community and belonging, which is very important for creating an inclusive environment,” Miller said.

The departments and programs dropping the GRE are art and archaeology, classics, comparative literature, ecology and evolutionary biology, English, French and Italian, geosciences, molecular biology, music composition, neuroscience, psychology, religion, Slavic languages and literatures, and Spanish and Portuguese. Twenty-nine departments and programs continue to require the exam. ✦ By C.S.
Seeing Campus Workers in a Different Light

Challenging social perceptions is the goal of artist Mario Moore’s series of portraits, “The Work of Several Lifetimes,” which showcases black men and women in blue-collar jobs around the Princeton campus.

Moore said he was inspired by his father, who worked as a security guard. “Generally, portraits at elite institutions are created to represent owners, donors, deans, presidents, and scholars,” he wrote in his artist statement. “But I wanted to ask the question … Who deserves to be recognized?”

During his Hodder Fellowship last year, Moore began work on the series by walking around campus, meeting people, and starting to sketch them. The portraits were unveiled during a ceremony Sept. 19 and will be featured in the Hurley Gallery at the Lewis Arts complex through Nov. 17.

Kaniesha Long, a Campus Dining employee who is featured with two co-workers in the portrait Several Lifetimes, said she was blown away by the art. “I’m proud to be in the picture,” she said.

Others who were featured in the paintings also beamed with pride as they posed with their portraits during the opening reception. Moore said his work explores “a sense of power and individuality,” and that he hopes those who view the portraits will see the workers “in a different way.”

By C.S.
Robert J. Rivers ‘53 and President Eisgruber ‘83, above, discuss a portrait of Rivers that was unveiled during a Sept. 20 ceremony in Chancellor Green. Rivers, one of the first African American students admitted to Princeton and the first African American member of the Board of Trustees, was one of four people honored with portraits that will be prominently displayed on campus as part of an initiative to highlight exceptional individuals and the diversity of the Princeton community. “My portrait, with my story, is a part of Princeton University’s story, and I enjoy the changes that have taken place during my long Princeton journey,” Rivers said.

The other unveiled portraits are of Denney Chin ’75, a judge on the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Second Circuit, a teacher, and an author; Alan Turing ’38, whose doctoral thesis has been called “one of the key documents in the history of mathematics and computer science” and whom Eisgruber described as “an icon in the history of LGBT rights”; and Carl A. Fields, Princeton’s first African American administrator, whose efforts Eisgruber said “changed the face of this University and created a lasting legacy.”

Hundreds of students, faculty, and community members took part in the Princeton Climate Strike Sept. 20, gathering at the Princeton Public Library and marching to the Frist Campus Center with a clear message: The time to act is now. “We are here today to make these [climate] issues heard, to refuse to settle, to disrupt the status quo,” said Pranav Iyer ’22, a speaker at the rally. About 80 Princeton faculty members released a statement in support of the strike.

Author George Will ’68’s Sept. 17 talk on “Is Constitution Day Unconstitutional?” filled McCosh 50, but there were no signs of the student protest that marked his Baccalaureate address in the Chapel June 2. Then, more than 100 seniors stood with their backs to Will to protest views he expressed in a 2014 column on sexual misconduct. In contrast, Will’s Constitution Day lecture received hearty applause from the audience.

Edmund White, professor emeritus of creative writing who is best known for his portrayals of gay American life in fiction and nonfiction works, will receive the Medal for Distinguished Contribution to American Letters from the National Book Foundation next month. The annual award recognizes a lifetime of literary achievement.

The Rev. Gabriel Zeis, the University’s Catholic chaplain, resigned Sept. 11 following an Allegation of Sexual Abuse of a minor in 1975. The Diocese of Trenton said Zeis denied the allegation. A Princeton spokesman said, “Father Zeis was not a University employee, and the University had no role in his resignation.” The University said resources were available for students seeking support.

On the Campus

In Short

Exhibit Spotlights Five Decades of Women

Alumnae Reflect on Life at Princeton

In a new display at Frist Campus Center, “Reflections of 50 Years of Undergraduate Women at Princeton,” alumnae look back on their campus experiences.

“We wanted to educate undergraduate women about how they came to be at Princeton and what women have encountered,” said Jean Hendry ’80, vice chair of the Princetoniana Committee, which sponsored the project. “No matter how the women felt about arriving at Princeton and the challenges they faced, by the time they finish [their degrees], they are very much part of this University, with a sense of belonging,” said Hendry, who organized the exhibit with Diane Hasling ’79.

The exhibit, located near the main staircase on the 100 level, is expected to continue through Reunions next year, Hendry said. It includes historical materials as well as nearly 40 short reflections by alumnae. Here are two excerpts:

“Being a ‘first’ often meant being the only woman in a group. At the pool I had to remember ‘women’s hours’; other hours were for men, who swam naked.” — Judith Simpson White ’72

“Though as a student I never did feel as though Princeton fully belonged to me, I now know how much it helped make me who I am. I hope in the end I helped make it what it is today, too.” — Jessica Berman ’83
Try, Try Again

After a near miss in 2016, Masters ’15 vies for a seat in Australia’s men’s eight

As Tim Masters ’15 considered the lessons that have stayed with him from his Princeton rowing career, he paused and then said slowly, “some synonym of perseverance.” Rolling the idea over in his mind, he came up with “persist through adversity,” before adding “that, and the big training loads” on the ergometer, the rowing machine used for off-water workouts.

Since returning to his native Australia after graduation, Masters has been putting both lessons to good use as he trains to row in the Olympics. This year, he competed on the Australian men’s eight that, after four long years, secured a spot at the 2020 Olympics in Tokyo. His next goal is earn a place on the Olympic crew, which will be selected at national-team trials next year.

In 2016, Masters was part of the Australian crew that competed at the so-called “regatta of death,” the last chance to earn a bid to the 2016 Olympics in Rio de Janeiro, and missed qualifying by one place.

At the 2019 World Championships, Australia needed to finish in fifth place or better and ended up in fourth, one second ahead of the United States. “It’s good to qualify,” Masters said.

As an undergraduate, Masters was the stroke of the varsity boat that took Princeton back to the medal stand at the IRA nationals, winning bronze in 2015. “A lot of my rowing — both physically and mentally — developed at the Princeton boathouse,” he said.

After he graduated from Princeton, he trained to make the Australian national team while also working as a consultant for Ernst and Young in Canberra. “Eventually, I realized I was better off doing one thing well than trying to do two,” he said. “The amount of training we’re doing made it hard to manage day-to-day client interactions.”

Masters’ path toward securing an Olympic seat is now in full swing. “It’s pretty unrelenting until [national-team] trials, then full-on training leading up to Tokyo,” he said. “It’s what I’d hoped for in 2016. It’s just taken me four years.”

By Jen Whiting

READ MORE in an expanded profile of Tim Masters at paw.princeton.edu
Princeton’s new football helmets carry reminders of the 150th-anniversary season — 1869, the year of the team’s birth, appears in raised numerals on the front, and the words “Where Football Began” span the base of the back. “We’re very proud to be part of the team where it all started,” said defensive lineman Jake Strain ’20, one of the Tigers’ three captains.

This year’s schedule seems tailor-made for celebrating that historical pride, with home games against two of Princeton’s oldest rivals, Harvard (Oct. 26) and Yale (Nov. 16), as well as a Nov. 9 meeting with Dartmouth at Yankee Stadium.

Associate Director of Athletics Brendan Van Ackeren, who is coordinating plans for the Yankee Stadium game, said the weekend’s events will go beyond sports, with a Friday entrepreneurship conference in Manhattan and gameday social gatherings near the stadium. But football traditions will be front and center when the teams make their way through the dugouts and onto the field. “We view this as a great season-long platform to tell our Princeton football story,” Van Ackeren said. ◆ By B.T.
Imani Perry is a professor of African American studies who has written several books on race, literature, and cultural criticism. In the tradition of public letters from black writers, Breathe (Beacon Press) is a letter to her sons. On the opening pages Perry recalls her children’s grandmother telling her: “Mothering Black boys in America — that is a special calling.”

In the Catholic tradition, there is a form of grace—the sanctifying one—that is the stuff of your soul. It is not defined by moments of mercy or opportunity. It is not good things happening to you. Rather it is the good thing that is in you, regardless of what happens. You carry this down through generations, same as the epigenetic trauma of a violent slave master’s society. But the grace is the bigger part. It is what made the ancestors hold on so that we could become.

And I have tried to make things just so in appreciation to them and for us. Freeman Diallo. When I gave birth to you, I had labored for twenty-four hours. The first words ever said about you came from your father. “He’s beautiful.” They cut you out of me, a thin, wavering bloody line, and then my flesh stretched wide for you, and you were born brown mixed with red like the clay of the Black Belt. I had barely dilated, only a centimeter. Like I couldn’t bear to let you go. And the obstetrician said that in another time in history I wouldn’t have made it. Too small, too tight. Thank God you came into this world when you did. Thank God for the scalpel that broke you into this time.

My second delivery was quick. I had a planned C-section; I entered the surgical theater foggy and fifteen minutes later, Issa, you were in my arms. I saw no blood, no gore, and felt no pain until the next day when all of the medication wore off, and even then, the euphoria and endorphins of your freshness made the incision barely more painful than a bad scrape. You kept your eyes closed and your face was pink (pink!) and surrounded by little black curls. Your brother played on the cool tile hospital floor with a cardboard farm that housed tiny plastic animals. His cheeks were russet, chapped, and he was cheery for the sweet baby who, having claimed he was giving birth along with me, he called “Georgie Pickles.” You were serene. The nurse said:
Life of the Mind

“I remember you. You were the one who tried to leave an hour after you had the baby last time.” And laughed.

It’s true. I had my baby and I was done with them, the institutionalized tile floors, the constant temperature taking, the rolling steel bassinet they put by my bedside—I just wanted you in my arms. I got my friend to sneak me a chicken biscuit to get my strength up and then starting scheming on my escape from the coldness of the ward.

The first time I tried, I had a bit of trouble nursing. The lactation consultant said that I would get the hang of it. I didn’t. It was painful, and Freeman screamed and balled up those little fists and I wept. It was too soon, and too much, to fail. One of the maternity ward nurses saw me. She quietly closed the door and whispered to me, “Do you want to give him a little formula?” I answered, conspiratorially, “Yes do you think I can?” Mmhm, she said. Just don’t tell them. I remember the nurse’s hair, kinky twists with a spiral curl at the bottom, and that tiny little bottle of cream-colored liquid. And so soon, you got something in your belly, and I got some lanolin cream. And by the next day, after that one little bottle, you were nursing just fine. I was learning to be a little bit easy. At least with some things.

On the third day of the second time, we went home. There were then two car seats, a lime green room, trimmed in white, pretty sheets, a fluffy bumper for when you rolled around, a fine ebony crib, and a matching daybed. Together, when you rolled around, a fine ebony crib, and a matching daybed. Together, you were outfitted in the modern Western style. Just so. I didn’t sew your curtains, but I matched them to the walls and the cartoon decals and the comforter and the alphabet rug I bought so that you would know letters as soon as your vision was clear.

And when you came home from the hospital I was filled with nostalgia. Each time, I attempted an approximation of my sweetest childhood memories. Memory is a time machine. You don’t just recall; you conjure in it.

When your father and I bought the house, we checked for lead paint, anticipating babies. I remembered the signs from my childhood featuring a Black child, chalky Black with a white cast around his mouth, telling us do not eat paint chips no matter how sweet they tasted. Paint was a predatory desire. You came home to safety.

When you were little, I dressed you in crisp plaid shorts and matching red hoodies. Boat shoes sometimes, saddle oxfords others. For formal occasions there were smocked dress clothes and Eton suits. You looked so fresh, so lush, golden and bronze plump bodies inside crisp preppy packages. People stopped us to see the pretty babies.

Imani Perry is the Hughes-Rogers Professor of African American Studies and faculty associate in the Program in Law and Public Affairs and the Program in Gender and Sexuality Studies.

You lived on a block that was shaded with a canopy of trees. It was exactly the memory I wanted to have never disappeared, for you. The older you get, however, the more things break, no matter how just so a parent wants to make it.

No matter how “just so” I have tried, and often failed, to make things, I have known from the very first day of each of your lives that I cannot guarantee your safety. That is the thing that the voyeurs want to drink in. That is why they make me so mad, really. Because the truth is it is frightening. But the fear is not the heart of the thing. The fear is what comes because your preciousness collides with the ways of the world. And then there is the battle against it, that all of us are forced to wage, because as Wole Soyinka said, “Let us simply observe that the assault on human dignity is one of the prime goals of the visitation of fear, a prelude to the domination of the mind and the triumph of power.” So, like many others, I try to unravel the fear. And confront the rest.

The everyday. The homework, the cooking, the cleaning, the activities, the practices, the friends, the rearing, it is so much—even, or perhaps because of, the choices and things I have been afforded. And then, on top of that, the daily work of beating back the ugliness. And reconciliation with the irreconcilable. You live in some worlds that are more white than Black. And so, you learn, early on, that the aversion to Blackness can turn perfectly lovely people grotesque. Like in high school, for me. There was a brilliant teacher. He wore a military precision haircut in gray, and had piercing blue eyes, and a great deal of flourish. He yelled at me my first day, because I had forgotten to bring a pencil. He mocked my answers in class. He called me the names of other Black students. He openly disparaged the inclusion of Black authors in the curriculum after we, students, had insisted. He lied on my evaluations and said I hadn’t turned in papers. He was beloved by my peers. He was a brilliant teacher, for whites only. The bifurcation of my experience, and that of my peers, in which they witnessed my humiliation, felt uncomfortable for them. They were disciplined into passive acceptance, into reaping the rewards, while I was humiliated over and over again. Ask a white person about these moments and often the veil falls. Their moral turpitude lies naked and ashamed. Bewildered at the idea that they might have something asked of them to disrupt the hideous truth. This is what you are surrounded by. Silent witnesses.

Liberals, the “good guys,” of all stripes gnash their teeth at such truths, and smiles turn to bitter curls, which makes them ever more dangerous. This problem dwarfs partisanship and smug decency. It is constitutional.


Sameer A. Khan
For as long as she can remember, Wendy Heller has loved to sing. Particularly drawn to 17th-century Italian opera, she performed a variety of classical and religious music for years while earning her bachelor’s and master’s degrees from the New England Conservatory and her Ph.D. in musicology from Brandeis University.

It’s not just the music that intrigues Heller. She has always been drawn to the historical backdrop behind the notes: “I was aware that music historians hadn’t taken an adequate account of social, cultural, and historical context in the study of music … growing up in the ’60s and ’70s likely made me more aware of that.”

What attracted her to 17th-century Italian opera “was the relationship between opera in Venice and the social and cultural context of the city,” she says. “For example, if women of the era are supposed to be silent and chaste, but they’re singing on the stage, that’s a really interesting contradiction. I’m interested in how opera expresses all these extra-musical things.”

Wendy Heller is the Scheide Professor of Music History and chair of the Department of Music.
You don’t tug on Superman’s cape. You don’t spit into the wind. You don’t pull the mask off that old Lone Ranger. And you don’t brandish partisan talking points in a Twitter shootout with Princeton history professor Kevin Kruse.

But try telling that to Dinesh D’Souza. In July 2018, D’Souza, the conservative author and polemicist, was making a favorite argument among the far right, that Republicans have always been the party of civil rights and Democrats the party of segregation, and disputing that there was any partisan realignment following passage of the 1964 Civil Rights Act. “Let’s see a list of the 200 or so racist Democrats who switched parties and became Republicans,” D’Souza tweeted. “Put up or shut up.”

Kruse, who teaches a popular course on U.S. history from 1920 to 1974, and previously co-taught a course on U.S. history from 1974 to the present, saw the post and decided to put up. “Sure, let’s do this,” he tweeted back. In 28 posts over the next several hours, he named dozens of Southern Democratic party-switchers, in many cases adding links to contemporary newspaper articles as well as to a recent book by two political scientists on the rise of the Republican Party in the modern South.

Before administering his beatdown, though, in his first tweet of the series, Kruse rebutted D’Souza’s premise and argued that focusing on party-switching politicians masked an even broader realignment by ordinary voters. To support that argument, Kruse linked to an earlier, 40-tweet Twitter thread (this one correcting a public misstatement by Kanye West), which was also replete with links and citations.

D’Souza did not answer Kruse. But he was back on Twitter days later arguing that the Republican Party in Abraham Lincoln’s time supported only legal immigration. Not so, Kruse tweeted back; there was no federal immigration law in 1860, so the distinction between “legal” and “illegal” immigration did not exist. “Did you not take ‘any’ US history courses at Dartmouth?” Kruse asked.

Progressives and history buffs, who make up a good part of Kruse’s 327,000 followers, have sat back and enjoyed the show as one does on Twitter, with popcorn emojis and memes: of Barack Obama dancing, battling ninjas, and children in an old Simpsons episode crying, “Stop, stop! He’s already dead.” Kruse’s thread about Southern party-switchers was retweeted nearly 11,000 times and received more than 35,000 “likes” along with hundreds of laudatory comments. “I’m kinda in love with you right now,” a woman named Kathleen gushed. “Lord have mercy,” author Diana Butler Bass added. “Dinesh D’Souza has no idea who he’s tangling with.”

“‘I’ve become such a fan of your Twitter I picked up your latest book and I’m enjoying the heck out of it’ said a government lawyer who goes by the handle Legal Dirt Burglar. Over the last 15 months, whenever D’Souza has made a historically facile argument — something Kruse thinks he does several times a week — the professor tries to shoot it down with detailed evidence on topics ranging from the causes of the Civil War to the Free Speech Movement of the 1960s. In between, Kruse has also tangled with a number of others, mostly on the right, including National Review columnist Kevin Williamson, conservative evangelical blogger Erick Erickson, and Turning Point USA founder Charlie Kirk.

Kruse’s professional credentials are impeccable. He is a tenured professor with a Ph.D. from Cornell. His first book, White Flight: Atlanta and the Making of Modern Conservatism, was named best book on urban politics by the American Political Science Association in 2007. His second, One Nation Under God: How Corporate America Invented Christian America; and his third, Fault Lines: A History of America Since 1974 (co-written with Princeton professor Julian Zelizer), were Amazon bestsellers. This year, Kruse is on leave to work on his next book, about civil-rights lawyer John Doar ’44, for which he received a Guggenheim Fellowship.

For all of those accomplishments, though, it was his battles with D’Souza that elevated Kruse to the level of social-media celebrity. The Chronicle of Higher Education published a long story on their Twitter feud (“How Kevin Kruse Became History’s Attack Dog”), as did The New Republic. In the three months following their first encounter, Kruse’s Twitter following doubled, and now includes Ken Burns, Bill Kristol, Rachel Maddow, Malcolm Gladwell, John Legend, Chrissy Teigen, and Alexandria Ocasio-Cortez. “It’s a weird mix,” Kruse admits.

“Kevin is at the forefront of the rising generation of American historians,” says his colleague Sean Wilentz. “To
me, he is a very important presence in the department and the profession.” He is also, Wilentz suggests, increasingly a presence among the general public.

The cringe-inducing phrase “public intellectual” is often applied to academics such as Kruse, Wilentz, and others who write at a high level of scholarship but seek a popular audience and attempt to shape the public debate. In the intellectual world of 2019, much of the public debate is being conducted on social media. An older generation might think it unseemly for an Ivy League professor to engage in a food fight with a pardoned felon (D’Souza was convicted of making an illegal campaign contribution in 2014 and pardoned by President Trump last year), but Kruse thinks such engagement is not only salutary, but necessary. As The Chronicle of Higher Education put it, Kruse has “learned that teaching history on Twitter isn’t just about trying to coax people to eat their vegetables. It’s about getting people to love their vegetables. One way to do that is by throwing broccoli at Dinesh D’Souza.”

It would, however, be a disservice to define Kruse solely by his social-media exchanges. Wilentz says Kruse is one of several younger members of Princeton’s history department, including Margot Canaday, Matthew Karp, Wendy Warren, and Zelizer, who have rehabilitated the writing of political history, the history of great events and the leaders who shaped them. That field had lost favor among historians during the 1980s and ’90s in favor of social, cultural, and economic history. “It was a collective decision within the department to make sure that political history would get its due,” says Wilentz. “Kevin has an acute sense of the importance of politics to understanding the American past.”


All three of Kruse’s books have been aimed at a general readership. He takes as a motto a line by Columbia professor Carl Becker, the former president of the American Historical Association, who declared in 1931, “The history that lies inert in unread books does no work in the world.”

When he wrote his dissertation, Kruse says, he had two readers in mind: his adviser Polenberg and his mother. “My mom would have liked anything I wrote,” Kruse says, laughing. “But I wanted to make sure I could tell a story that was appreciated by someone like her, a high school graduate who didn’t have any special knowledge and would have been turned off by academic jargon. I thought, if I could make it accessible to her but still meet [Polenberg’s] academic standards, then I was hitting the sweet spot.” In that sense, he likens historical writing to building a house: “You do the hard work and research but then hide it all under the floorboards. There’s a lot of wiring and plumbing that you keep out of the reader’s view.”

Reviewers have praised him for achieving those goals. “Kruse’s ultimate success lies in using history to answer contemporary political questions, and without compromising his professional standards,” Clay Risen wrote of White Flight for the magazine Nashville Scene.

In addition to relatively small academic journals, Kruse writes regularly for mainstream outlets including The New York Times, The Washington Post, and Rolling Stone. He got on Twitter largely by accident, joining only in February 2015 when his publisher urged him to get an account to promote One Nation Under God. He confesses that it took a while to learn the swagger of social-media exchanges. His early posts were safe and largely ignored. (“Happy 100th birthday, Orson Welles,” one early entry read. “Hard to pick a favorite work of his, but Touch of Evil always impresses me. So many great shots.”)

The mass shooting at a black church by a white supremacist in Charleston, S.C., in June 2015, and the resulting calls to remove the Confederate flag from the state capitol, provided Kruse with his first Twitter teaching moment. In a series of tweets, Kruse laid out the modern history of the Confederate flag and its reintroduction across the South during the 1950s to redefine the Civil War as a battle for states’ rights. His audience began to grow. Asked how much time he now spends on Twitter, Kruse gives a predictable answer. “Too much,” he says. “If I added it up I’d probably be horrified, but I do it in bits and pieces, so it doesn’t feel like a lot.” Like many, he squeezes it in at odd moments — waiting to pick up his children after school, at their soccer practice, and over coffee. His wife sometimes tells him to put his phone away.

Kruse admits that he is “deeply ambivalent” about being labeled History’s Attack Dog. “On one level, I think we’re doing a valuable thing — and it’s not just me doing it, it’s a lot of historians on Twitter.”

Kevin M. Kruse
@KevinMKruse

Kathy Ryan/The New York Times

16 PRINCETON ALUMNI WEEKLY October 23, 2019
historian had ever challenged his claims. “So I thought, well fine, that’s on us. We assumed everybody knew he was a joke, but I guess not, so we have to weigh in.”

D’Souza, for his part, rarely replies to Kruse’s rebuttals, though in June he bemoaned Kruse’s “long Twitter chains with obscure examples intended to prove that black is white and up is down.” Kruse retorted in a tweet: “This is now D’Souza’s standard response to my threads — they have too much evidence in them. Guilty as charged, I guess.” (D’Souza did not reply to PAW’s requests for comment.)

D’Souza has offered to debate Kruse publicly at Princeton — he has also offered to debate up to six historians simultaneously — and posted the challenge on Facebook, taunting, “#FakeHistorian Kevin Kruse talks big on Twitter, but when challenged to defend his facts in public debate, he goes into hiding.” Kruse replies that he has already debated D’Souza extensively online and declines to get into the mud pit. “Historians don’t get on a stage with someone and throw quips at each other,” he says. “We debate in print, with evidence, so that is what I have tried to do.”

Though he keeps his tweets grounded in evidence, Kruse’s Twitter persona is hardly professorial. Friendly and easygoing in person, he admits that the anonymity of social media lets him be rougher than he might be face-to-face. He has also been known to buttress his points with a snarky meme or two. In one of his most popular Twitter threads, Kruse, who usually downplays his partisan leanings, posted photos of Trump administration officials next to the Bond villains he thought they resembled. “We debate in print, with evidence, so that is what I have tried to do.”

In other words, Kruse hopes to use social media to train people how to think. “The goal of any history course is not just to teach the history, but to teach the students how to navigate their own world. They should be learning how to read any primary source and then interrogate it. Who is writing it? Why are they writing it? Who is the intended audience? What are the authors taking for granted? What are they trying to get across? Those are basic skills, regardless of the topic.”

That state of nature known as Twitter might be just the place for such an exercise. “It might,” Kruse hopes, “be a way to move past the post-truth world of social media in which each side believes what it believes and who is to say who is right.”

The breakdown of authority and the splintering of news outlets is one of the themes of Fault Lines, his most recent book with Zelizer. In a world in which everyone feels entitled to their own facts, some have questioned whether it is still possible to construct a unifying national story. Kruse thinks it is possible, and in an odd way his long social-media history lessons may even contribute.

“One of the things I focus on in all my courses is making sure students see that we have always been arguing and disagreeing. That’s never going to happen. It’s all the other social media — and what he hopes to accomplish. To start, he is under no illusion that his arguments will convince D’Souza. “The goal isn’t to convince him or his followers,” Kruse contends. “That’s never going to happen. It’s all the other people who haven’t read our books or articles in the Journal of American History. We’re trying to meet them where they are, and they’re on Twitter, and they’re in the general public.”

Kruse says he feels an additional obligation to step up because, as a white, heterosexual, tenured Ivy League professor, he is insulated from much of the abuse and blowback that those without his advantages might receive for making the same arguments. He is also, he concedes, more likely to be listened to by the public.

Anne-Marie Slaughter ’80, former dean of the Woodrow Wilson School, says she was active on Twitter until about 2015, when the atmosphere grew too ugly. “It used to be a discussion roundtable with journalists and experts from around the world,” she says. “At its best it was a global seminar, but it has now become Troll Land half the time.” Slaughter applauds Kruse’s attempts to engage others online, likening his Twitter threads to a “graphic novel of American history” — though with a caveat. “Drawing on our knowledge and presenting it in a comprehensive way is what public intellectuals have always sought to communicate to the broader public,” Slaughter says. “This is especially important in an era when expertise of any kind is under attack. The challenge is, how do you perform that service without amplifying the toxicity?”

At heart, Kruse is a teacher. “What I think is useful about Twitter,” he says, “even more so than the op-eds or magazine articles we write, is that on Twitter, I can actually attach the evidence. And that’s the way I teach. I try to give my students the primary evidence. I don’t say, ‘I’m the Princeton professor and you’re not, so listen to me.’ I say, ‘Here, read the party platforms; read this speech. Don’t just take my word for it. Look at the evidence. Read it yourself.’”

In other words, Kruse hopes people will read the history. “The goal of any history course is not just to teach the history, but to teach the students how to navigate their own world. They should be learning how to read any primary source and then interrogate it. Who is writing it? Why are they writing it? Who is the intended audience? What are the authors taking for granted? What are they trying to get across? Those are basic skills, regardless of the topic.”

That state of nature known as Twitter might be just the place for such an exercise. “It might,” Kruse hopes, “be a way to move past the post-truth world of social media in which each side believes what it believes and who is to say who is right.”

The breakdown of authority and the splintering of news outlets is one of the themes of Fault Lines, his most recent book with Zelizer. In a world in which everyone feels entitled to their own facts, some have questioned whether it is still possible to construct a unifying national story. Kruse thinks it is possible, and in an odd way his long social-media history lessons may even contribute.

“Our old national stories always left a lot of people out,” he observes. “What really ties us together across the centuries are the things we have always fought about.” Those battlegrounds center on two eternal questions, which Kruse says he uses as the focus of his 20th-century U.S. history course: What is America about? Who counts as an American?

“The class is all about these disagreements,” Kruse says. “Students see that we’ve always been arguing and disagreeing. That problematizes their past, but it gives them a little bit of comfort about the present. Once they see that we have always been fighting, they also see that unity we supposedly had in the past was always an illusion. ‘Make America Great Again’ — that’s a false sense of nostalgia.”

Real history, Kruse says, was always more complicated than that.
Dick Kazmaier '52 carries the ball in a 1949 win over Yale. Two years later, he won the Heisman Trophy.
OF FOOTBALL

By Christopher Connell ’71

MORE TIGER FOOTBALL AT PAW.PRINCETON.EDU

View a gallery of PAW football covers, read excerpts from our coverage of memorable Princeton wins, and test your knowledge of the Tigers’ greatest players.
The Tigers return to New York — to Yankee Stadium — Nov. 9, to celebrate the sesquicentennial, though this time the spotlight will be shared with neither the Elis nor the Scarlet Knights, who compete in the Big Ten these days. In their place will be Dartmouth, a rival “only” since 1897. Dartmouth has figured in some of the most memorable contests in Princeton’s team annals, including the “12th Man” game in 1935, in which a fan rushed onto the field in a blinding snowstorm and tried to join Dartmouth’s line; and a come-from-behind win in 1950 that cemented a perfect season. Less happily there was the battle of unbeatens on the final day of the 1965 season from which Dartmouth alone emerged with a perfect season intact. (Princeton evened that score last November by inflicting upon Dartmouth its sole loss as the Tigers found a path to 10–0 and the first perfect season since 1964.)

The mere mention of Princeton football evokes images of raccoon coats and roadsters, the Princeton band in boater hats and black-and-orange plaid blazers leading a march down Ivy Lane, sunlight dappling gold and orange leaves, and the Tiger mascot frolicking as alumni with silver hipflasks and excited kids in tow streamed through the vaulted archways of a packed Palmer Stadium. Perhaps no alum was a greater football fanatic than F. Scott Fitzgerald 1917, albeit usually from afar. As related later by Fritz Crisler, who coached the Tigers to perfect seasons in 1933 and 1935 and introduced the classic, three-striped winged helmets before taking that design with him to his next coaching job in Ann Arbor, Mich., he’d regularly get calls from Fitzgerald after midnight on the eve of games offering strategy tips. The Great Gatsby author was reading a PAW article recapping the season when a heart attack felled him at 44 in 1940.

Much of Princeton’s football history was made in

It all began with several dozen Rutgers and Princeton students mustering on a Saturday afternoon in November 1869 to play a game won by kicking a ball past a phalanx of defenders and through the opponent’s goal. The game, in New Brunswick, marked the birth of intercollegiate football — and the start of Princeton’s rich history in the sport. In less than a quarter-century, by 1893, Princeton football was no longer a small affair played in New Brunswick, N.J., but a Thanksgiving phenomenon played against Yale, drawing 40,000 spectators to New York’s Manhattan Field.

What’s the Princeton football game you’ll never forget? Send your story to paw@princeton.edu or write to PAW, 194 Nassau St., Suite 38, Princeton, NJ 08542.
horseshoe-shaped, 40,000-seat Palmer Stadium. When the death knell sounded for the venerable stadium in 1996, serious consideration was given to erecting a much smaller replacement on the other side of Lake Carnegie, far from the heart of campus, like some “glorified high school stadium,” grumped Athletic Director Gary Walters ’67, now retired. Wiser heads prevailed, and a $45 million, 27,000-seat successor, Princeton Stadium, rose in the precise footprint of Palmer, near the eating-club tailgaters and a mere stroll from the spires and gargoyles that fired Fitzgerald’s imagination.

The approaching game will be the 99th between Princeton and Dartmouth, which holds the edge at 49–45–4. Yale is the only other regular opponent with more wins against Princeton than defeats: 77–55–10. That includes the infamous, 14-game losing streak to the Elis that Bob Holly ’82 snapped by throwing for 501 yards and scoring his fourth touchdown with four seconds on the clock in a 34–31 win over undefeated Yale in 1981 — Sports Illustrated called it “perhaps the most thrilling game ever played at Palmer.” Against all comers, Princeton has 827 wins, 406 losses, and 50 ties over the years, including a 56–48 advantage over Harvard.

Dartmouth, like Princeton, was undefeated when they met in the famous “12th Man” or “Snow Game” at Palmer in near-blizzard conditions in November 1935, but the inclement day belonged to the home team. As the Tigers marched yet again downfield, an inebriated spectator bolted from the stands and joined a Dartmouth goal-line stand with a shout of “Kill them Princeton bastards.” It was of no use. The Tigers toppled the then-Indians 26–6 and finished off Yale the following Saturday for Crisler’s second perfect season.

The weather also played a factor in the momentous 1950 game with a perfect season on the line for both teams. Two days after Thanksgiving, 80 mph winds and torrential rain lashed Palmer Stadium as the Tigers fell behind before rallying to defeat Dartmouth 13–7. With fellow All-Americans tackle Hollie Donan ’51 and center Red Finney ’51 paving the way, Dick Kazmaier ’52 ran through the slop for one touchdown and set up the other. The graceful tailback, after Princeton’s second perfect season the following fall, landed on the cover of Time magazine and ran away with the 1951 Heisman Trophy, the last Ivy player so honored. The Chicago Bears drafted Kazmaier,

---

**THE BIRTH OF FOOTBALL … OR NOT**

What was that first game, anyway?

*By Brett Tomlinson*

As the Rutgers student newspaper described it, the players in that landmark ball game 150 years ago battled in street clothes, bareheaded save for the Rutgers players’ scarlet “turbans.” The Scarlet Knights prevailed, 6–4. “Princeton had the most muscle, but didn’t kick very well, and wanted organization,” reported the *Targum.* “Our men,” it said, “were always in the right place.”

The game is credited as the first intercollegiate game of American football. But should it also be considered the first college soccer game? Or maybe the first college rugby game?

Historian Tom McCabe ’91, who teaches a course about the history of soccer at Rutgers-Newark, says that based on written accounts, soccer and rugby skills played a prominent role in the game played on the College Avenue grounds in New Brunswick. The 25-man teams used a round ball, the players moving it primarily with their feet; carrying the ball to advance it was forbidden. One early painting of the game depicts a rectangular, soccer-like goal with a goaltender in front.

“When historians look at the nitty-gritty, they’re trying to figure out what it was,” McCabe says, “because it wasn’t American college football, and it wasn’t soccer [as we know it today]. It was more of a rugby-like game.”

While Princeton football has fielded a team for 151 consecutive seasons, soccer would not become a varsity sport until 1905 (though the Princeton Theological Seminary was playing matches a decade earlier), and the rugby team was added even later, in 1931.

Princeton’s pioneering football players also made the connection to modern football in remembrances collected decades later, after the sport had become a national phenomenon.

“When they’re remembering the Rutgers
of the 28 national championships claimed by Princeton, the NCAA recognizes 15 — all 1922 and earlier — tying Princeton and Alabama for second, behind Yale’s 18 (the last in 1927). The sport caught on quickly after that first Rutgers game, with Eastern schools dominating it for half a century until Notre Dame, Michigan, Ohio State, and others began their ascendance. The unbeaten 1922 Tigers were the “Team of Destiny,” a sobriquet bestowed by sportswriter Grantland Rice after Princeton turned back then-Big Ten powerhouse University of Chicago at Stagg Field in the first college game broadcast nationally on radio. The heroes for the visitors, who had trailed 18–7, were Harland “Pink” Baker ’22, Oliver Alford ’22, and sophomore Charlie Caldwell ’25, who stopped the Maroons’ fullback on the one-foot line to secure the 21–18 win.

Caldwell, a three-sport athlete, returned to his alma mater to coach the Tigers in the post-World War II years. His teams reeled off 24 straight wins and 33 of 34 from the close of the 1949 season to the opening of the 1953 campaign. Caldwell compiled a sterling 70–30–3 record before Dick Colman, another maestro of the single-wing offense, took the helm in 1957, the year the Tigers won their first Ivy championship. They finished their perfect 1964 season ranked 13th nationally with All-Americans fullback Cosmo Iacavazzi ’65 ’68 punishing defenders, linebacker Staś Maliszewski ’66 creating havoc, and soccer-style kicker Charlie Gogolak ’66 flummoxing opponents.

Gogolak and big brother Pete, at Cornell, revolutionized the game by kicking with the instep instead of the toe, a skill they mastered as youths in Hungary before the family fled after the 1956 uprising. Charlie Gogolak kicked six field goals in a 1965 game against Rutgers and two weeks later a record 54-yarder against Cornell, which tried to stymie him with a human pyramid — two players stood on their teammates’ shoulders. The tactic was soon outlawed.

While Dartmouth’s victory at the close of the 1965 campaign snapped the Tigers’ 17-game win streak, Colman finished his tenure in 1968 with 75 wins and 33 losses. The best coaching record still belongs to Bill Roper 1902, with 89 wins, 28 losses, and 16 ties in three stints between 1906 and 1930. Roper’s squad played Knute Rockne’s Irish twice at Palmer Stadium in but he turned them down, saying, “I don’t see anything I could gain by it.” He chose Harvard Business School instead. In 2008, Princeton retired the number 42, worn by both Kazmaier and, not by happenstance, basketball’s Bill Bradley ’65.
1923–24, losing both. The lane between Cap and Gown Club and Cottage Club from Prospect Avenue to the main entrance of Princeton Stadium still bears his name.

So how to compare the best teams of this era to those of the past? Attendance is no contest. Last year’s undefeated team averaged 6,600 fans, with fewer than 7,800 souls at the Penn game capping the perfect season. It usually takes Yale or Harvard or a non-Ivy visitor with a local following to crest above 11,000 or 12,000 nowadays in Princeton Stadium. Some games are played under lights on Friday nights.

“You’ve got to put it in perspective and context,” says Iacavazzi, who returned to Princeton for a master’s degree in aerospace engineering after a short spell with the New York Jets in the American Football League. In the 1920s, with no television and the NFL in its infancy, “there was nothing else to do on a Saturday afternoon. You were it. You were the show. Today the NFL dominates spectator sports and I can watch pretty much any game in the country on my phone. The sport has grown in spectatorship, but it’s been cut into a million pieces.”

“The fact that there is X number of people in the stands instead of Y number is almost immaterial,” he says. “You still have great wins, terrible losses, great bonding, great teamwork. You still learn the great values.”

“We had sellouts in 1964. Guys actually scalped tickets,” says Maliszewski, but he concedes the attention his undefeated team attracted was nothing like the stir created by the 11–0 team in 1903, which shut out its first 10 opponents before Yale managed six points in the final game, making the season points margin 249–6. “When you compare us, the impact we had on American football, to the oughty-three team, those guys were on the front page of every newspaper. We weren’t,” he says.

Maliszewski, born in Poland during World War II and raised in Iowa, where his family settled as refugees, was 6-foot-2 and played at 235 pounds. Most of the program’s greats were more down to earth. Kazmaier stood 5-foot-11 and weighed 171 pounds. Iacavazzi was a battering ram, but was always under 200 pounds. There were no giants among such early legends as Knowlton “Snake” Ames 1890, golden-tressed Phil King 1893, the six Poe brothers, John DeWitt 1904, and Hobey Baker 1914. Ames scored 62 touchdowns in 1886–89. “I don’t know how you equate the ancient records with the modern records,” says Keith Elias ’94, who rushed for a record 4,208 yards and played five years in the NFL. He tallied 49 touchdowns at Princeton but used to kid teammates, “I’m not good until I reach Snake.”

Princeton still sends players to the NFL. Linemen Carl Barisich ’73 and Dennis Norman ’01 both played nearly a decade; Dallas Cowboys quarterback and head coach Jason Garrett ’89, for seven. A steady stream is making or trying to make the jump these days, including All-American wide receiver Jesper Horsted ’19, who collared 196 passes at Princeton.

Kyle Brandt ’01, co-host of the NFL Network’s Good Morning Football TV show, after watching Horsted make an acrobatic catch in a Chicago Bears’ preseason game, declared the 6-foot-4, 225-pound rookie the greatest player in his alma mater’s history. “They’ve been playing football at Princeton for 150 years. I don’t know if they’ve ever seen somebody like this,” he said, continues on page 24.

October 23, 2019 PRINCETON ALUMNI WEEKLY 23

Brett Tomlinson is PAW’s sports editor.
Princeton head coach Bob Surace ’90 grew up around football, watching his father coach the high school team in his hometown of Millville, N.J. The conventional wisdom back then was that preparing for a game should look pretty much like playing one, with full contact at nearly every position. “Every practice was simulating games,” he says.

The same was true when Surace played in high school, and when he traveled north to Princeton in 1986 for his freshman season on the offensive line. But when Surace reached the NFL as an assistant coach for the Cincinnati Bengals, the contact in practice was conspicuously absent. Marvin Lewis, the Bengals’ head coach from 2003 to 2018 and one of the game’s renowned defensive minds, saw that professional athletes could succeed without putting unnecessary stress on their bodies.

Surace says he’s borrowed from Lewis’ approach when planning his own practices. At Princeton today, you may see players testing their agility and refining their technique by tackling a giant padded “donut.” But for the most part, you will not see them tackling each other.

Under Ivy League rules adopted unanimously by the coaches in 2016, full-contact hitting was eliminated for in-season practices, and in the

VIEWS OF CONTACT MAY CHANGE THE SPORT

By Brett Tomlinson

Princeton head coach Bob Surace ’90 grew up around football, watching his father coach the high school team in his hometown of Millville, N.J. The conventional wisdom back then was that preparing for a game should look pretty much like playing one, with full contact at nearly every position. “Every practice was simulating games,” he says.

The same was true when Surace played in high school, and when he traveled north to Princeton in 1986 for his freshman season on the offensive line. But when Surace reached the NFL as an assistant coach for the Cincinnati Bengals, the contact in practice was conspicuously absent. Marvin Lewis, the Bengals’ head coach from 2003 to 2018 and one of the game’s renowned defensive minds, saw that professional athletes could succeed without putting unnecessary stress on their bodies.

Surace says he’s borrowed from Lewis’ approach when planning his own practices. At Princeton today, you may see players testing their agility and refining their technique by tackling a giant padded “donut.” But for the most part, you will not see them tackling each other.

Under Ivy League rules adopted unanimously by the coaches in 2016, full-contact hitting was eliminated for in-season practices, and in the
preseason, contact drills are limited to no more than two days per week. Surace embraces the guidelines and typically stays well below the limits. Last spring, his Tigers didn’t have any full-contact practices outside of the annual intrasquad scrimmage.

Cutting down on hits is good for the players and essential for the game, Surace says: “If we weren’t making the changes that we’ve made, knowing what we know now, this game would be falling out of favor.”

“Knowing what we know now” is a critical part of football as the sport celebrates the 150th anniversary of Princeton’s historic trip to Rutgers for the first intercollegiate game, in November 1869. In the last decade, mounting evidence about the long-term consequences of concussions and subconcussive hits — most notably the risk of chronic traumatic encephalopathy, or CTE — has raised concerns about the safety of the sport and prompted administrators and coaches to protect the health of players.

Ivy League football was a leader in its embrace of new approaches to contact, creating a committee of university presidents, head football coaches, administrators, consultants, physicians, and trainers that evaluated research on head injuries and created the league’s first round of new practice rules, which went into effect in 2011. Perhaps not coincidentally, Ivy athletes had prominent roles in some of the early CTE headlines. Tom McHale, a Cornell alumnus and NFL lineman for nine seasons, was among the first pro players whose brain showed signs of CTE in an autopsy performed by Boston University’s Center for the Study of Traumatic Encephalopathy. (McHale died of a drug overdose in 2008, at age 45.) Former Brown receiver Sean Morey, an NFL veteran who later coached the Princeton sprint football team, chaired the NFL Players Association’s first committee on traumatic brain injury. And in 2010, Owen Thomas, a Penn defensive end, committed suicide in his junior year and was later found to have had CTE. His case heightened concerns about the effects of head injuries on young football players.

Among high school students, football remains America’s most popular sport, but participation has declined in each of the last five years.

“Knowing what we know now” is a critical part of football as the sport celebrates the 150th anniversary of Princeton’s historic trip to Rutgers for the first intercollegiate game, in November 1869. In the last decade, mounting evidence about the long-term consequences of concussions and subconcussive hits — most notably the risk of chronic traumatic encephalopathy, or CTE — has raised concerns about the safety of the sport and prompted administrators and coaches to protect the health of players.

Ivy League football was a leader in its embrace of new approaches to contact, creating a committee of university presidents, head football coaches, administrators, consultants, physicians, and trainers that evaluated research on head injuries and created the league’s first round of new practice rules, which went into effect in 2011. Perhaps not coincidentally, Ivy athletes had prominent roles in some of the early CTE headlines. Tom McHale, a Cornell alumnus and NFL lineman for nine seasons, was among the first pro players whose brain showed signs of CTE in an autopsy performed by Boston University’s Center for the Study of Traumatic Encephalopathy. (McHale died of a drug overdose in 2008, at age 45.) Former Brown receiver Sean Morey, an NFL veteran who later coached the Princeton sprint football team, chaired the NFL Players Association’s first committee on traumatic brain injury. And in 2010, Owen Thomas, a Penn defensive end, committed suicide in his junior year and was later found to have had CTE. His case heightened concerns about the effects of head injuries on young football players.

Among high school students, football remains America’s most popular sport, but participation has declined in each of the last five years.
season out after shoulder surgery, once dreamed of playing at a big-time football school. But he now counts himself blessed for choosing Princeton and getting “an unbelievable education.”

“You’re part of a storied tradition, but a small fraternity. We carry a lot of pride wearing the uniform,” says Lovett, who is unstinting in praise of Surace for the program’s surge. “He’s such a genuine person. Obviously, he works so hard on the football aspects, but it doesn’t matter if you’re an Ivy player of the year or a scout-team player, he treats you the same. You’re his players,” Lovett says.

Elias, director of player engagement for the NFL, addressed this year’s team at summer camp. He, too, emphasized to the players they were “part of a brotherhood.” “We are going to see each other for the rest of our lives,” he said. “We’ll see each other at Reunions, at games. It’s something that will never leave us.”

It can look like a very large brotherhood on game days in Princeton Stadium, with 100 or more players dressed to play. Princeton would recruit 100 players yearly in the 1960s, and 60 when Surace played, but most quit or were cut. Now Surace and his coaches recruit a select 30. “The difference today is these kids aren’t leaving,” he says. The program invests in their success. “We didn’t have a full-time strength coach when I was at Princeton. Now we have a performance team, nutritionists, sports scientists, psychologists — people who work with our athletes as needed so they can be successful.”

Fittingly, Surace in his second season created a new tradition for Princeton football. At game’s end, the entire team runs to the corner of the end zone and, with the band playing, joins alumni in a heart-stirring rendition of “Old Nassau.” He did so not only to cement ties with the alumni, but also to improve relations with the often irreverent scramble band, and notes: “It was one of the better decisions I’ve made.”

Christopher Connell ’71 is a freelance writer based in Washington, D.C.

---

In Tucker’s view, football’s changes have all been for the better. He strongly supports the movement to create flag football leagues for players of elementary and middle school age. He praises the addition of “targeting” penalties, which protect players by banning dangerous actions, such as initiating contact with the crown of the helmet or launching in the air to make contact in the head or neck area.

But then he arrives at a dichotomy of his own: Contact — good, clean, within-the-rules contact — is what drew him to football in the first place. “I still miss getting the chance to run into somebody as hard as I can,” says Tucker, who retired in 2007. “I loved that feeling, and I think it’s OK to embrace that.”

How do you balance the physical contact that makes football distinctive with the safety concerns that make parents shy away from the sport? One approach is to reduce the most dangerous types of hits, such as the open-field collisions on kickoff returns. Ivy administrators found that kick returns produced a disproportionate number of concussions, so in 2016 the league moved kickoffs from the 35-yard line to the 40, to encourage more touchbacks. The concussion rate on kickoffs declined from 10.9 per 1,000 plays in 2013–15 to two per 1,000 plays in 2016–17, according to a study led by University of Pennsylvania biostatistics professor Douglas Wiebe that was published in the Journal of the American Medical Association.

Improvements to equipment could play an important role in player safety as well. Glenn Tilley ’84, CEO of the sporting-goods manufacturer Defend Your Head, works in a competitive field that is eager to show measurable reduction in the forces that players encounter on the field. His company’s primary product is a soft, external shell attached to the helmet that absorbs and dissipates blows to the head. Youth and high school teams are using the shell in practice and games, Tilley says, while several colleges, including Penn State and Georgia Tech, have adopted it for practice.

The most significant factor in player safety, on a daily basis, may be coaching, according to former Princeton head coach Bob Casciola ’58, who was the president of the National Football Foundation for 14 years. In his 2018 memoir, 1st and Forever: Making the Case for the Future of Football, Casciola took a particular interest in programs that require coaches at all levels to be certified in teaching tackling techniques that protect the head and neck — techniques that would be familiar to the players who suited up for Princeton in his time as an undergrad.

“As long as people step up, who have some substance, and encourage those things,” Casciola says, “I think it will help the game and preserve the game.”

Brett Tomlinson is PAW’s sports editor.
DANCE MOVEMENT: Growing up steeped in Houston’s theater scene and the civil-rights movement, David Rousséve ’81, who is now the artistic director for the dance company REALITY and a professor of choreography at UCLA, thought he would become a lawyer working on social-justice issues. But at Princeton, he discovered that arts can also “contribute to a greater social good.” Rousséve’s work blends dance and text, often highlighting themes such as homophobia, HIV/AIDS, and sexism. “My work is ultimately about a dialogue with the viewer on the level of the heart.”

Yi-Chun Wu
paw.princeton.edu

October 23, 2019  PRINCETON ALUMNI WEEKLY  27
HOLOCAUST TRAUMA AND ITS EFFECTS, GENERATIONS LATER

Adam P. Frankel ’03’s new book is dedicated to his children.

That often-customary gesture has unusual resonance in Frankel’s memoir — The Survivors: A Story of War, Inheritance, and Healing (HarperCollins) — because the book centers on the complex and sometimes painful legacies that parents pass on to their children.

Frankel, a one-time speechwriter in the Obama White House, is the grandson of Jewish Holocaust survivors from Lithuania whose suffering, he believes, profoundly shaped the life of his brilliant, emotionally unstable mother. The climate of secrecy and buried pain in which she grew up distorted her adult relationships, eventually culminating in a shattering revelation that reshaped Frankel’s sense of his own identity.

The book is both a Holocaust story and a broader look at family dynamics. “It’s a personal memoir of how trauma can reverberate from one generation to the next, whatever the trauma may be,” Frankel says. “Every family experiences it differently.”

When he left the Obama administration in late 2011, Frankel — now an adviser to a communications firm and a social-change organization — planned to write a very different book, an account of the lives of all four of his grandparents, contrasting exemplars of Jewish survival.

His maternal grandparents, the Perecmans, lost siblings and parents during the Holocaust before emigrating to New Haven, Conn., where grandfather Gershon owned a jewelry and watch-repair shop. Gershon survived a subcamp of Dachau, the notorious concentration camp outside Munich. As a teenager, grandmother Rivke joined a brigade of Jewish resistance fighters living in a forest in Eastern Europe.

When Adam P. Frankel ’03 began writing his memoir, he had no idea how much the Holocaust informed his family dynamic.

The family of Frankel’s father, Stephen Frankel ’69, experienced the war years from the American side. Grandfather Stanley served in the South Pacific and eventually became a corporate executive and sometime-speechwriter for Democratic politicians. Grandmother Irene’s younger sister married Newton Minow, who chaired the Federal Communications Commission during the Kennedy administration.

Frankel drafted a manuscript about his grandparents’ lives, but a change of editors shifted his focus, steering him toward a more personal — and, ultimately, more therapeutic — grappling with the ways Holocaust trauma contributed to his mother’s mental illness and damaged his own childhood.

His mother and her three siblings were named for relatives murdered just a few years earlier; even in old age, Frankel’s maternal grandmother suffered from nightmares, sometimes crying out the names of her dead sisters in her sleep. “Ghosts lived in that house with them,” Frankel says.

The Perecman family’s deepest shared secret concerned their name: In a displaced-persons camp in Germany after the war, the parents had discarded their true identities and assumed false ones, worried that Gershon’s connection to a contraband-smuggling operation in the camp would jeopardize their emigration to the United States.

Although the deception seems minor today, the family guarded their secret ferociously, apparently fearing it could endanger their eligibility for the postwar reparations Germany paid to Holocaust survivors. The frequent lies — for instance, to explain why Gershon’s father, who had survived the war, had a different last name than his son did — accustomed the family to silence and concealment.

Writing the book, Frankel says, gave him a way to break free from the tyranny of secret-keeping, which had warped his relationships with his mother and his extended family. Although some relatives, including his parents, have voiced reservations about publishing such deeply personal material, “I needed to write the book, period, for my sake,” he says. “No secrets. This is how we clear the air and move on with our lives.”

And with the passing of the generation that survived the Holocaust and fought World War II, recounting these stories of sacrifice, survival, and resilience is more important than ever, Frankel argues. “For reasons that are even clearer now than they could possibly have been when I started writing this book, it is important to be mindful of that history — not just of the nationalism and racial-purity ideas that contributed to the Holocaust, but just the dangers, more broadly, of fascism, the imperative of being vigilant about democracy,” he says. “If we fail to think about that and be mindful of that, then we’re doing that at our peril.” ♦ By Deborah Yaffe
It was a circuitous path — from high school cheerleader to Triangle Club performer to Yale Law School-trained attorney to five years as an FBI agent — but Asha Rangappa ’96 has found a calling in the current political era: explaining the ins and outs of counterintelligence to the American public.

Rangappa is on contract as a national-security analyst with CNN; she also writes op-eds and analyzes news developments on Twitter, where she has amassed nearly 400,000 followers. With a mix of erudition and online snark, she has joined a chorus of legal and law-enforcement voices who have expressed alarm about the allegations surrounding foreign election meddling.

Rangappa grew up in the military town of Hampton, Va., a child of Indian immigrants and the only South Asian student in her school. “I was kind of exotic, but I never felt a lot of anti-immigrant sentiment,” she says. “Still, I was straddling the two worlds. My family had our own customs — we didn’t eat meat, we ate with our hands, and we spoke a different language at home.”

It was a fluke that she ended up at Princeton. “Honestly, I got a brochure in the mail, and the buildings looked really pretty,” she says. She decided to major in the Woodrow Wilson School and minor in Latin American studies. Rangappa’s research focused on the drug trade; she spent a summer working at the State Department’s Colombia desk and later won a Fulbright scholarship to that country.

Rangappa earned her law degree in 2000 and, after getting to know some FBI agents as an intern in the U.S. Attorney’s Office in Baltimore, applied to the bureau. Not only did she think it would be more interesting than joining a law firm, she also found the idea of government service appealing.

“I don’t want to get too touchy-feely about Ronald Reagan, but his rhetoric was about a shining city on a hill,” she says. “I internalized that.”

Her FBI application languished until 9/11, when the bureau found itself in need of foreign-language speakers. Rangappa’s skills in Spanish and Kannada — an Indian language spoken in and around Bangalore — piqued the FBI’s interest in her, and within nine months, she was on board.

Shortly before her physical training started, Rangappa was in a car accident that left her with injured ribs. “I failed the test spectacularly,” she says. “I didn’t have a lot of support. My parents thought I was nuts, and my law school classmates thought I was crazy.” But she doubled down, getting up at 4 a.m. to wrap her ribs and train; eventually she passed her physical and shooting tests. Rangappa can’t discuss most of her work as an agent, but she did tell Elle magazine that she once surveilled a foreign-intelligence target while pretending to be on a date, a wire hidden in her purse.

At 31, Rangappa left the FBI to become dean of admissions at Yale Law School. She remained in that post for 12 years before moving to Yale’s Jackson Institute for Global Affairs, where she handles admissions and teaches national-security law. However, she’s best known as a talking head and active Twitter user.

This phase of her life began when President Donald Trump tweeted in early 2017 that President Barack Obama had wiretapped him. “I said to myself, ‘This is impossible! I know how this stuff works,’” Rangappa says. So she wrote an explanatory article about the Foreign Intelligence Surveillance Act and appeared on CNN to explain it. She now frequently appears on cable news to elucidate matters pertaining to the intelligence community.
New Podcast at PAW Online

How will the world end? No one knows, but BRYAN WALSH ’01 has devised eight of the most pressing existential threats to humanity in his book *End Times* (Hachette). Walsh explains what they are and how we might survive them on PAWcast, our monthly podcast.

Walsh says: “The reality is that you can’t really ‘prepper’ yourself past the kind of catastrophes I’m talking about here. These are global ones that will last for years. There is no way to go out into the mountains with your own supplies and stay safe. It really requires us to come together as a species.”

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

---

**MACARTHUR WINNER: JEFFREY ALAN MILLER ’06**

**AN EPIC DISCOVERY, THE AWARD OF A LIFETIME**

In early fall, English professor Jeffrey Alan Miller ’06’s office phone at Montclair State University rang, which almost never happens. He ignored it. Soon after the ringing stopped, he received an email from the MacArthur Foundation saying they’d called to ask him to confidentially evaluate a nomination.

“I’m thinking, ’What an honor! I wonder if I can put this on my CV.’” Imagine his surprise when a MacArthur representative called back and dropped the ruse: Miller was one of the 2019 “genius grant” winners — a $625,000 no-strings-attached stipend paid out over five years. “My first reaction was to ask them if it was a prank,” he says.

Miller made headlines worldwide in 2015 for his discovery concerning a 17th-century notebook in the archives at Cambridge University. The notebook belonged to Samuel Ward, one of about four dozen translators whose work culminated in the King James Bible. Miller dates the notebook to about 1604; it shows Ward’s work as he puzzled out translations, and it is the only known portion of the Bible written by one of the translators. Further, Ward’s writings suggest that his work was a slice of subdivided labor — not a robust collaborative effort, as had been previously believed. One expert told *The New York Times* that the finding was “perhaps the most significant archival find relating to the King James Bible in decades.”

Miller is working to finish a book on his findings, which will be accessible to the lay reader. Another project includes a book on John Milton, whom he describes as “the beating heart of everything I do.”

The MacArthur website says Miller was chosen, in part, because of his ability to “[shed] light on the emergence of key ideas about the role of faith in daily life and government among Reformation and Renaissance scholars.”

Miller, who did his graduate work as a Rhodes Scholar at Oxford University, says he owes much to Princeton literature professor Nigel Smith for granting him — as an undergrad — entry into his graduate seminar on Milton. “He also pushed me to do a Rhodes scholarship,” Miller says. “I thought, ‘Give me a break! People like me don’t get those things.’”

Smith is anything but surprised by his former student’s win. “[Miller has] the uncanny ability to see into familiar literary material and to remake our understanding of it significantly and profoundly,” he says. “It is a rare gift. This is what has persuaded the MacArthur judges.”

**By Louis Jacobson ’92**

---

**continued from page 29**

Intelligence Surveillance Act, and cable networks began bringing her on as an expert. Her appearances accelerated after Trump fired FBI Director James Comey, and Robert Mueller ’66, former director of the FBI, was tapped as special counsel to investigate Russian meddling in the 2016 election.

Rangappa feels strongly about the need for Congress to fully investigate the allegations against Trump. “I believe in the process. He may never be convicted in a trial, but I do think there are important principles to stand up for,” she says. Still, she understands why the whole matter seems to make many Americans’ eyes glaze over. With the investigation of Russian election meddling “things got very complicated very quickly. It became a Tolstoy novel,” she says. “Scandals stick when they’re simple.”

One particularly depressing trend for Rangappa is the effort to reject unfavorable news as biased. “We’re in such a tribal society now that to stand for principles like the rule of law or to defend democratic norms means that, de facto, you are seen as being on the other side,” she says. **◆ By Louis Jacobson ’92**
CLASS NOTES

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

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

THE CLASS OF 1945

Henry Samuel Julier II ’45
Sam died Sept. 15, 2018, peacefully at home in Concord, Mass., two years after learning that melanoma had metastasized to his lungs.

Sam was raised in Chappaqua, N.Y., and attended Kent School before following his father, Henry Vaillant Julier 1904, to Princeton, after tailgating at many football games as a child. He served stateside in the Army Air Corps during World War II and was discharged as a corporal. Back at Princeton Sam majored in economics and was a member of Cap and Gown.

Sam went to work for Bulkeley Dunton in New York City, where he would spend the next 43 years in various capacities in New York, Baltimore, and Boston for what became one of the largest paper-distribution companies east of the Mississippi. In 1969 he moved to the Boston office. He retired from the company as president and chief executive officer in 1990.

Sam was married to his neighbor from Chappaqua, Betsy Montross, for 64 years, and together they lived in Armonk, N.Y., and Baltimore before moving to Concord in 1969. They enjoyed playing golf on courses all over this country, on People to People trips to Europe, New Zealand, and Australia, and with Concord friends in Ireland and the United Kingdom. They also enjoyed winters for 30 years at their home at Harbour Ridge Country Club in Palm City, Fla. Sam was a member of the Concord Country Club and, as a member of Trinity Church in Concord, volunteered in retirement at the soup kitchen in Boston.

Sam is survived by his wife, Betsy; son and daughter-in-law Sam and Jennifer Julier; daughter and son-in-law Billie and Alec Wyeth; four grandchildren; one great-grandchild; and his sister and brother-in-law, Val and Tuck Orbison.

THE CLASS OF 1946

Pomeroy Smith ’46
Pom was born Feb. 2, 1924, in Newark, N.J., to Elmira and Van Tyle Smith. He died Jan. 27, 2019.

He graduated from the Pawling School and entered Princeton in September 1942. In December 1942 he enlisted in the Army. In June 1944 he took part in the Normandy invasion and was caught behind the lines in the Battle of the Bulge. In December 1945 he returned to Princeton, and he graduated in 1946. He was a member of Cottage Club.

Pom was employed by Honeywell in its micro-switch department in New York City. In 1953 he moved to Midland, Texas, as an independent oil operator and in 1968 co-founded Coquina Oil Corp., which later merged into St. Joe Mineral Corp. In 1980 he founded the Bison Exploration Co. and served as chairman and chief executive officer.

While in Midland, Pom was very active in community service, serving as director and president of the YMCA for several years. He also served as a trustee of the Beal Foundation, Midland Memorial Hospital, and the Petroleum Club, and was on the board of the Midland Museum, Racquet Club, Trinity School, Spectrum Energy, Kenbock Petroleum Co., and Marshall Winston Oil.

In 1958 Pom married Betty Jane Perry of Pineville, Ky. They had four children, Elizabeth, Pomeroy II, Andrew ’85, and Timothy, who also survive him. He is also survived by four grandchildren, Reid Elizabeth, Pomeroy III, John Poe, and Caroline. Pom was a much-beloved father and husband and will be greatly missed.

THE CLASS OF 1948

Nicholas U. Sommerfeld ’48
Nick was born in Frankfurt, Germany. He grew up there and in Northampton, Mass.

He graduated from Deerfield and was in the Navy V-12 program at Williams College and at Holy Cross. At Princeton he majored in economics, played junior varsity soccer and lacrosse, and was a member of Cottage Club.

After graduating from Harvard Law School he was recalled to the Navy. While stationed near Rabat, Morocco, he met his wife-to-be, Charlotte Abrams. They were married for 56 years. They settled first in Cambridge, Mass., and later retired to Cohasset, Mass. Nick’s civilian career was in probate and trust law at two Boston law firms. He was an avid international traveler, tennis player, and bread baker, and had a lifelong interest in journalism. He volunteered for Lawyers for Peace and for years was a trustee of the Perkins School for the Blind.

Nick died peacefully Oct. 19, 2016, in Cohasset. He was 90. Nick was predeceased by Charlotte. He is survived by their daughters Gretchen and Amy ’81, and grandson, Joshua.

THE CLASS OF 1950

J. Shepard Bryan ’50
Shep died June 10, 2019.

Born in St. Louis, Mo., he graduated from St. Louis Country Day in 1943, and then enlisted in the Navy. He served on the aircraft carrier USS Lexington, receiving a commendation for his actions when a bomb hit the Lexington during the Battle of Leyte Gulf.

At Princeton, where his father was in the Class of 1913, Shep majored in economics and was a member of Whig Clio, the Triangle Club, and Cottage.

His professional career started in sales with Anheuser-Busch in St. Louis, but he was soon transferred to the West Coast. After a hitch in manufacturing, he left Anheuser to join Fidelity’s investment group. He switched to investment counseling with a Los Angeles company in 1970, eventually working on his own. During his last years, in declining health, he lived in Portland, Ore., where his daughter Julie cared for him.

Shep was described by many as “the most positive person” they ever met. He loved the West Coast and its ocean, where he delighted in his own style of body surfing.

Shep is survived by three children from an earlier marriage, and a brother, Judy Couter, his soul mate of 14 years, died in 2009.

Wallace E. Green ’50
Wally died May 11, 2019, in Mount Dora, Fla., where he had lived for the past 23 years.

He came to Princeton from Trenton (N.J.) High School. He majored in mechanical engineering, was an editor of the Nassau Sovereign, was on the Engineering Council, and was a member of Elm.

After a year as a Bethlehem Steel trainee, he spent the next two years in the Army at Edgewood Arsenal in Maryland. By 1954 he had returned to his native Trenton, where he began a 42-year career as a manufacturer’s representative in the fabricated-wire field.

In 1996 he and his wife, Doris, whom he married in 1951 and who shared his work as a manufacturer’s representative, retired. They moved to Mount Dora, where they lived an “idyllic” retirement, becoming lawn bowlers, playing golf, and actively participating in church life. Wally also managed to be an AARP...
instructor for senior drivers and a 20-year hospital volunteer.

A proud member of our class, he and Doris were frequent campus visitors over the 42 years they lived near Princeton and attended many of our mini-reunions.

Doris predeceased Wally in April 2018. He is survived by daughter Patti; son Jeff; two grandchildren; and a great-grandson.

Richard H. Sharrett ’50
Dick died April 29, 2019, in Edison, N.J.
He graduated from The Pennington School. At Princeton he majored in biology and was awarded the Hibben Scholarship. He lettered in lacrosse, was active in the Evangelical Fellowship, and belonged to Prospect.

Dick completed four years at Penn School of Medicine and a residency in internal medicine with the Veterans Administration. After two years in the Army in Germany, he returned to the United States and set up medical practice in Plainfield, N.J. His practice included house calls and night calls when these were rare. He maintained his practice until health problems forced his retirement in 2006.

He cherished the home he and his wife’s family built in Vermont. There he enjoyed fishing, skiing, and hiking with his children. At age 50 he took up sailboarding. He painted in watercolors and wrote poetry. In his bio for our 50th he included a poem titled “Shells,” whose opening lines best describe his career as a physician and as a person: “Some search the beaches to seek and to save only the perfect ones. But I have learned to love those that are broken.”

Dick is survived by his wife of 57 years, Betty; three children; and seven grandchildren.

Harold W. Smith ’50
Harold died April 23, 2019, in Saratoga Springs, N.Y.
A graduate of Dwight Morrow (Englewood, N.J.) High School, at Princeton he majored in history, sang in the Glee Club, and belonged to Campus. He left Princeton after his junior year, going on to earn a degree from his father’s alma mater, Randolph-Macon, in 1952.

After he earned a master’s of divinity degree at Union Seminary, his early career included serving Methodist churches in Northern New Jersey, theological study in Germany, and chaplaincy at SUNY Agricultural and Technical College in Delhi, N.Y., where he also taught history.

Following a sabbatical teaching in Korea in 1980, he became a marriage and family counselor and minister at large for the Delaware County Council of Churches, and interim pastor for several churches in Walton, N.Y. In 1990 he and wife Camilla, a fellow seminarian whom he married in 1952, retired and moved to Saratoga Springs.

At Princeton and thereafter, Harold’s tenor voice was heard in many solo roles. He had a passion for social justice as evidenced by his efforts with roommate Bill Wallace to ensure an all-inclusive bicker. He enjoyed fine dining and the good-natured competitiveness of tennis and golf.

Harold is survived by Camilla; four children, including Heather Smith ’80; and 10 grandchildren.

H. Mead Twitchell Jr. ’50
Mead died April 9, 2019, in Carmel, Ind. He had a life-long fascination with writing, publishing, and printing.

He was raised in New York City and went to Exeter, where he was editor of the Exonian. During his two years at Princeton from 1946 to 1948, where his father was in the Class of 1920, Mead was on The Daily Princetonian editorial staff and belonged to Dial. Leaving Princeton, he became a journalist and student at the College of the Good Road in Switzerland.

Following a stint in the Army as a second lieutenant training tank recruits, he went to Europe, where he worked with Moral Re-Armament for four years. After pursuing the same work for two years in Argentina, Uruguay, and Brazil, he returned to the United States where, in Los Angeles, he became production editor for Pace Productions, helping to produce a newspaper for global volunteer organizations.

In 1972 he moved to Fort Wayne, Ind., to spearhead the sales effort of Noll Printing, a large printer-publisher. In the early 1990s he retired, keeping himself busy playing tennis, volunteering as a senior tax adviser, and traveling.

Mead is survived by his wife of 50 years, Inge, whom he met in Los Angeles and married in her native Denmark; their son, Robert; and two grandchildren.

THE CLASS OF 1951
Winthrop John Allegaert ’51
Win was born Dec. 29, 1928, in Orange, N.J., to Pierre and Beatrice Chanler Allegaert. His maternal grandfather was Winthrop Astor Chanler, one of the eight Astor orphans raised in the 1870s at Rokeby in the Hudson River Valley at Barrytown.

Win came to us from Phillips Andover Academy. At Princeton he majored in history, played varsity hockey, and belonged to Cap and Gown. He roomed with Dick Cover, Mead, John Mead, and George Shaver.

Following his two years’ service in the Navy, Win and Maureen Armstrong were married. After working in various fields, none of which appealed to him, he discovered the law, worked days and went nights to law school, earning a law degree from New York University in 1959. He served as an assistant U.S. attorney in the Southern District of New York and for two years was vice president, secretary, and general counsel to the investment firm of Hayden Stone. Thereafter he conducted a general legal practice in the city for many years.

Win died Sept. 6, 2018. At the time of his death he was survived by his wife, Maureen; their children Christopher, Winthrop, Theodore, Wendy, and Gregory; and five grandchildren. He was predeceased by brother Pierre Jr. and sister Beatrice Officer.

THE CLASS OF 1953
Dunbar Abston ’53
President and CEO of the family business for some 30 years, Dunbar Abston retired at the age of 56 and went back to school at Oxford to earn a master’s degree in philosophy.

Deeply involved in educational matters all his life, Dunbar graduated from the Lawrenceville School and then did a year abroad at the Harrow School before coming to Princeton, where he was a member of Cap and Gown, majored in English, and wrote a thesis on T.S. Eliot’s “Four Quartets.” He graduated from Harvard Business School before joining the Navy and serving in the Intelligence Division in Morocco.

Returning to Memphis, where he was born, Dunbar joined the family business, Ozburn-Abston (later Parts Inc.) but was also deeply involved in a number of institutions, serving on the boards of Rhodes College, the Memphis Zoo, the Memphis Library Foundation, and the Memphis Symphony, as well as the Lawrenceville School and the Hutchinson School. He established chairs at the Lawrenceville School, Rhodes College, and the Tennessee Shakespeare Company.

Dunbar died July 9, 2019, at home in Memphis. He is survived by his wife, Connie; four children; four adopted children, 16 grandchildren; two great-grandchildren; and one great-great-grandchild.

Douglas Denby ’53
Doug was born in Dublin, Ireland, and studied in Le Rosey, Switzerland, and at the Millbrook School before coming to Princeton. He was a member of Colonial Club, majored in history, and wrote his thesis on “The Presidential Election of 1932.”

Finding a career in international banking with Manufacturers Hanover, Douglas moved to assignments in Beirut, Jeddah, Cairo, Johannesburg, and Rome during his first 15 years after graduation before settling in Brussels.
Milton Joseph Deitch ’55

Milton died May 10, 2019, at the age of 85 of Alzheimer’s disease and Parkinson’s disease. He had retired as an urologist in Atlanta.

Born in Chattanooga, Tenn., he attended the McCallie School and Princeton, and earned a medical degree at the Washington University School of Medicine in St. Louis, Mo. He completed his medical training in 1961, then practiced urology in Atlanta for 35 years, primarily from his Perimeter Urology office.

A founding member of Temple Sinai in Sandy Springs, he served as the synagogue’s second president and remained an active, engaged member of the congregation, offering leadership and support throughout the synagogue’s history.

Milton’s natural curiosity made him a great traveler, exploring sites throughout the United States and around the world. He was both an avid sports fan and an amateur athlete who water skied, snow skied, and was always up for a game of catch. Golf was his passion. He enjoyed big band music and loved dancing to it. And, most and best of all, he loved and was devoted to his family.

Following his retirement, Milton and his wife, Sara, moved to Daufuskie Island, S.C., where he served in a variety of local leadership positions in between beach walks and golf games.

Milton is survived by his wife, Sara; sons Joel ’84, David, Jonathan, and Daniel; and grandchildren Cameron Albert-Deitch and Maxxe Albert-Deitch. He will be deeply missed by extended family, innumerable friends, classmates, and colleagues. The family would like to express its gratitude to the staff of Brookdale Memory Care on Hilton Head Island, S.C., for their compassionate care and support during his illness.

Robert Hill ’55

Born May 24, 1932, in Traverse City, Mich., Bob left the beautiful area of the Great Lakes to attend Princeton University. At Princeton Bob majored in mechanical engineering. He was a member of Campus Club and participated in JV football and intramural basketball, swimming, and track.

In life Bob had many different experiences. One that comes to mind was his assignment at Keflavik, Iceland, Air Force Base, arriving there in October 1957. There he gained a new perspective on his life. It was at this time he realized that to stay in the Air Force would mean many assignments overseas and away from his family. He returned to civilian life and pursued a career in engineering.

He and his wife, Mable, worked for GE for the last 17 years of their careers. They kept two homes, one in Fairfield, Ohio, and one in Sun City Center, Fla. Bob and Mable played golf and bridge. Bob raced his Sunfish and two radio-controlled sailboats and drove an ambulance every eighth day for the volunteer emergency squad.

Bob died Dec. 9, 2018, in Sun City Center, Fla., just shy of his 87th birthday.

Richard Peter Van Gyetenbeek ’55

Pete was born Feb. 5, 1933, in Paterson, N.J., to Carrie and Rodolph Van Gyetenbeek. He died Feb. 11, 2019. Pete is survived by wife Elizabeth; children Richard, Tony, and Kate; and three grandchildren.
Pete was a three-sport athlete at Ridgewood (N.J.) High School and played baseball and football at Princeton, where he was a member of Cap and Gown.

Beginning a lifelong partnership of 64 years, he married Elizabeth June 18, 1955. Newly commissioned as a second lieutenant, Pete served as an infantry officer until retiring as a captain in the Army Reserves.

After completing active duty, Pete and Elizabeth lived and worked in the shadow of the Rocky Mountains, where they could raise their family and take full advantage of trout streams, duck blinds, bird habitat, and ski slopes.

A master of many fields of work, Pete was a Renaissance man — charming, witty, well educated, well mannered, athletic, and self-controlled. He was an author, publisher, and successful businessman. His true passion, though, was working on behalf of the environment as a well-respected conservationist.

Most importantly, Pete was a good man, a man’s man. The enormity and strength of his physical being was matched only by the grace of his character as a husband and father. He has left this world better than he found it. His memory lives in ours. Pete never met a stranger. His cup was always half full. He found the goodness in everyone. To a fault, he had unwavering faith in his fellow man. Anything was possible and everything was attainable.

THE CLASS OF 1959
John A. Macri Jr. ’59
Born in Wilkes-Barre, Pa., John died Nov. 14, 2015, in the same city. He matriculated at Princeton from the Grand Army of the Republic Memorial High School in Wilkes-Barre. With us at Princeton only during freshman year, John was on the freshman football squad, where he played as a weak-side guard. Leaving Princeton in 1956, he served in the Army and attained his commission as a second lieutenant, Pete served as an infantry officer until retiring as a captain in the Army Reserves.

During his career John was employed in transportation logistics for St. Johnsbury Transportation Logistics for St. Johnsbury in 1956, he served in the Army and attained an associate’s degree from Wilkes College in Pennsylvania.

During his career John was employed in transportation logistics for St. Johnsbury Transportation Logistics for St. Johnsbury in 1956, he served in the Army and attained an associate’s degree from Wilkes College in Pennsylvania.

The enormity and strength of his physical being was matched only by the grace of his character as a husband and father. He has left this world better than he found it. His memory lives in ours. Pete never met a stranger. His cup was always half full. He found the goodness in everyone. To a fault, he had unwavering faith in his fellow man. Anything was possible and everything was attainable.

**THE CLASS OF 1959**
**John A. Macri Jr. ’59**
Born in Wilkes-Barre, Pa., John died Nov. 14, 2015, in the same city. He matriculated at Princeton from the Grand Army of the Republic Memorial High School in Wilkes-Barre. With us at Princeton only during freshman year, John was on the freshman football squad, where he played as a weak-side guard. Leaving Princeton in 1956, he served in the Army and attained an associate’s degree from Wilkes College in Pennsylvania.

During his career John was employed in transportation logistics for St. Johnsbury Transportation Logistics for St. Johnsbury in 1956, he served in the Army and attained an associate’s degree from Wilkes College in Pennsylvania.

The enormity and strength of his physical being was matched only by the grace of his character as a husband and father. He has left this world better than he found it. His memory lives in ours. Pete never met a stranger. His cup was always half full. He found the goodness in everyone. To a fault, he had unwavering faith in his fellow man. Anything was possible and everything was attainable.

**THE CLASS OF 1964**
**Vincent Johnson ’64**
Vincent died April 26, 2018, in Naples, Fla. He was born and raised in Akron, Ohio, and spent most of his rather busy life there, retiring for the winters in Naples for the last 10 years. Vincent came to Princeton from Buchtel High School in Akron, where he was an active runner in cross-country and track. At Princeton he majored in chemistry. He then graduated from Case Western Reserve School of Medicine and practiced cardiology in Akron for more than 30 years. He met his future wife, Bonnie, in junior high school and they had a wonderful married life together for 53 years.

Looking back, one of Vince’s fondest memories was a summer trip to Europe after his sophomore year on a ship transporting 1,100 college students, including a half-dozen Class of ’64 Princetonians, and, by sheer chance, Bonnie’s summer-abroad study group. Fairly early in the trip a propeller failed and the crossing took 11 days, nearly exhausting all supplies on board except for certain liquid refreshments. Ah, the good times! He also loved golfing with his buddies and listening to diverse Great Courses.

To Bonnie, son Ted, daughter Beth, and five grandchildren, the Class of ’64 extends its deepest sympathies.

**William B. Schleinsier II ’59**
Bill died May 1, 2019, in Galveston, Texas, at his home. Born in Harrisburg, Pa., he graduated from Mercersburg Academy. While at Princeton he majored in economics, wore the blue of Navy ROTC, and ate at Prospect Club, where he served as social chairman senior year.

During his subsequent two years of active duty with the Navy in New Orleans, Bill met his bride-to-be, Mary Frances McBryde.

Following Navy duty Bill returned to Harrisburg, where he worked with his father in the family clothing store business, married Mary McBryde, and left for New York City, where he took a buying position with Abraham & Straus department store. Several years and two children later the Schleinsiers relocated to Houston, where Bill spent 29 years as a merchandise manager in men’s clothing at Foley’s department store and added a third child to the family. In 1998 Bill retired to Galveston, where he opened Slices, a sports bar, pool hall, and pizza restaurant.

Bill was predeceased by his former wife, Mary. He is survived by daughter Lisa, sons William III and Jeffrey, a granddaughter, and a sister.

**Gary L. Snable ’59**

Gary attended high school in Bernardsville, N.J., where he served on the student council. At Princeton he majored in chemistry, worked in Commons, joined ROTC, and ate at Dial.

After graduation Gary served his obligated six months active duty with Army Artillery.

He then embarked on a lifetime career in the pharmaceutical and biotechnology industries, establishing a small pharmaceutical manufacturing company and then joining Richardson-Merrell, where he stayed for 15 years. In 1978 he moved to Fujisawa Pharmaceutical Co., as a prelude to its establishment of a joint venture with Smith-Kline Beckman headquartered in Philadelphia, where he developed and marketed products from Fujisawa research in the United States and Canada. While in Philadelphia, Gary served as a governor of the Princeton Club of Philadelphia and on the careers and schools committees. In 1994 he founded Layton BioScience, developing acetylcholine receptor antagonists for treatment of neuropsychiatric disorders.

Gary is survived by his wife, Dianne, whom he married in 1963; two children, James ’87 and Sara; a granddaughter; and brother Robert ’51. We have sent condolences.
reported that their sons, Ron Thompson and Clark Woolley, had great fun playing together on the Colorado College lacrosse team.
He is survived by Nancy; his three children, Ashley, Jennifer, and Reynolds; and six grandchildren.

THE CLASS OF 1965

Douglas Herbert Barton ’65 Doug died Oct. 9, 2018, after long hospitalization at Stanford, subsequent to spinal surgery and an array of complications.
At Princeton he was a member of Dial Lodge, majored in history, and graduated magna cum laude. Doug overcame many childhood ailments, zipped off to Stanford for his law degree and better weather, and — after the end of his marriage to his first wife, Brigid, with whom he had two sons — married Sue and produced two girls.
His law career was in labor: first a field attorney for the NLRB, sitting as the referee during an attempt to unionize Stanford, then serving as Stanford’s in-house counsel. Moving to private practice in San Francisco, he became managing partner at his firm, mentoring students and younger lawyers, with a commitment to diversity and justice. He devoted hours to bar association and pro bono efforts, and confirmed his integrity by refusing to perform “Louie Louie” for karaoke during a French mini-reunion, arguing that many could do it better, but none knew the words as well.
Doug is survived by Sue; children Greg ’95, tom ’98, Jamie, and Laura; sister Betty; and five grandchildren. He leaves many grateful clients, fellow lawyers, and people of need whom he served without recompense. Many will miss him and our hearts go out to his family in particular for the loss of this thoughtful, dedicated, and enormously capable man.

THE CLASS OF 1966

Stephen McCormack Craig ’66 Steve died Jan. 22, 2019, in Indianapolis, the city he called home for his entire life. The cause was cancer.
Steve graduated with honors from Park School (now called Park-Tudor), in Indianapolis, where he was on the football, baseball, basketball, and track teams. At Princeton he majored in economics, served Charter Club as its treasurer, was an Orange Key guide and Keyeceptor, and was a member of the sailing club. He worked for the Student Refreshment Agency and in the dining halls of the Graduate School. He roomed with Ted Hoster and Steve Harwood.
After graduation Steve served in the Navy, including service in Vietnam. He retired from the Navy Reserves with 30 years of service and the rank of captain. He worked extensively on the USS Indianapolis monument in the city of the same name and received Indiana’s highest civilian award in recognition of that service.
Steve’s professional career included service with L.S. Ayres & Co., Haz/Mat D.Q.E., and A.H.M. Graves Realty, all in Indianapolis.
He is survived by his wife, Karen; son Timothy; and sister Sally Davis. The class extends its heartfelt condolences to them.

GRADUATE ALUMNI

Robert W. Peelle ’58
Robert Peelle, retired head of nuclear-data measurement and evaluation at the Oak Ridge National Laboratory (ORNL), died Nov. 19, 2018, at age 90.
Peelle graduated from the University of Rochester with a bachelor’s degree in physics and then earned a master’s degree in physics in 1951 from Princeton. In 1954 he joined ORNL as a nuclear physicist while still working on his doctoral dissertation. He earned a Ph.D. in physics from Princeton in 1958.
Peelle was widely recognized in his field for the accuracy and significance of his team’s research data into reactor design, shielding, and other nuclear applications from the Oak Ridge Electron Linear Accelerator.
He received a liver transplant in 1992 and enjoyed 26 “bonus years” with his family and the continued pursuit of his many interests, especially in the natural world. He had retired from ORNL in 1991.
Deeply committed to public service, he volunteered innumerable hours to improve and protect his community and the environment, combining his scientific knowledge and other skills to solve complex and/or contentious situations (for which he received many service awards and honors).
Peelle is survived by his wife of 63 years, Elizabeth; two daughters; and one grandson.

Robert F. Eaton Sr. ’74
Robert Eaton, a retired research chemist at the Dow Chemical Corp., died Jan. 30, 2019, at the age of 71.
Eaton graduated from Loyola College (now University) in 1969 with a degree in chemistry. In 1974 he earned a Ph.D. in chemistry from Princeton and then spent the next two years in postdoctoral research in polymer physics at the University of California, Berkeley.
Next, he joined Union Carbide Corp., now Dow-DuPont, where he worked for 36 years. He was a research chemist and manager at locations in and around Bound Brook, N.J. His expertise included chemistry, polymer science, electric properties of polymers, and coatings technology. In addition to numerous publications, he held over 30 patents.
Eaton stayed in shape by walking, biking, swimming, ice skating, and even by working at heights on his ham radio equipment.
He is survived by his wife of 40 years, Gail;
and a daughter, Caryn. His son, Robert Jr., predeceased him in 2007.

Kenneth L. Kraft ’84
Kenneth Kraft, a professor in the Department of Religion Studies at Lehigh University, died of cancer Oct. 1, 2018. He was 69.
Kraft graduated from Harvard in 1971 and earned a master’s degree from Michigan in 1978. In 1984, he earned a Ph.D. in East Asian studies from Princeton. He had studied and practiced in Japan for four years. He also spent time as a visiting professor at the Stanford University Japan Center and was a visiting scholar at the International Research Institute for Zen Buddhism, both in Kyoto, Japan. He also taught at Pennsylvania and Swarthmore.
In 1990 Kraft joined the Department of Religion Studies at Lehigh, teaching courses in Buddhism, Japanese religions, and environmental ethics. In 2007 he received a Lindback Foundation Award for distinguished teaching.
Kraft edited and published several books and many articles on engaged Buddhism. His most recent book, Zen Traces, was published in June 2018. This book explores American Zen by pairing passages from four sources: traditional zen, contemporary zen, Henry David Thoreau, and Mark Twain. In 1992 Kraft was featured in The Creative Spirit, a PBS television series.
Kraft is survived by his wife, Trudy; two daughters; and one grandson.

David B. Dickens ’85
David Dickens, emeritus professor of German at Washington and Lee University, died Jan. 9, 2019, at age 85.
Dickens graduated with a degree in German and French in 1955 from SUNY Buffalo, and earned a master’s degree in German from George Washington University in 1958. Before joining the Washington and Lee University faculty in 1966, he taught at SUNY Buffalo, George Washington University, and Hollins University. In 1985 he earned a Ph.D. in Germanic languages and literature from Princeton.
He taught conversational German, German literature of the 17th and 18th centuries, German cultural history, and literature of the fantastic. On his retirement in 2007, his colleagues gave him a tribute for his successful efforts with German majors.
Dickens was a prolific scholar, publishing numerous articles and translations of German short stories, poems, and articles. Twice he was acting department chair, and he was a member of many university committees. He considered his most important achievement a total-immersive language program for his students studying in southern Germany, and especially at the University of Bayreuth.
He is survived by his wife, Monika; two daughters; and two granddaughters.
Graduate memorials are prepared by the APGA.
For Rent

Europe

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

Paris, Marais: Elegant, 2 bedroom, 2 bath apartment, vibrant Pompidou museum/ sidewalk café quarter on 13c pedestrian street, full kitchen, w/d, AC, cable. desaixa@verizon.net. 312-473-9472.

France, Paris–Marais: Exquisite, sunny, quiet one-bedroom apartment behind Place des Vosges. King-size bed, living/dining room, six chairs, full kitchen, washer, dryer, weekly maid service, WiFi, $1350 weekly. max@gwu.edu

Ile St-Louis: Elegant, spacious, top floor, skylighted apartment, gorgeous views overlooking the Seine, 2 bedrooms sleep 4, 2 baths, elevator, well-appointed, full kitchen, WiFi. 678-332-8444. triff@mindspring.com


Africa

Umbria/Todi: Elegant restored 14thC convent. Walk to town. 4 ensuite BRs, A/C, gardens, olive orchards, pool, WIFI. 847-534-9171. jcrawford@TRIADCAPLLC.COM, ’68.

United States Northeast

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


Litchfield County 1790s home across from bison farm & close to vineyards. Weekend, weekly and monthly rentals. Contact Shea at 347-432-3817 or owens_shea@yahoo.com, ’94

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. 610-235-3286. janegriftith655@gmail.com, s’67.


Have a fabulous second home to rent?

Advertise it in PAW where you will reach readers who will treat your home as their own!

Contact Colleen Finnegan:
cfinnega@princeton.edu
609-258-4886

Tours/Expeditions

Expert-led cultural tours: archaeology/food/walking in Britain, Croatia, Greece, Ireland, Italy and Turkey. Gulet cruises and charters. www.petersommer.com

Home Exchange

Do you love to travel? Want to live like a local?

Advertise your home exchange here.

Contact Colleen Finnegan,
609.258.4886 or cfinnega@princeton.edu

Real Estate for Sale

ON CARNEGIE LAKE, PRINCETON

4BR, 3.5BA BRICK COLONIAL OVERLOOKING ROWING COURSE, FOR SALE BY OWNER. SPECTACULAR LAKE VIEW YEAR ROUND. RESTORATIVELY PEACEFUL YET MINUTES FROM P’TON’S RICH CULTURAL OPPS AND TOP-RATED SCHOOLS. 609-921-3266, K.MCGAVERN@GMAIL.COM
Sell to a Tiger!
Whether you are selling your primary residence or a second home, advertise in PAW and reach your fellow alumni.

Contact advertising director, Colleen Finnegan at cfinnega@princeton.edu or 609.258.4886

Residential Loans
This is your new home we are talking about

Apparel
Sun Hats from Madagascar. Packable for Travelers: www.thatwayhat.com

Books
Calling All Princeton Authors!
Have a new book that will publish this fall? Advertise in the Princeton Bookshelf.

Personals
Meet your match, make a connection, find true love!

For assistance with placing your personal ad in PAW, contact Colleen Finnegan at 609-258-4886 or cfinnega@princeton.edu

Looking for Talent?
Advertise your position here and reach 70,000+ accomplished Princeton alumni interested in advancing their careers. For more information contact advertising director, Colleen Finnegan, at cfinnega@princeton.edu, or 609.258.4886.

Positions Available
Executive Assistant. New York — Highly intelligent, resourceful individual with exceptional communication skills and organizational ability needed to support a busy executive. Primary responsibilities include coordinating a complex schedule, assisting with travel, and providing general office help in a fast-paced, dynamic environment. An active approach to problem-solving is essential. Prior experience assisting a high-level executive a plus. We offer a casual atmosphere in a beautiful space, working as part of an extraordinary group of gifted, interesting individuals. This is a full-time position with excellent compensation and benefits, as well as significant upside potential and management possibilities. Please email your resume and cover letter to hparecruit@gmail.com. Please note that, due to the high number of respondents, we will unfortunately be unable to reply to every inquiry.

Education Services
College Consultant. Allison Baer, Ph.D. (Princeton ’96, Columbia ’99) guides students through the admissions process. Over 90% of her students are accepted to one or more of their top schools! Call 212-874-2424 or visit www.allisonbaerconsulting.com today.

Higher Education Admissions Consultant: Founded by Princeton alumna Emily Perez, ‘01, Ph.D., Lodestar Admissions Services provides customized college admission consulting to students and their families. Lodestar specializes in individualized services that produce top-tier results. Please visit www.lodestaradmissions.com for more information and to schedule your complimentary mini-consultation today.

Classifieds

Advertise your Princetonian “Wanted” or “For Sale” in PAW Classifieds.
Contact Colleen Finnegan, 609-258-4886 or cfinnega@princeton.edu

Princetoniana
For Sale: Set (10) Wedgewood 1910 Princeton plates (103’); Set (2) “hand painted C.B.S.” plates (7.25”) entitled “View of Blair Hall 1807” and “View of Nassau Hall;” Ceramic Princeton tankard with pewter lid, circa 50’s. rluke@starpower.net, w:58.

Pass your Princeton treasures on to the next generation!
Advertise your Princetonians “Wanted” or “For Sale” in PAW Classifieds.
Contact Colleen Finnegan, 609-258-4886 or cfinnega@princeton.edu

Ownership Statement
He Preached To A Fledgling Nation

By Elyse Graham ’07

In 1777, Robert Blackwell 1768 *1782, a minister with parishes in New Jersey, joined the Continental Army at Valley Forge. The only Anglican cleric in the state to side with the rebels, Blackwell had tried to hold on to normalcy when fighting broke out, carrying on regular services while leaving out prayers for the health of the king, until the movement of troops and political strife in his parishes made the pretense impossible. “All is in confusion,” he wrote to his superiors just before leaving.

In the army, he served as both chaplain and surgeon, drawing on his religious training at The College of New Jersey and a lifelong interest (but no formal training) in medicine. A contemporary historian described Blackwell’s first winter: “For a long and dreadful winter he had made his daily and nightly rounds through the hospitals of Valley Forge, ministering to the souls and bodies alike of the 6,000 sick and wounded soldiers who were there, without blankets or clothes, freezing and dying in the wards.”

Blackwell left the army in 1780 — a year in which he got married, his father died, and he began looking for a new ministry. In 1781, he began work as an assistant minister at Christ Church and St. Peter’s, sister churches in Philadelphia. George Washington was in his congregation; the general usually attended Christ Church, but occasionally St. Peter’s, where his box pew is preserved today.

In Blackwell’s churches, many of the more affluent and socially prominent congregants had opposed the Revolution; other congregants, nicknamed “the hot Whigs,” had supported the rebels warmly and rained fire on all who did not. Blackwell and his superior, Bishop William White, managed through shrewd diplomacy to preserve the union of their parishes, with White preaching republican virtues and Blackwell playing the pious though worldly High Churchman for the toffs. “Being withal a man of unquestioned piety and great propriety of life,” wrote a contemporary, “he maintained a dignified position, and was extensively deferred to by an opulent and worldly class ....”

“...For a long and dreadful winter he had made his daily and nightly rounds through the hospitals of Valley Forge.”

Christ Church and St. Peter’s became nurseries of the Episcopal Church in the United States. Blackwell was, by all accounts, a dry speaker. Friends and parishioners tried to be kind. One called Blackwell “a scholarly and sensible preacher of the English university cast. His sermons ... were, like those of the higher classes of the English clergy in the last century, calculated for educated hearers more than to arouse an indifferent or slumbering congregation.” Another, noting the “abundant scholarship” in his sermons, said, “His voice was agreeable and well-modulated, but neither in it nor in his gestures was there much elocutionary display.” A childhood friend told a historian that Blackwell’s sermons were “to me never uninteresting.”

No matter. Blackwell performed his ministry for the divided souls of a newly united nation for some 50 years, continuing to assist with duties in his parish for decades after his retirement in 1811. He is buried in Philadelphia, next to St. Peter’s Church.
LOUISVILLE
with JAMES STEWARD

MUSEUM TRAVEL PROGRAM

APRIL 21–24, 2020

Join Princeton University Art Museum Director 
James Steward as he savors the Bourbon City's 
burgeoning art scene—as well as a few of its 
fabled traditions.

This three-day journey will feature private 
collections and behind-the-scenes museum 
tours. Explore the region, from thoroughbred 
farms and rolling hills to "NuLu's" galleries and distilleries.

For details and to register, please visit the 
Support page on our website.

HIGHLIGHTS INCLUDE:

• Exclusive access to the homes of 
leading collectors of contemporary art, 
including one of the most spectacular 
private collections in the country.

• Curator-led tours at 
KMAC, the 
21c Museum Hotel, and the 
Speed Art Museum, which has just doubled 
the size of its galleries after a dramatic 
renovation.

• Louisville luxury both old and new, 
including accommodations at the iconic 
Brown Hotel as well as lunch and dinner 
at some of the city's hottest restaurants.

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY
ART MUSEUM

ALWAYS FREE AND OPEN TO THE PUBLIC
artmuseum.princeton.edu

Speed Art Museum. Photo by Rafael Sano
$25mm currently under management to back Princetonians

Fund II still open to investors for a limited time

ABOUT FITZ GATE VENTURES:

• Through its 200 “Friends of Fitz” advisory board comprised of Princeton alumni, faculty, administrators, trustees and students as well as the broader worldwide alumni network, Fitz Gate engages with the Princeton community to help it discover and diligence the best startups and then help its founders succeed (introductions to more capital, customers, mentors).

• Fitz Gate’s portfolio companies have received follow-on funding at premiums from Sequoia, Canaan, Tribeca, Andreessen Horowitz, Citi Ventures, Spark Capital, Focus Financial Partners (KKR) and other leading VC firms after Fitz Gate invested.

• Fitz Gate’s principals teach venture capital both at Princeton (grad school seminar series) and at Rice University Jones School of Business (MBA).

• Two of Fitz Gate’s portfolio company founders have already won Princeton University’s highest award for excellence in entrepreneurship - one in each of Fitz Gate’s first two years in business.


www.fitzgate.com

Jim Cohen ’86: jim@fitzgate.com  Mark Poag ’93: mark@fitzgate.com

Fitz Gate Ventures is not legally affiliated with or endorsed by Princeton University.