GETTING HISTORY RIGHT

Princeton historian Jacob Dlamini strives to tell a nuanced history of his birthplace, South Africa — both the good and the bad.
Funny Tales
Humor writer Melissa Balmain ’87 never liked fairy tales much — until she penned her own.

Beyond Language
Classics was already changing long before Princeton dropped its Greek and Latin requirements for majors, writes George Angell ’76.

Rewriting History
On the latest PAWcast, writer Robert Masello ’74 discusses historical fiction with a “supernatural twist,” and what he’s learned about the publishing world.

Remembering 9/11
Gregg Lange ’70 looks back to the Princeton of 20 years ago.
The President’s Blog

Last October, I launched a blog designed to provide an informal, easy way to communicate with the Princeton community. Posts are usually brief, topical, and unbound by any publication schedule. The blog permits me to share messages that are less intrusive than a community-wide e-mail and more timely than these PAW pages, which typically have a three-week gap between submission and publication. I’ve now published more than a dozen of these short comments. You can find the blog at https://president.princeton.edu/presidents-blog. I encourage alumni to check the blog occasionally for updates.

To provide a taste of what you might find there, I reprint my most recent posting, which features an essay by rising Princeton senior Cassidy Barnes ’22. —C.L.E.

One of my highest priorities is to increase the number of low-income and middle-income students getting college degrees, both at Princeton and nationally. A college education is a rocket-booster for these tremendous young people, who for too long have been underrepresented at Old Nassau and many of our peers. We need their talent on our campus and in our country!

For that reason, Princeton strongly supports the proposed doubling of the maximum Federal Pell Grant. That program, originally created through the leadership of Senator Claiborne Pell, Class of 1940, provides crucial assistance to students from low-income families.

You can quote statistics all day long, but some of the most persuasive testimony for the importance of financial aid comes from the students whose lives it transforms. I’m accordingly delighted to publish below a posting from rising senior Cassidy Barnes, Class of 2022, a concentrator in the School of Public and International Affairs who interned this summer in Princeton’s Office of Government Affairs. I’ll bet that Senator Pell would be proud of the way that she carries forward both the spirit of his defining legislative accomplishment and his alma mater’s commitment to be “in the nation’s service.”

#DoublePell: Financial Aid Is Why I Can Attend Princeton. Students at Other Universities Aren’t as Lucky.

Seventy percent of students who drop out of college say it’s because of financial considerations. I know first-hand how financial aid can make or break going to college.

I grew up in the town of Lakewood in Washington state. My family is low income and we faced numerous financial hardships. In my school district 60 percent of students qualify for free or reduced lunch, and the median household income in my city is about $31,972, a number below the national median.

At Princeton, my full tuition, room, and board are covered through the University’s generous no-loan financial aid program, made possible by contributions from alumni with gifts both large and small. I expect to graduate from Princeton next May with a degree in Public and International Affairs and with zero debt.

If you are not low income, it can be hard to really understand what it means to receive aid.

On campus, I’m a member of the Scholars Institute Fellows Program (SIFP) — a group dedicated to helping first generation and/or lower-income college students (FLI). When I asked my fellow lower-income peers what financial aid meant to them, their answers were beyond what you’d expect to hear. My roommate replied, “to me financial aid means not only the ability to go to school, but it means health insurance, it means dental and vision insurance, it means a place to live.” This sentiment was echoed by a friend who faced homelessness after ceasing to receive any financial support from her family, “Financial aid saved my life. It got me food on the table and a roof over my head.” Financial aid is life changing.

Not every school is as well funded as Princeton. For many students, it’s federal financial aid in the form of the Pell Grant that makes their college career possible. About 7 million students rely on Pell, including nearly 60 percent of Black students and nearly half of Latinx students. Sadly, the Pell has not kept up with the rising cost of tuition. With the current cap of $6,495, the Pell only covers a fraction of the costs at most colleges and universities.

When Pell was created in the 1970s, it could cover around 79 percent of the cost of attendance at public four-year colleges, while today that number sits at around 29 percent.

If Congress doubled the Pell Grant maximum amount, making it so that using just the Pell would cover half the cost (and almost all the in-state tuition) of most public four-year universities in the U.S., over 80 percent of those universities would become affordable to those with Pell Grants, as compared with 25 percent now.

It’s for these reasons that I am honored to be a part of a nationwide effort this year by students and universities to increase the maximum Pell Grant amount. It’s time to lessen the burden on students and #DoublePell.
**Inbox**

**PRISON TEACHING**
I went through the criminal-justice system in Toronto when I was a teenager. Luckily I have no criminal record, by grace of laws pertaining to young offenders in Canada. I was supposed to have spent six months in juvenile jail but was fortunate enough to have been sentenced to community service in lieu of prison time. Nevertheless, I did spend a brief period behind bars as part of that process. Most of the people in my prison block were childhood friends and friends of friends. (I grew up at a time when youth gangs were prevalent.) All were definitely street-savvy, if not book-smart. Indeed, many of the people in detention with me seemed just as sharp-minded as people I would go on to meet a decade later as a graduate student at Princeton.

Professor Jeff Dolven noted in the article about the Prison Teaching Initiative (On the Campus, June issue) that “much intelligence and talent and imagination is locked up in prisons.” I would add that for the most part, the talent is also wasted in prison.

Had I been sentenced to closed custody, my life would definitely have not taken a path toward a Princeton Ph.D. Instead, I would have likely turned out with dead-end life prospects and succumbed to recidivism like much of the incarcerated population (as was the case for those who were with me in juvenile detention). What separates a student from Princeton and an inmate in juvenile detention? What separates a student from Princeton and an inmate in juvenile detention? What separates a student from Princeton and an inmate in juvenile detention?

Kai L. Chan ’08
Dubai, United Arab Emirates

You wrote in June, “Princeton’s involvement in prison education began in the astrophysics department more than 15 years ago ... and since 2017, the administrative work has been part of the McGraw Center for Teaching and Learning.”

Forty-five years ago I taught nonviolent, first-time young male offenders at the Yardville Correctional Center. This experience qualified me for both the Student Volunteers Council and my teacher’s certificate. My supervisors were Neal Gershman and Joe Tumolo.

My teachings spanned from readings of Chaucer (including one ribaldly comic selection) to by what qualifications would one select a team of 12 to colonize the moon.

**CLINT VAN DUSEN ’76
Pittsburgh, Pa.**

Thank you for your thoughtful article regarding Princeton’s effort to educate the incarcerated. You will be interested to know that Bert Smith ’76 was the CEO of the Prison Entrepreneurship Program (PEP) in Texas for eight years, 2010-2018. PEP teaches convicted felons how to channel their entrepreneurial skills into legal endeavors. PEP is a full-time program lasting one year and consists of six months of character-development training followed by a six-month business curriculum. Each student develops a business plan, competes for a $10,000 prize, and receives a certificate from Baylor University upon graduation. PEP also supplies seed capital for the graduate entrepreneurs, and to date, 390 businesses have been born in the process.

In addition to PEP’s full-time staff who manage the program inside and out, teams of executive volunteers spend about one day per month interacting and coaching students. My involvement has been as a volunteer during much of the time that Bert served as CEO. Under Bert’s leadership, PEP achieved a three-year student recidivism rate of 8 percent, vs. 25 percent for Texas and 30 percent nationally. And 100 percent of PEP graduates are employed within 90 days of release from prison, with a 23-day average time “from prison to paycheck” and an average starting wage of $12.60 per hour. Please visit pep.org for more information.

**STEVE HEUSNSER ’84
Dallas, Texas**

**BARNETT’S VISIT, 1963**
I read the accurate, interesting interview with UCLA professor Eddie R. Cole (On the Campus, April issue) with great nostalgia. The invitations extended to Mississippi Gov. Ross Barnett and Madame Ngo Dinh Nhu [the de facto first lady of South Vietnam] were the brainchildren of the president of Whig-Clio, Michael Pane ’64. I was the president of the Debate Panel and therefore one of the directors of Whig-Clio who voted in favor of the invitations. Michael believed that Whig-Clio had become moribund — that it had fallen away from its mission to explore and debate political issues. His program of renewal was a great success.

We had only contempt for Ross Barnett and we felt that he underlined the evil of his ways during his appearance. Madame Nhu spoke only days before the coup in Vietnam that ended the lives of her husband and brother-in-law.

President Goheen ’40 ’48’s assistant, a wonderful man named Dan D. Coyle ’38, implored us to withdraw the Barnett invitation, but no pressure or threat of
Inbox

any kind was used. In retrospect, 38 years later, I think the Barnett invitation was a mistake. If my beloved friend Mike Pane was still alive, I believe he would agree. Thomas B. Dorris ’64
Saint John, Ind.

HIRING TIGERS

I was surprised and pleased to see Julia Walton ’21 featured in “Hire the Tiger” (July/August issue). As part of an outreach initiative, the Center for Career Development asked alumni with openings in their organizations to advertise internships. At Chestnut Review, the literary magazine for which I work, I advocated for positions to be created, and we ultimately selected Julia as one of three “Princeterns.” She has been a force in our small organization, and I believe she will be a great hire. I graduated in 2008 and struggled to make my way for years in the job market, so it’s been a pleasure to extend growth opportunities to other Princetonians. I also hope to model unconventional success as a first-gen college student who struggled mightily during my undergrad years and didn’t have a clear picture of what my afterwards would look like, let alone in the broader context of the Great Recession. Maria S. Picone ’08
Leominster, Mass.

CREW CHRONICLE

Julia Campbell ’22’s essay (“A View From the Boat,” June issue) is a gripping, poignant, and informative piece on heavyweight crew, the role of the coxswain, and competitive athletics in general. I will never cross Lake Carnegie with openings in their organizations to advertise internships. At Chestnut Review, the literary magazine for which I work, I advocated for positions to be created, and we ultimately selected Julia as one of three “Princeterns.” She has been a force in our small organization, and I believe she will be a great hire. I graduated in 2008 and struggled to make my way for years in the job market, so it’s been a pleasure to extend growth opportunities to other Princetonians. I also hope to model unconventional success as a first-gen college student who struggled mightily during my undergrad years and didn’t have a clear picture of what my afterwards would look like, let alone in the broader context of the Great Recession. Maria S. Picone ’08
Leominster, Mass.

Julia Campbell ’22’s essay (“A View From the Boat,” June issue) is a gripping, poignant, and informative piece on heavyweight crew, the role of the coxswain, and competitive athletics in general. I will never cross Lake Carnegie

ANOTHER CICADA YEAR

When I sat down to read PAW’s June cover story about this year’s 17-year cicadas, my first impression was, “This is a great writer!” It was no surprise, then, to look up and see Elyse Graham ’07’s name below the title. Two of Ms. Graham’s previous articles in PAW told of mathematician and visionary Oswald Veblen’s leading roles in creating the physical and social community on campus known as Old Fine Hall and finding safe haven and employment in the U.S. for European scholars displaced by the Nazis in the 1930s. Though Veblen, who was featured in President Eisgruber ’83’s 2020 State of the University report, cannot be credited with bringing periodical cicadas to Princeton, he was instrumental in attracting the subject of the previous month’s PAW cover story, Albert Einstein, who became the Institute for Advanced Study’s second faculty member after Veblen.

Counting back by 17, one soon arrives at 1936, the year Veblen bought a farm cottage on the ridge in eastern Princeton. Woodland (read “cicada habitat”) slowly grew up around that cottage, which Veblen used as a study. Often visited by Einstein and other friends, and the place Veblen chose to have his ashes buried, it can be seen as the birthplace of Princeton’s open-space movement. The Veblens donated it, along with 80 acres, in 1937 to form Princeton’s first nature preserve, Herrontown Woods. Many people discovered Herrontown Woods during the pandemic, and it seems fitting that the cicadas also rose to sing in that year of such wonderful beginnings.

Steve Hiltner ’17
Princeton, N.J.

Editor’s note: The writer is president of the Friends of Herrontown Woods. More information about Veblen’s house is available at VeblenHouse.org.

FOR THE RECORD

An item in the July/August issue misstated a detail about new Dean of the Faculty Gene Andrew Jarrett ’97’s teaching career. He was a professor and faculty administrator at Boston University before going to NYU.

PRINCETON ALUMNI WEEKLY

An editorially independent magazine by alumni for alumni since 1900
September 2021 Volume 122, Number 1
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READERS RESPOND ABOUT PAW’S FUTURE

More than 100 alumni have written to PAW board chair Marc Fisher ’80 in response to his letter describing changes Princeton is proposing to the magazine’s funding and governance. Below is a selection of letters from writers who gave permission for publication.

Thanks for the letter about the changes in the works for PAW.

One of your needed steps will be to junk this wording — “a magazine by alumni for alumni” — and to replace it with “a magazine by the University for the University.”

To pretend otherwise would strain the credulity of your readers.

After 66 years in journalism, as a newspaper reporter, editor, publisher, and owner in North Carolina, Miami, San Francisco, and Marin County, California, I’m familiar with who runs things and who doesn’t. For the past 13 years I first helped revive and now advise the San Quentin News (see PAW, March 22, 2017), one of the very few inmate-controlled newspapers in the United States. We’re proud of the fact that, although we circulate in all of California’s 35 prisons, the prison system does not pay for or run the paper. I would hate to see the alumni of Princeton University have less control over their publication than do the inmates of San Quentin State Prison.

Steve McNamara ’55
Mill Valley, Calif.

I write to express my reservations regarding the University’s proposal to fund and oversee PAW’s publication. Even if the University had guaranteed PAW’s editorial independence, I would have concerns about PAW’s ability to provide balanced and independent coverage of the University. Money, after all, brings with it power — and that power can be used to influence or even control the content and tone of a publication.

But the University is not even promising to protect PAW’s journalistic independence. While I appreciate the University’s honesty and directness, I am concerned that University control will change PAW, and not for the better. Other alumni magazines I and my family receive are quite different from PAW in terms of their content, depth, and tone. Those magazines — funded and controlled by the institutions — are vehicles for boosterism rather than a lens on campus life and the evolution of those schools. Stories that are controversial, critical, or skeptical of the official institutional posture are largely absent.

Such magazines get cursory reading in our household. By contrast, PAW gets more careful reading, and not just by the Princeton alum in the family.

Should PAW’s board accept the University’s offer, the magazine will no longer be my primary source of information for what’s really happening on campus and across the broader alumni community. It will be just another multipage advertisement for the school, one that gets skimmed or preemptively recycled rather than being read.

Michael Sklar ’84

I have been reading PAW avidly since it was slipped under my dorm room’s door.

I have always valued PAW’s editorial independence. Unlike many other Princeton publications, it has not been obliged to toe the party line. I recognized and appreciated this right from the start.

This independence seems like it could be severely compromised by the plan sketched in your letter. Under that plan, the University administration could have a much more direct role in guiding PAW.

My own experience as an academic has made me suspicious about this kind of oversight. My own university’s counterpart to PAW is also editorially independent, which I value very much. I hope that PAW is able to find some way to be so as well.

Marc Lange ’85
Chapel Hill, N.C.

I read with disappointment and sadness of the University’s plans to take over the financial and operational roles of PAW. Unfortunately, the news is not surprising.

As the former editor of two medical school alumni magazines and a consultant in alumni affairs to some of Princeton’s peers, I’ve viewed the same battle over editorial independence play out between alumni magazines and administrations.

There is undoubtedly the very real problem of how to financially support a magazine, with the decline of print advertising and lack of other outside financial support. At the same time, alumni magazines are an invaluable tool for engagement, even in our fast-paced digital world, and are valued by alumni.

The most important argument for keeping PAW’s editorial independence is as you’ve stated: to strengthen ties with alumni by providing open discussion and objective assessment of the University and its policies and activities. Anything less than this will lead to its weakening as a credible source of information; breed cynicism; and lead to less, not more, engagement among alumni.

We have gotten used to having a credible, independent, and lively instrument in PAW and many of us likely don’t realize that most institutions don’t have the same. Meanwhile, as you say, PAW is not a flamethrower — though I believe and hope it criticizes the University when necessary. An editorially independent PAW is crucial to the successful functioning of the University and an example of the way to lead according to our principles, as we always have.

Beth Chute ’83
Brooklyn, N.Y.

I am delighted that the University finally accepts that alumni should not pay for their subscription to PAW. It’s long overdue. But I vehemently object to the terms. Specifically: “Princeton has not guaranteed the continued editorial independence of the magazine.”

On the contrary: Princeton should guarantee the continuance of editorial independence of the magazine. What the University is proposing is censorship.

What I have been proposing to Bob Durkee ’69 for 20 years is that we find an alumnus or group of alumni that will endow PAW and make it truly independent (how about $100 million, Jeff Bezos’s ’86?). PAW will continue printing the University’s propaganda as it does now, and the alumni board will continue to include representatives from the University. And PAW will finally be sent to all graduate alumni.

Thomas P. Wolf ’48
Rockville, Md.
FROM THE EDITOR

PAW’s Future: An Update

Welcome back! Princeton students and professors are back on campus, and so are we — and with a new face at our conference table. Matt Cole, former art director at Seattle magazine, now has that role at PAW. Matt spent August visiting campus and getting accustomed to the heat and humidity of New Jersey, but he won’t fully understand Princeton until he attends his first Reunions next spring.

As you know from PAW board chair Marc Fisher ’80’s Letter to Readers in our July/August issue, the last academic year ended with uncertainty about PAW’s future governance, funding, and the University role in editorial content. As of mid-August, as we were preparing to go to press, we continued to await answers to these questions.

More than 100 readers responded to Marc, the vast majority endorsing PAW’s continued editorial independence and a significant role for PAW’s alumni board. You can read some of those letters on page 6 and at paw.princeton.edu. (Because most were directed to Marc, we are posting only those whose authors have given permission for publication.)

Some questions appeared repeatedly in the letters from PAW readers:

The University raises the issue of legal liability. Has PAW been sued? The last lawsuit against PAW that we’re aware of was a defamation suit related to an article that appeared in 1989. In that case, the University, a few Princeton staff members, and The Daily Princetonian were also sued. The claims were dismissed.

On occasion, the PAW editor has a legal question and consults with Princeton’s Office of the General Counsel. We can do this because under the PAW charter, which has governed PAW operations since 2000, the magazine is “eligible to draw as appropriate on the administrative resources of the [Alumni] Council and the University.” In recent years, these questions have centered mainly on issues of copyright and privacy.

The University has expressed concerns about legal accountability related to the fact that PAW staff members are University employees, while most of the board members — who play a leading role in hiring and evaluating the editor — are alumni volunteers.

it has been discussed repeatedly over the last 50 years. The last reorganization of PAW’s governance, in 2000, resulted from a similar effort to reduce the burden on classes.

Can’t the magazine do its own fundraising? PAW has been discouraged by the University from seeking donations and has not done so. Some Ivy magazines have mounted fundraising campaigns, but they do not raise enough to operate without university or class support, and they usually have costs as well.

How are the alumni on PAW’s board appointed? The PAW board includes alumni journalists, alumni who work in the publishing business, and ex officio representatives of the University and the Alumni Council. The PAW board itself has authority for nominating new alumni members, and a vote is conducted by the Alumni Council. As editor, I seek recommendations from current board members and others, recommend potential nominees to the board, and forward those that gain approval for a vote.

What role will alumni have in decisions about PAW governance? As I write this in mid-August, that remains unclear. The charter lays out a process for change, but we don’t know if this process — which includes a vote by the Alumni Council’s executive committee and ratification by the PAW board — will be followed.

You can read the existing charter at bit.ly/paw-charter.

The PAW staff is grateful for the support expressed in so many of your letters to Marc. Many writers said they find our coverage to be intelligent, substantive, and thoughtful. That’s our goal — and if we succeed, it’s because we reflect our readers.

How dire is PAW’s financial situation? With few exceptions, PAW has consistently worked within the approved annual budget. The magazine faces the same challenges confronted by commercial publications in attracting external advertising, while University advertisers have continued to purchase space in PAW. In addition, we usually receive about one-third of our budget through a University subsidy.

But classes have found it difficult to pay their PAW bills, and that problem has grown each year. Most classes raise money through dues, and the percentage of dues-payers varies widely. Many have spent most of their collections for PAW, leaving little or no money for anything else. In recent years, past-due bills from classes have mounted. The great majority of classes have paid their bills, but it has not been easy.

This is not a new problem — in fact,
We would like to thank our loyal donors who contributed a total of $1,000 or more to the Department of Athletics varsity programs, a varsity Athletics Friends Group and/or the Princeton Varsity Club during fiscal year 2021 (July 1, 2020 – June 30, 2021).
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Please note: 2021-2026 affiliations may not all accurately reflect leaves of absence taken during the 2020-21 academic year.
The Work of Art Returns
While we build a new Museum for Princeton, we’re reopening Art@Bainbridge, our contemporary gallery on Nassau Street.
And coming in November: Art on Hulfish, our new photo-forward gallery and program space in Palmer Square.
Visitors gathered outside the Graduate College to listen as Lisa Lonie, the University’s carillonneur, kicked off the annual summer carillon concert series July 4. For an interactive tour of the instrument, which features 67 bells housed in Cleveland Tower, visit bit.ly/carillon-tour.

Photograph by Ricardo Barros
Julia Elman ’23 was “cautiously excited” for the start of the fall semester. Memories of a challenging spring were still fresh: burnout from the rigor of classes, unengaging lectures on Zoom, socially distanced hangouts with friends, and no in-person clubs or activities, all in the midst of the pandemic. Elman was reassured by the promise of a mostly normal fall semester, which the University confirmed was the plan during an Aug. 9 virtual town hall for students. Still, she said, “It seems like everything is tentative.”

“The University is committed to fulfilling its mission of in-person residential teaching and learning and has an array of public-health policies and protocols to support that mission,” said University spokesman Michael Hotchkiss in a statement to PAW. “The University is assessing conditions on campus and in the surrounding community on a constant basis and will adjust as necessary to pursue that mission.”

Most restrictions that were in place for the spring semester have been relaxed, largely because employees and students are required to be vaccinated before returning to campus. As of Aug. 17, 96 percent of graduate students, 92 percent of undergraduate students, and 93 percent of employees were vaccinated, according to Hotchkiss. Regular asymptomatic testing will also remain in place: once a week for vaccinated individuals and twice a week for those granted exemptions from the vaccine requirement.

Since the start of the pandemic, the number of COVID infections at Princeton has remained low, but this is the first semester that the full pre-COVID campus population was expected to return. For students who do fall ill, there are rooms on campus designated for isolation. Campus Dining and University Health Services will coordinate with students in quarantine and isolation to provide meals, and a designated staff member will interact with students to support other needs, according to Hotchkiss. Faculty members who get sick “will work with their departments to deploy their contingency plans for teaching,” he added.

Since July, there have been no capacity limits on campus, and social-distancing requirements have been dropped. All fall classes will meet in person with no virtual options available for students. Sports and campus events also have resumed, and students can return to dining halls and eating clubs as usual.

Early in the summer, masks were required only for unvaccinated individuals and encouraged for others, but Princeton announced a universal indoor-mask mandate Aug. 11 in response to the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention’s recommendation that individuals wear masks indoors in areas of high transmission, regardless of vaccination status. The University will reevaluate the mandate in mid-September.

Unvaccinated international students were permitted to return early to quarantine in their rooms for up to 10 days and arrange to get vaccinated afterward. The University is working with international students on a case-by-case basis as some are experiencing uncertainties with visa issues and travel restrictions, Hotchkiss said. Shirley Ren ’24, from Toronto, said she was nervous about running into complications crossing the U.S.-Canada border with her parents because crossings were limited to essential travel in mid-August. “I’m not personally aware of any support, for example, of someone I can call if I can’t...
cross the border,” Ren said, adding she would have appreciated more guidance and clarity earlier in the summer.

New travel guidelines also went into effect in August, allowing for domestic trips that “are feasible under any locally applicable public-health restrictions,” Aly Kassam-Rentulla, associate provost for international affairs and operations, wrote in a July email to students. International travel restrictions remain in place for most undergraduates, with the exception of approved study-abroad programs.

Most students who spoke with PAW understand the restrictions that remain in place and are eager to put the last year and a half behind them. “I’m really glad they’re making an effort to be as normal as it can be,” said Audrey Yang ’25, in August. Yang was most looking forward to meeting new people and the prospect of a normal introduction to the University for her first year.

What students agree was largely missing from the virtual Princeton experience was true connection. “One of the best things about being on campus was just walking into a lunch room and seeing new faces, old faces, faces of friends,” said Jake Snyder ’23. “I mean, it was just so refreshing. So not having that for the past year and a half, it’ll be nice [to return].”

But that cautious optimism may be at odds with the highly contagious delta variant of the coronavirus, which was the predominant strain across the United States as of mid-August. “I’m feeling a little more anxious about it just because of the rise of cases currently happening in the tri-state area,” Oscar Platt ’24 said about returning to campus. He added, “I feel very safe and confident knowing that there’s going to be a vaccine mandate, and I think masks are just a good precaution to have on top of that.”

Students also hope the University will address the issues surrounding mental health that materialized in the spring. “I think mental health is a bigger worry than fully vaccinated individuals getting seriously ill from COVID,” said Kesavan Srivilliputhur ’23. “And I think Princeton needs to carefully weigh that out before they [consider] imposing harsh restrictions.” ● By C.S.

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COMMENCEMENT REVISITED
Class of 2020 Grads Will Celebrate on Campus Before Reunions 2022

Better late than never: On May 18, 2022, Princeton will hold an on-campus Commencement ceremony for the Class of 2020. Undergraduate and graduate alumni, along with their families and friends, will have a chance to celebrate just before Reunions 2022, which is planned to be held on campus May 19–22.

“We were all profoundly disappointed that we were unable to organize an event sooner given the public-health restrictions put in place across New Jersey and the impact of the pandemic on our campus and our staff,” University spokesman Ben Chang said in a statement. “With increasing rates of vaccinations and the lifting of social-distancing requirements, the University feels confident [it] will be able to welcome back the undergraduate Class of 2020, grad alumni, and families for the Commencement celebration next spring.”

Class members were surveyed about whether they would attend a belated Commencement and how many guests they would like to bring, Chang told The Daily Princetonian in June. Responses were collected throughout July and were still being compiled by University Advancement in mid-August, according to spokesman Michael Hotchkiss.

Juston Forte ’20, alumni class president, said he and the other class officers had advocated for an in-person ceremony since graduating. Forte said he felt the class had been forgotten when a ceremony expected for 2021 didn’t take place. News of the 2022 ceremony gave the class hope and excitement, Forte added.

“We were sent home from campus with very little warning in March 2020, and for most of us, we didn’t get to see a lot of people that we wanted to say goodbye to or really have … final memories,” Forte said. “So there’s a lot of sentiment from the class to get that experience and to be able to finally see everyone.”

For some, the moment has passed and cannot be rekindled. Alden Hunt ’20, who lives in Texas, said he does not plan to attend the ceremony because it would be inconvenient to travel. Commencement marks the end of college and the start of the next chapter of your life, Hunt said, and with the class two years removed from Princeton, “it’s kind of weird to try to do it again.”

But for others, the ceremony will finally offer closure. Commencement “is not just for members of 2020, it’s also for their families,” Forte said. “I think that a lot of family members are really invested in seeing that experience.” ● By C.S.
Inspired by singer-songwriter Sufjan Stevens’ goal to record an album about every U.S. state, Amanda Kural ’23 spent her summer starting an ambitious project: writing 48 folk tales, one for each of the contiguous United States.

For research, Kural hit the road. She initially planned on driving an RV but instead took trains and buses. At one stop, Devil’s Lake, North Dakota, townspeople told her she was the first tourist in a year. By August, she’d visited 21 states and written 20 short stories. Her characters include a fake fortune teller who begins to communicate with the supernatural in a retirement home in Florida and a 100-year-old man in Texas who was released from prison after serving 78 years for a murder he possibly didn’t commit. “I met so many new people,” she said. “I was able to have this amazing experience of the diversity that exists in America.” Because she can “draw from a larger pool of people,” Kural said, her writing now includes a broader range of protagonists.

Kural’s travels were funded by the Alex Adam ’07 Award, created in memory of a talented creative writing and theater student who died of cancer in his senior year. The award, given annually to three students, provides $7,500 to create a new artistic work. It’s part of a larger program of grants from the Lewis Center for the Arts that totaled $129,000 this summer.

Silma Berrada ’22, who also received the Adam Award, rented an art studio in Miami to create a mixed-media project celebrating Black love. So far, she has created approximately 20 paintings, 15 poems, a full-length play, and an assortment of Polaroid photographs, “It’s an exploration [of] the ways in which I or people who look like me can see themselves as lovable,” said Berrada.

Berrada said she felt liberated by the opportunity to create freely and be more experimental in her art. “This project has given me a lot of confidence, not even as just an artist, but as a person,” she said. “It’s been reaffirming to know that there’s people out there that see the potential [in my work] and want to invest in it.”

Jacqueline Pothier ’22 was awarded funding from the Mallach Senior Thesis Fund and the Berl Senior Thesis Award for her screenwriting thesis in the creative writing certificate program. She is writing two episodes of a murder mystery, “an eight-episode limited series, hour-long drama that is a meeting point between Broadchurch and The Haunting of Hill House.”

Pothier’s series is set in Ireland during the 1980s and invokes local history as well as the supernatural. Her opening scene features the bean-nighe, a variant on the Irish banshee and a death omen, said to wash the clothes of those who are about to die. “I want to represent this place and this time as best as humanly possible, and I think that sometimes the best way to do that is through these otherworldly interventions and magical versions,” Pothier said.

Pothier had intended to travel to Ireland in the fall for research, but due to COVID restrictions, she now plans to visit Irish historical collections in Boston and New York. She split her time between researching historical context for her series and the cinematic elements of visual horror. “I’ve been watching a lot of horror because when you read a supernatural story, you skim the page,” said Pothier. “But if you are sitting there [watching], there’s going to be a jump scare. It is impossible to move your eyes from something viscerally awful right in front of you.”
A New Neighborhood

As residential colleges move ahead, University drops Perelman name

Construction is on schedule for the two residential colleges set to open in the fall of 2022, with crews working on everything from exterior stonework to interior drywall, according to University Architect Ron McCoy ’80. But the college on the western side of the site will no longer be named Perelman College.

“The University has terminated the gift agreement with the Perelman Family Foundation, Inc. to name a residential college because the Foundation has not made payments due under that agreement,” University spokesman Michael Hotchkiss said in a statement to PAW. “However, we remain grateful for the Perelman family’s long-standing support of the University, including its support of the Ronald O. Perelman Institute for Judaic Studies.” The University removed the college name in June, Hotchkiss said.

The Perelman Family Foundation declined to comment, and the University would not provide additional information. The lead gift for the residential college was announced in December 2018 by Debra G. Perelman ’96, CEO of Revlon, and her father, Ronald O. Perelman, chairman and CEO of MacAndrews & Forbes Inc. It was meant to play a significant role in the expansion of Princeton’s undergraduate student body. Bloomberg News and Forbes reported that the gift was $65 million. The second residential college has not been named.

The residential-college change is not the first time that Princeton has sought to rename a building that honored a donor. In October 2019, the University announced plans to rename Marx Hall, named for Louis Marx ’33 and dedicated in 1993, “because the donor’s circumstances have changed, making him unable to fulfill his fundraising pledge.” A new name has not yet been announced.

Construction of the two residential colleges south of Poe Field, temporarily known as College 7 and College 8, began early last year and is scheduled to finish next summer, in time to welcome members of Princeton’s Class of 2026. The colleges were designed by Deborah Berke Partners, a New York-based architecture firm; each includes four residential halls and can house up to 500 students.

McCoy described the new colleges as “a wonderful, intimate village” — “part of the family” of Princeton residential buildings, yet distinctly different in design and setting. The residence halls are organized around familiar courtyards and passageways, with a shared courtyard that connects the two colleges. Buildings are designed to be more transparent and welcoming than the opaque collegiate-gothic dormitories to the north, with large ground-floor windows in community areas that include dining halls, seminar rooms, a performance space, and a ceramics studio. ♦ By B.T.
News / On the Campus

Helping Hands
With changes and grants, most local businesses weathered COVID

In March, the Office of the Dean of Undergraduate Students launched “Tigers in Town,” a program in which campus groups purchased credits for snacks that students could redeem at a local restaurant or shop. “I think the pandemic highlighted for the campus community how having a vibrant downtown near campus is a resource to us all,” said Kristin Appelget, the University’s director of community and regional affairs.

Some familiar storefronts emptied during the pandemic. Landau, which had sold woolen goods in Princeton for 65 years, closed last fall, partly in response to the pandemic but also because its owners were retiring. Nearby locations of the Panera Bread and Qdoba chains also closed, along with Princeton Pi, which has been replaced by another pizzeria called Proof.

But with the help of changes such as curbside pickup and greatly expanded outdoor seating for restaurants, most local businesses have remained up and running. This year, a new crop of local spots emerged, including Planted Plate, a vegan restaurant on Spring Street; and two new bakeries on Witherspoon Street, Bread Boutique and Delizioso. Palmer Square has announced three new arrivals: Warby Parker (which opened in July), Arhaus, and Lala Lobster.

“While we have seen an increase in activity in recent months, we are hopeful we will not revert in the fall and will continue building momentum, culminating with a much needed strong and prosperous holiday season,” said Lori Rabon, vice president of Palmer Square and the Nassau Inn, in an email to PAW.

Some windows of spaces that are still waiting for new tenants have received a fresh look in the form of large reproductions of artwork from the Princeton University Art Museum’s collections. The project, “Art for the Streets,” was spearheaded by museum director James Steward, a member of the Princeton Merchants Association board.

Steward said in a news release that the project aims to “enliven our town’s streetscapes and do our part to support local businesses, residents, and visitors at such a difficult time.”

By B.T. and Mara Harwin ’22

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Lunchtime diners filled the picnic tables in a shaded corner of Palmer Square on a warm afternoon in early August. Across the street at the Bent Spoon, servers took ice cream orders while customers grabbed numbers from a deli-style dispenser. The digital sign mounted on the window ticked steadily upward — “Now Serving: 67.”

Business looked healthy, but signs of the pandemic remained. Wood-framed sheets of plexiglass separated the masked staff from patrons, and a parking space bordered by concrete barriers and raised garden beds provided extra outdoor gathering space. Bent Spoon co-owner Gabrielle Carbone said COVID has presented plenty of challenges, and she’s been encouraged by “how people just all tried to rally around each other.”

The absence of students for more than a semester, combined with the loss of Princeton events like Reunions, contributed to the pandemic’s toll on local retailers. The Princeton University Store, which operates as a co-op, was particularly hard hit, experiencing an 80-percent drop in sales during the first three months of the pandemic. Recent receipts are still lagging about 20 percent behind pre-COVID levels, according to U-Store president Jim Sykes. “At this point, things are definitely improving,” Sykes said. “We’re fairly optimistic that we’ll get much closer” to normal.

Local businesses and restaurants received critical assistance from the federal Paycheck Protection Program (PPP) and the Restaurant Revitalization Fund for large expenses such as payroll, rent, and construction of outdoor seating. The University also played a role in aiding the business community, contributing $350,000 to the Princeton Small Business Resiliency Fund, a partnership with local officials and the Princeton Mercer Chamber of Commerce Foundation. As of May, the fund had given $5,000 grants to more than 90 local businesses.
A NEW LIFE AWAITS YOU

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Located on the Penn Medicine - Princeton Health campus
The 2020–21 ANNUAL GIVING CAMPAIGN raised more than $68.6 million, the third-highest total in the University’s history. The 25th-reunion Class of 1996 led the way, raising $9.7 million, followed by the 50th-reunion Class of 1971, which donated $4 million. The Class of 1956 broke the record for a 65th-reunion class, raising nearly $2.2 million. For the fourth consecutive year, the Class of 1992 raised the highest total among non-major-reunion classes ($1.1 million), while the Class of 1963 again led participation, with 75.2 percent of class members contributing. Graduate alumni set a record, contributing $2.4 million to the campaign.

With 49.6 percent of undergraduate alumni making donations, the participation rate rebounded after dipping to 47.8 percent in 2019–20, a year in which Annual Giving suspended solicitations for nearly three months due to the coronavirus pandemic. Participation still lagged behind the 55.4-percent rate reported in 2018–19.

In July, New Jersey Gov. Phil Murphy signed LAURA WOOTEN’S LAW, requiring the state’s middle schools to teach civics and provide “the knowledge and skills for active citizenship.” Wooten, a former member of Princeton’s dining services staff who died in 2019 at age 98, was the longest-serving poll worker in the United States.

The University has partnered with the New Jersey Educational Facilities Authority (NJEFA) to expand its investments with DIVERSE ASSET MANAGERS. In April, Princeton issued about $430 million in bonds through NJEFA, the largest transaction in the facilities authority’s history. Ramirez Asset Management of New York was selected to manage “a substantial share of the bond proceeds,” with PFM Asset Management investing the balance, according to a University news release.

The Princeton Plasma Physics Laboratory (PPPL) joined with the 16 other U.S. national laboratories and more than a dozen scientific publishers to announce their support for accommodating NAME-CHANGE REQUESTS FROM RESEARCHERS on past papers. The agreement was made to remove some of the administrative barriers that transgender researchers face. “This partnership will guarantee that our scientists own their research identity throughout their careers, as is surely their right,” PPPL Director Steve Cowley ’85 said in a news release.

Chemical and biological engineering professor LYNN LOO ’01 stepped down as director of the Andlinger Center for Energy and the Environment to become the first CEO of the Global Centre for Maritime Decarbonisation, based in Singapore. Loo is taking a two-year leave from Princeton, according to an Andlinger Center news release. Electrical and computer engineering professor Claire Gmachl will serve as the center’s interim director.

Green Thumbs
A popular pandemic hobby has taken root at Princeton's graduate school, where Student Life Coordinator Ellen Kellich and Assistant Director of Residential Life Kevin Fleming have been hosting monthly gardening workshops on houseplants, succulents, terrariums, herbs, and more.

“Plants are a great stress reliever for the students and a really awesome way for them to have a positive impact on their well-being and feel a connection to nature,” Kellich told PAW.

“It’s also a way for them to put some style into their living space.”

Master gardener Ellen Kellich, left, shares her expertise with graduate students.
IN MEMORIAM

JOHN ROGERSON JR. *54, a leader in the University’s early space projects, died July 8 at age 99. After graduating from Princeton’s astrophysical sciences Ph.D. program and completing a postdoctoral fellowship at the Mount Wilson and Palomar observatories, Rogerson joined the faculty in 1956. He worked on the Stratoscope — a balloon-borne experiment that served as a precursor to orbiting telescopes — and the Copernicus satellite (Orbiting Astronomical Observatory III), a NASA collaboration with the U.K.’s Science Research Council.

ROYCE FLIPPIN JR. ’56, Princeton’s director of athletics from 1972 to 1979, died July 31 at age 87. A fleet-footed tailback and football captain as an undergraduate, Flippin returned to the University after a career in business and investing. He led the athletics department during a period of notable successes, including an NIT championship for men’s basketball, and oversaw the early years of women’s athletics at Princeton. Flippin also expanded recreational sports, converting parts of Dillon Gym into a fitness center.

YING-SHIH YU, a prominent historian of China who taught in Princeton’s East Asian studies department for 14 years, died Aug. 1 at age 91. In a New York Times obituary, professor emeritus Willard Peterson hailed Yu's versatility, noting that when he was hired, “our cohort of China specialists together realized that Professor Yu had at least one major publication in each of our special fields.” Yu also supported scholars and intellectuals exiled from China following the 1989 Tiananmen Square protests. His pro-democracy views later sparked reprisals from the Chinese government.

paw.princeton.edu
On the Campus / Sports

FALL SPORTS

Back on the Field

Excitement, challenges mark Princeton’s return to athletic competition

So thrilled were the Princeton women’s soccer players to be back on the field this fall, coach Sean Driscoll was afraid they’d burn themselves out at their first game — against Loyola — at the end of August.

“There’s an energy and enthusiasm that will probably push these kids to greater strains on their bodies,” Driscoll said in early August. “So managing their minutes, managing fatigue, managing the mental piece of it and the physical piece is essential.”

No Princeton fall teams have competed since November 2019 due to the COVID-19 pandemic, but now, they’re back. Field hockey was scheduled to be among the first to play in early September, in a daunting game against North Carolina, which was fresh from winning the national championship in May. Princeton field hockey does not have a senior on its roster, and like all fall Princeton teams, its freshman and sophomore classes have yet to play in college.

“A big issue that we’re going to have here is onboarding all those people and getting everyone caught up to speed,” said field hockey coach Carla Tagliente. “Having about half of our team having zero college-game experience is going to be interesting.”

Men’s soccer was set to play Rutgers that same night. The team held spring workouts with only a dozen of the 32 players rostered this year, and head coach Jim Barlow ’91 feels a bit like he’s starting from scratch.

“We’re trying to learn an awful lot in a very short period of time,” he said. “Hopefully it’ll feel like a normal preseason once we’re back.”

The football team won’t kick off games until Sept. 18 at Lehigh. Head coach Bob Surace ‘90 feels better prepared for the fall after loosened NCAA rules allowed a more productive spring for the 53 players available to work out. More joined them over the summer, including some older students who took a year off during the pandemic to preserve a year of eligibility at Princeton.

“I think we are at least in a normal getting-ready-to-start path,” Surace said. “We’re doing it with an extra group of guys that are leaders and were here for three seasons.”

Returning gap-year players are making all of Princeton’s fall teams larger, complicating the task of building cohesiveness. Another hurdle is that Ivy preseasons already are shorter than their nonconference opponents’, and now under a new academic calendar, Princeton classes began Sept. 1, 10 days earlier than in 2019.

Coaches say the early returns from this year’s virtual recruiting are promising. They feel even better connected to their recruits after spending so much time communicating with them, not just watching games. Driscoll said it helped that over Zoom, he was able to have face-to-face conversations with students and parents. “It has revolutionized recruiting,” he said.

This fall presents a chance to see how these new recruits fit into their respective teams. “It’s going to be an interesting season, no matter what happens,” Driscoll said. “But I’m really happy these kids — fingers crossed — will get a chance to go play again, because they deserve it.”

By Justin Feil
Mind Over Music

Elizabeth Margulis researches the big questions about music and cognition

As a conservatory piano student, Elizabeth Margulis studied how the slight elongation of a note could transform its emotional power. But what she wanted to know was why.

Now, as a Princeton professor, Margulis is investigating why music affects us, with research that bridges art and science. While her Music Cognition Lab is housed in the Woolworth Music Building, its researchers work with neuroimaging and behavioral experimentation as well as music theory and musicology.

Music could also tell us something about humanity. It exists in every culture and is deeply entwined with aspects of thinking that include language, social relations, and movement. Imaging shows that we use many parts of the brain together when we make or listen to music.

Yet centuries of scholarship have not definitively answered the most basic question: What is music? Why do we call a sound we make music rather than speech or poetry? Speak a single word over and over, and its meaning falls away and musicality emerges. Likewise, rapidly replay a short snippet of recorded poetry, and it seems to transform into singing.

Margulis believes phenomena such as these hold clues to how our brains produce and decode communication and what it means to understand another person.

“What are we doing when we do music, and why are we doing that? What are we getting out of it?” she asks.

In her best-known research, Margulis showed that repetition is central to how we understand music. In one experiment, she used a modern instrumental composition that in its original form was relatively free of repetition. She created an alternate version by having a computer loop random sections of the piece. Listeners hearing both versions believed the machine-generated, repetitive recording was the human composition.

Such research has sometimes sought to reverse-engineer musical artistry, but that is not Margulis’ goal. Instead, she studies the power that great performances have to transport us, searching for the source of those emotions as a scientist and artist.

When she began her career, with a Ph.D. from Columbia, Margulis felt as if she were “shouting from the sidelines.” But since then, the interdisciplinary approach to the psychology of music has grown.

“It finally feels like there’s that web of resources and brainpower to actually make some headway,” says Margulis, who came to Princeton in 2019 after 16 years as a professor at the University of Arkansas. “It’s a really exciting time.”

Margulis’ research has found that even nonmusicians have sophisticated listening skills that require complex cognition. Tapping your foot to a catchy song is easy, but replicating that ability to recognize a beat proved difficult in a computer. We can hear a complex rhythm effortlessly even if we don’t know how to write a set of rules to identify it in a waveform.

Speak a single word over and over, and its meaning falls away and musicality emerges. Likewise, rapidly replay a short snippet of recorded poetry, and it seems to transform into singing.
“What are we doing when we do music, and why are we doing that? What are we getting out of it?”
— Music professor Elizabeth Margulis

Our minds transform what we hear in unconscious ways. Margulis played a musical recording for subjects in a brain-imaging machine, telling some the performer was a world-famous pianist and others that they were hearing a conservatory student. The reward circuitry in listeners’ brains — the indicator of pleasure — lit brighter if they believed the player was a professional.

She has also uncovered a related finding about how expectations change what we hear: Concert-goers enjoyed classical music more if they had not read the program notes first.

Margulis still isn’t sure why that happens, but she has some ideas. It’s part of the mystery that first pulled her into psychology, of why music works in our brains — the mystery that inspired her to translate ideas between two seemingly distant disciplines.

She attributes much of her success to working with colleagues on either side of that divide.

Men on Horseback: The Power of Charisma in the Age of Revolution (Farrar, Straus and Giroux), by history professor David A. Bell explores the qualities that define political leadership in a revolutionary age that shunned monarchs endowed by divine right. He argues that the history of democracy is inextricable from the history of charisma.

Magical Habits (Duke University Press) by English and American studies professor Monica Huerta ’06 unravels the relationship between self, place, race, and storytelling by drawing on her life experiences working in her family’s Mexican restaurants and as a scholar of literature and culture. Huerta offers new perspectives on both our singular and collective histories.

The Age of Hiroshima (Princeton University Press), edited by Michael D. Gordin, professor of history, and G. John Ikenberry, professor of politics and international affairs, traces the complex legacies of the nuclear bombing of Hiroshima, revealing how the tragedy gave rise to new conceptions of our world and how we continue to live in its shadow today.

“What is a mind? What is music? How might we study any of those things?” she says. “It makes for a really interesting field to be in right now because there are so many big questions.”

By Charles Wohlforth ’86

FACULTY BOOKS

For more information on this novel and its author go to: bevislongstreth.com
Available wherever books are sold.
Whenever you browse the internet, you can be certain that tech companies are quietly collecting, analyzing, and re-selling information about your activities. But what if you could take some control over how your data is used by donating it to research initiatives dedicated to “a safer, more transparent, and more equitable internet”?

That’s the premise behind Rally, a browser-based research platform developed by Mozilla in partnership with Princeton’s Center for Information Technology Policy. Rally is available only on Firefox, Mozilla’s privacy-centric browser, but Mozilla plans to make it available on other browsers soon.

After installing the Rally browser extension, users can choose to enroll in one or more active studies. Rally is committed to data minimization, meaning that it only collects the data that a given study needs. Users’ data is not shared with anyone besides the researchers conducting the study and their collaborators at Mozilla. All data is stored securely and is deleted when the study ends.

The Princeton team behind Rally is headed by Jonathan Mayer ’09, an assistant professor with joint appointments in computer science and the School of Public and International Affairs. Previously, Mayer served as technology counsel to then-Sen. Kamala Harris and as chief technologist of the Federal Communications Commission Enforcement Bureau. In these roles, Mayer observed that members of Congress attempting to develop tech policy were hampered by a lack of available data, since most tech companies are unable or unwilling to share their data with researchers and policymakers. Rally allows researchers to bypass tech companies entirely by gathering data on their own.

Mayer notes that other methods for studying internet use, like lab-based studies or surveys with self-reported data, aren’t very good at replicating users’ real-life browsing habits. By tracking browsing habits in real time, across multiple platforms, Rally aims to provide researchers with a richer, more accurate record of how people actually use the internet. Currently, Mayer and his team are using Rally to conduct a study about how users consume and respond to news about politics and COVID-19.

Although Rally is available only on desktop browsers for now, Mayer says the ability to capture mobile browsing data will be an important part of Rally’s future. Another issue is sampling bias. Since participants must choose not only to use Firefox, but also to install Rally and to enroll in a particular study, study results will not reflect a representative sample of the U.S. population. Mayer believes that researchers can compensate for this bias by encouraging Rally users to complete an optional demographic survey, and by using techniques like reweighting and subsampling.

Ben Kaiser, a graduate student in computer science who specializes in online disinformation, is excited about Rally’s potential to help researchers understand how users respond to online interventions like content warnings. For example, if users see a warning about disinformation on a tweet or Facebook post linking to an untrustworthy website, how does that affect their likelihood of visiting the website and of resharing it with their network?

As part of Rally’s June launch, Mayer’s team also debuted WebScience, an open-source toolkit that makes it easier for researchers to design and run browser-based studies. Anne Kohlbrenner, a graduate student in computer science, hopes that WebScience will be an accessible option for as many researchers as possible, including those who don’t have a technical background. “I think [Rally] has a lot of potential to democratize the research process,” she says.

For example, if users see a warning about disinformation on a tweet or Facebook post linking to an untrustworthy website, how does that affect their likelihood of visiting the website and of resharing it with their network?

For more information, check out rally.mozilla.org
Social connection is an essential element of human life, and the pandemic disrupted those bonds in profound ways, says anthropology professor Agustín Fuentes, who joined the Princeton faculty in 2020. He studies the intersection of biology with the social and cultural lives of humans. In his 2012 book, *Race, Monogamy, and Other Lies They Told You: Busting Myths About Human Nature* (an updated version will be issued next year), he uses scientific evidence to refute misconceptions about humanity. Academics, he says, “have a moral and ethical responsibility to make our research accessible for people outside the academy.” Fuentes spoke to PAW about insights from his research, including the physical toll of the pandemic and the myths about human aggression that linger in our collective imaginations.

**What has been the biggest effect of the pandemic from a social and cultural standpoint?**

It’s important not to disentangle the biological from the cultural from the social from the psychological. The sense of isolation, of being cut off from others, not being able to hug and touch and hang out — those are critical things. We know from studies that being together, holding hands, even fighting — but doing so in person — forms a central basis of what it means to be human. Being denied those opportunities puts an incredible stress not just on our bodies function and how we feel. When we feel down, it’s not only because we’re bummed out psychologically; it can be because our body is responding to the situation. That stress is serious, and it’s going to have long-term repercussions.

**So being apart takes not just a mental toll, but also a physical one?**

Yes. Our physiological processes, ranging from sleep cycles to digestion, are thrown off. That changes how our bodies function and how we feel. When we feel down, it’s not only because we’re bummed out psychologically; it can be because our body is responding to the situation. That stress is serious, and it’s going to have long-term repercussions.

**What about substitutes for in-person contact such as Zoom? Do they help us replace the personal contact we used to have?**

Zoom is really hard on us because we’re 4D organisms, and Zoom constrains us to two dimensions and messes with our sense of time and place. We miss more than half the information we are normally taking in during a conversation. When I lecture on Zoom, I can’t read the room. Zoom can be greatly beneficial — it can bring people together from around the planet — but it’s just not a replacement for being in person.

**One myth you address is that humans are naturally aggressive.**

Human nature is not aggressive, period. The data are robust. Humans can be violent — it is one way we navigate the world, but it’s not the dominant one. They have always shared food and knowledge, taught one another to engage with challenges. Humans have a deep capacity for cooperation, but they need the societal, economic, and infrastructural context where it is allowed to flourish.

**So collaboration is actually more intrinsic to human nature?**

Yes. When you go to a movie theater, what do you do? You get in line. Do people tell you to get in line? No. Maybe a few people cut the line, but that’s not the average. When someone is hurt, people run to help. If you look throughout human history, the examples of collaboration outweigh the examples of conflict. It is not that aggression and conflict aren’t important, but when you are part of a society or a social group, empathy and compassion need to lead. If they don’t, the group doesn’t work and won’t last.

**In your most recent book, *Why We Believe: Evolution and the Human Way of Being*, you argue that our ability to commit passionately to an idea is central to humanity.**

Our daily lives are structured around beliefs, and many only work if everyone believes in them. Think of a $20 bill. By itself it has no inherent value. It is part of an economic system that we created and believe in. The really amazing thing about humans is that we see what is and imagine wholly new possibilities. And then we try to make them possible. That is belief. ★ Interview conducted and condensed by Jennifer Altmann

**Humans have a deep capacity for cooperation, but they need the societal, economic, and infrastructural context where it is allowed to flourish.**

— Anthropology professor Agustín Fuentes
As a college student at the Federal University of Rio de Janeiro, Assistant Professor of History Isadora Moura Mota served as a research assistant for scholar Flávio dos Santos Gomes, who studies the history of slavery in Brazil. While delving into old records at the National Archives, Mota learned for the first time about the many rebellions that enslaved Brazilians mounted in the 19th century. “I was fascinated by these stories that had been silenced for such a long time,” she says.

Mota went on to devote her own career to the study of slavery in Brazil, which was the longest-lasting slave society in the Western world, spanning from the 16th century until 1888. About 5 million people in Brazil were enslaved during that time period. “Brazil was a full-blown slave society, but its other legacy is that it was a cradle of abolitionist ideas, especially coming from the enslaved,” Mota says. "By Jennifer Altmann

FIGHTING FOR FREEDOM
Mota discovered a court transcript of an 1864 trial connected to rebellions by enslaved Africans. “What survives from their activism are the legal cases against them,” she points out. The authorities devoted much effort to cracking down on the rebellions, investigating sources of funding, weapons purchases, and how ideas about freedom developed, says Mota, who studied accounts in newspapers and diplomatic correspondence in Brazil’s National Library as well as its National Archives. None of the hundreds of slave rebellions brought about emancipation, and those who were caught were punished by flogging.

ABOLITION INSPIRATION
Several slave rebellions were inspired by news of the Civil War in America. Both Union and Confederate merchant ships traded with Brazil on their way to the Pacific, and when their sailors came ashore, enslaved people in Brazil learned about the abolitionist movement propelling the Civil War. Confederate and Union ships even engaged in battles along the Brazilian coast. “Afro-Brazilians saw their fate as being linked to that of other African descendants around the world,” Mota says. “If freedom was coming to Africans in the United States, it made sense that it was coming for them, too. When a Confederate cruiser and a Union ship clashed, the enslaved imagined the Union ship was coming to lend troops to their struggle for emancipation.”

READING ALOUD
A small number of Brazil’s enslaved people were literate, and they would read the newspaper aloud to others gathered in the slave quarters. Some wore necklaces with attached amulets that contained writing on slips of paper. They believed the pendants would protect them while fighting in rebellions, Mota says. Many were Muslim and wore amulets with Arabic writing inside. Occasionally, an enslaved Brazilian who was not literate would find someone who could write and dictate a letter for them, some of which have survived. “Some argue that it is impossible to write an intellectual history of the enslaved because they couldn’t leave us written records,” Mota says. “But there were many different practices of literacy that give meaning to the struggle for freedom.”

"So much of the history of slavery in Brazil is not well known, and it should be because many important visions of Black freedom blossomed in the country,” says Isadora Moura Mota. "By J.A.

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

Behind the Research: Isadora Moura Mota

Unearthing the Fight for Freedom in Brazil

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M I C H A E L  L E W I S  ’ 8 2  L I V E S  T O  T E L L  S T O R I E S
so consider this one, about his latest book, The Premonition: A Pandemic Story:

It was January or February of this year, and Lewis was on a four-hour car ride across Southern California with Charity Dean, the public-health officer who is a central figure in the book. Lewis was reporting in his usual fashion, conducting one of his countless hours of interviews. On days when he wasn’t with Dean in Santa Barbara, he might be across the bay from his Berkeley home, talking to Joe DeRisi, a microbiologist at the University of California, San Francisco, who also figures prominently in the book. While most Americans were hunkered down, Lewis was still in the field — masked, of course. Zoom calls were reserved for sources who were too far away to justify the time and expense of travel.

“The book wasn’t reported differently than I would have done in ordinary times,” Lewis insists, but defying the lockdown was an interesting approach for someone writing about the origins of a pandemic.
THE STORYTELLER'S STORY
Author Michael Lewis ’82
finds characters no one else can

BY MARK F. BERNSTEIN ’83
Michael Lewis has an uncanny sense of story,” says New Yorker editor David Remnick ’81. “He becomes curious about a world — and it can be high finance or baseball or anything at all — and he knows precisely how to go about locating a story within that world and then casting that story. In that way, he is like a great movie maker, but he is working with the stubborn material of facts.”

“I had this false sense of security,” Lewis admits, “I think because I was spending all this time with doctors who are experts on the subject. Now that is a very bad idea to be running around with, but I had this idea that Charity Dean is not going to infect me, she’s a local health officer! Joe DeRisi’s not going to infect me! So I was spending a lot of normal social time with people on the false premise that doctors couldn’t make you sick.” Lewis punctuates this disclosure with a loud laugh that resonates through a Zoom screen. (PAW, unlike Lewis, was still working remotely in the spring.)

Lewis would turn the book — his 16th — around quickly: He submitted the final manuscript to his publisher, W.W. Norton & Co., March 15, and The Premonition hit the shelves less than eight weeks later. But if he had been certain that his collaboration with Charity Dean would turn out well, Dean wasn’t so sure. In the car with Dean, Lewis muses about the relationship they had developed. Isn’t it strange that we met nine months ago and now there’s going to be a book? he observed. What have you made of all this? For a moment, Dean was silent.

“I remember having the thought around September that nothing about your process inspires confidence,” she finally replied. (“And she was not joking,” Lewis says, with another laugh.) “You don’t record the interviews, you’re writing them down and then you can’t read your own handwriting, and you ask me the same question over and over again. I’m a doctor, a scientist. There are usually procedures for things, and I’m watching you — and you’re like chaos.”

Chaos, if that is the right word to describe his writing and reporting process, has worked very well for Michael. Serendipity would be a good way to describe the results. Lewis’ work regularly appears on bestseller lists, and he has twice won the Los Angeles Times Book Prize. Three books — Moneyball, The Blind Side, and The Big Short — have been made into movies.

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“I didn’t even taste my food. That’s now starting in a statement to a community newspaper. “She loved to live, and our hearts are so broken they can’t find the words to describe the feeling.”

During a follow-up interview with PAW in late July, Lewis spoke about the tragedy. “For six weeks, nothing was of interest,” he says of the period following the accident. “I didn’t even taste my food. That’s now starting to change.” Determined to push on, Lewis recently completed scripts for the third season of his podcast, “Against the Rules,” in which he looks at changing conceptions of fairness in American life, and has also worked on the pilot for a TV drama. Although he has not yet decided on the subject of his next book, he says, “I think I will be able to write.”

N THE FRAGMENTED WORLD of modern publishing, there are two broad types of readers, observes Christopher Beha ’02, the editor of Harper’s Magazine: those who want to learn things and those who want to be moved by a narrative. Lewis, he says, is “incredibly good at appealing to both of these readers at once, finding characters who can also stand in for a larger story.” As an example, Beha cites Billy Beane, the failed baseball prospect who became general manager of the Oakland Athletics and helped a perennially underfunded team win games by identifying players who excelled at little skills, such as drawing a walk, that were undervalued in more conventional statistical analyses.

“We all take for granted now that Billy Beane is the central figure in the story of the revolution in baseball
analytics,” Beha says, “but that is because Lewis made him one. His books are character-driven, but in the process you also learn something. What he does is deceptively hard, but he makes it look easy.”

Lawrence, who knows Lewis’ work better than anyone, acknowledges that last point. “Michael does not do the Suffering Writer very well,” Lawrence admits. “There’s no apparent stress.”

Judging from his quick turnaround time, words come easily to him. To ease his publisher’s anxiety, though, Lewis did submit drafts of some early chapters of The Premonition as he wrote them. But he completed it in about the same year-long period, from meeting the main character to final manuscript, that it took him to write most of his other books.

Asked how he beats writer’s block, Lewis explains that, first, he doesn’t believe in it. When he gets stuck, he just keeps writing, putting down sentences even if they might be bad ones. He can always fix them in a subsequent draft. What’s important is to keep moving ahead.

So Lewis is able to approach a challenge as great as developing a book during a pandemic and spot the bright side: Most people were stuck at home, so they were easier for him to reach. Also, all the small demands on his time were absent. “I had the most concentrated, distraction-free writing experience [on The Premonition] since I wrote my senior thesis in the bowels of McCormick Hall,” Lewis says. “I find that I get my greatest moments of exhilaration when I’m writing when it’s just me staring at a wall, no one else in the room, nothing else to do that day, no phone calls coming in, just total silence. And I had long stretches of that.”

“The pandemic,” he laughs, “made writing easy.”

In many ways, The Premonition is a quintessential Lewis book. Nick Confessore ’98’s assessment in The New York Times — “His subjects here are Cassandras: blessed with uncanny foresight, doomed to be disbelieved” — applies equally well to other figures Lewis has identified and raised from obscurity, from Paul DePodesta, the Athletics’ stats guru in Moneyball, to Michael Burry, the hedge-fund manager with Asperger syndrome who anticipated the subprime mortgage crisis in The Big Short.

The Premonition is not, however, a history of COVID. The pandemic does not even begin until halfway through the book. Donald Trump’s name barely appears and Anthony Fauci is mentioned only twice. Instead, Lewis tells
a different story, showing how our decentralized health-care system proved inadequate to handle a global crisis while the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention, which might have coordinated a national response, was not up to the task. Like many large bureaucracies, Lewis writes, the CDC had become ossified and risk-averse. It was adept at producing scholarly papers but reluctant to take action before it had perfect data. Such data is always hard to obtain and while the agency dithered, valuable weeks were lost. Dean, in fact, proposes, tongue-in-cheek, that the CDC should be renamed the Centers for Disease Observation and Reporting.

Lawrence recalls meeting Lewis for the first time when he was sent some early chapters of Liar’s Poker, Lewis’ first book, about his experience as a young bond trader at Salomon Brothers and, by extension, the evolution of an investment-banking culture that transformed the global economy.

“It took me about 20 seconds to realize this was really good,” Lawrence says. When Lewis expressed concern that he was going to have to turn from his rollicking first-person account to tell the back story of how the bond market came to be, Lawrence reassured him. “If the rest of the book is as good as the first two chapters, no one will care.”

Like many Princeton graduates before and since, Lewis had drifted to Wall Street for lack of a better idea of what to do with his life. Raised in a wealthy family in New Orleans (named Michael Monroe Lewis, he is related to the explorer Meriwether Lewis and President James Monroe), he majored in art history at Princeton and, in an oft-told story, was finishing a master’s degree at the London School of Economics in 1984 when he was invited, through a distant cousin, to what was advertised as a dinner party for the Queen Mother at St. James’s Palace. The “dinner party” turned out to be more of a fundraiser, but nevertheless he was seated next to the wife of a Salomon Brothers partner who persuaded her husband to give him a job. Without realizing it, she also had gotten him a front-row seat to the circus as the ’80s boom began.

Liar’s Poker appeared in 1989, a little over a year after the 28-year old Lewis walked away from a six-figure banking salary to write it, and was an instant hit, defining an era. Lewis spent much of the next decade as a magazine writer for The New Republic, Vanity Fair, The New York Times Magazine, and other publications. He further developed his knack for telling stories through quirky characters, such as Morry Taylor, the tire-company executive whose spectacularly unsuccessful bid for the 1996 Republican presidential nomination became a central part of Lewis’ campaign narrative, Trail Fever. Not long before his death, Tom Wolfe, to whom Lewis has sometimes been compared, called him “probably the best current writer in America.”

Lewis’ work has occasionally been criticized, as well. Sports journalist Allen Barra blasted Moneyball for misunderstanding baseball’s dynamics and misrepresenting its history. Responding to Lewis’ 2011 Vanity Fair article on Germany’s role in the world financial crisis (titled, “It’s the Economy, Dummkopf!”), The Economist asked, “Is Michael Lewis’ writing rolling downhill?”

According to the market, the answer seems to be: surely not. His books have continued to sell well and receive largely positive reviews.

On each side of the desk in Lewis’ home office sits a large manila folder. The one marked “Hot” holds material related to what he is currently working on. The one marked “Cold” contains scraps of information about subjects that interest him but have not gelled into a book proposal.

The story that eventually became The Premonition began in the Cold folder. Friends often push story ideas on him, and long before COVID began one friend had been particularly insistent that Lewis write about DeRisi, a former MacArthur Fellow who had developed a way to rapidly identify viruses. Lewis met with DeRisi and was intrigued but decided that he lacked the scientific background to turn his story into a book. The idea lay idle for five years, but when the pandemic emerged, Lewis learned that DeRisi was turning his lab into...
the nation's largest COVID testing center. “It’s going to be the biggest flashlight in California, and we’re going hunting for virus,” Lewis recalls DeRisi telling him. “And I thought, if I go along for that ride, I will be able to learn enough.” DeRisi introduced him to Dean, his research and interviews uncovered other interesting figures, and suddenly, the story moved from Cold to Hot.

For a source, talking to Michael Lewis is not a casual undertaking. He conducts multiple interviews in multiple sittings over many hours and does not record his interviews. “I find that when people have a tape recorder in front of them they are less likely to be their natural selves,” he reasons. “Also, if by chance someone I’m writing about finds themselves getting in a lot of trouble for something I have quoted them saying, I don’t want there to be a tape that’s going to condemn them.”

The act of taking notes is itself important, Lewis says. “I’m editing as I go, deciding what’s worthy of putting down on paper, so it triggers higher alertness of what’s going on.”

“I’m editing as I go, deciding what’s worthy of putting down on paper, so it triggers higher alertness of what’s going on. I can tell by the notes I have at the end of the day what just happened. I’ll go out with someone and think, oh that’s interesting, and come back with a page and a half of notes, and I’ll realize that’s telling you something — that you weren’t actually all that interested in what was going on. And other days I’ll come back and a big, thick notepad will be just destroyed, and I’ll go, there’s gold in these hills.”

Lewis at work

Lewis says most people talk to him, not because they are familiar with his books, but because they have seen the movies that have been made of them. Charity Dean had never read any of his work, Lewis says, but agreed to the interviews because the fact that he is so prolific gave her confidence something would ultimately come of the project.

Occasionally, stories that make it to Lewis’ Hot folder fail to develop, but he says his dry holes tend to be shallow. One exception was a book called Underdogs, which was conceived as a sequel to Moneyball; the two books were, in fact, pitched to Norton as a single project. Lewis intended to spend the first book examining the baseball-analytics revolution before turning to the young prospects who were the products of that revolution — the kids who, as he puts it, “were drafted by an algorithm.” After six months, though, he realized that he had said everything he needed to say about both subjects in Moneyball. “The success of the first book,” he says now, “killed the second.”

**IN THE MIDST OF SUCCESS**

and tragedy, Lewis still embraces optimism. A man who blithely assumed he wouldn’t catch COVID by hanging around with doctors (and as of late July had not caught it) is unlikely to fret that America will contract a terminal case of authoritarianism from its recent exposure to the alt-right. In that light, and the shortcomings of its healthcare system and political leadership notwithstanding, it is unsurprising that Lewis views the country and its future with hope.

“It’s still an incredibly successful experiment,” he says of America in 2021. “But we’re drama queens. I don’t think we’re suicidal. People mistake what’s on cable news for the country. Cable news is not the country.”

To see the real country, he recommends, get out of your house — even during a pandemic, if need be. “The typical corporate conference is more like [America], the typical church gathering, the local Little League,” Lewis continues. “We’re a country that’s really rich in healthy institutions. When you push slightly below the surface politics of a given person, the people you think of as Trumpers or as lefties, if they’re in a room doing something together, they aren’t as different in their values as it may seem.”

“So,” he says, “I’m not all gloomy and doomy about what’s going on.”

Mark F. Bernstein ’83 is PAW’s senior writer.
Revising the Revisionists in South Africa?

BY CARRIE COMPTON

Historian Jacob Dlamini, born and raised in South Africa, seeks to tell nuanced stories about the apartheid era. His job is especially fraught.

Dlamini’s efforts are often dismissed by his countrymen: ‘‘Why are we even writing books about apartheid? We know what it was,’’ is a common refrain, he says. Yet ‘‘the level of ignorance is astounding,’’ says Dlamini, a Princeton assistant professor of history since 2015. ‘‘People think, ‘We know enough, so there’s no need to be going back.’ And because of this ignorance about the past, people make these easy jumps and will reach easy conclusions.’’

Within the last 10 years, Dlamini (pronounced la-mee-nie) has published four books on the country’s history, an output inspired not just by his own apartheid-era experiences, but by his view that South Africans are increasingly embracing revisionist histories. He believes this trend can be linked, in part, to citizens’ disillusionment with the post-apartheid government, which he says has veered sharply from a democracy into a fulsome kleptocracy over the last 10 years or so.

“We spent the past 25 years frittering away whatever moral authority we had for defeating apartheid,” he says. “And we’ve engaged in a grand corruption.”

Dlamini’s work refines the narrative around apartheid, often by exploring uncomfortable subjects. In Safari Nation, published in 2020, Dlamini dispels racial stereotypes around conservation and environmentalism by showing the long history Blacks have had in the operation of South Africa’s Kruger...
National Park. “There is this very ugly history of environmentalism and racism in South Africa where whites are the naturalists and the conservationists and Blacks are the poachers, the destroyers,” Dlamini says. “And so I come along to tell a much more complicated story.” Another book concerns former members of the African National Congress (ANC) who became informants for the South African Security Police. And Dlamini is working on a book that seeks to show how the apartheid state’s hunger for conformity endangered even its white soldiers. That book’s subject is a former military psychiatrist who exposed white South African troops to brutal and humiliating forms of treatment to “cure” them of homosexuality and other so-called vices.

Among the oversimplifications that have begun seeping into the nation’s revisionist history is one that goes like this: As older Black South Africans watch the country’s apartheid-era physical infrastructure crumble while public funds for repairs are subverted by graft, many reflect fondly upon the “efficiency” of apartheid leaders, who oversaw massive — and highly unequal — public-works projects.

“We know that [apartheid leaders] were not efficient,” Dlamini tells PAW via Zoom. “They had to create something like 13 education departments to serve different ethnic groups!” And then there was a bloated welfare system for white South Africans, including state-sponsored education; Blacks, on the other hand, had to pay for schooling that was “designed to be inferior” and meant to produce laborers, says Dlamini. The apartheid leaders “were brutal. You should never for a second mistake brutality for efficiency,” he says.

Some Black South Africans, fed up with skyrocketing crime, openly romanticize the “law and order” of the draconian apartheid Security Police, as Dlamini chronicles in his 2009 book, Native Nostalgia. “It is both illuminating and unsettling to hear ordinary South Africans cast their memories of the past in such a nostalgic frame,” he writes. “It is illuminating because it sheds light on ‘ordinary’ understandings of our past. It is also unsettling because it reveals that South Africans are not agreed on the meaning of their past.”

The country’s past set the stage for apartheid — the term means “separateness” in Afrikaans — with informal segregationist policies dating back to 17th-century Dutch colonizers. In 1948, South Africa, then a member of the British commonwealth, formally adopted the practice of apartheid after the political ascension of the National Party, which aimed to secure political, social, and economic power for the nation’s minority white Afrikaners.

No aspect of life was untouched by apartheid. One of the first laws enacted under the system outlawed marriages between European whites and non-whites. Soon all interracial sex and marriage was criminalized. Then came the Population Registration Act of 1950, which classified South Africans into three racial groups: Native, European, and colored.

Between 1960 and 1983, the nation underwent one of modern history’s largest mass evictions as 3.5 million Black South Africans were forced out of their homes and into designated tribal homelands. In terms of land dispossession and systematic marginalization, says Dlamini, “Black South Africans’ experiences match much more directly, I think, to the Native American experience,” than to the Black American experience.

Still, Dlamini says, “not everything a Black person did in apartheid was in response to apartheid. Falling in love was not in response to apartheid, parents doing things with their kids, kids playing games — that was not overdetermined by apartheid. It’s not to ignore the circumstances of the conditions, but it is important to acknowledge that Black communities created networks of solidarity or what we might call moral capital, which helped me growing up in apartheid to know the difference between right and wrong.” He continues: “A big part of my commitment is to cut race down to size. To look for those instances where race doesn’t explain everything.”

Dlamini was born in 1973 and raised about 30 minutes outside of Johannesburg, in Katlehong, one of many so-called townships erected along the outskirts of metropolitan areas in the mid-20th century. By lining major cities with these townships, the apartheid government created an accessible source of labor for cities. Katlehong was a warren of nameless streets, with sometimes-unreliable public utilities, but it also had cinemas, swimming pools, and dance halls, all of which added up to “a vibrant township with a rich cultural and social life,” he says. “Apartheid tried to stifle that. It failed.”

Mostly meager, semi-detached homes with concrete slabs and asbestos roofs were adjoined by modest yards. Some families of means had large houses, while the poor let out sheds in their yards to those even worse off.

Dlamini was raised by his single mother, a well-respected figure in the community, who worked as a janitor at a local women’s hostel. Education was her highest priority for her...
only child, and she ensured that Dlamini was taught by the best teachers at his government schools. Television was banned until 1976, but for years afterward, sets remained scarce in his township. Anyway, Dlamini’s home lacked electricity for his first 11 years of life. So books and his transistor radio became portals to the outside world. The young Jacob followed sports and the news on Radio Zulu; he developed a taste for pop music — Billy Idol, Prince, U2 — but learned quickly not to grow attached to an artist, as the apartheid state blacklisted musical acts for the least whiff of subversion.

In Native Nostalgia, Dlamini grapples with his childhood. “What does it mean to say that black life under apartheid was not all gloom and doom and that there was a lot of which black South Africans could be, and indeed were, proud?” he writes, referring to how Black South Africans created and relied on social and familial networks that helped people through adversity emotionally or via pooled resources.

The Security Police cast menacing shadows over his childhood memories. At age 10, as he returned from an errand, a woman’s scream — louder than anything he had ever heard — sliced the afternoon air. Soon Dlamini was overcome by a noxious cloud of tear gas. Confused and half-blind, he could just make out the figures of adults on the street running for shelter or to nearby water sources to drench their T-shirts to use as protection against the gas. A police patrol had come by, he explains. “And to break the boredom, to amuse themselves, they would every now and again just fire tear gas to see how people would react.”

A few years later, Dlamini opened his front door to a group of police officers looking for an uncle rumored to be dealing diamonds. Home alone, Dlamini watched in horror as they marched in and demanded to speak with the uncle. He was not there, and though the police soon left, Dlamini still recalls his terror. “The last thing you wanted was to find yourself in the [Security Police’s] hands,” he says. “These were mean, evil people with all the power in the world. These were people who could do things to you, who could make you disappear.”

In his final year and a half of high school, four years before the end of apartheid, Dlamini’s mother died. “My mother died without having voted in her country of birth. She died without having become a citizen in the country of her birth,” he says. “I don’t celebrate any of that stuff, but I do celebrate her life, the advantages she gave me, and her insistence on the value of education.” Dlamini paired his inheritance with a scholarship to attend a progressive private boarding school, St. Barnabas College, in Johannesburg, which had opened in 1963 as one of the first racially integrated schools in the country. It was the first time Dlamini was taught by and alongside white people. His education there was formative. “I was introduced to more books than you could read, but also, I was introduced to teachers who were committed to helping us learn despite the odds,” he says, noting that many of his teachers had relatives who had been jailed for their anti-apartheid activism.

After graduation and a six-month apprenticeship in a program intended to train Black journalists, Dlamini became a reporter at The Sunday Times, Johannesburg’s biggest newspaper. He spent six years as a reporter, covering, at a safe distance, a national conflict that between 1987 and 1994 took 12,000 lives. “Very few South Africans are prepared to call this what it was: a civil war,” Dlamini says. “The genius in Mandela was in seeing this and helping to stop it.”

That episode in South African history is the focus of another book project. “In the mainstream media, [the civil war] was often referred to as an ethnic conflict between so-called Zulus and so-called Xhosas,” says Dlamini. But, he explains, the South African province where the violence began in the late 1980s was “Zulu-speaking people against Zulu-speaking people. So to call this an ethnic conflict just makes no sense.”

Dlamini’s Experiences as a Black apartheid-era journalist are integral to his scholarship, according to history-department colleague Emmanuel Kreike. “Jacob comes from a system that was set up to spy on [its citizens], and he really wants to expose what lengths this system went to,” says Kreike, director of Princeton’s African studies program.

Kreike refers to Dlamini’s 2015 book, Askari: A Story of Collaboration and Betrayal in the Anti-Apartheid Struggle, which offers an empathetic account of apartheid spies called askaris, informants who are widely demonized in South Africa today. By using the story of one askari, a
former member of the ANC, Dlamini shows how political activists frequently became police informants after prolonged harassment and physical and psychological torture. The book paints a morally ambiguous picture of these unlucky souls who defy categorization as “traitors” or “collaborators.”

“How does a hero of the ANC become a despicable spy for the apartheid state?” asks Krieke. “He’s still a human, but the process of that transformation is still important to understand who we are even now, today,” he says. “That’s one of the reasons why [Dlamini] gets criticism within South Africa. He’s not against the history of the heroes, but he says, ‘you know, the apartheid era was not only about the heroes.’”

Another book, The Terrorist Album: Apartheid’s Insurgents, Collaborators, and the Security Police (2020), sprang from Dlamini’s research for Askari. “Former members of the apartheid Security Police [would] refer to this thing called the “terrorist album,” he recalls. Dlamini’s book is the first to seriously examine this notorious photo album, which he calls “a perfect allegory of the nothingness that was apartheid.” The album is a sloppy curation of mugshots that were frequently ascribed to the wrong person, often due to bad information extracted through violent interrogation methods, and yet the Security Police relied upon that information to make life-and-death decisions in its pursuit of so-called terrorists of the state.

“It’s impossible to underestimate the importance of this work,” says Luise White, professor emerita of history at the University of Florida. “Instead of a history of an all-powerful racist state versus African victims, Dlamini shows us how frequently clueless the South African security apparatus was. That cluelessness made it more randomly violent, but it was rooted in an innocent trust of interrogated Africans.”

To be listed in the terrorist album might make you a potential askari. Dlamini traced the mugshot of an ANC insurgent named Odirile Maponya and discovered his father had been on the Security Police payroll as an informant for years, keeping apartheid authorities apprised of the movements of ANC members, including Odirile and another son, Japie. His information led to Japie being tortured by askaris in 1985 for information about his brother, Odirile, who was in exile. After failing to extract information, the Security Police realized Japie now knew the identities of askaris. To prevent him from revealing this information, they murdered him. Three years later, Odirile perished when an explosive device meant for white moviegoers detonated as he placed the bomb in a nearby garbage can.

When Dlamini presented living Maponya siblings with his evidence about their late father, they reacted with outrage, then denial. “Can the family celebrate Odirile without having, at the same time, to deal with questions about betrayal and collaboration at the heart of their family drama?” Dlamini writes.

He goes on: “How do we talk about the victims of apartheid violence without making it sound like every Black person was a victim of that violence? How do we talk about Black complicity with apartheid without making it sound like that complicity amounts to absolution for the crimes of apartheid? Do we need a new language to talk about the suffering caused by apartheid and by the complicity that made such suffering possible—a language that allows us to articulate both points without sinking into moral relativism?”

In reporting The Terrorist Album Dlamini found himself in once-unimaginable situations. He sat at the kitchen table of a high-ranking apartheid-era Security Police officer who, like other officers, had admitted to murdering dissenters, often members of the ANC. Dlamini felt apprehensive, and he reminded himself that this once-powerful authority was now a paunchy old man. (There has been little political appetite among the leaders of the democratic government to prosecute apartheid-era crimes, despite an ample record created by an ANC Truth and Reconciliation Commission.)

The trepidation Dlamini felt in the officer’s kitchen wasn’t altogether misguided, as the septuagenarian veered from anodyne memories into racist screeds. But then, in an act once unthinkable, the officer made him lunch. The ironies, says Dlamini, were the most delicious part of the meal.

Today, Dlamini, who lives in Princeton with his wife and three daughters, describes himself as disillusioned by the endemic corruption in South Africa, but he insists that the positive changes made since apartheid fell cannot be marginalized. Most important, he says, people have a right to hold officials to account through their votes. Racial integration is the norm, and the Black middle class has greatly expanded. Still, in terms of education and economic performance, “On the whole, the people who have benefited the most from the end of apartheid have been white South Africans,” he says.

Dlamini feels a sense of urgency in his work to illuminate the country’s history: Aging Security agents are increasingly emboldened to speak about their actions, and many are beginning to share troves of archival material. Then there are the young South Africans whose desire to see the fall of various institutions and legacies have earned them the moniker of “the Fallist Generation.” Dlamini characterizes their engagement of the past as “superficial in ways that blind them.” Most troubling is their dismissal of Mandela, whom they see as a sellout more interested in appeasing whites than in seeking justice and fundamental transformation.

“So some of the choices made in the past were made because those were the only choices available,” Dlamini says. At a spring Zoom forum for history professors, he explained that he strives in his work to “keep sight of the individual, where you can point to an individual, and you can say, ‘You did this, you did that, and you need to be held accountable for that.’” He plans to continue to mine the archives of the Truth and Reconciliation Commission, complicating the national narrative one story at a time.

Former PAW associate editor Carrie Compton is a senior communications specialist at the Princeton Institute for International and Regional Studies.
ALLEY ART: Robin Resch ’03 asks her portrait subjects, “What is irreplaceable to you?” Her series, “Taking Pause,” is a collaboration between artist and subject, she says; each display includes a photographed portrait, a second image in which Resch seeks to portray the person creatively, and a short piece of writing by the subject. “It’s beautiful, the difference in freedom of expression,” Resch says of the writing. Her Princeton exhibit can be seen through October in Dohm Alley, off Nassau Street between Witherspoon and South Tulane streets.

READ MORE about Resch and her portraits at paw.princeton.edu
Tropical ecologist Winnie Hallwachs ’76 is worried. She and her husband, Dan Janzen, both research biologists at the University of Pennsylvania, have spent about half of each of the last 43 years in northwestern Costa Rica’s Guanacaste Conservation Area, which they helped establish and expand. Over that time, Hallwachs says, they have seen catastrophic collapses in tropical insect species and populations. Entomologists around the world are recording similar mass extinctions, something The New York Times has called an “insect Armageddon.”

“The situation is extremely serious,” Hallwachs says. “We can hear, see, and feel the insect decline all around us. It’s like taking care of an aging parent. There are good days, but you know the way it’s going. You can feel it in your bones,” says Hallwachs, who attributes the calamity to climate change. More insect species live in this 400,000-acre World Heritage Site than in the U.S. and Canada combined, and its three national parks encompass marine and dry forests, a cloud forest, and rainforest ecosystems.

Hallwachs lives closer to nature than most. Her rustic cinderblock cottage has wooden rafters (no ceiling), a metal roof, and unscreened ventilations slats that allow all kinds of animals to venture in. “It is a wild place. It is open, and your antennae are always exposed to input from the wild world,” she says. When she arrived in 1978, moths attracted by a light bulb would plaster the home’s front wall. Now, few come to the light. Costa Rica’s caterpillar population has been halved in a span of 15 years, a decline that affects the hyperspecialized creatures that parasitize them. “Now you’ve lost that predator,” says Janzen. “And you repeat that tens of thousands of times.”

Hallwachs and Janzen rang the alarm in January’s Proceedings of the National Academy of Sciences. The report says Costa Rica’s dry season used to be four months — now it’s six. The country’s annual rains have become less predictable. Temperatures are higher. Cloud cover is more sporadic. Extreme events such as hurricanes and droughts have become more common. Their conclusion? “This gradual change in climate is so omnipresent and perturbing that only minimal and currently unknowable recovery is likely,” they write.

“This wild world is hostage to a selfish, peculiar, strange primate who is us,” Hallwachs tells PAW. “There are two crises. The climate crisis gets a lot of funding, press, and proposed solutions that are sometimes very detrimental to the underdog crisis — the biodiversity crisis, which has been way undervalued.”

By George Spencer

Winnie Hallwachs ’76

TRACKING INSECT DECLINE

Climate change is hurting biodiversity, and recovery is uncertain

Turing, Noted

A new red polymer £50 note will be Britain’s first coin of the realm to bear the picture of a Princeton graduate: mathematician Alan Turing ’38. The now-legendary cryptographer was a leader in math and, later, biology. Former Bank of England governor Mark Carney selected him for the note, calling Turing “the father of computer science and artificial intelligence,” a “war hero,” and “a giant on whose shoulders so many now stand.”

READ MORE at paw.princeton.edu
ESSAY: THROUGH A CHILD’S EYES
MEMORIES OF PRINCETON PAST
By Margaret Ruttenberg ’76

Margaret Ruttenberg ’76 attended medical school at Columbia University, completed a residency in anesthesiology at Mount Sinai in New York City, and has since practiced medicine in New York and Boston. She and her husband have three adult children.

Many members of the Class of 1976 had an existing connection to Princeton. I was among them, for my father had been an assistant professor of civil engineering from 1962 to 1966. However, unlike some classmates whose fathers had been students, I arrived as a freshman with few preconceived notions of undergraduate life — accurate or otherwise. Instead, I brought memories of some of those who form the nexus between undergraduate and community life, namely faculty members and their families.

While growing up on Murray Place I attended Nassau Street School, subsequently known simply by its address, 185 Nassau Street, and now as part of the Lewis Center for the Arts. There I made friends with the children of several other professors, including the late David Billington ’50, professor of civil engineering, and Thomas Kuhn, professor of the history and philosophy of science. I remained in touch with both of those friends, but am closest of all to Lydia Spitzer, youngest daughter of the late Lyman Spitzer Jr. ’38, chair of astrophysics, and his wife, Doreen Canaday Spitzer.

As an impressionable 8-year-old just transported from suburban Pittsburgh, I was first struck by the Spitzer home. It was an enormous house that loomed over the corner of Washington Road and Prospect Avenue for nearly a century until being replaced by the new home for the School of Public and International Affairs in 1963. It even had a name, the Observatory of Instruction, which was apt if odd, for where any normal home of its era would have had a carriage house or barn, it had an attached observatory.

Legend had it that the house was built in 1877 to entice famed solar spectroscopist Charles Augustus Young to Princeton from Dartmouth with the knowledge that he disliked rain — not only because clouds obscured the heavens, but because Young hated getting wet. By residing in a home complete with classrooms and observatory attached, Young never needed to venture far.

While the attached observatory was no longer used for instruction, it had a functioning telescope to which Professor Spitzer occasionally led family expeditions to view the stars. Access to it was through his office, from which Lydia and I were otherwise strictly forbidden. Perhaps there were early drawings of the Hubble Space Telescope or Model C stellarator, not to mention secrets of sonar, spread out across the desk.

Mrs. Spitzer reigned supreme over the rest of the house, with its double parlors, front and back staircases, separate butler’s and food pantries, empty servants’ quarters, and enormous attic. Lydia’s bedroom windows were conveniently located just above the front porch. On its
Spitzer’s solemn pronouncement, “Life child present, followed by Professor continued to be said by the youngest (“Rub a dub dub, thanks for the grub!”) new dining room that their old grace (“Rub a dub dub, thanks for the grub!”) continues to be said by the youngest child present, followed by Professor Spitzer’s solemn pronouncement, “Life is uncertain. Eat dessert first.”

It was in their new dining room that their old grace (“Rub a dub dub, thanks for the grub!”) continued to be said by the youngest child present, followed by Professor Spitzer’s solemn pronouncement, “Life is uncertain. Eat dessert first.”

believe we ever did, but “Hope springs eternal!” is another expression I learned from him.

Dinner was always in the dining room, and conversation always on a high intellectual and cultural plane. Disputes were settled by Professor Spitzer calmly reaching back (seemingly without looking) to a set of Encyclopedia Britannica behind his chair to “see what the experts have to say.” After I returned to Princeton as an undergraduate in 1972, I continued going to dinner from time to time. Professor Spitzer needed no expert opinions the evening he announced he had made it onto Richard Nixon’s “enemies list” and was very pleased indeed.

While Professor Spitzer was unfailingly kind to his youngest daughter’s friend, his mind was “in the stars,” and he was usually at work. In his absence Mrs. Spitzer was an exceptional leader of expeditions and creator of fun. Impromptu recitals, puppet shows, and amateur theatrics were everyday occurrences. She saw to it that Lydia and I had a canoe for exploring the lake and its islands. She gave me my first ski lesson on the snow-covered slope leading to the shore.

Professor Spitzer was a noted mountaineer, and Mrs. Spitzer’s athleticism and spunk were no less impressive. As newlyweds they had “herringboned” up Vermont’s Mount Mansfield in order to ski down before there were lifts built at Stowe. One memorable Saturday both Spitzers helped Lydia and me to clear a patch from the frozen lake for skating. She and I cavorted about the center while her parents danced gracefully around the edge to the strains of Richard Strauss from a portable record player.

As a teenager I began to be aware of Doreen Canaday Spitzer’s tireless volunteer efforts on behalf of the Princeton Gilbert and Sullivan Society, the Princeton University Art Museum, the Unitarian Church, and Bryn Mawr. Even later I realized she was the sole heir to a substantial fortune from the manufacture of Jeeps and an anonymous supporter of multiple cultural institutions as far flung as her native Toledo, Ohio, and the American School of Classical Studies in Athens, Greece.

Mrs. Spitzer’s elegance and accomplishments may have been a natural outgrowth of her upbringing, but her warmth and generosity were all her own. I have saved a trove of letters signed “OMS” for Old Mother Spitzer, as she liked to be addressed. When my medical school schedule in New York made it impossible to collect my marriage license from Princeton Borough Hall in time for the ceremony, she dropped everything, crying, “The show must go on!” and did it for me.

Professor Spitzer passed away in 1997; Mrs. Spitzer, in 2010. They donated the house on the lake to the University for the benefit of the astrophysics department, and through a series of fortunate events, my husband and I now live there. There we are constantly reminded of both an exceptional university and an exceptional community, and the extraordinary individuals who contribute to both.
TOKYO OLIMPICS

TIGER OLIMPANIANS TAKE HOME PRIDE, MEDALS, AND MORE

Fifteen alumni and three students made Princeton’s contingent the largest yet

Ashleigh Johnson ’17 and her gold-medal-winning United States women’s water polo team were welcomed home from Tokyo with cheers and hugs at Los Angeles International Airport. Five hours later, Johnson was back in the air, heading east to ring the opening bell at the New York Stock Exchange, make a few TV appearances, and catch up with friends. The whirlwind tour was “a little bit glamorous,” she joked, but it had a serious side, too.

Johnson, the first Black woman to play for the U.S. Olympic water polo team, has been using her celebrity to encourage diversity in water polo and raise awareness of how aquatic sports historically excluded Black people. She told PAW she aims to inspire “the next person to get to where I am — and push past where I am.”

“I’ve had such positive experiences in water polo,” Johnson said. “I want to help that opportunity become more evenly distributed around the country and around the world.”

Johnson made a lasting impression in Tokyo, saving an Olympic-record 80 shots in seven games and helping the U.S. rout Spain 14-5 in the gold-medal match. Away from the pool, she crossed paths with some of her Princeton contemporaries and one of her heroes, rower Gevvie Stone ’07, who has reached the Olympics three times while pursuing a career as a physician. “Princeton taught us to dream past athletics while pursuing athletics at a really high level,” Johnson said.

Johnson and Stone were among 18 Princetonians — 15 alumni and three students — who competed in this summer’s Olympics, the University’s largest contingent in a history that stretches back to the first modern games in Athens in 1896.

A week before Johnson won gold, two of Princeton’s eight Olympic rowers also earned medals. Denmark’s Fred Vystavel ’16 and partner Joachim Sutton captured bronze in the coxless men’s pair. Tom George ’18 of Great Britain also won bronze, in the men’s eight final — a race that included fellow alumni Nick Mead ’17 of the United States and Tim Masters ’15 of Australia.

Vystavel, in an interview with the website Row2K, credited the American collegiate rowing experience with helping him and Sutton to understand team dynamics. (Sutton rowed at the University of California, Berkeley.) The pair “realized that we’re good at different things, and we have some weaknesses, but together we’ve come out stronger as a result,” Vystavel said.

Stone, a silver medalist at the 2016 Rio de Janeiro Olympics, and partner Kristi Wagner represented the United States in the women’s double sculls, placing fifth. Two other rowing alumnae — Hannah Scott ’21 of Great Britain’s quadruple sculls and Claire Collins ’19 of the U.S. four — won the B finals of their events to place seventh overall. The U.S. rowing team was shut out of the medals for the first time since its 1980 boycott of the Moscow Olympics.

The track and field competition saw a pair of alumnai reach their event finals. Great Britain’s Lizzie Bird ’17 set a national record in the 3,000-meter steeplechase, finishing the race in 9:19.68 to place ninth overall. Julia Ratcliffe ’16, a hammer thrower for New Zealand, also finished ninth with a toss of 72.69 meters.

In fencing, undergraduate Mohamed Hamza ’23 of Egypt had Princeton’s best individual result, reaching the quarterfinals of the men’s foil competition. Kat Holmes ’17 and Anna Van Brummen ’17 helped the United States place fifth in the women’s epee team event, while Eliza Stone ’13 and the U.S. women’s team finished sixth in the saber.

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

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

THE CLASS OF 1938
Lloyd P. Lochridge Jr. ’38

Lloyd was born Feb. 3, 1918, in Austin, Texas, and died April 13, 2021, of natural causes.

He grew up in Forest Hills, N.Y., while spending summers visiting family in Austin, Galveston, and Wichita Falls. He was an Eagle Scout and as such served in FDR’s inauguration ceremony and parade. At the age of 16, Lloyd enrolled at Princeton and played on the lightweight football team. After graduating he continued his studies at Harvard Law School.

Upon hearing the news of Pearl Harbor, Lloyd joined the Navy and rose through the ranks to become a lieutenant commander. During this time, he met and married his wife of 65 years, Frances Potter, in Washington, D.C. After the war they moved to the Lower Rio Grande Valley in Texas, where he began his law practice. In 1959 he was invited by a childhood friend, Robert McGinnis, to join the firm that would become McGinnis Lochridge, where he remained active in law practice until his passing.

Lloyd was recognized for his strong belief in the importance of civility, ethics, and integrity, which guided his 75 years of legal practice. He was also a great supporter of Princeton and its university community.

The Princeton Class of ’38 wishes to extend its condolences to all of Lloyd’s family.

THE CLASS OF 1946
Maurice D. Lee Jr. ’46 *50

Maurice died July 12, 2020. He was a longtime resident of Cranbury, N.J.

Born in 1925 in Buffalo, N.Y., he was educated at the Hotchkiss School and Princeton, from which he received an A.B. degree in history and a doctorate in 1950. He served during World War II in the Navy. A distinguished historian of 16th- and 17th-century British/Scottish history, he spent his life as a college professor, teaching generations of undergraduates and graduate students, first at Princeton from 1950 to 1959, then at the University of Illinois until 1966, and finally at the Douglass College Department of History at Rutgers University. He eventually chaired the history department at Douglass.

In 1987 he was appointed the Margaret A. Judson Professor of History in honor of his teachings at Douglass in the Tudor/Stuart field. He wrote 10 books, primarily focused on the Stuart period of British/Scottish history. For his lifetime of work in Scottish history, he was awarded an honorary doctorate in 1994 from the University of St. Andrews in Scotland.

Helen, his wife of more than 50 years, died of Alzheimer’s in 1999. Maurice is survived by two children, Maurice D. Lee III ’72 and L. Blair Lee; five grandchildren; and three great-grandchildren.

THE CLASS OF 1948
Robert Brinkerhoff ’48

Brink was born March 12, 1926, and grew up in Bogota, N.J.

He attended Blair Academy, did Navy service before college, and graduated in 1951 with a degree in chemical engineering. His varied industrial research and management career began with General Electric in Warren, Ohio, and then he returned to New Jersey with Pfister Chemical. Later the Brinkerhoffs moved to Grand Rapids, Mich. There Brink spent the balance of his career in the chemical research divisions and management of Amway and later Aetna. Brink was twice married. With his first wife, Jacqueline (Martin), he had five sons. During his second marriage of 53 years to Barbara Ann (Reinhardt), he became the parent of another son and a daughter.

Brink died April 1, 2021, in Portland, Ore., at the home of his daughter. His survivors include six sons, a daughter, 13 grandchildren, 16 great-grandchildren, five nephews, four nieces, and a cousin.

THE CLASS OF 1949
MacFarlane L. Cates Jr. ’49

Mac died May 2, 2021, in Spartanburg, S.C., at his lifetime home.

Mac attended Episcopal High School in Alexandria, Va. While at Princeton, where his father was in the Class of 1922, he roomed with Sonny Ashworth and David Semmes, majored in economics, and was a member of Cap and Gown. He earned an MBA from Harvard Business School, then joined Arkwright Mills, the textile firm. He was its CEO for many years until his retirement. He belonged to the South Carolina and American Textile Manufacture associations and served on the boards of Sea Pac, Spartan Mills, Liberty Mutual, C & S Bank, and the Carolinas Board of NationsBank.

Mac was on the boards of Chatham Hall school and Hollins College, and was a leader in numerous community organizations including the United Way, Spartanburg Music Foundation, Spartanburg Historical Society, and the Sirrine Foundation. He and wife Marguerite were named Citizens of the Year in 2017 by the Kiwanis Club for their “multi-faceted involvement in the community.”

Mac is survived by his wife of 71 years, Marguerite; four daughters, Marguerite, Elisabeth, Kathleen, and Mary; and two grandchildren. Our sympathy goes to Mac’s family and friends.

THE CLASS OF 1949
John D. Pomfret ’49


John graduated magna cum laude in history, worked on The Daily Princetonian, and joined Quadrangle Club. After two years in the Army, he earned an MBA from Harvard.

He joined the Times in 1962 as a Washington reporter and switched to personnel as part of the management team assembled by Arthur "Punch" Sulzberger after the 1965 newspaper strike. In John’s unpublished memoir, he says, “Punch Sulzberger telephoned me and said, ‘I want you to come to New York and straighten them out,’ meaning the firm’s labor relations.”

The management team that Sulzberger created in 1965 transformed the newspaper in many ways, adding sections for food, home design, science, and entertainment.

John’s career with The Times was a series of promotions from personnel and planning to executive management. In 1981 he became general manager and executive vice president. He retired in 1988 and moved to Seattle.
ceremonial mace he had commissioned to honor a friend. His 2012 induction into the Society of the Claw recognized his contributions to Princeton.

His wife, “Petie,” whom he met at a student production at Miss Fine’s School and married in 1953, died in 2016. Stu is survived by children Stuart, Jane ’60, and Carol.

Karl A. Gruber ’50

Karl died March 3, 2021, in Colorado, where he lived for the past 38 years. He graduated from Pleasantville (N.Y.) High School. At Princeton he majored in mechanical engineering, played varsity football and baseball, and was a member of Cap and Gown. After graduation he served as a pilot in the Air Force. He then spent several years with Minneapolis Honeywell as an engineering test pilot before joining the Radio Corporation of America. He also was a Wycliffe Bible translator and worked for Wycliffe in Alaska.

In 1965 he became a captain and flight instructor for United Airlines. He retired in 1983 and began his second life as a gentleman farmer outside Berthoud, Colo., a town of about 8,000 on the state’s northern border. There he became active in community affairs and enjoyed the fishing and hunting the area offered. He was known by friends as a conservative and a man of great faith.

Karl is survived by his wife, Ina; six children; two stepchildren; 10 grandchildren; and 14 great-grandchildren.

Turner R. Odell ’50


He came from Woodberry Forest to Princeton, where his father was Class of 1906. He rowed on the 150-pound crew, wrestled JV, and belonged to Dial. After graduating with honors in modern languages and literatures, he went to England and completed graduate work in English at the University of Leeds.

Returning to the United States, he entered OCS at Newport, R.I., and received his commission in the Navy. After more than five years working for naval intelligence in Washington and England, he joined the Central Intelligence Agency in Langley, Va. During his 35-year career with the CIA, he analyzed Soviet military spending and helped develop cutting-edge computer models of the Soviet economy. In 1993 he retired to South Dartmouth, Mass., with his wife, Caralee, whom he had met in Maine and married in 1952. Following Caralee’s passing in 2006, he eventually moved to Portland.

Turk was a lifelong learner with a keen interest in national and international affairs. An extensive traveler, he spoke four languages. His love of the water never left him as he enjoyed sailing and just walking the beaches.

Described as “a gentle man to the end,” he is survived by son Turner, daughter Lindley Kramer Rabin ’85, and their children.

Earl A. Wheaton Jr. ’50

Earl died peacefully March 23, 2021, at his beloved Valley (Bergen County, N.J.) Hospital after a short struggle with cancer.

Coming from Ridgewood (N.J.) High School, at Princeton he graduated with honors in biology and electiology to Phi Beta Kappa. Earl played 150-pound football and belonged to Dial.

He graduated from Columbia College of Physicians and Surgeons, where he completed his internship and residency in internal medicine. His medical career was interrupted in 1955-57 when he served as an Army captain in California.

In 1960 he entered private practice in Ridgewood as an internist-rheumatologist, combining it with teaching at a medical school. After three decades, he made a change to hospital administrator, which, as he wrote in our 50th reunion yearbook, provided “a new career and sense of usefulness.” For more than a decade he served the Valley Hospital as president of the medical staff and chief medical officer.

He was described as a gentle and gracious leader with a brilliant mind. He volunteered for the Valley Hospice and worked on a Bergen County initiative to provide free health care to the working uninsured.

Earl is survived by his wife, Jeanne; five children by his deceased first wife; four stepchildren; 11 grandchildren; and three great-grandchildren.
establishing a private psychiatry practice in San Francisco, where he helped found a school for autistic children and a gay doctors group. In 1997 he closed his office and began seeing himself more as an artist than a doctor. Purchasing an old house and barn in Oakland, he made it a community center for art shows, concerts, benefits, and community gatherings. A largely self-taught artist, he exhibited his work throughout the area, and he remained famously opinionated and fiercely independent until he passed away in Oakland Nov. 25, 2020.

Charles W.H. Dodge ’51 *53
Charlie was raised in Philadelphia, attending Chestnut Hill Academy before graduating from St. Paul's School. At Princeton he majored in chemical engineering, roomed with Jim Biddle and Barrie Slaymaker, and was a member of Colonial Club, where he was famously remembered for skiing down the front stairs during a postgame party.

He remained at Princeton for an extra year to earn a master’s degree in chemical engineering. He worked for Monsanto for seven years before joining S.D. Warren Co. as a research chemist and purchasing a 90-acre farm in nearby Gorham, Maine. Warren became the world’s largest manufacturer of plastic-coated paper and, as international sales manager, Charlie traveled throughout the world.

Upon his retirement in 1992 Charlie indulged in his passionate interests in fly-fishing, small-bird hunting, sailing, and skiing. With, Marylee, his wife of 62 years, he cultivated a beautiful garden at their lovely apartment in Brooklyn Heights. He is survived by his wife, two daughters, and four grandchildren.

John DeWitt Titman ’51
John came to us from Binghamton, N.Y., after graduating from the Lawrenceville School and a stint in the Army. At Princeton he roomed with Porky Clark, John Groome, Will Prior, Dave Van Vleck, and Chuck Weeden. He took an active role in various campus organizations and joined Tiger Ion.

Following three years with NBC, he took a job with Time-Life Inc., where he served as personnel manager and manager of HBO’s worldwide facilities before retirement in 1998 after 44 years.

He lived in a legendary bachelors’ apartment in Brooklyn Heights with George Chandler, By Hollinshead, Lou Kelly, Vic Rizzi, Clayt Shedy, and various itinerant classmates. In 1956 he married Narcissa Hargroves, whose father was a member of the Class of 1921. They took over the apartment and they continued to live in the same Brooklyn Heights neighborhood until moving to a retirement home in Rye in 2019.

An avid squash player, John was president of the iconic Heights Casino for four years. He was also an enthusiastic hiker and camper, and had leadership roles over the years in a number of community organizations.

John died Jan. 2, 2021. He is survived by his wife, four daughters, and five grandchildren.

THE CLASS OF 1952

James Neal Glerum ’52
Jim came to us from Caldwell (N.J.) High School. At Princeton he majored in economics, ate at DiaL, and belonged to NROTC, the Wesley Foundation, and the Student Christian Association. He roomed with Barry Cruikshack, Bill Hansen, and Jack Collins.

The excitement and importance of his work after four years of naval service is belied by his modest reports of it to us in our reunion publications. He spent 33 years as an operations officer with the CIA’s Clandestine Service, and was awarded medals (quietly unspecified). After retiring Jim appeared in television specials, magazine articles, and books concerning Cold War operations he ran or was part of.

Jim died Dec. 5, 2020. He is survived by his wife, Diane, to whom the class sends good wishes, with appreciation of Jim’s quite remarkable service to our nation.

Richard Watts Hudgens ’52
Dick came to us after The Hill School and Andover. At Princeton he majored in history, ate at Tower, and belonged to the Westminster Fellowship, Students for Democratic Action, and the Pre-Med Society. He roomed with John Selover and Joe Ringland ’53.

After graduating magna cum laude, Dick and earned a medical degree in 1956 from Washington University in St. Louis. He studied psychiatry and did military service as a captain in the Air Force, working as a psychiatrist. He was on the faculty of medicine at Washington University from 1963 until retiring.

Dick died Dec. 5, 2020. He is survived by his wife, Shirley; and children Mary, Helen, and Jonathan. To them the class sends its best wishes with respect for Dick’s service to our country.

Benson Saler ’52
Ben died Feb. 25, 2021. He came to us from the Lawrenceville School, majored in SPIA, and joined Quadrangle. He served on the class memorial insurance committee and the Hillel Foundation. His roommates were Al Gilgen, John Van Patten, and Burt Weiss.

After Army service he earned a master’s degree from Penn in 1957 and a Ph.D. in 1960 in anthropology. From 1965 he spent his career teaching at Brandeis with great success and writing numerous books and articles on religion and belief as practiced in a range of societies, including our own. He received grants from the American Council of Learned Societies and the National Science Foundation and spent a year as visiting professor at the Hebrew University of Jerusalem. He also served as president of The Society for the Anthropology of Religion.

Ben’s death brought a message from the provost’s office at Brandeis saluting Ben’s achievements and his popularity with students. He is survived by his wife, Joyce; and children, Michael, Judith, and Bethel, to whom the class sends its best wishes.

Malcolm Strachan II ’52
Toby graduated from the Brooks School and came to Princeton to study art and architecture. He joined Charter and had several editorial jobs at the Prince. He was a Chapel attendant and a debater. He roomed with Jack Sanders.

Toby went on to get an architecture degree at Carnegie Tech in 1954, then did Army service for two years at Fort Riley and in Germany. Not yet satisfied with his education, he went up to New Haven and earned a master’s degree from Yale in city planning in 1958. He then commenced his successful career in planning, becoming a member of the Pittsburgh Regional Planning Association and, in 1964, opening his own firm. From 1982 until 1992 he served as an adjunct professor of planning at Indiana University of Pennsylvania.

Toby died March 1, 2021. He is survived by his wife, Alma; and his son, Llewelwyn, to whom the class offers its sympathies and good wishes, with appreciation of Toby’s service for our nation.

Webster Griffith Wright ’52
Web studied at the Ogdenburg Free Academy and at the Lawrenceville School. At Princeton he studied biology, joined Quadrangle, the Westminster Fellowship, and WPRU, and rowed on the crew. He roomed with George Haering.
After two years of Army service he received a teaching credential from the University of Colorado, then taught biology in Croton-on-Hudson and in 1957 earned a master’s degree at Teachers College of Columbia University. He next taught in several places — San Francisco, Bakersfield, and Walla Walla — and in 1968 went to the American School in Manila for two years. From 1970 to 1989 he was a guidance counselor in Longmont, Colo. In 1991 he gave up retirement and with his wife, Jewel, volunteered to teach at the Rift Valley Academy in Kijabe, Kenya, a boarding school for children of missionaries serving in Africa.

In 2009 they moved to Cary, N.C., where Web died on Christmas Day, 2020, leaving Jewel and their children, Anne, Brian, Tom, and Craig. The class sends its good wishes to Jewel and their children, Anne, Brian, Tom, and Craig. The class sends its good wishes to them all with respect for Web’s service to our country and to so very many students in so very many places.

THE CLASS OF 1953

Richard Rathborne
Graham Hobson '53

Dick died May 23, 2021, in Alexandria, Va. He was born in Orange, N.J., and moved to Alexandria in 1940. He attended Episcopal High School before coming to Princeton, where he became a member of Quadrangle Club and majored in history. His thesis topic was “E.M. Stanton as a Military Strategist.” He was president of the St. Paul’s Society and a member of the marching band.

Dick was involved in the NROTC program and served in the Navy after graduation. He entered Harvard Law School after leaving the Navy and joined the corporate legal staff of Arthur D. Little Inc. after graduating.

In 1962 Dick moved back to Alexandria, where he joined the law firm that became Booth, Prichard & Dudley, and then McGuire Woods. In the larger community, Dick was involved in both politics and his church. Faith in God was the foundation of his life and a driving force for his love and commitment to his family and community. He served two terms in the Virginia House of Delegates and was chairman of both the Virginia and Alexandria Democratic committees. He was an active member of the Episcopal Church, serving as senior warden of Emmanuel Church-on-the-Hill and serving many terms on the vestry.

Dick is survived by his wife of 67 years, 6 grandchildren of his wife of 67 years, 6 grandchildren, and 10 stepgrandchildren.

THE CLASS OF 1954

Chester Apy Jr. '54


At Peddie School he was active in debating, wrestling, and track. A politics major at Princeton, he was a member of Dial Lodge, active in Whig-Clio, the Pre-Law Society, wrestling, and crew, and was president of the Wesley Club. He also joined the Naval Reserve and was honorably discharged in 1959.


After attending Columbia University School of Law, he joined a law firm and soon became partner. In our 10th-reunion yearbook he wrote, “I like to think that service to one’s fellow man is the greatest pursuit in life.” In a lifetime of community service, he was active in New Jersey politics at both the local and state level, serving in the New Jersey General Assembly for four years. He campaigned against the death penalty and for civil rights and was active in the environmental movement, Scouting, the YMCA, alumni affairs, and the Methodist Church. He served as judge of the Workers Compensation Court from 1994 to 2004.

Chet gave his much-admired tiger-striped Volkswagen Beetle to the University.

He is survived by his wife of 67 years, 6 grandchildren, and 10 stepgrandchildren.

THE CLASS OF 1955

Markley Holmes Boyer
'55

Mark died March 14, 2021, at home after a short decline.

Mark was born in Philadelphia Dec. 29, 1932, attended Pomfret School, and grew up hunting, fishing, and loving the outdoors. At Princeton he majored in history, joined Ivy Club, and participated in freshman and JV crew. His senior-year roommates were Seth Harvey, Bill Somerville, and Hamilton Robinson.

After graduation he joined the Navy, serving with Underwater Demolition Team 21. He spent his military service maintaining a portion of the DEW line, the Distant Early Warning system of radar stations located at the edge of the Arctic, and participated in the landing of the Marines in Lebanon during the Beirut crisis of 1958.

After earning a medical degree from the University of Pennsylvania, he spent a year at the Schweitzer Hospital in Haiti, which inspired a career in tropical public health. Mark received an MPH at Harvard and a D.Phil. from Oxford. He spent his career in teaching and program development at Harvard and Tufts before retiring in 1995.

Mark had a profound interest in social, environmental, and humanitarian causes. He believed that health problems are societal and
MEMORIALS / PRINCETONIANS

POST A REMEMBRANCE with a memorial at paw.princeton.edu

John Hope Doeg ’55

John, known to his friends as the teller of lengthy jokes, died Jan. 23, 2021, after an extended illness.

John graduated from St. Albans School in Washington, D.C., where he played football, soccer, and baseball; joined the dramatics club and the religion club; and worked on the yearbook.

At Princeton John played freshman soccer and baseball, IAA football and softball, was a member of St. Paul’s Society, and was active at WPRU. He joined Tower Club, was a history major, and roomed with Stuart Raynor and Bob Elwell.

In his senior year John left Princeton, joined the Army, and spent two years in Paris. After discharge he graduated from the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill and became a stockbroker. He loved to sail and was deeply involved with the Episcopal Church.

John spent much of his life in Washington, D.C., moving to Savannah, Ga., to be near his wife’s family when his illness became an issue. John is survived by his wife of 37 years, Linda; sons Christopher and Paul; daughter Merrilee Ladd; and four grandchildren.

Robert B. Hollander Jr. ’55

Bob, one of the most eminent and engaging members of the Princeton family, died peacefully April 20, 2021, of natural causes at his son’s home in Pau’ulo, Hawaii. His accomplishments ranged from managing Stan Rubin’s Tigertown Five as a freshman, helping to improve undergraduate food options as a member of the faculty, and — most famously — being celebrated as one of the world’s leading authorities on Dante Alighieri.

He was born July 31, 1933, in New York City, the son of Robert B. Hollander 1916, and studied at the Collegiate School. At Princeton he majored in modern languages, joined Cannon Club, and played IAA touch football, squash, and tennis.

He later said that in a Ph.D. program at Columbia, while reading Dante for a paper, he slipped into a reverie, a dream-like experience. When he snapped out of it, he just knew that Dante was going to be his thing. Columbia wouldn’t hire him to teach Dante; Princeton did and he remained for 42 years, teaching and authoring 25 books. Undergraduates loved him, as did graduates, who packed his Dante seminars at Reunions and even at a rented castle in Tuscany.

Hollander was predeceased by his wife, Jean, whose devotion to poetry and Shakespeare was a perfect pairing with Bob’s mastery of Dante’s Italian language. Florence honored the pair in 2008 with the Gold Florin for their translation of The Divine Comedy.

Bob is survived by children Robert III ’91 and daughter Corinella, brother Fenton, and four grandchildren.

Graham Ely Jones ’55


Graham was born Jan. 31, 1933, in New York City, the son of Graham Jones ’29. He graduated from Exeter Academy and at Princeton majored in religion and literature and joined Ivy Club. After graduation he served in the Marines.

He joined W. E. Hutton on Wall Street and then Burnham & Co., becoming CFO of that company as Drexel Burnham Lambert. Later Graham was a board member for numerous mutual funds.

After living in Manhattan, Graham and his wife, Annie, moved to Greenwich, Conn., Boston; and then to Taos, N.M. In 2007 they moved to Lincoln, Mass., and in 2008 they moved to Newbury Court, where Graham became caregiver to Annie.

Graham was a formidable amateur athlete. As a teenager he won Connecticut state championships in tennis and golf, and he carried those skills into adult life. A longtime friend said of Graham, “He was as friendly and personable a fellow as you would ever want to meet.”

Graham was predeceased by his wife of 59 years, Annie Landry Jones, in September 2019. He is survived by son Graham Jr.; daughters Alden Perkins and Margaret Jones; two grandchildren; and sister Judy Jones Babcock.

John Havens Thornton ’55

John died April 16, 2021, in New Bedford, Mass. He was a noted artist whose first published works were cartoons in Princeton student publications and who went on to exhibit his abstract paintings in museums and galleries in New York and New England, including a Whitney Biennial. His paintings can be seen on Instagram (@johnhavensthornton).

John was astonishingly energetic. He built a couple of his half-dozen kayaks himself and went out every day when the weather was good, read voraciously, cooked the family meals, taught painting and philosophy at Massachusetts College of Art, drove his kids to school and back and to swim practice, designed and supervised the rehab of his historic home, took up commercial photography and built a studio in their eight-car garage, and drove his daughter Emily to crew lessons, enabling her to become stroke on the Andover crew for four years and then row for Princeton.

A friend once asked, “When does he sleep?” John was born Dec. 20, 1933, in Mexico City and graduated from Carteret School in West Orange, N.J. At Princeton he majored in mechanical engineering, joined Charter Club, and drew cartoons for The Daily Princetonian, Princeton Tiger and Princeton Engineer.

John is survived by his wife of 40 years, Patricia; their children Emily ’03 and Charles; daughters from a previous marriage, Amy and Audrey; seven grandchildren; and a great-grandson.

THE CLASS OF 1956

Michael H. Farney ’56

Mike died Sept. 26, 2019, in Lincoln, Mass. His work experiences on ranches and his family’s love of the outdoors shaped his life. Summer jobs included working as a stunt double in Western films and horse guiding in Aspen.

At Princeton Mike majored in American history. He was a member of Campus Club and president of the Outing Club. He served as a captain in the Marines in Okinawa and in northern California taught troops in winter warfare skills. Mike taught American history at Pomfret School, worked at Princeton’s Office of Admission, and led biking and canoeing trips.


Mike and his wife, Ethel, raised their family in Lincoln and enjoyed outdoor experiences and summer music festivals. He sang for years in the Trinity Episcopal Church choir and for many years in the Concord Chorus. Mike is survived by his wife, five children, and seven grandchildren.

Roger Drexel Gridley ’56

Roger died Nov. 6, 2020, after a long illness.

He prepared for Princeton at John Marshall High School in Rochester, N.Y., where he was a member of the tennis and skiing teams as well as president of the National Honor Society. At Princeton Roger majored in politics and was an active member of Campus
Tom, who died May 13, 2021, of Parkinson’s disease. Tom’s interests ranged from backpacking near the family’s nearly century-old cabin at Lake Tahoe to completing The New York Times crossword puzzle in ink.

Tom came to Princeton from St. Andrews School. At Princeton he majored in biology and belonged to Tower Club. His senior-year roommates were Pete Bredheoff, Bill Shinn, and Tim Smith, all now deceased. After Princeton he attended Naval OCS, served for three years, and then went to Stanford Law School. He practiced maritime law in San Francisco with clients in Britain, Scandinavia, and Asia, retiring in 2003. Tom taught admiralty law at the California Maritime Academy and the University of San Francisco law school.

He lived with his family in the East Bay until 1994, when they moved north to wine country. There, he helped found the Sonoma Valley Mentoring Alliance, which has arranged social and emotional support to some 2,000 at-risk children; he himself mentored four. Besides three children and one grandson, Tom leaves his wife, Sheila, whom he met on a blind date in the late 1970s to Little Rock to join Radiology Consultants at the Baptist Medical Center, practicing until his mid-50s. He then retired to enjoy boating and travel and to support his wife’s work in musical charities, music, and art education.

Tom was predeceased by his wife, Helen; and by son John. He is survived by his companion, Lou Lane; son S. Brooks, III; daughter Virginia Prassel; and four grandchildren.

Robert C. Hilton ’59
Bob died April 7, 2021, of natural causes at his home. Before college Bob moved often, living in Bronxville, Terra Haute, and Nashville, and preparing for Princeton at Mercersburg Academy. While at Old Nassau he was a busy young man, majoring in basic engineering, serving as a captain in the ROTC and vice president of WHIG-CLIO, twisting dials at WPRB, and outing with the Outing Club. He joined Quadangle, and senior year shared quarters with seven other ’59ers.

After graduation Bob attended University of Virginia Law School, earning a law degree in 1961, then served a two-year stint with the Army at Fort Riley, Kan. Moving back to Nashville he joined Genesco, followed by time with Hospital Affiliates International and a successful career in health-care management, founding two startups, American Healthcorp and Home Technology Healthcare.

Also a world traveler — 50 countries, six continents — Bob was happiest when sharing his Millboro, Va., home, affectionately named “The Stone House,” with family and friends. Smart and motivated, he had a highly positive influence on those around him.

Bob was predeceased by his first wife, Macon; second wife, Ann; and sister Caroline Woodard. He is survived by daughter Elizabeth Lasley ’88, son Robert Jr., a stepson, three grandchildren, two step-grandchildren, and sister Martha Nolen. The class extends its deepest condolences to his family.

Felix Jackson ’59
Felix passed away April 16, 2021, in Metairie, La. He was born and raised in suburban Philadelphia.

After graduating cum laude from Episcopal Academy in Merion, Pa., Felix took a circuitous route to arrive at Princeton. Having gained admission to both the U.S. Naval Academy and Princeton, because his father had attended the Naval Academy and retired as a rear admiral, Felix chose Annapolis. A naval career was not to be, however, for during his plebe year he was dropped from the Academy for medical reasons. He transferred to Princeton as a sophomore, where he took his meals at Elm Club, enrolled in the chemistry department, and roomed with Arv Anderson, Marzke, Matthews, Moockridge and Wentz.

In the two years following graduation he enrolled in the evening master’s degree program in metallurgical engineering at Stevens Institute, wed his first wife in December 1959, and enrolled in the daytime MBA program at Columbia. He earned his master’s degree in June 1962 and his MBA in September. Then followed a brief turn as a metallurgist for Kaiser Aluminum in New Orleans, a career change to banking with Whitney National (where he met and married his second wife), and retirement as vice president and trust officer in 1992.

Felix is survived by his wife of 49 years, Dena; sons Craig and Keith; and daughter Felicia. We have sent condolences.

Robert H. Richards III ’59
Robbie, as he was known to friends and family alike, ate at Colonial, majored in history, rowed in the lightweight boat, and roomed senior year with Bill Porteous, Dave Warren, and Larry Westfall. Gentle, brilliant, with a ready dry wit and a warm smile, Robbie met the world far more than halfway.

For Robbie, born into a Wilmington, Del., family steeped in generations of jurisprudence, his life’s work was almost never in doubt. He was a graduate of Wilmington’s Tower Hill School, garnered honors in history at Princeton, earned a law degree from Harvard, then spent four years as a law specialist with the Navy JAG Corps, stationed in the Philippines and Rhode Island. In 1964 he married Wendy Silliman, and in 1967 he signed on with the family law firm, Richards, Layton and Finger, joining cousin and classmate Charlie Richards.

In retirement, after a distinguished legal career, Robbie’s love of history came to the fore. For more than a dozen years he lectured on ancient Rome to undergraduates at the University of Delaware and to follow
retirees at the Osher Institute on World War II engagements, invariably to rave reviews. He was eagerly sought as a speaker by organizations in the Wilmington area. Robbie died March 11, 2021, following a long period of ill health. He is survived by his wife, Wendy; three sons; seven grandchildren; and two sisters. We have sent condolences.

George W. Scott Jr. ’59
George died March 27, 2021, of A.L.S. He came to Princeton from Coral Gables High School, where he excelled in all things musical, continuing at Princeton with the marching band. A mechanical engineering major, he was a dining hall captain, roomed with Callaghan, Henderson, and Tocher, and ate at Cannon Club. After graduation he worked at GE on the Apollo program, earned an MBA from Harvard, then worked at Markem as marketing manager. He married Kay Shrifer in 1961; they had four children before divorcing in 1977. In 1985 he married Charlotte Geyer and became a father again, to her two daughters. Paying tuition simultaneously at several colleges was compensated by the thrill of having multiple stickers on his car’s rear window.

George attempted retirement in 1995, only to fail by taking up as the first general manager of ISP Monadnet. He retired again in 2003 and started getting busy, playing in local bands, singing in several choirs, and raising money to build two YMCA facilities and expand the public library and ice rink. A proud Princetonian, he believed that life could be lived well only through service to others. His love for Princeton was fueled by his pride in being part of a great institution that held the same to be true.

George is survived by Charlotte, his love for 36 years; stepdaughters Margaret and Jocelyn ’96; children of his first marriage, Karen, Suzanne, David, and Tim ’90; and his brother Robert. We have sent condolences.

Henry Dustin Mirick Jr. ’60
Word of Dustin’s passing in 2016 has belatedly arrived from England, where he spent his postgraduate life. Born and raised in Ardmore, Pa., and namesake of his father, a member of the Class of ’27, Dustin came to Princeton from St. Paul’s School. Here, he rowed on 150-pound crew, majored in history, and joined Charter Club. Drawn to history as a calling, he went on to Columbia, where he earned a master’s degree in 1962 and began his Ph.D. work in English medieval history.

He earned a scholarship to King’s College, Cambridge, after which he moved on to teach American history at Hull University, where he completed his Ph.D. He then undertook a self-designed Heritage degree, combining archaeology, history, and Western art and architecture, which became a major element of his subsequent teaching and further scholarship.

Dustin and Kate married in 1973 and raised three daughters. He retired in 1997 and they moved near her family home, an old stone cottage in the Dales region of Yorkshire. Improvements and expansion of the house became his principal retirement pursuit, along with his lifelong study of history.

Dustin contracted leukemia and struggled with it until his death in 2016. He leaves Kate and their three daughters and families, to whom we send our belated condolences.

Charles G. Reul ’60
Chuck came just down the road to us from Westfield (N.J.) High School. At Princeton he became a “pipe smoking philosophy major,” joined Cloister Inn, and prepared for medical school. He was also active in the Bridge Club and Whig-Clio.

Chuck earned a medical degree at Columbia and completed his residency at the Neurological Institute at Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center in New York. He spent two years practicing neurology in the Air Force, then served at several major medical centers in the South before joining a neurology practice in Fort Smith, Ark., for more than 20 years.

In 1990 Chuck’s wife, Sandy, persuaded him to retire early from medicine. They moved to Eugene, Ore., where she resumed her graduate studies in Spanish literature. Chuck became active in many civic causes and as the landscaper/gardener/wall builder on their property. He further honed his sports and fitness regime and commenced their impressive record of foreign travel. In all they visited more than 20 countries in more than 50 trips, most including extensive hiking, biking, trekking, and canoeing.

Chuck died April 2, 2021, from complications of cancer. He married three times, was divorced, lost his second wife very early to cancer, and spent 35 years with Sandy who, along with his three children from his first marriage, survives him.

William Whipple III ’60
Bill went to school everywhere. As the son of an Army senior officer he attended four high schools, finally graduating from Orleans (France) American High School. Settling down at last, at Princeton Bill served in ROTC, majored in the Woodrow Wilson School, was active in Whig-Clio, and dined at Terrace. In 1965 he earned a law degree at Harvard; he then served two years as an artillery officer in the Army with a tour in Korea. In 1966 he married Valerie and joined E.I. DuPont for a 26-year career in Wilmington, Del., and Sao Paulo, Brazil, in several legal and financial divisions.

Along the way, Bill became a committed conservative. He was long associated with the Conservative Caucus of Delaware and in retirement co-authored a book, Partnering for Performance. He wrote often for publication on neglected values, bungled policies, and misguided initiatives. As online opinion journalism evolved, Bill ultimately instituted a blog, s-a-f-e.org, discussing how to avert an economic meltdown.

Bill died March 22, 2021. He is survived by Valerie and their three daughters and families. Our condolences to them all.

Archibald G. Delmarsh III ’62
Archie was born Jan. 14, 1940, in Fort Collins, Colo. While young he moved to Inlet, N.Y., population 300. His grandfather owned an old three-story, wooden hotel there where Archie worked. He ran bingo, and the house often won!

He grew up in a tiny town, yet went to Choate and Princeton. He played freshman hockey with Joe Sprague, Dickie Butsch, and Paul Burgert, and he majored in English. Following graduation he married Shirley LaForte. After working in insurance for some years he returned home to take over the family hotel. Archie retired at 48, bought real estate, and lived in Palm Beach, Fla., and Inlet. His lifelong pursuits included golf, tennis, and playing cards.

He died Feb. 18, 2021, of pancreatic, throat, and esophageal cancer. Archie is survived by Shirley, three sons, two daughters-in-law, six grandchildren, sisters Bonnie Murphy and Sunny MacInnis, and brother Kit Delmarsh. As a unique and loving person he will be missed. He leaves behind a wonderful legacy of kindness, generosity, hard work, and always helping others. The class offers its sympathy to all.

John E. Furlong ’64
Jeff died April 25, 2021, in Lakeview, Texas. He grew up in Pelham, N.Y., and attended Pelham Memorial High School, where he ran track and cross country.

At Princeton, where his father was a member in the Class of 1936, Jeff majored in history, served as president of Key & Seal, played on the freshman and JV football teams, and participated in several other sports,
including rugby, track, and sailing. Among his roommates were Steve Roth, John Rautbitschek, and Hugh Lynch.

Following graduation he attended the Rice School of Architecture, earning a B.Arch. in 1968. He then spent a 40-year career with what is now the Austin Co. in Houston, eventually becoming chief architect and major client liaison. Retiring in 2009, he reported, “the work was interesting, often challenging, and mostly enjoyable.”

In 1982 Jeff married Vicki Martin, a native Texan and English teacher. After his retirement they moved to Lakeway, near Austin.

Jeff served as an unofficial photographer for our class, documenting in wonderful photos our various reunions and events.

We extend our condolences to Vicki; his sister, Paula; and brothers Bill, Mark, and Jim.

**Thomas Grant III ’64**

Tom died May 13, 2021, in Dalian, China. He was born in Washington, D.C., and grew up in Charlotte, N.C. At Princeton he majored in English and was a member of Charter Club. Tom was active on Tiger magazine and the Princeton Response Committee. His thesis on the heroines of James Joyce and D.H Lawrence led to his graduating *cum laude*, and his love of literature and language resonated through all his life and work.

Tom’s marriage to Sandy Carr brought them two sons who often stayed in his apartment on Central Park West after their divorce. His public relations career in New York City and his friends in the arts and politics led to a seat on the board of directors of the Empire State Pride Agenda, a gay-rights political action committee. In 2008 he settled in Dalian, a Manchurian coastal city, where he and partner Andy Hou co-founded the Manhattan American School of English. The school enrolls more than 100 students, many of whom go on to leadership roles in China.

Late in life Tom published two books: *Lake Ponchartrain: A Novel of Love and Betrayal* (Vanguard Press) and *The Chinese Mandolin*. He was noted for his humor and hospitality, skill in the kitchen, merciful political analyses, and love of travel and dogs.

Tom is survived by Andy, his longtime partner; sons, Thomas and Turner; brother Mitchell; and his sister-in-law, Melinda.

**John F. McNeill ’64**

John passed away May 5, 2021, at his home in Lost Tree Village, Fla., north of Palm Beach, after a long and brave struggle with cancer. John grew up in Waterbury, Conn., and attended Taft School. At Princeton he majored in economics and served as treasurer of Dial Lodge. Following Princeton he earned an MBA from Stanford.

In 1969 John married Veronica Lynn Turner at St. Michael’s Church in London. They settled in New York City, where John pursued a successful business career. He initially joined the Celanese Corp. as a financial analyst, then moved to the Allen Group, where he rose to chief financial officer. In 1985 he became the chief financial officer of Dover Corp., a Fortune 500 company.

In retirement John and Veronica traveled extensively, often to France and Italy, and resided in London, Philadelphia, and eventually in North Palm Beach.

John’s avocations included tennis, at which he excelled throughout his life, and running. He also was an avid bridge player and a wine connoisseur with an extensive cellar.

Clubmates Carl Esser ’63, who was president of Dial, and Hank Rode, who later worked with John while serving as counsel to Dover, spoke about how much they enjoyed working with him and praised his financial acumen.

The class extends our condolences to Veronica and to their son, Duncan ’01.

**David C. Siegfried ’64**

Dave died peacefully Feb. 2, 2021, at home in Short Hills, N.J.

He grew up in Madison, N.J., graduating from the local high school as valedictorian while captaining the baseball team and editing the newspaper. At Princeton he graduated *summa cum laude* from the Woodrow Wilson School with election to Phi Beta Kappa. He earned three letters in track running the 600 and 440, ate at Tiger Inn, and roomed senior year with Larry Frank and Bob Bedford. He earned a law degree at Harvard and after a stint in the Army National Guard, began a more than 30-year career at Milbank, Tweed, Hadley & McCloy, becoming a partner in the banking and international finance group. He spent seven years in Asia, running the firm’s Hong Kong office and founding and running its Singapore office.

Following retirement from the firm, he was active in local New Jersey historical societies focusing on the American Revolution and tutored disadvantaged youth for a community organization in Newark. He was a dedicated runner and competed in New Jersey senior track meets well into his 70s.

Dave’s service to Princeton was exceptional: He served as president of the Alumni Association, chairman of the Alumni Council, and twice as president of our class, earning the Class of 1964 Spirit Award. Dave was a true gentleman, widely admired for his keen intellect, integrity, generosity, kindness, patience, and loyalty.

The class extends our condolences to Dave’s wife of 52 years, Stephanie; their daughters, Karin ’91 and Christine; eight grandchildren; and sister Susan.

**THE CLASS OF 1965**

**Charles J. Hora Jr. ’65**

Chuck was valedictorian at Bedford High in Ohio. At Princeton he majored in chemistry and ate at Elm. He married Ruth-Ellen after graduation. They were regular Reunions and University athletic-event attendees.

Chuck earned a Ph.D. from the University of Massachusetts in 1970 on an NSF grant, and went to work for Diamond Shamrock in Cleveland doing chemical and medical research. He then joined the Lord Corp. in Erie, Pa., became president, moved the company to the Research Triangle in North Carolina’s Piedmont, and had a successful career, after which he spent many interesting and enjoyable years as a consultant in the field while remaining in Cary, N.C.

Chuck loved participating in sports, including tennis, baseball, basketball, swimming, cycling, and golf, and was a die-hard Cleveland Browns and Cleveland Indians fan. He restored classic cars, was a master model-airplane designer, building and flying them, and winning many competitions. He also became a walking encyclopedia on all matters cinematic, based on energetic and enthusiastic research.

Chuck died March 29, 2021, after a long illness. He is survived by Ruth-Ellen, and by brother Richard and his wife Kathryn and their two daughters. Let us pay tribute to a life fully, broadly, and successfully lived.

**Robert S. Mason ’65**

Bob passed away May 27, 2021, after an extended illness at his home in Lebanon, N.J., surrounded by his family.

At Princeton Bob took his meals at Elm, played in the band, majored in economics, and roomed with Alan Schwartz, Brent Farmer, and Ralph Read. After a successful career in international banking, working largely with American Express and rising to become executive vice president of American Express Bank Ltd., Bob spent the last decades of his life in service to God in local churches and communities and on mission trips.

His daughter Heather, a nationally ranked equestrian dressage expert, continues to manage “Flying Change Farm,” which they started together.

Bob is survived by his wife, Phyllis; daughter Heather; son Robert Mason Jr.; and granddaughter Lydia Mason. A celebration of his life was held June 1, 2021, and information is available from his family. Condolences have been sent to his survivors, along with our best wishes.
Dick came to us from Troy (N.Y.) High School. At Princeton he majored in chemistry, took meals at Campus, played goalie on our hockey team, and ran the student directory. Upon graduation he married Sally, whom he met at Firestone, and was with her at the time of his death, Veterans Day 2020, which seems appropriate for a former 101st Airborne doctor.

Dick attended medical school at Dartmouth and Harvard, did his residency at the Medical College of Virginia, and then had a 41-year career in New Hampshire at numerous institutions, serving thousands of residents and acting variously as chief of surgery, cancer center chair, and a member of the New Hampshire Medical Review Panel.

He coached hockey and soccer locally, driving a beat-up Chevy Suburban that only had one window handle, which was passed thoughtfully and accurately to each person to roll down the windows. In retirement he spent time on the Maine Coast, traveled widely, and spent time with his grandkids when not pursuing “with passion and zeal, wide ranging activities in genealogy, woodworking, photography, cooking, history, physics, and gardening.”

Dick is survived by Sally; his four children, Richard, Matthew ’92, David, and Susan ’95; along with spouses; and 10 grandchildren, who knew him as “Bop.” The class sends its condolences and regrets the loss of this ever-ready energizer of a man.

**THE CLASS OF 1966**

**Edward L. Bailey ’66**


Born in Boston, Ed graduated from Boston Latin School. He entered Princeton with our class and joined Cannon Club.

Ed left Princeton before graduation, and we were sorry to see him go. His cheerful demeanor and ready smile made him welcome everywhere on campus. Classmates recall his encyclopedic knowledge of, and enthusiasm for, trolleys. Five minutes with Ed meant at least two minutes of trolley information.

His daughter Ami reports that Ed never lost that enthusiasm. His love of trolleys and trains led him into a career in the transportation industry, planning and consulting on transportation issues, first in Boston, then in Chicago.

In addition to Ami, Ed is survived by son Don; grandchildren Nickolas, Zachery, Andre, and Janna; sister Margaret; and former wife Annette. The class extends its condolences to them.

**Richard A. Low ’66**

Dick died April 29, 2021.

He was a graduate of Deerfield Academy. In attending Princeton Dick continued a family tradition that included his father Merritt ’29, brother Robert ’63, uncle George ’31, and cousin David ’64. Dick majored in chemistry and was active in the Glee Club; sang with the Tigertones; played hockey, football, and lacrosse; and was a member of Quadrangle Club.

Dick served in the Navy from 1966 to 1969, leaving with the rank of lieutenant. During that time he married Joan Whitney. He joined a division of Continental Oil and worked in chemicals marketing before earning an MBA from Harvard. He spent the balance of his career in banking, working in numerous locations that included Denver, Hong Kong, and Riyadh.

He was active in community affairs, serving for a time on the board of selectmen of Hamilton, Mass. At the time of his death, he and Joan resided in Salem, Mass.

In addition to Joan, Dick is survived by children Thomas and Vivien and grandson Oliver. The class extends its condolences to all of them.

**THE CLASS OF 1968**

**Richard T. Garfield ’68**


He was born March 17, 1947, in Chicago, and attended Evanston (Ill.) High School, where he co-edited the newspaper and was active in track, cross country, and Boys Club. At Princeton Rick majored in politics and his activities included playing pool and poker, zoos, Trenton Tutorial, and American Society of International Law. He ate at Dial Lodge.

After Princeton Rick graduated from the University of Florida Law School in 1972. He was chief of the homicide division of the state attorney’s office in Fort Lauderdale for 10 years before going into private practice.

Rick was an avid dog lover and had several canine companions throughout his life, including one he took with him to class at law school. His last dog, Lucky, a rescued Maltipoo, was with him at the time of his death. Rick had intended to attend the 50th reunion, but a stroke that affected his eyesight prevented him from attending.

Rick is survived by his wife, Trudy. To her, the class extends its profound sympathies.

**THE CLASS OF 1973**

**James Wayne Hunt ’73**

Wayne was born Aug. 5, 1952, to Augustus and Bernyce Hunt in Maplewood, N.J., and attended Whitman High School in Bethesda, Md., where he was a member of the Key Club and played varsity basketball and track. At Princeton Dick majored in chemistry and was active in winter and spring track, Orange Key, Flying Club, and club athletics, eating at Terrace.

After Princeton he earned an MD-Ph.D. degree in biochemistry from Duke Medical School. After house-staff training at Washington University in St. Louis, Dick did research at the NIH before moving to San Francisco for a fellowship in gastroenterology at UCSF. Dick then joined the faculty at UCSF, where he spent his entire career. For the first 20 years of his career, he focused on research and co-authored nearly 100 scientific articles. He then pivoted to clinical practice and consulted on difficult cases until his death.

Dick is survived by his wife, Jane Martin; children Alex, Beth, and Chris; six grandchildren; and sister Kate Weisiger. The class extends its profound sympathies to them all.

**THE CLASS OF 1968**

**Richard A. Weisiger ’68**

Dick passed away April 24, 2021, in Terra Linda, Calif., from multiple system atrophy.

He was born Feb. 25, 1946, in Maplewood, N.J., and attended Whitman High School in Bethesda, Md., where he was a member of the Key Club and played varsity basketball and track. At Princeton Dick majored in chemistry and was active in winter and spring track, Orange Key, Flying Club, and club athletics, eating at Terrace.

After Princeton he earned an MD-Ph.D. degree in biochemistry from Duke Medical School. After house-staff training at Washington University in St. Louis, Dick did research at the NIH before moving to San Francisco for a fellowship in gastroenterology at UCSF. Dick then joined the faculty at UCSF, where he spent his entire career. For the first 20 years of his career, he focused on research and co-authored nearly 100 scientific articles. He then pivoted to clinical practice and consulted on difficult cases until his death.

Dick is survived by his wife, Jane Martin; children Alex, Beth, and Chris; six grandchildren; and sister Kate Weisiger. The class extends its profound sympathies to them all.

**THE CLASS OF 1966**

**Edward L. Bailey ’66**


Born in Boston, Ed graduated from Boston Latin School. He entered Princeton with our class and joined Cannon Club.

Ed left Princeton before graduation, and we were sorry to see him go. His cheerful demeanor and ready smile made him welcome everywhere on campus. Classmates recall his encyclopedic knowledge of, and enthusiasm for, trolleys. Five minutes with Ed meant at least two minutes of trolley information.

His daughter Ami reports that Ed never lost that enthusiasm. His love of trolleys and trains led him into a career in the transportation industry, planning and consulting on transportation issues, first in Boston, then in Chicago.

In addition to Ami, Ed is survived by son Don; grandchildren Nickolas, Zachery, Andre, and Janna; sister Margaret; and former wife Annette. The class extends its condolences to them.
GRADUATE ALUMNI

Robert Cox Milnor *49
Bob died March 1, 2021, in Seattle of natural causes.
He was born Feb. 15, 1924, in New York City and raised in Maplewood, N.J. At his parents’ farm he was free to indulge his never-ending passion to tinker, build, and explore. It was there that he built his first train set, in the loft of the barn, and a telescope to watch the stars.
In 1944 Bob graduated from the University of Michigan with a degree in aeronautical engineering. After college he served for two years in the Army Air Corps. At the end of World War II, he was hired by Boeing. In 1949 Bob earned a master’s degree in aeronautical engineering from Princeton before returning to Boeing.
Bob’s 43-year career enabled him to travel the world and work on many challenging space and missile defense programs, but his favorite assignment was the light-rail vehicle program based on his lifelong love of model railroading. He never stopped playing with trains.
Bob is survived by his first wife, Grace, and their children John, Karen, Bruce, and Diane; his second wife, Marina, and her daughter Katya; eight grandchildren; and three great-grandchildren.

Michael K. Macklem *54
Michael died March 4, 2021, in Toronto.
Born in Toronto July 12, 1928, he studied English literature at Trinity College in the University of Toronto, graduating in 1950. He earned a Ph.D. in English from Princeton in 1954.
Initially Michael taught at Yale before returning to Canada as a writer for the new Encyclopedia Canadiana, a landmark publication for a country looking to tell its own story in its own voice. He was engaged in the early development of the Humanities Research Council of Canada. His books included Liberty and the Holy City: The Idea of Freedom in English History, followed by God Have Mercy: The Life of John Fisher of Rochester.
With his wife, Anne Hardy, Michael founded Oberon Press, devoted to giving Canadians books of their own. Encompassing works of fiction and nonfiction, Oberon published more than 700 titles, including Where to Eat in Canada, which sold almost 200,000 copies through 50 annual editions.
In 2006 Michael was awarded the Order of Canada in recognition of his work with the press.
Michael is survived by his wife of more than 70 years, Elaine; their daughters, Karen, Bruce, and Diane; his second wife, Marina; and their daughter Katya; eight grandchildren; and three great-grandchildren.

Carl R. Riehm *77
Born June 23, 1945, he was raised in Brooklyn and earned a bachelor’s degree in 1967 from Columbia, where he served as president of the undergraduate student government. In 1974 he earned a Ph.D. in politics from Princeton, with a focus on Soviet politics.
For the first part of his career in finance, David worked at Chase Manhattan Bank. He spent the remainder of his career at Merrill Lynch until his retirement in 2013.
David had a special affection for Princeton. He served on the APGA board and enjoyed marching with the APGA in the P-rade. Passionate about Jewish life and Israel, David was active at his synagogue and with nonprofits devoted to Israel.
A tireless reader and consumer of knowledge, David was endlessly fascinated by history, politics, people, and places. Genuinely interested in the lives and stories of virtually anyone he met, David was a networker at heart, always eager and willing to help in any way he could.
David is survived by his wife of 46 years, Sandra; daughters Melissa Braunstein and Nina Blackman ’93; and six grandchildren.

Graduate memorials are prepared by the APGA.
Classifieds

For Rent
Europe

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

Paris: 1870 apartment between Louvre Muséum and Ritz Hotel. Six night minimum for 2. apowery@icloud.com, 831-521-7755, 310-614-1537, w’49.

Provence: Delightful stone farmhouse facing Roman theater, 3 bedrooms, pool, market town. Frenchfarmhouse.com

Paris, Marais: 2BR 1B spacious, quiet apartment facing inner courtyard. Walk to Louvre, Notre Dame, Picasso Museum. Vibrant neighborhood on pedestrian street, full kitchen, w/d, AC. kdanders12@gmail.com, k’58, k’62.

Ile St-Louis: Elegant, spacious, top floor, skylighted apartment, gorgeous views overlooking the Seine, 2 bedrooms sleeps 4, 2 baths, elevator, well-appointed, full kitchen, WiFi. 678-327-8444. trif@minspring.com

Worldwide
Timeshare Rentals By Owner: Affordable, luxurious 1-6BR weekly timeshare rentals available at renowned resorts in the world’s most popular destinations. www.sellmytimesherenow.com/timeshare-rentals/

United States Northeast
Stone Harbor, NJ: Beachfront, 4BR, upscale. 570-430-3639, Stoneharborbeachhouses.com, radams350@aol.com


United States West
Big Sky Montana: Charming 4 BR log home on 20 acres beautifully furnished, spectacular views, Big Sky sunsets, skiing, hiking, fishing and golfing within 5 minutes. Close to Yellowstone National Park and Bozeman. Enjoyment all 4 seasons. 610-937-0529, janegriffith655@gmail.com, s’67.


Real Estate for Sale
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Books

Educational Services
SAT/ACT & ISEE/SSAT Tutor: Robert Kohen, Ph.D., Harvard and Columbia grad, provides individualized tutoring for the SAT/ACT and ISEE/SSAT. 212.658.0834; robertkohen@koheneducationalservices.com; www.koheneducationalservices.com

Personals
Make This Your Year: When it comes to your personal life, you deserve the best. Introductions for Men and Women 35-80. You can find a new love at any time. We have the success stories to prove it. The Right Time Consultants continues to be a well-respected and known leader in this field. We take an executive search approach that is confidential and highly personalized to your needs. We bring many years of experience working with Ivy-educated, advanced degree graduates, entrepreneurs, executives, and academics across the country. We invite you to reach out to us and are looking forward to meeting you! Sandy@therighttimeconsultants.com; 212-627-0121: www.therighttimeconsultants.com

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Professional Services
He Led His Life Like A Game of Football

By Elyse Graham ’07

Ever since Princeton players competed in the very first game of intercollegiate football — against Rutgers, in 1869 — Princetonians have felt a certain ownership of the sport. Few took their passion to the lengths of William “Big Bill” Edwards 1900. Six feet tall, 225 pounds, a formidable presence in and out of a jersey, Edwards made it his lifelong mission to treat every day like a day on the football field — becoming one of Princeton’s legendary sportsmen.

In the 1890s, Princeton games were national events, with crowds from New York and beyond packing the stands. Alumni in the audience bounced and brawled; as they watched, many became boys again. Edwards recalled one man’s celebration after Harvard won a squeaker: “In the midst of the excitement, a Harvard graduate got up from his seat, climbed over the fence, put his derby hat and bulldog pipe on the grass, walked solemnly out a few paces, turned two complete handsprings, walked back, put on his hat, picked up his pipe, climbed solemnly over the fence again and took his place in the crowd. He was very businesslike about it and didn’t say a word. He had to get it out of his system — that was all. Nobody laughed at him.”

In Edwards’ junior year, his team unanimously voted him captain, a position he held for two years. He led Princeton to so many victories that, for decades after, the University invited him to headline alumni dinners and championship bonfires. As late as 1925, the Princetonian could name-check Edwards with confidence that readers would remember a student who had graduated a quarter-century before. A lighthearted article about the “golden nineties” quipped, “Princeton at that time contained some 250 odd students and three who were not odd. Those three clubbed together and later became Big Bill Edwards.”

After college, Edwards got into New York politics and returned, season after season, to coach Princeton’s team or referee games. In 1910, when a gunman shot Mayor William Gaynor, Edwards saved the mayor’s life by pinning the shooter in a tackle, preventing further injury. (He won a medal for bravery.) He organized a national drive during World War I to send football uniforms to American soldiers in Europe, so they could play the game for recreation. In 1925, the city appointed Edwards to be the head of a new police academy for the NYPD. He modeled the training after — what else? — football. As The New York Times reported in a story headlined “Police to Have Course in Ethics of Football,” Edwards resolved that the city’s officers should learn the turf’s values of teamwork and fair play. “A man has to be game to be a member of the police department,” he said. “And it is my hope that they will bear in mind that their highest duty is ... to be on the level and to keep the police manual as their constant guide.”

He borrowed his credo from Grantland Rice: “For when the one Great Scorer comes to write against your name, / He marks — not that you won or lost — / but how you played the Game.”

Despite the fact that he worked in the Tammany government, despite the fact that his career included roles in waste management, revenue collections, and other dubious sectors in New York City, he appears to have been an honest dealer. Go figure. For what it’s worth, Princeton has provided a notable number of integrity czars, such as inspectors general, to the civil service. Maybe it’s the Honor Code. For Edwards, it was football.

“We are not dressed in football suits nowadays,” Edwards wrote in a 1916 memoir. “We are on the sidelines. We have a different part to play. Years have compelled a change. In spirit, however, we are still ‘in the game.’”
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