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Counting Cases
New York Times reporter Danielle Ivory ’05 is tracking coronavirus cases at colleges, nursing homes, and other venues.

Controlling Clutter
Jennifer Howard ’85 discusses her book, Clutter: An Untidy History, on the latest PAWcast.

Scientists Speak Out
Led by Princetonians, nearly 4,000 scientists are warning that American democracy is threatened by authoritarianism.

New Jersey Bail Breakthrough
Two alumni were behind a state program to end cash bail. Did it do enough? By Mark F. Bernstein ’83

On the cover: Elizabeth Blackwell, British, about 1700–1758, A curious herbal, containing five hundred cuts, of the most useful plants, which are now used in the practice of physic . . . , London: 1739–81; two volumes, includes numerous hand-colored engravings, height: 48 cm, Rare Book Division, Special Collections, Princeton University Library
Our Highest Aspirations

Human beings and human institutions have aspirations, which we often fail to meet. What defines who we are? Our highest aspirations? Or our most ignoble failures?

In the notorious Supreme Court case of *Dred Scott v. Sandford* (1857), Chief Justice Roger Taney said that people of high character must be understood to act consistently with their stated ideals. The signers of the Declaration of Independence, he said, “were great men—high in literary acquirements—high in their sense of honor, and incapable of asserting principles inconsistent with those on which they were acting.”

Taney noted that America’s founding generation enslaved Black people. He concluded that when the Declaration announced that “all men are created equal,” it referred only to white men.

Abraham Lincoln and Frederick Douglass took vigorous issue with this passage. They insisted that the authors of the Declaration and the Constitution meant literally “all men” (or possibly, given eighteenth-century usage, all men and women). Lincoln and Douglass believed that people of high character could, and indeed should, express ideals or aspirations that might cast harsh light on their own conduct.

As this example illustrates, the stakes are high when we ask whether our aspirations define our identities. It is easier to love and take pride in our country and our Constitution if America is defined by its highest aspirations. But with that pride comes responsibility: taking seriously our highest aspirations may require enormous sacrifice, as it did for Lincoln, Douglass, and those who fought and died for the Union in the Civil War.

Questions about aspiration, failure, and identity are very much at the heart of this year’s Princeton Pre-read, *This America: The Case for the Nation* by Jill Lepore. As I noted in my Opening Exercises address, Lepore’s book begins with a very apt epigraph from W. E. B. DuBois:

> Nations reel and stagger on their way; they make hideous mistakes; they commit frightful wrongs; they do great and beautiful things. And shall we not best guide humanity by telling the truth about all this, so far as the truth is ascertainable?

That is Lepore’s project, both in *This America* and in *These Truths*, her magisterial, one-volume history of the United States, a nation she rightly describes as “founded on a revolutionary, generous, and deeply moral commitment to human equality and dignity.” Lepore tells how the United States has battled, from its inception to the present, the contradiction between inclusive aspirations and oppressive practices. “In the United States,” she claims, “the nation is that battle.”

Lepore makes clear that Americans can simultaneously be proud of the progress that we have made, grateful to those whose dedication and sacrifice moved us forward, and also honest about the “frightful wrongs” yet to be remedied. Such honesty betrays neither our ideals nor our achievements. On the contrary, it is the only way to carry forward the battle that gives our aspirations meaning, and that allows us to claim that the aspirations, not the wrongs or the failures, are what ultimately define us.

What Lepore says about America is true about all people and institutions, including Princeton and other universities. Our highest aspirations demand frank honesty about our most significant deficiencies, and a never-ending quest to do better.

The failure to appreciate this point is the most generous explanation I can give for the U.S. Department of Education’s decision to investigate Princeton on the basis of a letter that I sent to the Princeton University community on September 2. In that letter, I described steps our University would take to fight systemic racism and inequities on our campus and beyond.

The Department suggested that by recognizing a need to address systemic racism, the letter may have admitted discriminatory behavior. That is nonsense. Princeton is fully compliant with all relevant anti-discrimination laws, and we can all be proud of the University’s commitment to diversity and inclusivity.

We nevertheless must recognize that even after we have complied with all relevant laws, even though we have increased the diversity and inclusivity of our campus community tremendously, and even when our intentions are entirely benign, unjust racial inequities may persist through entirely legal and well-intentioned practices or systems (that is what is meant by the concept of “systemic racism”; it does not mean, as people sometimes mistakenly suppose, that intentional discrimination or animus is pervasively or “systematically” present).

We have an obligation to address these inequities for many reasons, and not least because that is the best way to be faithful to the ideals that justify our pride in this exceptional University. Only by candidly confronting injustice and inequities, only by continuing the battle against them, only by pushing always to be better, can we, our country, and our University defend our integrity and achieve our highest aspirations.
ON ENGS '65 AND SMALL STEPS

Bob Engs ’65’s defanging of the so-called Committee for Racial Reconciliation in 1964 (Princeton Portrait, September issue) conveys a lesson. In light of the discomfort arising from greater awareness of racism in America, it is easy to be disheartened. The question ‘What can one do?’ is easily grounded by realizing that few of us can be Rosa Parks or John Lewis — whether by temperament or circumstance.

But Bob’s story reveals a truth. Racial progress is also the aggregate of small acts, each promoting justice.

Bob’s final work testifies to his celebration of small acts. When Bob retired from the University of Pennsylvania, he joined the College of William & Mary to lead the decade-long Lemon Project — a Journey of Reconciliation (https://www.wm.edu/sites/lemonproject/). Bob named the project for Lemon, a Black man enslaved by the college. Though only visible via scant records, Lemon, though enslaved, was an independent man. He sold produce to the college. The college paid him bonuses and purchased his coffin.

Bob insisted that analysis not stop at 1865. No belated apology for slavery could suffice. He demanded the work continue through Reconstruction and the Jim Crow Era and confront the unfinished business of integration and reconciliation. The work was to be done by faculty and students collaboratively. Many small steps.

Bob revered such steps taken by sincere, enlightened, nonheroic individuals. He knew the power and significance of symbols and names, whether it was the unknown Lemon or Woodrow Wilson, whose legacy Princeton was eager to embrace, until it wasn’t.

Small, catalytic steps.

P. GEOFFREY FEISS ’65
Provost emeritus
College of William & Mary
Harpswell, Maine

RACIAL DIVISIONS

I’m deeply grateful to Professor Eddie Glaude Jr. ’97 (On the Campus, September issue) for contributing Begin Again to the American conversation about the desperate need, and rising calls, to address the chasm between oppressed values and reality in this country. As a student of revolutionary history in the mid-1970s at Princeton, I nevertheless managed to graduate without an understanding of my own historical and ideological roots as a white American.

As Glaude says in this interview, we can no longer “tinker around the edges” and try to appease protesters with incremental change. I suggest that Princeton, “in the nation’s service,” should institute a Universitywide (required) course that studies structural racism and taps into important national (or international) efforts to address and change the course of our national priorities and programs. Such a course would be a great start and commitment to the (re)education of our Princeton community, current students and alumni. Princeton, within the vast American academic community of resources and voices, can begin to...

WE’D LIKE TO HEAR FROM YOU

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

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In a time when American public life is saturated with lies and words have lost their usual meaning, Princeton's University's present circumstances than we should forgive and forget his reprehensible actions. (In fact, doesn’t that hold true for all of us?)

However, as long as symbols are important to you, I suggest you deal with the tiger, who seems an overly masculine and aggressive personification for a university that is mostly feminine and compassionate. How about a dove instead, or perhaps a chicken?

John Brittain ’59
Lewistown, Pa.

Anent the ever-contentious Woodrow Wilson issue, one is reminded of the observation spoken by Marc Antony in Shakespeare’s Julius Caesar: “The evil that men do lives after them. The good is oft interred with their bones.”

The reverse of this dichotomy obtained until the recent reevaluation and determination. We should no more bury Wilson’s positive achievements than we should forgive and forget his reprehensible actions. (In fact, doesn’t that hold true for all of us?)

The problem with cancel culture lies in the meaning one gives to “cancel.” Eliminate altogether? Or start afresh and reassess with maximum fairness and objectivity? As French historian André Kaspi wrote: “History is never all black or all white. It is always more or less gray.”

Jean-Pierre Cauvin ’57 ’68
West Lake Hills, Texas

INSPIRING PRINCETONIAN

In 1967 or 1968 an African American Princeton undergraduate stood in front of a group of awestruck Black students at a segregated public school in Wynne, Arkansas. I was one of the wide-eyed students who packed the Childress School’s library that day.

I was a seventh-grader. I don’t remember the undergrad’s name, but the impression he made was an inflection point in my life. I remember the effect he had — a poised, articulate young Black man wearing a black varsity jacket with a big orange letter “P” on the chest coming to our rural hamlet from a thousand miles away, reinforcing that Black kids in the segregated South could have big goals.

His visit has stayed with me over the decades. He empowered me (and I believe others) to imagine beyond our circumstance and societal limitations.

I hope this letter finds him. It would be great to close the circle he started more than 50 years ago and let him know one of the kids he inspired in that classroom went on to earn a bachelor’s degree in journalism and a master’s degree in urban studies, spending a career in news reporting and public relations. I am fortunate and thankful that at a formative time in my life, fate sent a young Black dream merchant from Princeton to help Black students like me envision new horizons.

Anthony Hicks
Memphis, Tenn.

PEACE PRIZE HONOREE

The A. Scott Berg ’71 interview (On the Campus, September issue) stated that Woodrow Wilson 1879 was Princeton’s only Nobel Peace Prize winner. This may be technically correct. But Mark Levine ’66 was among the lead authors for the Intergovernmental Panel on Climate Change when it shared the 2007 Nobel Peace Prize with Al Gore, and deserves at least a footnote if not full credit.

Jon Holman ’66
San Francisco, Calif.
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Tom Hoster ’72 has solidified his Princeton bonds in far-flung places: Civil War battlefields, Moscow and St. Petersburg, and the Galapagos islands.

On more than a dozen trips arranged for the Class of 1972 with their families and friends, Hoster has deepened friendships with classmates, most of whom he did not know on campus.

But if he had not met them personally before those trips, chances are he had talked with them. Hoster has served as ’72’s Annual Giving class agent for almost three decades. He signs all his communications “Tom;” after all this time, he says, his classmates surely know who “Tom” is. In recognition of these efforts, Hoster received the Harold H. Helm Award in February, recognizing “exemplary and sustained service to Annual Giving.”

“What Princeton offers is excellence... in academics, the quality of research, athletics ... it’s a place you can be proud of.”

Hoster’s devotion to Princeton through his volunteer efforts comes from his commitment to the University and its promise. “I believe that it is important to give back to the world in some way. For some people, it’s Habitat for Humanity, for some a soup kitchen, their church, or some other organization. For me, it’s Princeton,” he says. “It’s an institution I can believe in, and one that makes a difference in the world. … What Princeton offers is excellence... in academics, the quality of research, athletics ... it’s a place you can be proud of.”

The electrical engineering major rowed during his first year — he still likes to think of himself as an oarsman — and really hit his stride “pumping Cokes” with the Student Refreshment Agency, working his way up to co-manager by senior year. The job meant more than going to football games — which he didn’t get to watch because he was busy “checking on who ran out of hot dog buns, with 60 to 80 students handling 10 refreshment booths in Palmer Stadium.” He handled refreshment details for basketball, hockey, wrestling, and baseball, too.

That business experience helped launch Hoster’s career. Armed with an MBA from Stanford, he became an accomplished chief financial officer in Silicon Valley for numerous industries involved with software, wireless, and medical devices.

Through it all, Hoster has maintained connection through his class agent duties, taking pride in a focus on participation. For each of the past five years, he has written personal thank-you notes to each donor — more than 500 per year — on cards that herald some of the Class of ’72’s legacies on campus, including the octagonal Class of ’72 Dining Room at Whitman College, where a plaque memorializes the names of all class members near the room’s door.

Hoster is also proud of his class’s commitment to future Princetonians through the Class of 1972 Memorial Scholarship. On the occasion of their 45th Reunion, Hoster climbed back into a crew shell with other former rowers and was pleased to learn the coxswain for his boat was a Class of ’73 scholar. That connection, he says, is another example of Princeton moving forward.
DEAR FELLOW ALUMNI

I’m thrilled to report that the greatest alumni body on this planet is as engaged as ever!

Without the constraints of geography, venue fees or heavy rush-hour traffic, activities among alumni worldwide are thriving, as Princetonians have pivoted to gathering virtually. In true Tiger fashion, these events strike a great balance of light-hearted camaraderie and more substantive continuous learning. Nearly a dozen regions have hosted a virtual wine tasting, while many others enjoy online trivia nights. The Princeton Women’s Network has organized book clubs around the country, and the Princeton Association of New York City recently hosted a timely and moving conversation with Princeton Professor Eddie Glaude Jr., chair of the Department of African American Studies.

And our Tiger family is growing. We have welcomed the Great Class of 2020 into our regional associations around the globe, and we “sent off” the Great Class of 2024 to Princeton.

Alumni around the globe are also engaged in important conversations about racial justice and equality. President Eisgruber charged our community in June to “think broadly and ask hard questions of ourselves,” and we have seen alumni play leading roles both in local communities as well as on national stages. In addition, your Alumni Council has committed to listening and learning this fall, identifying opportunities to better engage all Princetonians.

Help us meet all Princetonians where they are. Connect with fellow Tigers of all stripes. Let us move forward together.

Three Cheers…

Richard J. Holland ’96
President, Alumni Association of Princeton University
Chair, Alumni Council
rholland@alumni.princeton.edu

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In 1913, Dean Andrew Fleming West 1874 called the new Graduate College a "household of knowledge" that would awaken the imagination and inspire new scholarship. That work continues this fall for about 200 graduate students in residence, just under half of the College’s capacity. View more scenes of campus life on pages 14 and 15.

Photograph by Ricardo Barros
Adapting Admissions
Virtual info sessions and a single deadline are part of the new COVID-19 landscape

While recruiting prospective students in a virtual environment presents challenges, it also presents the admission office with new opportunities, said Dean of Admission Karen Richardson ’93. “Being able to do remote programs ... has allowed us to have a farther reach than we might normally,” she said. “And then, of course, it’s forced all of us to be more creative in how we think about reaching out to students.”

Virtual information sessions have been held twice a week — with one session held in the evenings. In October, the University held a virtual open house specifically for first-generation and low-income students. There also are weekly Tiger Talks, where prospective students can connect with current undergrads for more candid conversations without parents or admission officers present.

Additionally students can take virtual tours of campus and connect with the University through podcasts and blogs. It’s still too early to assess feedback from students, but Richardson said having these connections has been helpful — especially with international students and those in places the University may not typically visit, such as rural areas. It also gives admission officers more time since they don’t have to travel.

“I do hope that we will continue to do some of the virtual programming that we have done [since the pandemic],” Richardson said.

In June, the University announced two changes for the 2020–21 admission cycle: suspension of standardized-testing requirements, in line with the other seven Ivy institutions, and elimination of the single-choice early-action deadline so there is only one deadline for all applicants (Jan. 1, 2021). Richardson said the University is not currently considering eliminating the testing requirements permanently.

The Common App and Coalition applications, which are both accepted by Princeton, have added essays for applicants to specifically address the impact of COVID-19 on their lives. Richardson noted these are optional.

STUDENT ENTREPRENEURS CREATE CUSTOMIZABLE CAMPUS TOURS

When a friend of Ron Miasnik ’22 had a disappointing tour at Princeton due to the lack of focus on physics, the major he hoped to pursue, Miasnik began thinking about ways to personalize the campus tour experience. The discussion ultimately inspired a STUDENT STARTUP AND A NEW APP, ADORA.

Miasnik partnered with Raya Ward ’21, Joseph Rubin ’22, and Sacheth Sathyanarayanan ’22 (a co-founder who is no longer involved with the project) to identify key issues, including accessibility, how to engage students with specific interests, and how to offer opportunities for those who cannot visit campus. They also connected with Princeton’s Office of Admission.

For the next year, the Adora team worked on developing the app, joining the Keller Center’s eLab Incubator program, which helps students with development, funding, mentorship, and launching of a product or service. Dan Levin ’86 and Ann Kirschner ’78 served as advisers.

Through the app, users can select a premade tour or create a
and there are no specific questions about COVID on Princeton's application supplement. "We recognize that things have been difficult," Richardson said. She added that what's most important is context, so applicants can choose what to share.

Despite the shifts, Richardson said the office's mission will not change. "What's going to remain the same is that we will still be looking at all of our applicants in a holistic way," she said. "It's important for us as we are building a class to be thinking about who are the students who are going to come together and form this dynamic community."

"Uncertainty" is the word Richardson used to describe much of the admission process this year — for everyone involved. "I guess that's the question — what keeps you up at night? It's just the uncertainty of the world right now," she said. "But we are approaching it in a positive way and are really looking forward to reading applications and to building the great Class of 2025." ◆ By C.S.

UNIVERSITY ART MUSEUM

Museum Unveils Design for New Home, Aims to Reopen in 2024

The Princeton University Art Museum unveiled plans for its new home, which aims to expand and improve accessibility to the museum's collections and resources.

"Creating a new museum is a vital investment in the future, at a time when such things feel desperately needed, when we need to be reminded that we will one day gather again in the face of great works of art," said the museum's director, James Steward, during a Zoom conversation Sept. 23.

The new design was presented by architect Sir David Adjaye, best known for designing the Smithsonian National Museum of African American History and Culture in Washington, D.C. He was knighted by Queen Elizabeth II in 2017 for his service to architecture.

On a campus that is characterized by collegiate Gothic architecture and a diversity of about 30 other styles, Adjaye said the museum's design "has its own character" and doesn't try to mimic the architectural styles of the neighboring buildings. The exterior of the building has alternating rough and polished stone surfaces, and the building itself is composed of nine interlocking cubes, or pavilions. The building will be accessible from all sides. (View images at bit.ly/new-puam.)

The museum will stand in the footprint of the current building, but will double in size. There will now be seven main galleries: Guests will encounter art throughout the ground floor, but most of the gallery space is located on the second floor. The centralized location for exhibitions aims to rid the museum of so-called "gallery hierarchies" in which exhibitions can be judged based on which floor they reside, since each space will be easily and equally accessible. The galleries will have 18-foot-high ceilings and will be bathed in controllable daylight.

The new design offers space for educational activities for both students at the University and K-12 visitors, and for social gatherings, including outdoor terraces that can serve as performance and event spaces for up to 2,000 people. There is also space for a conservation studio, café, museum store, and offices for the museum and the art and archaeology department. Marquand Library will remain in its position within the facility.

"We're hoping this new building offers a way in which the different divergent parts that were on the site now have a clear layering and a clear relationship that complement each other," Adjaye said.

The Art Museum will start removing artwork from the building Feb. 1, 2021, and construction is set to begin June 1, 2021. The target reopening of the new museum is set for fall 2024. ◆ By Anna Mazarakis '16

By Anna Mazarakis '16

personalized one by choosing areas of interest, including majors and extracurriculars. The app generates a tour with the most relevant stops. Each location is interactive, with descriptions, videos, and photos, and navigation is included for those using the app while on campus.

The Adora team won first place in the Entrepreneurship Club pitch competition in February. In January, Princeton became the startup's first customer. Pitzer College, Cal Lutheran University, North Dakota State University, and Presbyterian College in South Carolina have also signed contracts with the company.

The coronavirus pandemic upended a planned launch in May, but it also presented the team with a new opportunity: to develop better ways to engage with those who cannot physically visit campus. The app launched in the fall.

Emily Crosby, an assistant dean of admission, said she is proud of the students and believes their product will change the campus tour landscape. "It's been a pleasure to work with them," she said. ◆ By C.S.
Ninety-four college presidents, including the leaders of the University’s Ivy League peers, signed a LETTER TO THE U.S. DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION condemning its investigation of Princeton’s adherence to federal nondiscrimination law — a probe sparked by President Eisgruber ’83’s September letter about combating systemic racism. “It is outrageous that the Department of Education is using our country’s resources to investigate an institution that is committed to becoming more inclusive by reckoning with the impact in the present of our shared legacies of racism,” the letter from the presidents said. (Read full text at bit.ly/doe-letter.) Asked whether the University had provided materials to investigators within 21 days, as requested, University spokesman Ben Chang said after that deadline passed that Princeton will respond “in due course.”

Princeton suspended undergraduate participation in STUDY-ABROAD PROGRAMS for the spring 2021 semester, citing uncertainty about in-person instruction and international travel restrictions. The suspension includes non-Princeton programs, according to the Office of International Programs.

IN MEMORIAM:
STEPHEN F. COHEN, professor emeritus of politics, died Sept. 18 in New York City. He was 81. Cohen joined the faculty in 1968 and taught at Princeton until 1998. In college, he developed an interest in Russian language and the Soviet Union, which shaped the course of his career. He wrote extensively about Russian political leaders, the fall of the Soviet Union, and post-communist Russia, among other topics. His work influenced Soviet leader Mikhail Gorbachev and his administration during the 1980s. Cohen’s books include Voices of Glasnost: Interviews With Gorbachev’s Reformers (1989), written with his wife, Katrina vanden Heuvel ’81, and War with Russia? From Putin and Ukraine to Trump and Russiagate (2018).

HISTORIC GIFT
New Residential College To Be Named for Mellody Hobson ’91

Princeton University will establish a new residential college named Hobson College, thanks to a major gift from Mellody Hobson ’91, co-CEO of Ariel Investments. The college will be the first named after a Black person in the University’s history and will be built on the site of the former Wilson College.

“This extraordinary gift will be transformative for Princeton,” President Eisgruber ’83 said in an announcement about the gift made by Hobson and the Hobson/Lucas Family Foundation. He added, “Mellody Hobson is a wonderful role model for our students, and we are thrilled that her name will now grace our newest residential college.”

The University did not release the amount of Hobson’s gift. Construction of Hobson College will begin in 2023, after the opening of the two residential colleges currently under construction south of Poe Field — Perelman College and an eighth college that has not yet been named. Hobson College is scheduled to open in the fall of 2026.

In addition to her work at Ariel, Hobson is a prominent expert on financial literacy and investor education and served as a Princeton trustee from 2002 to 2006. Hobson currently sits on the boards of Starbucks and JPMorgan Chase.

Citing Wilson’s “racist thinking and policies,” Princeton’s Board of Trustees voted to remove Woodrow Wilson 1879’s name from the School of Public and International Affairs and Wilson College in June. The college was temporarily renamed First College, in honor of its being the first residential college on campus.

“My hope is that my name will remind future generations of students — especially those who are Black and brown and the ‘firsts’ in their families — that they too belong,” Hobson said. “Renaming Wilson College is my very personal way of letting them know that our past does not have to be our future.”

Hobson, who has been a contributor to CBS and ABC news, received the Woodrow Wilson Award on Alumni Day in 2019. That year, she and her husband, film director George Lucas, were also awarded the Carnegie Medal of Philanthropy for their major investments in disadvantaged communities. Time magazine named Hobson one of its “100 Most Influential People” in 2015. • By C.S.
Salary Settlement
Princeton Says No Wrongdoing, Resolves Case for Nearly $1.2 Million

Princeton reached an agreement with the U.S. Department of Labor to resolve an allegation of pay discrimination for female full professors, pledging to pay more than $1 million in back pay and salary adjustments to 106 women on the faculty. The resolution was announced Oct. 5 by the Department of Labor’s Office of Federal Contract Compliance Programs (OFCCP).

The Department of Labor investigation began as part of an ordinary compliance review, the University said. According to the OFCCP, preliminary findings by the office showed disparities for women in the full-professor position, who were paid lower salaries than “similarly situated” male professors in the period between 2012 and 2014. A Department of Labor news release said “Princeton’s actions did not comply” with nondiscrimination rules for federal contractors.

The OFCCP said its model controlled for several factors, including department and years of experience, but University spokesman Ben Chang said in a written statement that Princeton contested the finding “because it was based on a flawed statistical model that grouped all full professors together regardless of department and thus bore no resemblance to how the University actually hires, evaluates, and compensates its faculty.”

Academic disciplines “function as separate labor markets for purposes of hiring and compensation,” Chang said in the statement. “In other words, a professor of English cannot perform the duties of a professor in the physics department, and vice versa.” The University’s own statistical analyses for 2012–14 “found no meaningful pay disparities based on gender,” according to the statement.

In reaching the agreement, Princeton admitted no liability. It agreed to distribute $925,000 in back pay (including pay for those who’ve left the University) and at least $250,000 in future salary adjustments. Faculty and administrators involved in compensation decisions for full professors will receive pay-equity training. Princeton also will perform an annual equity review of salaries for all full professors for the next five years, through 2025, and will address any statistically significant salary disparities in that time period.

“Princeton University is taking multiple proactive steps to promote pay equity and enhance its diversity initiatives that will help it comply with current federal laws,” the OFCCP’s Northeast regional director, Diana Sen, said in its news release.

A Department of Labor news release said “Princeton’s actions did not comply” with nondiscrimination rules for federal contractors.

According to the American Association of University Professors, which publishes an annual survey of faculty salaries with data from more than 900 institutions, last year’s nationwide averages showed salaries for women across all ranks and departments were 81.4 percent of those for men, and in the last decade “the overall gender pay gap has not budged (and in some ranks has increased).”

At Princeton, women made up 32 percent of the 814 tenured and tenure-track faculty in 2019–20, according to Princeton’s Office of Institutional Research. The Chronicle of Higher Education, using data from the U.S. Department of Education, reported that Princeton full professors earned an average of $248,252 in 2018–19, second among U.S. institutions, behind Stanford University. Men were paid an average of $252,805, while women were paid an average of $234,593. ♦ By B.T.
Changing Scenery
Glimpses of a quieter Princeton

With undergraduates taking classes remotely, the Princeton campus looks quite different this fall. There were few bicycles on the racks at Firestone Library ahead of midterms week and no fresh flyers on the bulletin board outside McCosh Hall — just scraps and staples left over from the spring. Students got their meals in takeout containers from the dining halls and sat at safely distanced tables under tents outside.

Instead of hosting football games against Harvard and Yale, Princeton Stadium served as the home of the University’s asymptomatic COVID-19 testing program. Students, faculty, and staff who are on campus at least eight hours per week have been required to be tested regularly. (The University is moving toward decentralized testing, allowing some participants to pick up kits and return saliva samples to a drop box.) At building entrances, signs bear reminders from the Office of Environmental Health and Safety: “Wear a face covering inside” and “Training required for card access.”

Despite the slower pace, life goes on at Princeton — in research labs and libraries, at construction sites, and alongside the local restaurants on Nassau and Witherspoon streets, which reopened in the summer with expanded outdoor seating.

The images at right capture both the new sights and uncommon stillness of campus life this semester. By B.T.

Clockwise from top left: At Butler College, between Elm Drive and Yoseloff Hall, tables allow for distanced dining; construction of two new residential colleges, scheduled to open in 2022, south of Poe Field; the COVID-19 testing site under the east grandstands of Princeton Stadium; an al fresco lunch on Witherspoon Street, where outdoor dinner tables have been full on warm weekends; the Princeton sailing team’s boats at rest at Lake Carnegie; and a view of the Andlinger Center for Energy and the Environment.
As the pandemic nixed Princeton students’ plans for an on-campus fall, many have opted to quarantine together, forming pods across the country in an effort to salvage some semblance of college life. Several clusters of students are residing near the University, with others setting up house in big cities, small towns, and even on islands.

While living with peers provides a welcome reprieve from the stressors of isolated college life, pandemic-era safety procedures have changed the way roommates establish house rules. Soon after signing a yearlong lease on their Princeton house, Francesca Walton ’21 and her six roommates created a set of safety guidelines: Wear a mask outside of the house at all times. Avoid groups of more than 10 people. Wash your hands as soon as you enter the house. Make sure guests who visit have been tested recently. And if a meeting must take place indoors, be even more cautious with mask-wearing and social distancing.

It’s been uncomfortable at times, Walton explained, as when a roommate had to be reminded to wear a mask. But open discussion and detailed rules, typed up and taped to the fridge, have helped Walton’s pod stay safe and develop plans about what to do if something does go wrong.

“We have done a great job at communicating our concerns and making sure that everyone is on board,” she said. “If someone doesn’t feel good about a certain situation, we talk it out.”

During an average day, Walton and her housemates attend online classes from their house, congregating for meals and conversation around the dinner table in the evenings. Occasionally, they set up a picnic on the largely empty green in front of Nassau Hall, which helps to “restore some sense of senior year.”

“For Annika Browne ’24, the pod experience is her first time living away from home. Instead of spending her freshman fall studying in Firestone Library, she is experiencing Princeton alongside two roommates in Boston.

“As a first-year, I thought it would be helpful to be around other Princeton students to help get adjusted,” Browne said. “I wanted to meet more students to try to make the best of the semester, and I found it difficult to focus at my house when my senior year [of high school] went online.”

Several cited academic concerns as reasons for living with other students. Scott Overbey ’21 noted that a key motivation for renting a house with five other seniors in Fort Lee, New Jersey, was to create a productive workspace with others who were experiencing the same demands of senior year, like writing a thesis and interviewing for jobs. One benefit: “commiserating about work” with friends — a true Princeton pastime unable to be replicated at a distance.

For Sophie Blue ’21, leaving home to live with nine friends on Fire Island, New York, has given her a support system to cope with the stress of Princeton. “I’ve been so much more productive here because I am able to obtain a much healthier balance of academics and socializing,” she said. “That balance is truly key at Princeton but is almost impossible when alone at home.”

Most students had lengthy conversations about safety and lifestyle before arriving in their pod. Blue’s and Browne’s groups agreed to get tested before traveling, and those who flew to New York to join Blue’s pod quarantined elsewhere before joining the group on Fire Island.

In Fort Lee, Overbey and his housemates take turns getting tested, on a rotating schedule, while continuing to wear masks outside of the house. “Some housemates had different expectations of going out to restaurants or seeing people at first, but we’re all on the same page now,” he said. “Beyond that, we don’t go out and about unless we find it necessary, and we’ll obviously wear masks and wash our hands.”

Despite the challenges of navigating COVID-19 safety away from home, many students have found pod living to be well worth the hassle.

“We are living in a crazy world, but living in a house with some of my closest friends has been really special,” said Walton. “It’s been a silver lining.”

READ about living on campus, by Arika Harrison ’21 at paw.princeton.edu

Illustration: Daniel Baxter; photo: Maya Eashwaran ’21

16 PRINCETON ALUMNI WEEKLY November 2020
On the screen, the numbers spin inexorably upward: red digits representing tens of thousands of American families in danger of losing their homes in a time of pandemic and recession.

The scrolling counter on the website of the Eviction Lab, a University-based research team, tracks eviction cases filed in 17 American cities since March. The number, updated weekly, forms part of the lab’s latest effort to collect, analyze, and disseminate data about the nation’s rental-housing crisis, a longstanding catastrophe whose precise contours nevertheless can seem elusive.

“We live in a Google age, where we can think, ‘What’s the distance to the moon?’ and we can know that immediately,” says Princeton sociology professor Matthew Desmond, who launched the lab’s website in 2018. “But when you’re asking how many people in Tucson got evicted last week, that’s not information the Eviction Lab posts online — eviction numbers and rates for nearly every state, stretching back to 2000 — is largely harvested from commercial databases and typically lags at least two years behind.

But last spring, as pandemic lockdowns began threatening the financial viability of low-income households, lab postdoctoral fellow Peter Hepburn argued that the unprecedented situation demanded a nimbler turnaround. “We didn’t want to wait until 2022 or 2023 to understand what was happening now,” says Hepburn, currently an assistant professor of sociology at Rutgers-Newark.

The resulting Eviction Tracking System, based on data scraped from the websites of court systems or collected by academic researchers and community organizations, maps the impact of pandemic-driven housing policies from Boston to Phoenix. The data show how the partial eviction moratorium enshrined in last spring’s federal CARES Act helped hold down eviction filings — and how, once the moratorium expired over the summer, those filings rose rapidly, except in communities with robust local eviction bans. In Pittsburgh, for example, eviction filings

“We wanted to give Americans a clear understanding of their rights ... .”
— Matthew Desmond, the Maurice P. During Professor of Sociology
On the Campus / Research

jumped from 23 the week before state and federal moratoriums lapsed to 276 the week after. Meanwhile, those same two weeks saw a total of only 25 filings in Austin, Texas, where a local moratorium remained in place.

Like everything the lab does, the tracking system aims to provide researchers, policymakers, and citizens with the raw materials needed to understand — and, ultimately, to mitigate — the nation’s affordable-housing crisis.

“The Eviction Lab’s work is unparalleled and groundbreaking,” says Wake Forest University law professor Emily Benfer, an Eviction Lab collaborator. “If Eviction Lab wasn’t collecting this data, we wouldn’t even know that there was an eviction crisis in our country.”

Most recently, the Eviction Tracking System data have suggested that an unprecedented new national eviction moratorium, announced by the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention in September and scheduled to last through Dec. 31, has not had as strong and uniform an impact as expected.

Although eviction filings across the tracked cities dropped sharply right after the announcement of the moratorium, falling from nearly 2,200 the week before the announcement to more than 1,600 the week after, filings in the last full week of September had partially rebounded, rising to more than 2,300.

“We appear to be moving back in the wrong direction,” Hepburn says. “If the effect of this policy is much more limited than … intended, that’s crucial information that we need to have and that policymakers need to have.”

Policymakers are also among the intended audience for another recent Eviction Lab initiative: the Policy Scorecard, directed by Benfer and compiled by a team of volunteer law students, which measures each state’s COVID-19 housing policies against a set of best practices and then grades the results on a five-star scale. (Massachusetts and Washington, D.C., with four-star ratings, currently lead the pack; New Jersey’s two-star rating ranks it above 41 other states.)

“We wanted to know how good the protections are,” says Desmond, whose Pulitzer Prize-winning 2016 book, Evicted: Poverty and Profit in the American City, chronicles the lives of low-income tenants in Milwaukee. “And we wanted to give Americans a clear understanding of their rights, in a way that you don’t have to have a Ph.D. from MIT to understand.”

Even in ordinary times, stable housing is a crucial prerequisite for well-being, researchers note. “Without housing, nothing else is possible,” Benfer says. “Eviction is tied to so many barriers to opportunity, as well as to severe negative health outcomes that are long-lasting and that start the cycle of economic and housing hardship for families.”

But as the CDC noted in announcing its eviction moratorium, housing stability is especially crucial during a pandemic. Unable to shelter at home, evicted families may double up in relatives’ apartments, couch-surf from place to place, or end up in crowded homeless shelters. Each step along the way increases the danger of catching and transmitting the virus.

Before the pandemic, Desmond was already drawing on the lab’s work in his policy advocacy, testifying before Congress in support of bills to increase the number of housing vouchers and launch a federal effort to collect eviction data. The lab’s findings, which make clear that low-income renters face burdensome housing costs even in heartland cities not known for their high cost of living, also spurred state and city efforts to understand and combat evictions.

In the months since the pandemic raised the stakes, however, the Eviction Lab has redoubled its efforts to spread the word. In June, a segment on John Oliver’s television show Last Week Tonight quoted Desmond and cited statistics compiled by the lab. Buried in the footnotes of the CDC’s moratorium announcement were further mentions of Eviction Lab findings.

Lab researchers are unsure whether the new attention to evictions heralds a new approach to housing policy, or whether the country will return to business as usual once the pandemic passes. The CDC moratorium has “shown us that the state can do this,” says Renee Louis ’19, an Eviction Lab research specialist. “Now there is a precedent for the federal government to intervene.”

But the near future will bring a further reckoning, Desmond notes. Imperfect though it may be, the CDC’s eviction moratorium is “a big deal,” he says. “That’s going to save lives, and it’s going to release a lot of people from the deep stress of trying to figure out where rent’s going to come from. The big, living question from a renter’s point of view is what’s going to happen in January.”

MACARTHUR ‘GENIUS’ GRANT

In October, associate professor of chemistry MOHAMMAD SEYEDSAYAMDOST was one of 21 people to receive a prestigious MacArthur Foundation, an unrestricted grant of $625,000 over five years. According to a MacArthur Foundation press release, Seyedsayamdost was recognized with its so-called “genius” grant for “Investigating the synthesis of new small molecules with bioactive or therapeutic properties.” With cross appointments in microbiology, the Princeton Environmental Institute, and the Princeton School of Public and International Affairs, Seyedsayamdost studies bacteria and how they communicate and compete using so-called small molecules. In 2014, he developed a new method to watch these molecules react in various situations, revealing new molecular structures with unusual bond patterns that might be used to create new antibiotic compounds for medicinal use.
Southern Louisiana native Ismail White has been immersed in politics and racial-justice issues since birth. His father, Marion Overton White, who was a prominent Black civil rights attorney and one-time president of the Louisiana NAACP, and his mother, a white adjunct professor at the historically Black college Southern University in Baton Rouge, married in Washington, D.C., in 1967, because interracial marriage was banned in Louisiana. (It was legalized shortly after.) In the years following, White grew up watching, then participating in, his father’s political campaigns and activism.

“That was a big influence for me,” says White, who went on to earn his Ph.D. in political science from the University of Michigan. A professor of politics and public affairs at Princeton, White focuses on issues of race in politics, specifically on what factors underlie the political cohesion of Black Americans, including social pressures and socioeconomic differences. “I was interested in understanding the dynamics of African American political behavior,” says Ismail White.

“United We Stand” What accounts for the strong Democratic cohesion among Black Americans? In 2012, White’s research team offered Black college students $100 to donate to organizations that would support either President Barack Obama (D) or Mitt Romney (R); nearly all contributed to Obama. When students were offered money to donate anonymously to Republican-leaning groups, Democratic donations dropped by nearly half. But levels returned if donors’ names and choices would be published in the school newspaper. In Steadfast Democrats: How Social Forces Shape Black Political Behavior, White and his co-author argue that this social pressure was formed — and persists — to solidify a marginalized group so that together the members can enact political change.

“Angry Politics” What drives Black Americans to participate in different forms of political engagement, such as protesting? White’s research team found that when participants were asked to write about a racialized experience that made them angry, they were more likely to donate afterward to Black causes and “more likely to seek out ways of empowering the race.” These results, presented in the award-winning paper Black Politics: How Anger Influences the Political Actions Blacks Pursue to Reduce Racial Inequality, point to anger as “a particularly effective tool for getting Black Americans to engage in costly political behavior, in their effort to bring about some group benefits.”

“Reparations?” White’s current project will examine Black Americans’ varying levels of support for slavery reparations. “I’m interested in using the research as a tool for understanding the class differences that exist among African Americans,” he explains. “One of the proposals is a reparations policy that would only affect lower-income African Americans, for example. What does African American support for a program like that look like? Does that create division?” The goal will be to “understand where the group homogeneity starts to break down,” he says, so reparation policies can be designed to maximize support.
Almost a year before it was impossible to have a conversation without mentioning a certain virus, social distancing, symptoms, or vaccines, curators Laura Giles and Veronica White ’98 at the Princeton University Art Museum were developing a new exhibition that would, among other things, “examine societal anxiety around pandemics and infectious disease.”

Their exhibition, “States of Health: Visualizing Illness and Healing,” premiered Nov. 2, 2019, and closed three months later — just two weeks after the first case of COVID-19 in the United States was confirmed and more than a month before the University would ultimately send students home and move classes online. It featured more than 80 pieces of art that spanned the globe, time, and states of health.

On Nov. 20 at 2 p.m., the curators will reconvene for a virtual panel discussion, “Picturing Pandemics: From the Distant Past to the Recent Present,” in which they will examine objects in the museum’s collections that address the topic, ranging from items created in the ancient Americas to those produced in contemporary times. To participate and view all the images that were in the exhibition, go to bit.ly/picturing-pandemics.

“Over these centuries, humans have turned to art, and the visual arts have provided a means of coping, of expressing throughout these pandemics,” says White. “There’s something heartening about that, in a strange way.”

Giles adds, “There’s a tremendous amount of beauty in this exhibition, and beauty is healing.”

Anna Mazarakis ’16 is a podcast producer.
Nancy Greene, left, founded a YWCA for Witherspoon residents; her daughter, Emma, would become a civil-rights activist. They are pictured in 1904.
Saint Sebastian
Master of the Greenville Tondo (ca. 1500–1510)

Those who suffered from the bubonic plague likened the pain to being pierced with arrows. So when Saint Sebastian, an early Christian martyr, was shot with arrows by order of the Roman emperor and survived, he earned another legacy as a figure who could protect or heal against that infectious disease.

In this piece, Saint Sebastian is looking up as an arrow is lodged in his groin, which is where pustules of the plague were known to form. Bathed in light, Saint Sebastian is depicted as a divine being while he suffers from the pain of the arrow. His resolve through pain led people to pray to his image for hope, healing, and protection.

“This idea of suffering, of perseverance and hope — there are different objects for prayer or for comfort that people turn to during times of illness,” says White.

“I think that’s a tradition that continues across cultures.”

Untitled, from the Sex Series
David Wojnarowicz (1989)

The symbolism of Saint Sebastian reemerged during the AIDS epidemic as he became embraced by the LGBTQ community. In this photomontage, Saint Sebastian is pictured within a peephole, alongside pictures of blood cells, money, and people in the midst of intimate sexual acts. Those peepholes cover a photograph of a tornado that is superimposed by newspaper clippings. The montage is meant to highlight powerful natural and human-made forces.

The piece was controversial, as it led to a debate over pornographic images and whether the message was appropriate for display in a public museum.

Wojnarowicz, who was diagnosed with AIDS shortly before making this piece, was also outspoken in his criticism of the United States government in its response to the AIDS epidemic.

“It’s really hard not to tear up,” Robbie LeDesma says about taking in the piece. He’s a fifth-year Ph.D. candidate in the molecular biology department who consulted on the exhibition. “Knowing the emotions that went into them and knowing how the artist did end up eventually succumbing to his illness was just ... heartbreaking.”
When we think of infectious diseases and pandemics, images of bacteria or depictions of illness come quickly to mind. Yet the world was also confronted with images of a pandemic of a different sort this year: structural and systemic racism. Museum curators foreshadowed that struggle, too, by featuring pieces like Mario Moore’s “Stay Woke” in the mental-health section of the exhibition.

Moore created his “Stay Woke” series after he had to stay awake while undergoing brain surgery. The series shows the “two-sided mental state that Black men face,” wrote Moore: They’re at rest, but also prepared for action. In his self-portrait, Moore appears ready for sleep but he’s also fully dressed, with a gun under his pillow.

“It was his way of using art as therapy,” says Giles.

As an artist and physician, Eric Avery creates works that serve both as educational tools for patients and visually appealing pieces of art. “His approach to art is a good way, and actually a smart way, that you can get people to understand complex concepts,” says LeDesma.

In this piece, Avery reworked a 16th-century woodcut that depicted clergy taking care of sick patients in a church by substituting doctors and a hospital’s infectious-disease ward. A close observer would notice many details, including that one of the doctors in the foreground is holding a can of insect repellent since he’s treating a patient with West Nile virus, which is transmitted by mosquitoes. Another patient has yellow-tinged skin, which those in the know would recognize as jaundice, a symptom of the hepatitis C virus.

“There are just so many small details that are just so incredible,” LeDesma says, noting that a lay observer might just look at the painting as a whole and think it’s pretty without recognizing the numerous details.
Before the rise of modern medicine, treatments for various diseases and ailments came in the form of plants that were known to have medicinal properties. While men dominated the field, one woman stood out: Elizabeth Blackwell. She produced this book with support from the English Society of Apothecaries in an effort to release her husband from debtors prison. While her physician husband wrote the text, Blackwell singlehandedly engraved the copper plates and drew and hand-painted each of the hundreds of plants.

"It's one of the most visually stunning books I have ever seen — it might be my favorite book in the world," says LeDesma.

During the exhibition, the book was opened to the page featuring the white opium poppy, a tribute to the opioid epidemic that is ongoing in the United States. The book described the plant as "an excellent medicine in the hands of a wise man," but warned that it shouldn't be prescribed by anyone else since its use had resulted in many fatal accidents. That warning came hundreds of years ago, but it’s just as relevant now.

"I don't like it, actually, at all," says LeDesma of James Gillray’s satirical commentary on the pioneering smallpox inoculation. At the turn of the 19th century, Dr. Edward Jenner found that a person could become immune to smallpox by introducing pus from a sore on a cow to an open wound. The Latin word for cow — *vacca* — would serve as the root word for vaccine.

In this piece, Jenner is depicted as cutting into a patient's arm to inoculate her, while other vaccinated patients around her have begun to grow, vomit, and even birth miniature cows. LeDesma says it's the oldest piece of anti-vaccination propaganda he's seen.

"A lot of these things are playing on people's fear of the unknown," he says, noting that fears surrounding vaccines continue today. Smallpox was eradicated in 1980, a testament to the effectiveness of the vaccine.
Flat screen with microscopic and structural level images of diseases
Cora Betsinger GS (2018), at right, and various Princeton labs (2010–2019)

Every illness starts with a tiny cell. The effects on the human body can be seen and felt, but it takes a scientific eye to understand exactly what is taking place. For centuries, scientists have put cells under a microscope to figure out how they work and how they can be prevented from doing further damage. It turns out that the microscopic world is very visually interesting, too.

The exhibition featured an installation of images of pathogens that are currently being studied in laboratories across campus, including those that cause infectious diseases like cholera, hepatitis C, and HIV. LeDesma collected the images from colleagues in the molecular biology department. He will speak on the November panel.

“When you’re looking at them, you see these really fluorescent and bright and beautiful images,” LeDesma says of the pathogens, “but then when you read the caption, you actually realize just the human toll that these pathogens take and how infectious they are, but also how we are actively trying to combat them.”

“Picturing Pandemics: From the Distant Past to the Recent Present,” Nov. 20 at 2 p.m. To participate and view all the images that were in the exhibition, go to bit.ly/picturing-pandemics.
BY MARK F. BERNSTEIN ’83

HOW NEW JERSEY MADE A BAIL BREAKTHROUGH

Was the perfect the enemy of the good?

Cases like *State v. Raymond Johnson* occur dozens of times a day in New Jersey courtrooms, perhaps hundreds of times a day across the United States. The defendant, a 57-year old African American man, was arrested in Hamilton, about 10 miles from Princeton, while driving a stolen car. Sitting in the Mercer County Criminal Courthouse on a morning in mid-March, just before the COVID-19 lockdown, Johnson was charged with receiving stolen property, possession of fentanyl, and resisting apprehension.

A few years ago, Johnson might have been given bail of anything from several hundred to a few thousand dollars and released if he could pay it — a major “if.” If he could not pay, he would have remained in jail until his trial, whenever that happened to be. But in 2017, New Jersey all but did away with cash bail, replacing it with a system that allows most defendants to go free pending trial while empowering judges to detain a few who are accused of a violent crime or assessed as a risk for not showing up in court.

In terms of its stated goal of reducing the widespread incarceration of poor defendants, most of them Black or Hispanic, New Jersey’s program has been a success: Over the last three years, the number of people in jail awaiting trial has fallen by more than 40 percent. Bail reform also was coupled with a Speedy Trial Act requiring that defendants who are detained be brought to trial within six months of their indictment.

Though the new system continues to have critics, New Jersey’s experience with bail reform is also an example of something increasingly rare in American politics: a big, transformative piece of legislation achieved through broad-based compromise. Two men have been singled out for their efforts in changing the system: state Supreme Court Chief Justice Stuart Rabner ’82 and the state’s public defender, Joseph Krakora ’76.

In the end, the new system didn’t stop Johnson from being detained as he awaited trial. Though the charges against him were considered relatively minor and not sufficient by themselves to keep him behind bars, this was not his first brush with the law. He had a long criminal record, was out on probation at the time of his arrest, and had 19 citations for failing to appear for court dates. His court-appointed public defender argued that Johnson did not know the car was stolen when he borrowed it from a friend and that his prior failures to appear could be explained. Johnson was a lifelong Trenton resident and had children in the area, she said, so he would not try to flee. But after a 20-minute hearing, the judge ruled that Johnson’s previous failures to appear were sufficient reason to detain him — without bail.

It is a noteworthy feature of New Jersey’s constitution that the state government is highly centralized. The governor and lieutenant governor are the only officials elected statewide, which helps insulate all other members of the executive and judicial branches from political pressures. Furthermore, the state’s entire judicial system is administered by the chief justice of the state Supreme Court, and a single public defender’s office handles cases for indigent defendants all across the state.

That last point may explain the size of Krakora’s office in Trenton’s Richard J. Hughes Justice Complex, which offers a view of the Delaware River and seems enormous for a public defender. A tall, lean man who looks like the professional tennis player he once was, Krakora leans back in his desk chair and tells the story of how New Jersey became an example for how to achieve bail reform.

Across the country, thousands of city and county jails are filled with men and women who are simply awaiting trial. Cash bail is intended to allow them to be released by giving them a financial incentive to return for their court date. However, Krakora, a career defense attorney, says there is little evidence...
BY MARK F. BERNSTEIN '83

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that the system works; instead it often serves to criminalize poverty. A wealthy person charged with a serious crime can post a high bail and go free, while a poor person, charged with a trifling offense, could spend months in jail because he cannot raise even a few hundred dollars.

Beyond the obvious unfairness of such a system, those stuck in jail often lose their jobs or their place in school. Their families also suffer from their absence, financially and emotionally. Studies have shown that people stuck in jail are more likely to be convicted and sentenced to prison when they do go to trial. Knowing that, poor defendants are more likely to plead guilty to the charges against them, which leaves them with criminal records that may impede their employment prospects in the future.

In an interview several years ago, Krakora explained the literal prisoner’s dilemma this way: “You can sit in jail and wait for your trial, which will be months away, where you may or may not be acquitted, notwithstanding your claim that you did it or not, or you can plead guilty today and you can go home. What’s a 19-year-old, 20-, 21-year-old going to do?”

The impetus to replace that system came from a 2013 study of the state’s jail population by the New Jersey Drug Policy Alliance. The report found that on a single day, Oct. 12, 2012, more than 1,500 people — 12 percent of the entire New Jersey jail population — were being held because they could not meet bail of $2,500 or less. Of that group, more than 800 people could not meet bail of $500. Furthermore, 71 percent of the people in jail were African American or Latino and many of them had been there for a long time. Defendants awaiting trial, the report stated, had been in jail an average of 314 days.

Krakora brought the report to the attention of Chief Justice Rabner. A former federal prosecutor and state attorney general, Rabner was appointed to the Supreme Court in 2007. Widely praised for his fairness (he has been mentioned as a candidate for the U.S. Supreme Court), he was trusted by both progressives and conservatives. Although Rabner had advocated for changes to the bail system before, the Drug Policy Alliance report, he admits, “was a wake-up call for a number of us, myself included.”

Using his authority as chief administrator of the state judicial system, Rabner created the Joint Committee on Criminal Justice to consider possible reforms. It was a large committee, consisting of more than 30 people, but included representatives of nearly every office that dealt with criminal justice, including the judiciary, the governor’s office, the attorney general’s office, the public defender’s office, both houses of the legislature, and nongovernmental officials such as private criminal-defense attorneys and the American Civil Liberties Union.

Though the problem was big, the committee’s approach to it, at least initially, was not. At their first meeting, Rabner asked what incremental changes the group could recommend without having to get a bill through the legislature or a constitutional amendment approved by voters. The group voted unanimously that small fixes were impossible; the only choice was to tear down the existing system and start over.

In March 2014, the Joint Committee issued its report, with no dissenters. It recommended that the state release criminal defendants as a matter of course unless a judge found by “clear and convincing evidence that no condition or combination of...
conditions” would assure that he or she would appear in court, would not pose a danger to the community, and would not obstruct the criminal-justice process in the interim. Legislation enacting these recommendations stalled in the Assembly, prompting then-Gov. Chris Christie to call a special session in the summer of 2014 to break the impasse.

Christie had campaigned to allow preventative detention — a system that allows a court to keep someone in jail who has not yet been convicted — in cases of violent crime. But shortly before the joint session convened he also asked Krakora to identify someone whose case illustrated the injustice of cash bail. Krakora told him about Iquan Small, a 21-year old African American man from Asbury Park who had spent four months in jail, on charges that were later dropped, because he could not pay his $4,000 bail. When Christie addressed a joint session of the legislature to call for sweeping bail reform, Small sat in the VIP section as his guest.

With Christie’s prodding, the legislature approved the reform package by large majorities, and the following November, 62 percent of New Jersey voters approved a constitutional amendment to allow preventative detention in some situations.

During the two-year period before the reforms took effect, Rabner, Krakora, and others crossed the state educating lawyers, judges, and members of law enforcement on the new bail system and how it would work. Meanwhile, a newly created pretrial-services division of the courts adopted a nine-factor risk-assessment tool, developed by the Laura and John Arnold Foundation, to guide prosecutors and judges in determining whether a defendant ought to be detained. The Arnold Foundation (now called Arnold Ventures) developed the rubric in 2013 based on a database of 1.5 million cases from 300 jurisdictions around the country. Drawing on nine factors such as age, type of offense, the existence of other pending charges, prior sentences, and prior failures to appear, each defendant is assigned a numerical score, on a scale from 1 to 6, assessing his or her risk of failing to appear, engaging in new criminal activity, and engaging in new violent criminal activity. Only the prosecutor can recommend detention, a recommendation the defendant can challenge in court. Judges can reject a recommendation of detention but they cannot detain someone on their own initiative.

If a defendant is released, the pretrial-services division also oversees terms of that release, which can range from wearing an electronic monitor to periodic check-ins with court staff, either in person or remotely. Krakora notes that the new system contains another incentive for prosecutors not to seek detention: Defendants who are held in jail must now be indicted within 90 days and brought to trial within 180 days after that.

The bail-reform bill also greatly increased funding for new technology that is central to making the system work, Krakora and Rabner emphasize. Police can now fingerprint suspects electronically and obtain not only the suspect’s prior criminal record but a preliminary risk-assessment score that helps them determine whether the defendant should be brought in on a complaint warrant or simply issued a summons and released on the spot.

A 2013 report “was a wake-up call for a number of us, myself included,” said state Supreme Court Chief Justice Stuart Rabner ’82.
“We were replacing a horrid system with one that is hopefully slightly less horrid.” — Alexander Shalom, senior staff attorney at the ACLU of New Jersey and a member of the Joint Committee on Criminal Justice

Results after three years indicate that bail reform has achieved its goal of sharply reducing the number of people being held for trial. A study by the MDRC Center for Criminal Justice Research showed that the number of people in New Jersey jails fell by 44 percent between 2015 and 2018. According to the Administrative Office of the Courts, there were roughly 6,000 fewer people in state jails on a single day in October 2018 than on the same date in 2012, and the number of days the average defendant spent in jail dropped by 40 percent. In 2017, the Pretrial Justice Institute gave New Jersey’s new bail system an A rating, the only state to receive it.

Opponents of the reforms, including police unions and the bail-bond lobby, predicted a surge of violent crime and missed court dates. There has, in fact, been a small decrease in the number of defendants who appeared for court dates, from 92.7 percent to 89.4 percent, and the rate of violent crime has ticked up by less than a percentage point. Krakora and Rabner believe the gains are worth those regressions.

However, bail reform has been criticized both for being too lenient and for being too punitive. In 2018, a defendant with two prior charges of violating a restraining order killed his ex-girlfriend shortly after being released from jail. This has led to calls for changing the risk-assessment rubrics relating to domestic violence, which the courts are now considering.

Others object that risk-assessment algorithms at the heart of preventative detention are fraught with racial bias. Last year, 27 academics, including Ruha Benjamin, an associate professor in Princeton’s Department of African American Studies, published a statement claiming, “Actuarial pretrial risk assessments suffer from serious technical flaws that undermine their accuracy, validity, and effectiveness ... When predicting violence, no tool available today can adequately distinguish one person’s pretrial risk of violence from another.”

One of Benjamin’s students, Micah Herskind ’19, studied New Jersey’s bail-reform law as part of his senior thesis. While acknowledging that the reforms have significantly reduced the number of minority defendants in jail, he notes in an interview that Blacks and Latinos continue to be detained at a disproportionate rate and criticizes the pretrial-services division for adding a new bureaucratic layer to a system of incarceration that is already too large.

Krakora replies by pointing out that the old cash-bail system functioned as a system of preventative detention, in fact if not in name, but one that did not require prosecutors and judges to define their reasons for detaining someone or give defendants a chance to challenge their decision.

Alexander Shalom, the senior staff attorney at the ACLU of New Jersey and a member of the Joint Committee, says he agrees with Herskind’s assessment that the criminal-justice system remains racially biased but suggests that, in the case of bail reform, the perfect should not be the enemy of the good.

“We weren’t replacing a good system with a better system; we were replacing a horrid system with one that is hopefully slightly less horrid.” Shalom hopes that detention and incarceration statistics now published regularly by the division will provide data the ACLU can eventually use to challenge other racial disparities in the criminal-justice system.

Although cash bail is often cited as an important driver of mass incarceration, only a few other places have begun to replace it. California followed New Jersey by eliminating cash bail in 2018, and a number of other places have made more modest reforms. Rabner and Krakora say several factors enabled New Jersey to act quickly and comprehensively, including the fact that a relatively small group of decisionmakers could recommend changes for the entire state. The Joint Committee, Rabner says, “created a safe space to discuss all of the issues, and by broadening the issues, both sides were able to join together.”

“Look,” Shalom says, “Chris Christie did not come to this work because he thought there were too many poor Black folks being detained. He wanted preventative detention. But by the end, he was talking about our jails as debtors prisons. He adopted the talking points of our movement, and that is a testament to the politics working. People became true believers in the totality of the reform and not just in their piece of it.”

From his unique perspective supervising the public defender’s office for the entire state, Krakora can cite success stories from Paterson to Cape May. He mentions a young Black man who was arrested in Monmouth County shortly after bail reform took effect, charged with second-degree aggravated assault, an offense that carried a possible sentence of five to 10 years. Nevertheless, he was released on conditions that included a period of home detention and supervision by the pretrial-services division. During a period when he might previously have sat in jail, the man instead attended anger-management classes and got a job as a car mechanic. When his case did come to trial, the court recognized the progress he had made and sentenced him to probation rather than prison.

Each case is different, of course, but Krakora is quick to point out that even defendants who are detained now benefit from having their cases brought to trial more quickly. Raymond Johnson, the man facing his pretrial detention hearing in Trenton last March, is a case in point. On June 26, after spending 108 days in jail, he pleaded guilty to receiving stolen property. Other charges were dismissed, and he was sentenced to five years of probation, conditioned upon his successfully completing the Mercer County Drug Court Program, which helps nonviolent offenders get treatment to cure their substance addiction. He was then released from custody.

Mark F. Bernstein is PAW’s senior writer.
ALL THE RIGHT MOVES: In the five years since she graduated from Princeton, Blake Dietrick ’15 has been a professional basketball nomad. She forged a path on and off the court in central Italy and southeastern Australia, in Athens, and Atlanta. But she had never seen anything like the WNBA “wubble” at the IMG Academy in Bradenton, Florida, where the league hosted its entire season over the summer months. “You were either eating, sleeping, recovering, or playing,” she says. Dietrick thrived amid the unique challenges of the bubble, setting career highs in every major statistical category and breaking the Atlanta Dream record for three-point shooting percentage.

READ MORE about Dietrick’s athletic career at paw.princeton.edu
When I was growing up, I viewed home school with suspicion — something for people who pushed stifling homogeneity of thought upon their helpless children. This idea was entirely derived from a photograph I saw in the late '80s of a home-schooling family. They were dressed in drab-colored clothes, sitting in punishingly upright chairs, and staring into yellowing books. It looked grim.

Why then, 30 years after shaking my 8-year-old head at this photo, did I decide to home-school? There was, in the end, no single reason, only a tentative but growing curiosity. Today, as parents find themselves home-schooling, juggling work with remote learning, or managing other difficult educational choices in the face of COVID-19, I hope the story of my four years on this unconventional path is useful.

School was always an unquestioned fact of my existence. Then, in the winter of 2001, I found myself seated at a dinner party next to a woman with a long career in education. She mentioned that the word “education” has a Latin root meaning “to bring forth.” A child, she believed, is not a blank slate, but a person entire. This conception of a child as a whole person — with natural proclivities that require time, knowledge, and experience to develop — was central to her sense of how education ought to proceed. Any process too narrowly focused on filling a child with information or a set of standardized skills risked dulling that child’s intrinsic appetite for knowledge and disrupting the rightful course of her education. These ideas seared some questions into my mind: If education is about “bringing forth” a person, how is this done? Is schooling, in its typical form, the optimal way?

At about this time, our neighbors began to home-school their children. I saw how learning could happen without many of the school constructs that troubled me. By weaving education into life, there was no need to cultivate competition nor silo by skill. Their studies were broad and balanced as was their conception of what constituted achievement. They valued freedom of movement and thought. This variety of home school looked far from grim.

I was intrigued by what was happening next door, but my husband and I still had reservations. Our conversations ranged from the logistical
Learning can lead to caring just as often as caring leads to learning. The two impulses nourish each other.

Relevance tends to spark interest. A mysterious find from a nature walk serves as a fulcrum for further study; a child’s fascination with sumo wrestling is a springboard for exploring Japan. My 8-year-old’s obsession with lawn mowing led us to books about machines and climate change. As British educator and reformer Charlotte Mason wrote: “Education is not about how much a child knows but about how much he cares.” Learning can lead to caring just as often as caring leads to learning. The two impulses nourish each other.

Lately one of my biggest challenges as a home educator is not what to do, but how to fit it all in while preserving unscheduled, autonomous, quiet, or outdoor time. Figuring out a viable routine based on the exigencies of one’s life can be an acrobatic feat full of trial and error. Short, focused learning blocks have been instrumental. Establishing a go-to daily rhythm that doesn’t ignore reality (toddlers, jobs) also helps. Being free to experiment is both the work and reward of this learning model.

For anyone beginning with a single child or a gaggle of them, a few grounding principles may hopefully serve as guideposts.

1. Put the “big picture” questions first: What kind of atmosphere do you want to cultivate? How do you understand your role as a guide? What defines success? Whether or not you are home-schooling by necessity or choice, clarity about larger ideals will shine light on the details.

2. Listening matters more than everything else: Fred Rogers said it best, “Listening is where love begins.” Despite the most carefully considered vision, cracks will inevitably emerge as you and your spirited children coexist daily. The cracks don’t mean you should hide under the table or change everything. They are there to be acknowledged. Only by listening to the child and yourself and exploring those cracks will you figure out the next step.

3. Reflect (and formalize this reflection time): Set a monthly calendar reminder, divide the school year into thirds, or make a habit of jotting notes throughout the day to build reflection into the process. It’s all an experiment. Ritualized reflection time helps you remember to experiment.

4. Find people: Home schooling works best when isolation is actively avoided. Do what you can to create community in whatever safe ways possible. It is worth the effort — for the conversation, co-ops, differing ideas, resources, and humor.

5. Celebrate and play and find joy where you can: Attend to the things that bring joy — the madcap lunches, the mermaid-boy walking through the room, the way your child converses with a friend, or the dance your son invented. Paying attention to these moments develops an instinct for how learning best happens — through delight.

For parents who find themselves suddenly schooling, or remote learning, or engaged in some hairy hybrid headache, I imagine starting out is hard. Every year that I begin again, I’m also vulnerable to feeling overwhelmed. Are we doing the right things at the right times in the right order? No one can know the answer to that. What we can do is dedicate part of our routines (aural time) to be acknowledged. Only by exploring those cracks will you figure out the next step.

PRINCETONIANS

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CHECK OUT a list of Ashley Lefrak’s favorite home-schooling resources at paw.princeton.edu

to the financial, the feminist to the moral. Home schooling isn’t for everyone for reasons of temperament and interest. It also can’t be for everyone for deeply unfair, historic, racial, and economic reasons. Does this make it a dubious endeavor? I don’t have easy answers, but when I look at our country’s schooling options — from elite, private institutions to a public system tethered to real-estate values — I sense that all paths are fraught. Being attentive to the problems and questions that any route raises seems the only honest way forward.

What finally pushed me over the hump was looking at my sons. I’d see them and think: “OK, so I’ve just spent a bunch of sleepless years singing nursery rhymes, wiping butts, and speaking way slower than I can think. Now that my children can finally talk about cool stuff — like how fish breathe and how the past keeps getting bigger — now is when I turn them over for the best part of their day?” I also noticed how my sons’ relationship with each other was evolving into its own dizzying, costume-wearing, fort-building organism. If our leap into this off-road territory of learning lasted only a year, it would be a memorable one.

Like many people starting out, I began by reading books like What Your First Grader Needs to Know. I met with a curriculum person at a nearby school. Soon I learned that angling myself toward these programs made me feel bad. Partly this was early jitters, but mostly it was my sense that the material I was encountering wasn’t designed for me. I didn’t firmly believe that a “first-grader” existed let alone agree about how he ought to spend his time.

Finally it struck me that what I didn’t need was another “how to” book. What I needed were interesting books — books full of vivid tales and fascinating lives, histories, and adventures — books my sons wanted to hear and I wanted to read. I also learned that by better understanding my children, I’d equip myself to help them. For example, one son (methodical, energetic, goal-oriented) learned to read with a lot of intense high-fiving and orderly stacks of sight words, while another (silly, soulful, song-writing) appreciates working at a slower pace with heavy doses of nonsense and rhyming.

I eventually figured out that subjects, as they are typically conceived, need only exist when useful. One book that gathers dust on my shelf is about teaching “language arts” to children. Instead of its dreary lessons, we pull a favorite sentence from our reading, talk about it, spell a few words, and notice the punctuation. Later we may copy the excerpt as a way of tipping our hats to the author and practicing handwriting or typing.

Learning can lead to caring just as often as caring leads to learning. The two impulses nourish each other.
In our latest PAWcast, we spoke with Jennifer Howard ‘85, author of *Clutter: An Untidy History*. Faced with the task of cleaning out her elderly mother’s jam-packed home, Howard began to ask herself why it’s so common for people to end up with so many belongings and where it all goes. She spoke to us about her book and its exploration into our consumption-filled milieu.

**Victorian origins** In the Victorian era, you have a lot of resources of empire being extracted and brought back to the home country, the British imperial center. You’ve got the rise of great cities where there’s a mass of people who need and want goods and services. You have the rise of industry, and so there’s a greater volume of stuff. You have this cult of domesticity — you were supposed to aspire to a well-appointed bourgeois home. All of these pressures and opportunities and consumptive habits start to coalesce in that era.

**Kondo cleanse** Marie Kondo’s approach invites you to really look at your stuff again rather than just letting it churn throughout the house and pile up. She says, “What things do you have, and what do they mean to you?” That is kind of startling in this culture, where stuff is basically something to be acquired and then managed rather than something that is working with you as a necessary part of a happy life.

**The dump** Everything in my mother’s house has a larger counterpart in this global exchange of goods and where stuff goes — too much consumption and then too much discarding. There are some interesting economies around salvage, and maybe some lessons that developed countries could learn from countries that are looking at our discards as a resource rather than as trash. It’s important for us, as we consume, to think about where it’s all going.

**Bottom line** To live intentionally with things is the goal. It is finding some sort of balance in the here and now, remembering that the people and stories are the most important things — not the stuff. Don’t assume you’ll have time when you’re 80 to go through everything, because you might not.

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*Interview conducted and condensed by C.C.*

![Jennifer Howard '85](photo.jpg)

**Listen to the complete interview with Howard at paw.princeton.edu**
ESSAY: GETTING TO PLAY A LAST SEASON
SUDDENLY, MY PARENTS WEREN’T IN THE STANDS
By David M. Stone ’80

A senior adviser to the president of Columbia University, David M. Stone ’80 was the starting middle guard on Princeton’s varsity lightweight football team from 1977 to 1979.

For the vast majority of us who ever played the game, the prospect of a missed college football season has absolutely nothing to do with lucrative TV contracts, bowl games, or NFL draft picks. My own playing days on Princeton’s now-defunct varsity lightweight football team were as “small time” as it gets. But while I applaud the Ivy League’s wise early decision in July to put all intercollegiate sports on hold because of COVID-19, more than four decades after my own last season on the field, I also appreciate in a very personal way what today’s students have lost to the pandemic.

After spending more than a decade of autumn afternoons and evenings watching me from the bleachers, my parents had to miss that last season of mine in the fall of 1979. My father was in the final painful months of an inexorably losing battle with pancreatic cancer and was in too much pain to travel to games from our Manhattan home.

Of course, it’s not as simple as it once was to write about football as a joyful, life-affirming experience in light of all we now know about its impact on so many players’ long-term health. Yet I still feel grateful not only for the many seasons of sandlot, high school, and college game days that we shared as a family, but even for the ones we didn’t share once my dad fell ill, dramatically enough, on the day of our big Army game the previous fall of 1978.

Playing football was hardly the most likely passion for those of us who grew up in the progressive, apartment-dwelling enclaves of financially strapped New York City in the late 1960s and early 1970s. For some of us, in between going to Hebrew school and Broadway shows, our extracurricular lives revolved around the autumn, when we could knock one another down with great enthusiasm, if somewhat limited impact. Few of us ever went on to play even at the small Division III college programs that occasionally sent me recruiting letters.

Princeton’s lightweight program offered the chance to continue playing the sport I loved. And it was fun for my parents to see me compete in iconic venues like Franklin Field at Penn, which is where the last photo of us together was taken by my big brother after a winning game. So it was strange and confusing when, near the end of my junior season, my parents didn’t show up on an early November Friday afternoon for a critical game at West Point’s Michie Stadium.

In that ancient era before constant connectivity, I could only scan the visitor stands and wonder why they weren’t there with the other team parents on that perfect autumn day barely an hour up the Hudson from our home.

It was especially odd that my dad wouldn’t have come to see me play at Army. Growing up, I often heard him describe his own happy childhood memories of a favorite uncle taking him to see some of the great Army teams of the late 1930s and early 40s. Even in the mostly empty stands for our lightweight contests, it was always special for my father to see me run into the same stadium as the great Heisman winners of his youth.

As it turned out, my parents missed an exciting late-season contest that included the only touchdown of my collegiate career when I managed to block an Army punt, then pick up the bouncing ball and carry it into the end zone. We nearly pulled off a rare victory over one of the service academies, which had rosters of lean, fit cadets and midshipmen for whom being in fighting shape was literally part of the curriculum.

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Only later would my parents get fleeting glimpses of that touchdown moment, courtesy of the blurry snapshots taken by a teammate’s excited...
father. On the bus back to Princeton that evening, I still had no idea that my father had been rushed to Mt. Sinai Hospital that afternoon with an unknown ailment that would be diagnosed as pancreatic cancer. At age 50, he likely had only a few months to live.

The rest of my junior year would, for my father, be filled with intense physical pain and, for those of us around him, the emotional pain of watching him suffer. I lived at home that somber summer, commuting to exciting days in midtown at a career-shaping internship at public television’s MacNeil/Lehrer Report. I was also preparing for a football season I wasn’t sure I would want to play if my parents couldn’t share in it. Fact is, my father wasn’t expected to live that long. When he did, my parents didn’t want me to miss out on my last season or anything else about my senior year.

So I played, unseen by the two most familiar faces who’d been in the stands for nearly a dozen autumns. And since my father wanted to remain very private about his cancer, only a few close friends and coaches knew. Yet I didn’t feel alone. Because no matter the size of the players or the speed of their times in the 40-yard dash, like any group with an intensive shared experience and purpose, a football team can become an essential emotional support system. Of course, that can be true of any extracurricular group, from a theater cast to the orchestra. But for me at that moment, it was lightweight football.

Though my parents didn’t get to witness our improbable shutout win over Army on a muddy field back in Princeton that October (or my second blocked punt against the cadets), they at least got to hear about it. A few weeks later, I was quietly excused from practice the evening before our final home game against Cornell so I could make a quick visit back to New York. As luck would have it, I was at home the next morning to help my mother rush my dad back to Mt. Sinai for what turned out to be the last time. Then I headed down to Port Authority for the bus back to New Jersey to suit up for that evening. All season I was grateful for the pregame rituals and locker-room camaraderie that had been so much a part of my autumns growing up: the putting on of pads and uniform, the ankle-taping and eye-black (whose purpose, other than the appearance of fearsomeness, seemed limited to me).

A week later we had a final game at Rutgers. My big brother — a solid one-time lineman himself — was there; he had flown in from his first job in the Midwest for his last visit with our father. He was a superb photographer, so I still have great pictures of that final game just the two of us experienced in New Brunswick on a gray mid-November afternoon.

A few days after my own final trip to the hospital, the call I’d been expecting from my mother for the past year came to my Edwards Hall room. At 51, my father was dead. That week, I was scheduled to perform in Harold Pinter’s The Birthday Party at Theatre Intime. With no understudies, we went ahead with our first show, on a Thursday, postponing the Friday performance so I could attend the funeral before returning to campus to complete the rest of the weekend run. Like my team, my fellow cast members became another campus family, playing together in an especially emotional performance under the lights of a different kind of stage.

Yes, it was an odd experience shuttling back and forth between two such different realities 55 miles apart on the Jersey Turnpike. In the sadness of my father’s death — when he was more than a decade younger than my old classmates and I are now — life back on campus was full and engaging. Whether on stage, on the field, or in class, it was so helpful to be working together — a team and a cast, classmates and faculty members, and a thesis adviser who endures as a friend and mentor to this day.

Long before the COVID pandemic took away that organic support system of campus life from students at a moment of such challenge for millions of families, I’ve reflected on how, for me and our family, playing football was the furthest thing from “a matter of life and death.” Yet in ways I never would have expected during that last season, it became an essential part of both. Four decades later, I’m still grateful for it. And it reminds me how essential it is for us to do everything we can to ensure that today’s students get to experience their own last seasons together.
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THE CLASS OF 1948

Meridon Gooding Harter ’48 Bill died in hospice care June 19, 2020. He was born Jan. 14, 1917, in Delaware, Ohio. His long business career was in sales and marketing management, beginning with Standard Oil and in a variety of locations, mostly for 21 years with Aramco — interrupted only by two years of Navy service during the Korean War.

His long-time pastimes were playing alto sax as a jazz/dance band musician, trout fishing, and bird watching. Bill and his late wife, Sue, were married for 47 years.

Bill is survived by his wife, Patricia; sons Rick and Scott; two grandsons; and two great-grandsons. Bill is also survived by step-sons James and Jody; step-daughters Christy and Melissa; eight step-grandchildren; and one step-great-grandson.

S. Peter Law ’48 Peter was born March 30, 1927, in Rome, Italy.

He grew up in Great Neck, N.Y.; attended Choate School; and served briefly in the British Royal Navy. At Princeton, where his brother John was a member of the Class of ’45, Peter majored in history. He became a U.S. citizen in his 20s.

Peter and his late wife, Anne, met in New York City and married in 1954. Their family home for more than half a century was in Rowayton, Conn., where they raised four children: daughters Stephanie, Jennifer, and Hilary; and son Anthony.

After a brief period teaching at the Hawkins School in Lyndhurst, Ohio, and then at Punahou School in Honolulu, Peter began a career in risk management, casualty insurance, and corporate self-insurance for companies including Aramco, the conglomerate USI, and Schlumberger.

A longtime activist in Planned Parenthood, Peter was a national board member and developed a program for self-insurance of its many local facilities. Away from business, his passions were paddle tennis and progressive politics. For a time Peter was a city commissioner in Rowayton, and he was a longtime board member of the Norwalk Land Trust. He was a volunteer for 18 years at the Norwalk Maritime Center. For 48 years he played the prophet Isaiah in the annual Rowayton Christmas pageant.

Peter died June 26, 2020, in Amesville, Conn., at age 93. He had lived there since 2015 at the home of Jennifer Law and Alan Lovejoy, his daughter and son-in-law.

Henry Read Martin ’48 Hank was a prolific and renowned cartoonist for *The New Yorker* magazine from 1950 until his retirement in 1995, as well as for many other magazines and other publications. Most of the cartoons, signed H. Martin, and spots (the *New Yorker*’s term for small drawings inside a story) were created in his career-long office, a one-room building near Nassau Street.

Hank was born July 15, 1925, in Louisville, Ky., and came to Princeton to earn a bachelor’s and a master’s degree in art history. After two years at the American Academy of Art in Chicago, he returned permanently to Princeton, “able to live and work where I chose, the happy result of being a freelance cartoonist.” He and Edith were married in the First Presbyterian (now Nassau Presbyterian) Church on Nassau Street.

Hank died June 30, 2020, two weeks before his 95th birthday. Edith died in 2010. Hank is survived by his and Edie’s daughters, Ann Martin and Jane Martin McGrath; their son-in-law Douglas McGrath ’80; their grandson Henry McGrath ’20; his sister Adele Vinsel; and eight nieces and nephews.

Warren Peter Musser ’48 Pete was born Dec. 15, 1926. He grew up in Harrisburg, Pa.; attended Admiral Farragut Academy; then was at Princeton for freshman and sophomore years. He graduated from Lehigh University in 1949 with a degree in industrial engineering. His family home was first in Wayne, Pa., and later in Devon, Pa.

Pete was an entrepreneur and investment banker, first as founder-president of Musser and Co., a private-equity and venture-capital firm. Then, from 1953 to 1968 he founded and was chairman of successor firms, including Lancaster Corp., which became Safeguard Sciences. With his three venture-capital funds he brought a number of companies to public offerings.

He was a trustee of the Franklin Institute, a member of the board of overseers of the Wharton School at the University of Pennsylvania, and founder of the Musser Center for Entrepreneurs at Lehigh University. In community affairs he was active in the United Way and other philanthropic and business groups.

Pete died Nov. 25, 2019. He is survived by his companion, Mary Barton; his daughter, Joan M. Vaughan; his sons, Peter and Cooper Musser; five grandchildren; and six great-grandchildren.

THE CLASS OF 1949

John S. Abbott ’49 John died peacefully Nov. 8, 2019, in Jacksonville, Fla., just one week shy of his 92nd birthday.

John worked for many years in the insurance industry but went back to school and in 1981 earned a master of arts degree in teaching from Jacksonville University. He then taught history and economics at St. Johns Country Day School in Orange Park, Fla., also serving on the school’s board of trustees.

John was a charter volunteer at the World Golf Hall of Fame in St. Augustine, Fla., where he was recognized for more than 2,500 hours of service as a museum docent.

John was an avid N-gauge model railroad builder and an aficionado of word games and puzzles of all kinds. In 2011 he published a book entitled *Tales of Bygone Days*, a compilation of memories of growing up in New York City and Old Lyme, Conn., and attending Phillips Exeter Academy.

John was predeceased by his wife of 62 years, Pat. He is survived by his son, John Jr.; four grandchildren; four great-grandchildren; and his sister, Penny.


Ted came to Princeton from Rockville Center, Long Island. His undergraduate career was interrupted by service in the Army from September 1946 to December 1947. At Princeton he majored in chemical engineering, worked on the *Nassau Sovereign* and the Student Refreshment Agency, and belonged to the
American Institute of Chemical Engineers.

After graduation Ted joined Esso Standard Oil Co. in New York City. In our 10-year directory he reported that he was still with Esso, still in New York, and still single. Our 15-year directory showed that he was now married to Mary but still in New York. He subsequently became associated with Mobil Oil Co.

We had limited contact with Ted over the years, but in our 50th-reunion yearbook he reported that he had retired from Mobil and was living in Albuquerque, where he was involved in the American Red Cross disaster-relief program.

Our deepest sympathy goes to Mary and Will.

**John J. Pohanka ’49**

John came to Princeton in 1945 from Sidwell Friends School in Washington, D.C., where his father had maintained an Oldsmobile dealership since 1919. While on campus he was the manager for the baseball, basketball, and football teams; majored in economics; and belonged to Cloister Inn. After graduation he joined Pohanka Oldsmobile in Washington, D.C., which turned out to be his lifetime career. At the time of his death he was the chairman of the Pohanka Automotive Group.

John was very active in the National Automobile Dealers Association. In 1979 he won the Time Magazine Auto Dealer of the Year Award, and he was one of the first dealers to sell both domestic and foreign makes of cars. He also was an active opera lover, serving on the board of the Washington National Opera for 30 years, as well as the Palm Beach Opera Co. and the Wagner Society of Palm Beach.

John married Jean Powers in 1956 and they had three children, Brian, Geoffrey, and Susan. He was predeceased by Jean, Brian, and his former wife, Lori McCallip. He is survived by his third wife, Lynn, and his remaining two children. We offer them our sincere condolences.

**THE CLASS OF 1950**

**Charles R. Krigbaum ’50 ’52** Charlie, an eminent organist and professor emeritus of music at Yale, died April 30, 2020, of COVID-19 in Beverly, Mass. A colleague noted: “He leaves behind generations of students who still sing his praises today.”

Coming from East Orange (N.J.) High School, at Princeton he was president of the Chapel Choir, was in the Naval ROTC program, and belonged to Court. He graduated with high honors in music and was elected to Phi Beta Kappa. He continued his musical studies at the Graduate College, earning an MFA in 1952. Following graduate school he joined the Navy Air Force, serving three years stateside and abroad as an intelligence officer and a fleet wing staff officer. With a Fullbright Scholarship, he then studied organ in Germany for two years.

In 1958 he joined the faculty of Yale’s School of Music. He became the university’s fifth organist in 1965, retiring in 1993. To honor his legacy of teaching, performing and recording, a Baroque-style organ was dedicated to him in Yale’s Marquand Chapel in 2007.

An enthusiastic hiker, he was a member of the Appalachian Mountain Club’s Four Thousand Footers Club. His interest in other cultures led to travel to six continents.

Charlie is survived by his children, Ruth, Mary, and John, and four grandchildren.

**THE CLASS OF 1952**

**Philip Stockton May Jr. ’52** Phil served in the Army after graduation from Robert E. Lee High School and before coming to Princeton. He majored in history and ate at Tower, joining enthusiastically in a number of campus outfits, including the Prince (local advertising manager), the Nassau Herald committee, Student Christian Association, Westminster Fellowship, Orange Key freshman committee, and the Campus Fund drive. He roomed with Merle-Smith.

His first job was as a college traveler for The Macmillan Co. He turned to finance from 1955 until 1958, when he returned to books, working in sales for Mumford Library Books. It was a stint that he much enjoyed. Phil also enjoyed Reunions and was a frequent and vocal attendee.

Active in his community in Jacksonville, Fla., he served on boards of the library, the symphony, the Historical Society, and as founder and president of the Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings Society.

Phil died Jan. 12, 2019. His wife, Gloria, and son Philip III died earlier. The class will miss him and appreciates his service to our country and loyalty to the class.

**THE CLASS OF 1953**

**James K. Fulks Jr. ’53**

James was born in Detroit, Mich., and came to Princeton from Culver Military Academy. He joined Elm Club, majored in geology, and wrote his senior thesis on “Sedimentary Aspects of Green River Oil Shale.” He served in the Army after graduation and was stationed in Germany.

Jim married before his military service and returned after his service to Detroit with his wife, where she died of an aneurysm after giving birth to twin daughters. He then moved to Utah, where his mother-in-law helped raise the children. He married again in 1960. Jim worked for mining companies in management positions mostly in the Salt Lake City area in Utah, but for 11 years in Los Gatos, Calif. Jim was also deeply involved in the Mormon Church and served in leadership positions and as a bishop for a number of years. In retirement, he spent much of his time repairing clocks and “fixing everything in sight.”

He died June 28, 2020, in his home after a five-month battle with multiple myeloma. He is survived by his wife, Donna; eight children; 27 grandchildren; and 41 great-grandchildren.

**George John Miller ’53**

George was born in Bradford, Pa., and came to Princeton from Bradford High School. He was one of eight Millers in his family to attend Princeton in the 20th century — to say nothing of four other unrelated Millers in the Class of ’53. He joined Quadrangle Club and majored in the American Civilization Program. His thesis on Charles Sanders Peirce was titled “American Pragmatism: Theory of Meaning.”

After graduation George went on to the University of Pennsylvania Law School and earned a law degree in 1956. He then served two years in the Army in the Judge Advocate General’s Corps and achieved the rank of captain. Following his military service, George joined what is now Dechert, a global law firm, rising to partner and leading the firm into environmental law. After his retirement Gov. Tom Ridge appointed George chairman of the Pennsylvania Environmental Hearing Board, where for 16 years he brought the board into the digital age and mentored younger judges.

George was a regular at class reunions and established an annual family tailgate in 1995 at the Penn/Princeton football game — a tradition that continues to this day.

George died May 26, 2020, at Beaumont in Bryn Mawr, Pa., of complications of COVID-19. He was predeceased by his wife, Louise, and son Paul. He is survived by daughters Kate ’82 and Meg, son Jonathan, and five grandchildren.

**William Clayton Torrey ’53**

Bill died Feb. 21, 2020, at his home in Phoenix, Ariz. He was born in Detroit, Mich., but his family moved soon after to Bermuda and then to Connecticut. Bill came to Princeton from Ridgefield High School and Phillips Academy. He joined Colonial Club and majored in history. After graduation Bill served in the Navy for two years as a communications and intelligence officer in the Mediterranean and Atlantic.

He then moved to Phoenix and earned a master’s degree to become a certified public accountant and joined the firm of Peat Marwick & Mitchell as a general partner. In 1970 Bill became chief financial officer of Dahlberg
In 1956, Charlie embarked on a highly successful 34-year career with IBM. While living in Paris, London, Japan, Australia, and the U.S., he built lifelong relationships in 97 countries. He said, “I have been all over the world, touched by faces of many people who said ‘thank you,’ when I was the one who owed them so much.” He retired from IBM in 1989.

Charlie and Barbara moved to Hilton Head Island in 1995. With partner-friend Bob Masteller, he opened a jazz club in 1999, the Jazz Corner. He and Barbara divorced in 2000. He married Donna Stetler and moved to Charleston, S.C., in 2000 and to Eufaula, Ala., in 2005. He and Donna divorced in 2017 and he moved to the Abigail Retirement Community in Minneapolis to be near Lucy, who died of cancer in 2019. He is survived by son Charles Jr. and two granddaughters.

Eugene Lewis Wishod ’53
Gene died Feb. 14, 2020, in Ridgefield, Conn.

He was born in Brooklyn, N.Y., and came to Princeton after graduating from the James Madison High School. He joined Campus Club, later serving as a graduate trustee, and majored in the School of Public and International Affairs, writing his thesis on “German Opinion on German Rearmament.”

Gene served in ROTC in college but deferred military service until he was called up after his first year at Yale Law School. After two years of military service, mostly at Fort Bragg in New Jersey, he completed law school and spent two years as a law clerk in the New York State Court of Appeals. Completing that apprenticeship, Gene joined the firm of Schecter and Schecter — later Schecter, Schecter, and Wishod — in St. James, Long Island. There were other partnerships after that, but still a life in the law whether as a member of the National Panel of Arbitrators or as village justice in Head of the Harbor, Smithtown, Long Island.

Gene served as president of the Suffolk County Bar Association and the New York State Association of School Attorneys and was a member for 22 years of the New York State Bar Association’s Committee on Professional Ethics. He relocated to Ridgefield in 2009 to be nearer family but continued practicing law until retiring at age 85.

He is survived by his wife, Lora; their daughter, Karen; their son, Steven; and three grandsons.

Richard C. Conroy ’55
Dick died June 4, 2020, of kidney failure in West Palm Beach, Fla. He was 86. He was born Dec. 28, 1933, in Bloomfield, N.J., the only child of Agnes and Herbert Conroy.

At Princeton Dick joined Cannon Club, was pre-med, and majored in biology. He was secretary-treasurer of the IAA, played club basketball and tennis, and roomed senior year with Al Fasulo, Tom Hall, and Dick Drewes. About Princeton Dick attended Cornell Medical College, served as a captain in the Army for two years, and in 1974 became director of the psychiatry department at Northern Westchester Hospital. In 1998 Dick and his wife, Sharon, retired to Palm Beach. Dick was an avid golfer, and when golf became too challenging two years ago he learned bridge, joined the Old Guard bridge club, and gave it his usual enthusiasm and good humor.

He treasured his connections with Princeton, and the postponement of this year’s 67th reunion was a special disappointment. Dick is survived by his wife, Sharon; son Christopher; daughter Susan Frith ’86; stepson Scott Fulmer; and grandchildren William and Anna. Donations in Dick’s memory may be made to Class of 1955, Princeton University, Box 46, Princeton, NJ 08540, Attn: Annual Giving.

Peter Dodge Mott ’55

Peter died May 27, 2020, at home in Rochester, N.Y., his family by his side, after dealing with vascular parkinsonism for eight years. He was 86. A physician and inveterate social activist, he was described as somebody who devoted his life to the lives of other people.

Peter graduated from Central College School in Regina, Saskatchewan. At Princeton he was secretary of Campus Club, took part in crew and tennis and majored in the School of Public and International Affairs. Peter graduated from medical school at Columbia and was chief resident at Bellevue Hospital and clinical associate at the National Institutes of Health. At age 60 he made an abrupt life change, devoting the rest of his life to a vast number of volunteer social-benefit causes. He wrote a book, Cancer in the Body Politic, promoting universal health care, that drew praise from Bill Moyers and Howard Zinn. The causes he led ranged from Latin America to the American Civil Liberties Union and the Sanctuary Movement.

Gail, Peter’s wife of 65 years and his partner in many of his volunteer ventures, said, “He did what he set out to do; even I was astounded at all that he did. Through it all, his several strokes, open-heart surgery and other issues, he was cheerful, genial, totally gentle, and serene. I don’t think he ever had a trivial thought. His life was not ordinary in any way.”

Peter is survived by Gail; sons John, Jim, and Bill; daughter Emily Duncannon; and six grandchildren.

Canning Rogers Childs Jr. ’57

Thanks to top grades in science courses, Roger graduated Phi Beta Kappa and near the top of our class. He was annoyed, however, by being dragged out of summa con laude into a 2- in a sociology course.

An Eagle Scout, Roger arrived at Princeton from Shortridge High School in Indianapolis, dined at Elm Club, and majored in chemistry. He earned a Ph.D. in chemistry from Harvard and an MBA from Wharton. With a winner of the Nobel Prize in medicine, he co-wrote two articles on cholesterol biosynthesis.

Working for Chase Manhattan Bank in 1972, Roger helped create and manage a new business — leasing of aircraft and heavy equipment. Included was the construction of a power plant under a $400 million lease, a lot of money then and never-before done.

A longtime resident of Haddonfield, N.J., Roger served for years as president of the Philadelphia Securities Association. He achieved the level of a 32nd-degree Mason. In retirement, he managed investments for a few friends.

A descendant of two signers of the Declaration of Independence, he was a cousin of actor Kirk Douglas. Roger died March 13, 2020. He is survived by a son, a daughter, and four grandchildren. “I love my family and they love me,” this most happy fella declared.

Gregory R. Farrell ’57

Greg’s journey through life was a blessing to many, a blessing that encouraged them...
Robin S. Lincoln ’57
Robin left this life with a flourish, dying on the Ides of March, 2020, while listening from his hospital bed to “Bring Him Home,” the hit song from his favorite musical, Les Misérables.

Growing up in Framingham, Mass., Robin attended Phillips Exeter Academy. At Princeton he majored in religion and philosophy. He roomed senior year with George Oram, Bill Jones, and Jack Schlegel. He ate at Dial Lodge and teamed most days with Freeman Bunn at the bridge table, a fascination that didn’t dent his grades.

Robin lived in Boston the remainder of his life. He worked as a stockbroker, devoting some of his prodigious energies to playing golf, tennis, and squash. He was a proprietor of the Boston Athenaeum and a raconteur of infectious wit. In his retirement he visited the Boston Public Library, two blocks from his home, almost daily, sometimes slipping away to a game at Fenway Park.

With his wife of 52 years, Anita, Robin was an inveterate traveler, visiting more than 80 countries. He and Anita scoured the byways of South Africa, Cuba, Vietnam, and Cambodia before they became popular destinations. In Nepal, they trekked over two weeks to 18,500 feet for a close-up view of Mount Everest. He included local trains whenever possible.

Robin is survived by Anita and three children.

Henry C. Stackpole III ’57
Hank died May 19, 2020, in Honolulu following a long decline from the effects of dementia. “One of the icons of the Class of 1957” is how a classmate remembers him.

As a teenager, Hank helped his electrician father. At Princeton he was headwaiter at Commons, president of the Aquinas Society, and a member of Cap and Gown. Between graduation and his commissioning in the Marine Corps, he was a model. In an ad for Budweiser beer, he smiled down at thousands of New York City subway riders.

In 1967 in Vietnam, then a captain, Hank nearly died twice in surgery from wounds he had suffered. He was in pain thereafter every day of his life, said his widow, Vivien. Hank rose steadily to lieutenant general, one step from commandant. The career event in which Hank took most pride was commanding an international rescue in the country of Bangladesh, which had suffered massive flooding. He was critical of policymakers’ “misuse” (his word) of the military in instigating warfare, especially with inadequate planning for peace.

Hank’s leadership style included a rare modesty probably based on a deep religious confidence. He earned two master’s degrees, considering teaching an aspect of good command.

After retiring in 1994, Hank worked for Loral, a satellite-communications company, and served the Asia Pacific Center for Security Studies, the Boy Scouts, and the American Red Cross.

Hank is survived by Vivien, two daughters, one son, and four grandchildren.

William G. Ridgeway ’57
Bill knew from second grade that he wanted to become a doctor. He knew from 10th grade that he would become a doctor. He did, practicing as an ophthalmologist until age 75.

Bill was valedictorian of his high school class in Boone County in central Missouri, where his family had settled before it was named that. At Princeton Bill worked two years in Commons as a waiter and two more as a captain while holding other campus jobs. His club was Campus. Next came the Missouri School of Medicine, followed by Duke, where he performed his internship; the Air Force, where he was a flight surgeon; and an internship at Washington University in St. Louis. He practiced in South St. Louis, an area of ethnic neighborhoods that fascinated him.

He retired in 2009, having worked 67 years, first delivering newspapers at age 8. He enjoyed listening on the radio to Cardinals’ games, playing golf, and skiing until his health began to break down. Eye impairment, ironically, left him unable to see a new grandson.

He enrolled himself in a care facility, where on April 24, 2020, he died of COVID-19. He leaves his widow, Karen, whom he married in 1975; a son; daughter-in-law; and three grandchildren. He considered his family a legacy for the world.

William Patrick Tangney ’57
Tangs’ life, and in a way, the substance of the Class of 1957, changed inalterably when in the 1960s Tangs’ motor scooter hit a pothole in Greenwich Village. His head smashed into a parked car. He received last rites from Cardinal Spellman, once a student of his father. Tangs lived, however, until March 30, 2020, but only as a shadow of his former self.

As Princeton, Tangs was bigger than life. As chairman of the Cannon Club entertainment committee, he went to Trenton and returned with two dancers for a party. Some considered him the best writer on the Prince, which then included R.W. Apple and Bob Caro. Senior year, he is said to have cut all his classes to attend his Prince duties. For his thesis, he read four short Henry Fielding novels. He would have received a + his thesis adviser said, had he turned in the thesis on time. Without a degree, he began his career covering state politics in Trenton for the Associated Press. He ended with CBS News, writing for Mike Wallace.

Post-crash, and for the rest of his life, classmates took Bill under their protection. On occasion, he spread his cheer at Reunions. He died partly of dementia in an apartment in Naples, Fla., rented for him by the Classmate Fund.

Louis Clark Edgar III ’58
Pete died June 3, 2020, in Pinehurst, N.C., just four days shy of his 84th birthday.

He came to Princeton from Western Reserve Academy, where he participated in track, swimming, the debating team, and the Glee Club. At Princeton Pete ran cross-country and track, worked on the Nassau Herald, and was a University Store trustee. He was a member of Cannon Club and a history major. He roomed with Fred Matter, John Miller, Jeff Bomer, Doug Ellis, Bert Sparrow, Pete Gall, and Vin Meade.

After graduation, he served in the Navy and attended the University of Virginia business school. Pete spent his entire career in the world of institutional investments in New York City. Also known as Lou, he was a member of the Princeton Club of New York, the Bond Club of New York, and the Squadron A Association.

He retired from Wertheim and Co. in 1997, and in 2003, he and Cindy moved to Pinehurst. Pete is survived by his wife of almost 62 years.
years, Cynthia; his sons, Clarke and wife, Cindy, and Geoffrey; and three grandchildren, Peter, Katharine, and Julia. The class extends its deepest sympathy to them all.  

Henry Harrison Hadley Jr. ’58  
Harry died June 24, 2020, in Lincoln, Mass. He was 83.  
He came to Princeton from Hamilton (N.Y.) Central High School, where he was active in band and publications.  
At Princeton he majored in mechanical engineering and was a member of Cloister Inn, played interclub hockey, and was secretary-treasurer of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers student branch. He roomed with Dave Dantzscher, Owen Terry, and Dick Thompson. His father was a member in the Class of 1929.  
After graduation Harry did graduate work at Syracuse University and then worked on the Apollo moon project as a project engineer, helping to develop cutting-edge technology for rocket flight, moon landing, and takeoff. In 1962 he married Janna Peterson, and they moved to Lincoln, Mass., in 1968.  
In 1975, he bought a company that manufactured dust-capturing equipment. Harry expanded the company to include design, manufacture, and installation of the dust-collection systems. At the request of the Massachusetts DEP, he developed a system for removing particulate and fumes from medical waste incineration and was awarded a process patent for his invention. After 25 years, he sold the company and retired.  
Harry is survived by his wife, Janna; son, Rick; daughter, Jannette; and grandson Henry. The class extends its deepest sympathy to them all.  

Douglas C. MacDonald ’58  
Doug died May 29, 2020, in Pittsfield, Mass. He was 84.  
He came to Princeton from Clifford Scott High School in East Orange, N.J., where he was a member of the band. At Princeton Doug was a member of Cannon Club and managed the News Agency. He majored in English and was one of a small group of seniors who were married, so much of his extra time was occupied.  
After graduation Doug earned a master’s degree in English and a doctorate in philosophy of education. He was a teacher and administrator in schools and colleges for 24 years. In 1984 he began a new career as a psychotherapist, getting an MSW degree from Smith College.  
He loved hiking, listening to music, photography, and spending time with his dogs. He was an avid reader with myriad interests and was a mentor to many.  
Doug is survived by his wife, Sherry; and their daughter, Cameron. The class extends its deepest sympathy to them all.  

James M. McGlathery ’58  
Jim died April 19, 2020, in Urbana, Ill. He was 85.  
He came to Princeton from Ball High School in Galveston, Texas, where he was president of Student Council and editor of the school newspaper.  
At Princeton Jim was president of the University Press Club and secretary of the St. Paul’s Society. He majored in the Special Program in European Civilization and was a member of Campus Club. He roomed with George Hess and Andrew Robell.  
After graduation he earned a master’s degree and a Ph.D. from Yale, where he met and married Nancy. Jim taught German language at Phillips Andover Academy in 1959-1960 and at Harvard University from 1963 to 1965. He joined the Department of Germanic Languages and Literature at the University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign, where he taught from 1965 until his retirement in 2000.  
Jim’s bout with Guillain-Barre syndrome in 1969 left him permanently paralyzed, a fate he bore with courage and grace. He lived a rich life as a loving husband and father, a dedicated student and teacher, and an unfailingly kind host and friend.  
Jim is survived by his wife, Nancy; sons Samuel, Daniel ’89 and his wife, Vivian ’89, Andrew, and Benjamin and his wife, Delores; and daughter Tonya. The class extends its deepest sympathy to them all.  

THE CLASS OF 1960  
William R. Bryant Jr. ’60  
Born and raised in Grosse Pointe, Mich., Bill came to us from its high school. At Princeton he captained the freshman squash team and played three years on the varsity team. He majored in geology, dined at Cloister, and identified “Lois” as his principal other interest in our Nassau Herald.  
In 1965 Bill earned a master’s degree at Michigan Law School, married Lois, and returned to Grosse Pointe to practice law. He became active in local Republican Party activities, was recognized as a promising lad, and was elected to the Wayne County Commission Board and shortly thereafter to the Michigan State House of Representatives. He served there for 26 years, as Republican leader and leader-emeritus, floor leader, and chair of the House Education Committee. The national Republican Party recognized him frequently for his leadership and many legislative accomplishments.  
Retiring in 1996, Bill moved with Lois to Kiawah Island, S.C. They divided time there with their beloved cottage on Lake Huron in Michigan. Bill continued his love of squash and competitive badminton, added golf to his repertoire, took up painting and photography, and authored three books: two of poetry and sketches and Quantum Politics, on New Age politics.  
Bill struggled with Parkinson’s for his last decade and died May 20, 2020. His long-beloved Lois and their daughter and son and their families survive him.  

Walter N. Kirn Jr. ’60  
A native of Akron, Ohio, Walt graduated from Buchtel High School there and excelled in all sports, particularly football and baseball, where he played center and catcher, respectively. At Princeton he played varsity in both. He joined Cannon and graduated cum laude in chemical engineering.  
He earned a master’s degree in that field at Ohio State University in 1961 and then attended George Washington University Law School, where he studied nights toward a law degree while working for DuPont Corp. in patent law. In 1968 he moved to 3M Corp. in Minneapolis, Minn., where he worked in patent litigation and traveled internationally, both of which he particularly relished.  
Walt became a vigorous outdoorsman and conservationist. He worked hard for the designation of Minnesota’s St. Croix River as a National Scenic River. He also lent his efforts, often pro bono, to numerous other environmental and conservation causes.  
Loving the mountains of the West, he retired to Montana in the mid-1990s. He later wintered in Tucson but always returned to Montana with the spring, as he did in his last days. Stricken with ALS, he was conveyed to Montana by several friends and spent his last two weeks enjoying his beloved scenery and wildlife. He died May 26, 2020.  
Walt married several times. He is survived by two sons, Walter III ’83 and Andrew, with his first wife, Mildred; and two grandchildren.  

THE CLASS OF 1961  
Lowell H. Fewster ’61  
We lost Lowell May 28, 2020, at his home at Seabury in Bloomfield, Conn.  
Born in Rochester, N.Y., he came to us from Brighton High School. At Princeton he majored in history, was a member of the Glee Club, the SCA Cabinet, and Chapel Deacons, and was president of the Baptist Student Fellowship. He took his meals at Campus Club and roomed with Tom Sansone, Frank Michener, and Mike Brandon.  
After serving in the Peace Corps and then earning a bachelor of divinity degree at Colgate Rochester Divinity School and a master’s degree and doctorate at the University of Rochester, he
pursued four distinct careers as an American Baptist minister: pastor (Blue Hills Baptist in Hartford), campus minister (University of Wisconsin, Madison), seminary administrator (Colgate Rochester), and regional church leader (American Baptist Churches of Connecticut), retiring in 2004. His major activity in retirement centered on photography, a lifelong interest, including international photographic expeditions, exhibits, and having his works published.

He and Julie met at Colgate Rochester, where they were fellow divinity students; they were married for 54 years. He is survived by Julie, son Jonathan, daughter Sarah, two grandchildren, two sisters, and brother Bill Rosser ’56.

**J. Michael Hewitt ’61**

Mike died Aug. 11, 2018, in Hampstead, N.C. He was born in Milwaukee, Wis.

Mike came to Princeton from Lake Forest Academy in Illinois. At Princeton he majored in economics, took his meals at Key and Seal, and was a member of the Yacht Club and the Sket Club. He roomed with Pierce Selwood, Geoff Smith, and Mort Ribble.

We know virtually nothing about his career except that he retired as chief, ECLA Computer Center, at the United Nations, evidently relocating to North Carolina.

He is survived by his wife, Sylvia, and we understand he had a son, Edwin, and a daughter, Lisa.

**Claude E. Koprowski ’61**

Claude died June 1, 2020, at Woodholme Gardens in Pikesville, Md., after a 12-year battle with Alzheimer’s.

Born in France after his family fled Poland, he arrived in the U.S. in 1944. He came to us from the Lawrenceville School at Princeton. He majored in Romance Languages & Literature, took his meals at Charter, was in the Army ROTC, and was the classical announcer on WPRB. He roomed with Carl Bredenberg, Woody Hawks, and Cliff Henry. Claude began with us and finished with the Class of ’62.

After earning a master’s degree from Johns Hopkins in international studies and four years as a Washington Post reporter, he changed gears in his 30s, earning a medical degree at SUNY Downstate, then embarking on a career in emergency medicine in Rhode Island, Florida, and finally Easton, Md., at Memorial Hospital.

After early retirement he served as deputy medical examiner for Talbot County, Md. He and Liz, whom he met and married in 1968, lived in nearby Oxford for 27 years. A man of many passions, he loved scuba diving, sailing, opera, the Tred Avon Players, and so much more, as well as traveling to many exotic locales with Liz.

He is survived by Liz, son Hilary, daughter Alexandra ’00, four grandchildren, and a brother, Chris ’73.

**THE CLASS OF 1963**

**David R. Crowther ’63**

David died April 15, 2020, of heart failure at home in Clarks Green, Pa. He owned an antiques shop and was active in civic life in Benton Township, Pa.

Born in Philadelphia, David graduated from Harriton High School in Bryn Mawr, played freshman golf at Princeton, studied at the Woodrow Wilson School, and belonged to the bridge club and Key and Seal.

After working for Bell Telephone of Pennsylvania, David moved to Scranton for Haddon Craftsman and then ICS, where he eventually served as president. He left the corporate world to pursue his passion for antiques, owning Appletree Antiques for 30 years. He was a member of the Fleetville Volunteer Fire Company and the Benton Township Planning Commission.

The class sends its sympathies to his wife, Janet; sons David and his wife, Theresa, Alan ’90 and his wife, Sefika, and John and his wife, Adrienne; and six grandchildren, Lillian, Nora, Henry, Jay, Paige, and Samantha.

**Richard A. Hernquist ’63**

Rich died Sept. 4, 2019, of kidney cancer. He was a retired investment manager who lived in Grosse Pointe, Mich.

Born in Atlantic City, he grew up in Cape May, N.J., and went to Peddie School in Hightstown, where he was a swimmer and soccer player. At Princeton he loved studying electrical engineering and, as he wrote in the Nassau Herald, acted as “morals chairman” of Tower Club.

After college he joined Sandia National Laboratories in Albuquerque, N.M., where he worked on the safety of nuclear-weapons systems and earned a master’s degree in electrical engineering from the University of New Mexico. In 1972 he earned an MBA in finance at Harvard Business School. Later on he was a vice president and managed portfolios in the trust department of Comerica Bank in Detroit, retired early, and ran his own securities-trading business.

The class shares its sorrow with his ex-wife, Lois Ann; son David; grandson Henry; and granddaughter Zoe. His daughter, Erika ’91, who worked at the National Security Agency and the Central Intelligence Agency, preceded him in death.

**Arthur G. Matteucci ’63**

Art died April 21, 2017, in hospice. He retired in 2007 after a career with law firms in Great Falls, Mont., where he grew up. At Princeton he majored in economics and wrote his thesis on inheritance taxes, played on the golf team, and was active on Cannon Club’s intramural teams. He had a lifelong enjoyment of sports: golf, tennis, fly-fishing, snow skiing, and bowling (“in other words, I have not changed”). Following college, Art spent two years in the Army.

With a degree from University of Montana Law School, he worked for a large office and part time with the Cascade County attorney before establishing his own firm, Matteucci & Falcon. With customary brevity Art outlined his career for one of our class histories: “I sue people.”

He served as president of Montana’s senior golf association and was a member of Great Falls’ park board and symphony board. With his wife, Sandi, he enjoyed travel and escaped winter at homes in Texas or Arizona. Often he was on a creek or river near his place at Monarch with his brother-in-law Hal, passionately fishing.

Art is survived by his wife, Sandi; son Scott ’99; sister Janet Harper; and six grandchildren. His son Jeffrey preceded him in death.

**Frank Dodd Smith Jr. ’63**

Tony, a lawyer and a brilliant mathematician, died Oct. 11, 2019, at his residence in Cartersville, Ga.

He attended Cartersville High School, where he was valedictorian and editor of the newspaper. At Princeton he won the Arthur H. Brown prize for mathematics scholarship. After a degree from Emory University School of Law he went into practice in Cartersville, where he supported the Booth Western Art Museum and the Tellus Science Museum.

A voluminous reader, Tony attained an encyclopedic knowledge of art, science, history, politics, and especially mathematics and high-energy particle physics. For decades he pursued a sideline or avocation as a scholar, summarizing his work in a book, CI(6) Science, Art, Music, and on his website. As a self-employed person unaffiliated with any research institution, Tony was frustrated in his efforts to have his research enter the mainstream.

He described how Clifford algebra relates to art (“The Large Glass” by Duchamp), to music (Beethoven’s Grosse Fuge), and to archetypes of Jung’s Red Book. He once wrote to a friend: “After you read a LOT of things you begin to notice that parts of each thing in the LOT fit together like a jigsaw puzzle.”

Tony’s survivors include seven cousins.
Inn, and philosophy major.

During the Vietnam War he flew F-4 Phantoms from the carrier Roosevelt. He then studied law at the University of Illinois, joined the Navy’s JAG Corps, and advanced to senior judge, traveling internationally for major cases including capital offenses. He was elected repeatedly to the bench in Whibey Island, Wash., also serving as municipal court judge for three communities. He retired with a reputation for decency, compassion, intellectual honesty, and gruffness. His son Christopher described a pile of letters from defendants recalling how respectfully they were treated in the courtroom. “I’ve learned that most criminals just want to be listened to,” Pete once said. “They are willing to take their lumps, but they want to be treated fairly.” Pete is survived by his wife, Sarah; son Christopher; and grandchildren Abigail and John.

THE CLASS OF 1964
Peter Wuntuh Lee ’64
Peter died May 31, 2020, at Stanford University Hospital from his long struggle with heart disease.

Peter graduated from Phillips Andover Academy and at Princeton roomed with Jed Graef, Walter Goodridge, and David Kennedy. He was a member of Cap and Gown Club, the cheerleading squad, and the swim team. His sophomore year he transferred to Stanford, majored in sociology, graduated in 1964, and then earned a master’s degree in operations research from Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute. He proudly served four years active duty in the Navy, was in the Vietnam War in 1968-1969, and was in the Naval Reserve for 27 years, retiring as a captain in 1989.

Professionally, Peter worked for 25 years at Bell Systems in human resources, specializing in executive compensation, and then at the University of California System and Catholic HealthCare West.

At Princeton Peter will be remembered for helping advance the cause of coeducation by recruiting two U-Store girls to join the cheerleading squad for one of our football games, a cop er loved by the students but frowned upon by the Old Guard and by Dean Lippincott. Another memorable Peter escapade was joining Cannon Club after receiving a bid, having more than a few drinks in the Cannon basement before changing his mind, and then making his way down Prospect Street to join Cap and Gown the same night.

Peter is survived by his wife of 55 years, Mea; daughters Christina Vo ’97 and Maya Watts; and four grandchildren.

THE CLASS OF 1965
Howard M. Snyder III ’65

He was a pediatric urologist at the Children’s Hospital of Philadelphia and professor of surgery in urology at Penn. He was born at Carlisle Barracks in Pennsylvania — both his father and grandfather were Army generals, with his grandfather having served as President Eisenhower’s personal physician and his father the deputy commander at Fort Hood, Texas.

Howie came to us from St. Andrew’s School in Middletown, Del. After Princeton, where he majored in biology and took his meals at Quadrange, he graduated from Harvard Medical School and served on active duty in the Army until 1978 and in the active reserve until 2004. In 2014 he was awarded the Pediatric Urology Medal by the American Association of Pediatrics and hosted a class mini-reunion involving the Barnes Museum in its new home and a sensational cocktail and dinner event at the Philadelphia Club, one of the oldest men’s clubs in the United States.

Howie is survived by his wife of 45 years, Mimi; three children, Dr. Emily Queenan and husband Rick, Lawrence Snyder and wife Nicole, and Jonathan Colt Snyder and wife Ann Marie; 10 grandchildren; and his brother, Thomas Snyder. Howie lived life to the fullest, at work and play and with his family. He will be greatly missed.

THE CLASS OF 1969
James Taylor Gaffney ’69
Jim died May 26, 2020, surrounded by his family he loved greatly. Whether answering to James, Jim, Jamie, or Gaff, he was a much enjoyed and admired part of our class through all the years.

Born in Binghamton, N.Y., after attending local elementary and middle school he graduated from Deerfield Academy. Jim majored in history and Russian studies and graduated cum laude. While at Princeton he was a member of Cottage Club and enjoyed skiing and lacrosse. He then served as first lieutenant in the Army.

Jim helped found the Quebec-Labrador Foundation’s Living Rivers Conservation Education Program before earning a master’s of science degree in natural-resources policy and planning from Cornell.

In 1980 Jim moved to New Jersey to become the executive director of the Stony Brook-Millstone Watershed Association. He was one of the state’s leading advocates for clean water and was instrumental in protecting its waterways. Later he worked for the New Jersey Department of Environmental Protection in water policy and planning for the Passaic River watershed. He was active as treasurer of the Friends of Hopewell Valley Open Space and watershed. He was active as treasurer of the Friends of Hope well Valley Open Space and chaired the Environmental Commission in Pennington. He was also a longtime member of the Princeton Ski and Sail Club.

He is survived by his wonderfully devoted and always-supportive wife, Kathy; son Jeffrey ’01; daughter Megan; and brothers David ’65 and Philip. He was predeceased by his father, Miller ’33.

His life was a full one, and he will be missed by many. His legacy of friendship and service is a rich one.

THE CLASS OF 1970
Clyde Pentz Ill ’70
Cappy died March 28, 2016, in California.

He came to us from The Hill School. His good cheer always seemed to find him active in groups. He was a standout diver for Princeton as well as an ardent Tigerone.

Cappy left us before graduation but followed his social interests and academic bent, earning a Ph.D. in developmental psychology at Syracuse in 1977. Clearly this worked well, as two years later he married Mary Ann, a clinical psychologist. They remained for four years in Tennessee, and then made the big move to Southern California in 1981. He worked as a research psychologist and gradually moved into teaching, finishing at California State University — first at Fullerton, then retiring in 2015 from Long Beach, where he was much admired by his students.

Cappy is survived by his wife, Mary Ann; and his daughter, Jenna Renfrew ’91. Through his messages in our reunion books, we know a great deal about Cappy’s pride in Jenna and his role as a caring parent. With them, we mourn his loss, and find inspiration in a life spent serving the mental well-being of others.

Randall J. Woods ’70
Randy died March 16, 2020, at the University of Chicago Hospital.

He came to us from Hinsdale (Ill.) High School, where he set the high hurdles record and was president of the National Honor Society. At Princeton he ran track and majored in sociology. Upon graduation he enlisted in the Army and was sent to the Defense Language Institute. He earned a diploma in Czech with honors and then worked for the NSA.

Randy pursued a career in business and always worked to broaden his knowledge base. He first earned a master’s in engineering from Illinois Institute of Technology while working for his father’s company. His second graduate degree was an MBA from the University of Chicago in 1976, which led to a career of more than 40 years at FMC. He set the gold standard for embracing a lifetime of learning, earning a third master’s degree from DePaul and his fourth from Northwestern; he finished his Ph.D. in English with a thesis on the works of T.S. Eliot in 2007.

But being a dad was the role he valued above all; he was an example of patience and love. He was a dedicated servant of Grace Episcopal Church in Hinsdale; he also served on multiple...
pension-fund boards and continued to consult with FMC until his last days. He is survived by his wife, Carol Ann; children Paul and Carrie; seven grandchildren; and sister Cindy Delack; as well as countless friends. Along with them, we deeply miss such a learned and giving friend.

**THE CLASS OF 1971**

**Robert M. Browne ’71**

Robby died April 11, 2020, from COVID-19 after living with multiple myeloma. He was a vibrant, accomplished, and unique classmate.

Robby came to Princeton from Andover and Louisville, Ky. He majored in art history, did community tutoring, and lived with fellow officers Harrity, McLean, Montgomery, Hawley, and Steele at Cap and Gow. Robby operated a successful student travel agency for several years, hiring many fellow Princetonians as tour leaders.

Always exuberantly adventurous, Robbie explored multiple careers — medical school in Grenada, teaching in Japan, a Harvard MBA in 1978 — before settling on his true professional calling: selling real estate on the Upper West Side of New York City in 1990. His clients were the rich and famous, like Patti Davis, Hilary Swank, and Bon Jovi. Robby won awards for deal and broker of the year and was famous for his interpersonal skills, fairness, and riding his bike to property showings.

He donated time and financial support to many people and causes, including the Toys Party charity for 35 years and LGBTQ causes after coming out in the ‘80s. Robby swam regularly and earned medals in diving at the Gay Games.

Robby chaired our 20th reunion. He never met a party he didn’t like and rarely met a person he didn’t charm. The class extends its sympathies to his family and friends.

**James E. Henderson ’71**

We recently learned of Jim’s death on Feb. 21, 2017, from melanoma. A dedicated educator and scholar, he lived his life with gusto and purpose.

Jim came to Princeton from Elizabeth Forward High School in western Pennsylvania. He majored in psychology and served as social chair at Wilson College.

After graduation he earned a master’s degree and doctorate in education from Rutgers, launching a career in education. He started as a classroom teacher, then worked as an administrator and superintendent in Pennsylvania and New Jersey public schools for 13 years, earning many accolades. He joined the faculty at the Duquesne University School of Education in 1992, rising to positions as professor, dean, and director of the doctoral program for educational leadership before his retirement in 2013. Jim devoted himself to community leadership in Pittsburgh and was a prolific author. He founded a consulting firm that promoted organizational development. He served Princeton as an ASC interviewer and alumni faculty forum panelist at two reunions. As a runner, he finished numerous marathons and ultra-marathons.

After three marriages, he found contentment when he married Dr. Theresa Weinrich, who was with him through retirement and his last years in Florida. His daughter Kate was a constant in his life. The class extends its sympathies to Theresa, Kate, and other family and friends.

**Richard Sobel ’71**

Ricky died March 2, 2020, in Chicago from an acute illness complicated by an underlying health condition. He was a dedicated political and social scientist.

Ricky came to Princeton with a large contingent from New Trier High School in suburban Chicago. He was active on the varsity track team (high jump) and in Glee Club. He majored in sociology, emphasizing urban studies, and lived in Wilson College. He then embarked on an eclectic career as a writer, scholar, and teacher in academic settings.

Ricky earned a doctorate in education at the University of Massachusetts, Amherst. He had research and teaching stints at Harvard, Princeton, Smith, the University of Connecticut, and Northwestern. Ricky published numerous articles and eight books on topics ranging from work and politics, to public opinion and policymaking, to cyberprivacy. Ricky’s most recent book, Citizenship as Foundation of Rights: Meaning for America, won the 2017 George Orwell Prize for contributions to public discussion.

He enjoyed music, from classical cello to Springsteen. Rick was an active Princetonian, serving as moderator of alumni faculty forum panels at the 15th and 45th reunions, directing the 25th-reunion class survey, and speaking to local alumni in Chicago.

The class extends its sympathies to his partner of 16 years, Margaret Ormes, and his family and friends.

**Michael J. Kilbaner ’94**

We lost a dear friend and classmate April 14, 2020, in New York City due to complications of COVID-19. Mike grew up on Staten Island and attended Stuyvesant High School. He excelled at science and mathematics and was a finalist in the Westinghouse Talent Search Competition.

At Princeton Mike made friends through Outdoor Action, Mathey College, applied math and economics at the engineering school, Tower Club, and the Ultimate Frisbee Club. He made us laugh and think. He could talk intelligently (and had an opinion) on almost every topic.

In 2004 Mike married his high school classmate, Amy. They moved to Shanghai in 2005, where he worked at JLL. They moved to Hong Kong in 2013, where he continued with JLL and later worked for BlackRock as director and head of Asia Pacific real-estate research. Their beautiful daughter, Sidney, was born in 2011. It was wonderful to see Mike and his family at our 25th reunion.

Mike was an incredible dad, husband, son, brother, and loyal friend. He is survived by his wife, Amy; daughter Sidney; sister Alyssa; and parents Roberta and Ed. The class extends its deepest condolences to all of them. Mike will be greatly missed.

**GRADUATE ALUMNI**

**Eli Schwartz ’60**

Eli Schwartz, an economist who worked at Moody’s Investors Service, died April 10, 2020, at age 81.

Eli graduated from Hunter College in 1959 and was a member of Phi Beta Kappa. He attended Princeton as a graduate student in politics. In 1977 he earned an MBA from NYU.

While a student at Hunter College, Eli worked at the Mark Hellinger Theatre where My Fair Lady was being performed. This allowed him the opportunity to play on the theater’s softball team in the Broadway Show League, where he encountered numerous stars of the day.

Throughout his life, Eli remained closely connected to his alma maters, contributing in numerous ways as a dedicated volunteer. He was the first male president of the Hunter College Alumni Association. Notably, he was the long-time memorialist for Princeton graduate alumni in PAW. He served on the Graduate School Centennial Committee, as an APGA board member, on the Princetoniana Committee, and for the Alumni Day Service of Remembrance.

Ray Ollwerther ’71, PAW’s former managing editor, cited Eli’s exceptional dedication as a strong advocate for graduate alumni in the pages of PAW. John Fleming ’69, professor emeritus of English and comparative literature, wrote touchingly in his blog “Gladly Lerne, Gladly Teche” that Eli’s death was “caught up in a vast and undiscriminating sadness.” He is survived by a brother and sister.

Graduate memorials are prepared by the APGA.

This issue contains an undergraduate memorial for Charles R. Krigbaum ’50 ’52.
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**United States Southeast**

**Davidson, North Carolina:** Elegant Victorian home across from Davidson College campus. 4BR/5.5BA + office, greenhouse. 4-minute walk to downtown. 12-month lease. 828.230.7907, gayvinson@gmail.com, p’09.

**Naples:** Renovated 2BR, 2BA, sleeps 4. Walk to beach/town. bksuomi@gmail.com

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November 2020 Princeton Alumni Weekly 63
The Professor Who Transformed Diplomacy

By Ryan Dukeman ’17 GS

In the late 19th century, the State Department was a bureaucratic backwater, and diplomacy the last bastion of a spoils system done away with in most of the government by the Civil Service Act of 1883. In Washington, a tiny cadre of well-connected appointees did little more than push paper, while overseas, self-funded consular posts operated almost autonomously, with little oversight and much corruption.

By 1924, all that would change, with the Rogers Act creating a professional Foreign Service. Yet that legislation could not have happened without years of efforts by Progressive-era Princeton professor Harry Garfield, one of the architects who built the Foreign Service as we know it today, leading a nationwide campaign for diplomatic professionalization in the early 1900s.

At the time Garfield began his efforts, politicization and disrespect for professional expertise undercut American capacity for international leadership. As Richard Hume Werking describes in his book Master Architects: Building the United States Foreign Service, 1890–1913, futile pushes for consular and diplomatic reform had existed for years — usually led by State’s few career officials, who were routinely passed over in politicized promotions.

Shifting tactics, Gaillard Hunt (one of those passed-over career officers) reached out to Garfield, son of the late President James Garfield, whose assassination by a federal job seeker had spurred the Civil Service Act. Harry Garfield unexpectedly would lead an odd-bedfellows coalition of progressives and big business who pushed to create America’s first professional consular corps.

Harry Garfield unexpectedly would lead an odd-bedfellows coalition of progressives and big business who pushed to create America’s first professional consular corps.

Initially a skeptic of overseas expansion, Garfield — a lawyer and Cleveland Chamber of Commerce president — came to embrace the cause of a professionalized consular service on business grounds. Improved diplomatic capacity, his thinking went, could open foreign markets and serve the interests of large American exporters. Wary of the effort being seen as an outgrowth of the Washington bureaucracy, Garfield, a founder of the National Committee on Consular Reorganization, quietly cooperated with progressive civil-service activists, publicly presenting consular reform as a business initiative rather than a bureaucratic one.

In 1900, Garfield lobbied Sen. Henry Cabot Lodge and Rep. Theodore Burton to introduce a consular reorganization bill ghostwritten by Hunt. The Lodge-Burton bill proposed merit-based hiring and promotion (including knowledge of foreign languages and trade promotion), an examination board and standardized ranks, and most controversially, consular tenure after a one-year probation period. The measure initially floundered in Congress, as it would have removed one of the body’s last venues for patronage. In response, Garfield’s coalition pushed for a pared-down version that omitted tenure and merit.

As reform stagnated, Garfield joined the Princeton politics faculty at the invitation of his friend and fellow reformist, Woodrow Wilson 1879. Garfield saw Princeton as a political springboard and wrote how much could be accomplished “through one of our great universities, now awakening to ... a citizenship no longer supine, but trained, vitalized, earnest.”

While on the faculty in 1905–06, Garfield successfully advised the new secretary of state, Elihu Root, to aggressively push the Roosevelt administration to unilaterally reform the consular service by executive order while seeking incremental change in Congress. Within Root’s first year in office, four resulting laws and orders introduced merit hiring and promotion, salaries, consular ranks, travel expenses, and oral and written exams — a system still in use today.
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