

Princeton University
Class of 1966
60th Reunion Book

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THE CLASS OF 1966
PRINCETON UNIVERSITY

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PRINCETON UNIVERSITY CLASS OF 1966



MIKE WITTE

60th Reunion Book



A Locomotive for our 60th Reunion chairmen, Jon Holman and Frank Nuessle.

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Mike Witte's drawing for PAW's 2016 Reunions Guide

LIFE IN OUR NINTH DECADE

The Princeton University Class of 1966 — 60th Reunion Survey

BY HENRY VON KOHORN

It's been almost 64 years since 806 of us gathered in Alexander Hall for the first meeting of the Great Princeton Class of 1966. We were almost all white, almost all American, and — at the time — all male. Over the years, some classmates have left us while others have joined, but the size and makeup of the class have remained largely unchanged. As we approach our next gathering — our 60th Reunion — paraphrasing the late New York City Mayor Ed Koch, it seems appropriate to ask, “How’re we doin’?”

To begin to explore that question, we presented the following proposition to four Artificial Intelligence programs: “Assume a population of 806 white American males born in 1944. Assume all were still alive in 1966. How many are likely to be alive at the end of 2025?” Responses ranged from 394 to 455.

By way of contrast, the Princeton Advancement Office, which pays close attention to these things, reports that at year-end 2025, roughly 570 members of our class were still with us, far more than any of the A.I. programs would have forecast. Recognizing that much of this is due to socioeconomic advantages, we’re happy to report that by the most meaningful of metrics, ‘66 is holding up extremely well.

In late 2025/early 2026 we conducted a survey of our classmates, the goal of which was to provide a snapshot of how we octogenarians are dealing with the latter stages of our lives. We also asked for opinions about political issues and views about our alma mater. A total of 236 classmates, 41.4 percent of the class,

completed the survey, which we’re told is a statistically significant rate of response. What follows are some of the highlights as we see them. (There are a lot of numbers to follow; it can’t be helped.)

I. LIVING SITUATION

Most of us (75%) are living in single family homes. 40% of the class lives in the northeast; 23% in the West; 19% in the Southeast; 7% in the Midwest; 5% in the Southwest; and 6% outside the U.S. 43% of us live in the suburbs, 27% in cities, 22% in small towns, and 8% in rural areas. About 27% of us live near where we grew up. 24% have adapted their residence to make it easier to navigate. 16% have recently moved for a variety of age-related purposes.

II. FAMILY AND RELATIONSHIPS

86% of us are living with a spouse or partner. Happily, most are in good health. Inevitably, though, some of us — 7.6% — are widowed. On average, we have 2.3 children and 3.5 grandchildren. Very few of us have great-grandchildren. It seems that we got started rather late. The vast majority of us consider family to be a vitally important part of our lives.

III. HEALTH

Not surprisingly, about 85% of us who are still around have experienced various major medical conditions, the most common being arthritis, cancer, cardiovascular disease, and diabetes. 29% of us have had



Birthday cake, 2024 Reunions, for '66ers turning 80 that year

body parts replaced, and 12% have fallen and broken a bone. A wide variety of other ailments and procedures were also reported. Big Pharma plays a big role in our health. On average, our classmates take over six pills per day. Almost a quarter of us take 10 or more. 87% report exercising regularly, walking and strength training being the predominant activities. Perhaps that is why most of us feel younger than our age. The vast majority of us still drive and about half have some sort of sex life. Approximately one quarter of our classmates report that their physical condition significantly interferes with the lives they would like to live, while 6% feel similarly about cognitive issues.

IV. FAITH AND FINAL PREPARATIONS

36% of us believe in a Supreme Being, but only 19% regularly attend religious services. While only 45% of us have made physical provisions for death, almost all of us have wills. 62% of our classmates report that they do not fear death.

V. LIFESTYLE

A high percentage of our classmates socialize regularly, and most report having at least a few friends of a different race and/or political persuasion. About 70% of us have recently reached out to friends from long and ago and/or to distant relatives. Other than time spent with family, our classmates' most popular activities are reading, exercise, volunteer work, and watching TV. Some of us still work, though only a few full-time. We are generally comfortable with digital tools and, on average, spend more than three hours a day on our computers, tablets, and smartphones. 20% of our classmates own guns. About one third of us have pets, mostly dogs. Two thirds have recently taken a lengthy vacation, and about one third have a second home that is used regularly.

VI. POLITICAL AND SOCIAL VIEWS

Our class tends to skew progressive, 53% identifying as Democrat and 5% as Democratic Socialist. 22.5% are independent, 12% are Republican, and 3% MAGA Republican. Our news sources of choice are, in order, newspapers (old school, that), cable news, and the internet. Our survey asked how classmates feel on a scale of 5 (strongly support) to 1 (strongly oppose) about "hot-button" issues of the day. Following is an alphabetical list of these issues, along with the average numerical results; any number above 3.0 reflects support:

1. Abortion, Pro Choice: 4.46
2. Addressing Income/Wealth Inequality: 3.81
3. Affirmative Action: 3.64

4. Climate Change Action: 4.22
5. Deportation of Undocumented Immigrants: 2.30
6. Enhanced Border Security: 3.36
7. Gun Control: 4.37
8. More Legal Immigration: 3.96
9. Same Sex Marriage: 4.18
10. Tighter Regulation of Artificial Intelligence: 3.77
11. Tighter Regulation of Cryptocurrency: 4.33
12. Transgender Rights: 3.71

We asked, from 1 (pessimistic) to 5 (optimistic), "How do you assess the long-term prospects of the United States?" The average response was 2.99. On this subject, we are decidedly ambivalent.

VII. HISTORY AND IMPACT

Our survey asked the following: "Since we arrived at Princeton in 1962, a series of events have significantly influenced the trajectory of the American experiment. For better or worse, we'd like to know which three of these you consider the most consequential." Awarding three points for the most significant event, two points for the second, and one point for the third, here are the results, in descending order:

1. Development of Internet/Smartphone/Social Media: 397
2. Elections and Presidencies of Donald Trump: 277
3. Civil Rights Movement/M.L.K. Assassination: 200
4. Vietnam War: 118
5. Emergence of Artificial Intelligence: 107
6. Collapse of the Soviet Union: 102
7. Covid-19 Pandemic: 53
8. Election and Presidency of Barack Obama: 32
9. J.F.K. Assassination: 31
10. 9/11, Wars in Afghanistan and Iraq: 22
11. Election and Presidency of Ronald Reagan: 17
12. Manned Moon Landings: 10
13. Watergate/Resignation of Richard Nixon: 10
14. Gulf War: 4

It is ironic that many events, seemingly so consequential at the time — e.g., the assassination of J.F.K., Watergate — are so far down the list. "Recency bias" likely plays a role in the results. In retrospect, we regret not including the women's liberation movement as a category in this question. It clearly has had a major impact on the way in which our country now operates. Perhaps this omission is an inadvertent result of our all-male origins.

VIII. PRINCETON

Over 90% of us are happy that we chose to attend Princeton. The remainder are ambivalent. We gener-

ally approve of Princeton's current direction, though 15% of us express some concern. 72% maintain contact with fellow classmates. About one quarter of us have children who attended Princeton. (We recognize that the responses in this section may not be representative of the class as a whole. Those classmates who chose not to respond to the survey may have less connection to Princeton than those of us who did.)

IX. REFLECTIONS

Despite our advancing years, we have a positive outlook on life. The vast majority of us report being content with the lives we've led, and most of us are happy most of the time. Well over 90% have no concerns about money. However, we do seem to have concerns about the future. Only 24% of us feel that our children and grandchildren will lead a better life than ours.

X. WHAT HAS SURPRISED YOU MOST ABOUT THIS STAGE OF LIFE?

The most typical observation is that we are happy to be alive, functioning well, and surprisingly vital despite our advanced years and physical infirmities. "Doing better than I expected" is a common theme. Several classmates, though, express a sense of loss, and

concerns about declining health and mental acuity. There were many comments about the instability of our political system, which few saw coming. To get a fuller picture, see comments below.

* * *

We now return to the Ed Koch question – *How're we doin'?* In many respects, our cohort has much to be grateful for. We haven't had to deal with a world war, or a great depression, or a 1918-style pandemic (measured by worldwide deaths per capita, vastly worse than Covid-19). Nonetheless, we're in our 80s, so it's no surprise that many of us have had significant reverses – the death of a loved one, divorce, severe health issues, financial problems. But, generally speaking, members of the Great Princeton Class of 1966 are bearing up well. We're mostly in good spirits. We love our families, we're politically aware, we're engaged in our communities, we live independently, we're self-sufficient, and we have friends. In sum, notwithstanding the challenges we face, we seem to be living lives akin to those far younger than ourselves. Our upcoming 60th Reunion gives us a chance to share our stories and to support one another. But, more importantly, it will be an opportunity to celebrate. Hey, '66 – *We're doin' fine!*

"What has surprised you most about this stage of life?"

A sampling of anonymous survey replies (abridged and edited)

My ability to make new friends. The fact that I still feel young.

That at age 80, I remain eager to be productive each day and that I no longer regret being employed (or employable).

Not feeling as peaceful as I thought I would, my arthritis impinging on my physical life, and the sad state of democracy in our country.

That I've made it this far and can still do pretty much everything I was doing 20 years ago, but slower and with less energy.

That I'm alive. My father died at 53 of a heart attack, and both grandfathers died of heart attacks, one very young. I figured I would be dead by now.

That I've arrived alive and whole to this stage, am pain free, and feeling OK.

The erosion of democracy, ethics, and literacy.

The vast number of people who have been part of and influenced my life. The failure of the United States to dismantle the caste system and slavery that define it.

A national election process that does not value equally the vote of each citizen. The rise of a Christian Nationalism that does not reflect Christian values.

That our '66 classmates have become politically more liberal with age.

How much I enjoy being over 80.

Not enough time to do everything I enjoy doing.

That I'm still functioning pretty well!

While I knew your body ages and loses function, I was still surprised to get cancer and to lose more strength in my legs each year, depriving me of activities I have enjoyed all my life. I never contemplated a shorter and more limited life.

My mental decline.

Physical disabilities.

Since my four grandparents and both parents lived to be 90-plus, and since I don't smoke and my partner is a vegetarian, thus limiting my intake of meat, I am not surprised to be alive and well at this point. Sure, there

is some lower back pain and stiffness, but all of my joints are intact and original. I'm happy to be socially and musically engaged, and my family is nearby.

How much I miss sex.

That I am healthy and still sexually active. I have a good relationship with my children and spouse and feel I still have a purpose.

That I am still alive!

Decline in health (ataxia and memory loss); loss in distance in my golf swing.

My own good fortune, but the death of my wife, the illness of grandchildren, and the rule of Trump.

That I don't feel much different than when younger, although things that used to be easy aren't anymore.

The consistent behavior of most of our classmates over the last 60 years.

The deterioration of our country's dedication to democracy and social good.

That I am alive after serving in Vietnam as a military pilot.

Sudden changes in spouse's health.

How well I am doing.

That our country would treat as second-class citizens residents of color, undocumented residents, and the poor and ill.

Losing my wife and living alone.

That I found a new life partner (who I knew from childhood) after my wife of 51 years passed away.

Excessive daytime sleepiness.

How rich and satisfying it has turned out.

How much a happy marriage could add to life.

Just getting to 80. My genes were unfavorable, and I never considered living this long.

The prospect of total biosphere destruction by global warming.

The lack of political stability, international and domestic.

A lack of direction in my life.

My continued ability to help others.

That I am 81 and still in remarkably good shape.

How modern medicine is keeping so many of us alive.

That my health and activity level have stayed so good.

The acceleration of the aging process each year.

The psychological effect of the inevitable diminishment of physical and mental capacities.

The number of retirees who are happy not working. I am happy, but also somewhat bored, and think I could be more productive and helpful to others.

That after a heart attack, prostate cancer, and other health challenges, I'm still in good shape. Attributable, I think, to a younger active wife, regular exercise, the Good Lord, and choosing my ancestors carefully.

Still active and engaged in spite of heart attack.

The critical need to remain fit enough just to do the activities of daily living (ADL's).

Seeing age suddenly catching up to so many close to me. That I am much healthier than I expected to be.

How young I feel relative to my age.

Finding a level of inner peace and being able to "let go" of regrets and resentments.

How differently people age and the sense of loss from friends who have died.

Surviving this long.

That I treasure the friendships I have, and that I'm getting older physically, which I was in total denial about until recently.

The medical problems faced by my wife.

My good health and activity level; interest and participation in current events.

My good health and the pending loss of our democracy.

That I'm still kicking at 81, with lots of athletic activities.

The dearth of critical thinking in media/politics and the sad shape of American universities, e.g. lack of free speech, high incidence of remedial mathematics, lack of civil discourse, deterioration of respect for the Constitution.

That I'm still functional.

That I'm still very content with life. I feel blessed to be in good health and have the same desire to serve others that I did years ago. I am extremely thankful for all that God has given me. Though death can't be too many years in the future, I am supremely confident that the next stop after that is eternity in Heaven. What could be a better future!

How quickly the years are passing!

That our middle-aged children are still a concern.

That my wife and I are still relatively healthy and able to travel and enjoy life.

Coping better than expected with the loss of my spouse of 59 years.

That my wife died and I'm still here. That I enjoy days when I do nothing useful and don't feel guilty about it. That I'm still snowboarding, albeit gently.

That I now live on a small resort island where I am in daily contact with people younger than myself, enjoying a comfortable life despite a very low income.

The increased importance of maintaining and renewing relationships with old friends and family.

That I'm in reasonably good health while a number of friends and classmates are not.

That I do not feel old. While I certainly lack the stamina I used to have, there are few things I used to do that I cannot still do, like lifting an 80-lb. bag of cement or digging a hole to plant a tree. While I forget names from time to time, I know where I stored the wine, and my iPhone tells me the name of plants I cannot remember.

By that OLD guy in the mirror. He doesn't feel that way inside!

My remarkably good health and enthusiasm for life and ideas.

That I miss working and being considered productive by conventional standards.

The level of vitriol and intolerance in American politics and society.

My ability to stay young at heart, and to accept others as they are.

I did not expect to have as much pain, especially back pain and weak legs, which have affected my ability to wade a stream and fly fish.

Since my retirement, the gift of time to do what I want, when I want. That so many citizens fail to recognize the destruction that a narcissistic, sociopathic, autocratic, dishonest president is causing our nation. That I would have such wonderful grandchildren with differing skill sets, and who delight me daily.

How much I am enjoying life. At Princeton I never anticipated I'd be living in a meaningful same-sex relationship, with strong cultural activities and the health and financial means to enjoy them.

How we all age at different rates, and in different ways.

How circumstances, at this age, can turn on a dime.

That I am still alive and lived to see Halley's comet.

How much I love life and other people, how interesting and exciting the world and people are.

The changes in my body and mind, the death of friends and family.

Not enough time to do everything I want to do.

That most of my friends are younger than me.

How quickly my professional experience became outdated.

Lack of energy to engage in physical activities I long enjoyed.

Being insufficiently engaged with my community and the world around me.

Too many health issues and the passing of too many friends.

My surprisingly good health and ability to still play golf well.

The number of doctors I see.

The extent to which events have forced me to reconsider my earlier attitudes.

How little evidence there is for an omnipotent, omniscient, or interventionist deity.

How pessimistic I have become.

How fast time passes. How slowly we humans overcome our biases.

That I am still able to enjoy life so fully and can spend such wonderful time with my wife and our daughters and granddaughters. We all live within a few miles of each other and are together often.

How life has become more complicated rather than simpler. Taxes, for example, involve more types of income than when I was employed, all treated differently.

That I am still one of the younger guys in my golf group!

How gullible supposedly well-educated people can be.

How I am not afraid to ask friends for money to support causes I cherish.

Better health and stamina than expected; happiness with my second wife after the death of my first.

How much I think and worry about death. How much more I care about maintaining friendships. How much I hate feeling older.

That my personal life continues to bloom in good ways, all related to a continuously growing and evolving group of people — family, old and new friends, and others who share my passions as well as those who have their own passions.

How fast the physical changes have come in the past few years. Although I'm still exceptionally fit for 80, a steep downward slope started just before I turned 77.

The technological pace of change in society.

How much the world has changed, in so many ways, since I was a student. It is difficult to comprehend the challenges that confront younger generations regarding economics, politics, technology, employment.

My sense of equilibrium and finding my "true self" after some detours and disappointments along the way.

The suddenness of my physical decline over the past year or so.

The constant awareness of disease and disability with friends and family and the portent of mortality. That personally I am still in reasonably good health.

That my physical and mental health is better than many of my contemporaries.

Insights about the people I knew as adults when I was a child.

How much I enjoy interacting with others — family and friends and even perfect strangers.

The delight of knowing and interacting with a much more diverse group of people than I had known growing up, at Princeton, and through much of my working life. There are gay and trans people in my family or close to some family members, and my middle-school granddaughter is now a competent speaker of Spanish. And care-givers for recent medical episodes are like delegates from the United Nations. Wonderful!

That I am here and breathing, and that people think I am a lot younger than I am.

That I have the energy to do many things. That America has taken such a turn from values I so strongly embrace. That all my kids have decided to live close to us. How the death of family and friends has so deeply affected me.

How much time body maintenance takes.

How much I still don't know of the world.



'66 plaque and ivy, west entrance, Nassau Hall



The Princeton University Class of 1966

The following section of this 60th reunion book is an alphabetical listing of classmates, including contact information, names of spouse or partner, and photos and biographical essays or updates posted to the class website, <https://tiger1966.org/>. It does not include children and grandchildren, Princeton roommates, favorite courses, military or community service, and other categories found in previous reunion books unless that information was added after our 55th. A few classmates list business titles and addresses, although most of them are presumably retired or working part time. Entries are for living classmates only — the names of our 218 deceased classmates are found on pages 125-126, followed by 23 pages of memorials for classmates who died since our 55th or whose earlier passing we learned about later. There are 73 in all, including three who ultimately changed their class affiliation so aren't on the official class list. Memorials are current through March 2026.

Some classmates are listed by name only. These fall into two categories. As of March 2026, 13 are truly "lost" — we don't know how to reach them. The others are classmates on the "do not contact" list, of whom there are currently 16. These are classmates who want no contact of any kind from the university and/or '66. Some are disaffected, some entered with earlier classes or graduated with later ones and find their affiliation there, and some offer no explanation. In some cases we have contact information for them, but by university rules we aren't allowed to publish it.

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JOHN F. ADAM

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I started Princeton in the class of '65. I was not ready to compete with the natural ability or the drive of many of my classmates. My athletic ability was good in high school but not at P.U.

I tried to get by. Pyne Hall's fourth floor was more of a prison than a dorm. The fifth floor of Witherspoon with its 100-yard walk to the fourth-floor john was no fun. I got a 30-day infirmary stay due to a bad case of mono halfway through reading period and decided to drop out for the semester.

I probably should have quit but didn't, in spite of being very down on the college experience. Princeton was in a small town with no girls and no cars allowed and no inexpensive places to go and no way to have inexpensive dates. *In loco parentis* was baloney to me.

Things got very much better when I married my longtime girlfriend on August 7, 1965, but I still struggled with courses and written papers. Graduation was likely an undeserved gift, but I thank God for it.

Fortunately, I married well, and our long, pleasant marriage produced two successful sons. I spent 35 years as an independent insurance broker, not making a fortune but well pleased with my customers, most of whom became long-term friends. We retired to Destin, Fla., and enjoy beautiful sunsets over the bay almost every day. (2020 report, in response to class birthday card.)

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My journey from the 55th to the 60th went from care-giving to overwhelming grief to unexpected joy. In the 55th Reunion Book I described the long decline in Joan's health and how I took on the role of 24/7 caregiver. She passed away peacefully at home in April 2022, after 51 years of marriage. That summer, as the grief began to subside, I decided to contact a friend I hadn't seen since high school. With Google and some luck, I managed to find Beth living in New York. Now, approaching the 60th, I am experiencing great joy, as



Tom Adams and Beth Althofer, 2023 reunions

Beth and I have become life partners. We are moving together into the future on our shared journey.

My Princeton ties mean a lot to me, especially with classmates and other Princeton friends. I joined J.P. Godich and the late Henry Rutledge in Princeton for the Cornell game in October 2022. On my way home I had dinner with Beth in New York. The following spring, Beth and I attended our 57th reunion, despite my having broken my elbow in a fall. The reunion photos show me with my soft cast and sling. The P-rade was great fun.

At home, I enjoy the occasional '66 lunches in San Francisco and help represent the class when I can at memorial services for classmates in the Bay Area. I am looking forward to seeing everyone at the 60th.

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Sidney and Lynn Anderson

* * *

Met Sidney at the Briarcliff mixer, fall '65, and chased her till she caught me. Still together and plan to stay so, if she can still put up with me. That mixer, and rowing in the '64 Olympic Trials, are probably the big stand-out moments of my undergraduate years.

Two Princetonian offspring, both married, and now with seven grandchildren and all a joy.

Lived in Princeton 12 years after graduation (Woodrow Wilson School M.P.A. '74), and in England, Hong Kong, and now Australia for the rest — Sydney for the past 35.

Three careers — Air Force pilot, banker, headhunter. Finally retired.

Time now is spent flying gliders — Australia, New Zealand, and Namibia. Also sailing, building wooden boats, learning to love opera and cinema history.

Basically healthy and generally optimistic, but finding it a bit hard to stay so.

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* * *

I note in our 55th Reunion Book that my marital record is woefully out of date. My wife is Teresa Yohnka Anderson. (Gretchen and I divorced some 20 years ago and I have been happily remarried since.)

I have four grown daughters and three grandchildren. Brigitte (alternative medicine and acupuncture) lives in suburban Philadelphia. Ingrid (M.D., pediatric I.C.U.) is at Rainbow Babies in Cleveland. She and husband Andrew Bauer (M.D., cardiac anesthesia,

Cleveland Clinic) have two young ones: Elizabeth, 11, and Erik, 8. Margaret (International Grant Fund Administration, lives in Silver Spring, Md., with husband John Mackedon (World Bank). They do a fair amount of international travel and both have multilingual talents. Daughter Frances works for Blue Cross/Shield and resides with her son, Dennis, age 8, with Teresa and me here in Chicago. If I want to check out the ravages of time, I visit Disney World with a grandchild and struggle to keep up !

I have been practicing radiology for all the years since med school and residency training in Chicago. Spent some time in the Navy. Private practice, small group, until hospital buyout. I am still working full time at the University of Illinois Hospital in Chicago, where I do neuroradiology; am professor of clinical radiology, which means I read C.T. and M.R.I. of brain and spine, do some procedures on real patients, and enjoy teaching the younger doctors.

Growing up in Texas and Florida and living a while in Colombia, S.A., during my med-school days, I acquired Spanish, which helps with many of my present patients. Have been studying French in recent years, helps to fend off Alzheimer's. Retirement fantasy would be to live on one side or the other of the Pyrenees, teaching English as a second language, but the grandchildren are all in the U.S. Man plans and God laughs. (Posted July 2021, in response to class birthday card.)

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On January 1, 2026, I entered a new chapter in my life. After 56 years of practicing law, I finally retired. I had tried to retire over the previous five years but failed at doing so. Clients kept calling, and I couldn't say no to them. But, when I reached age 80, I decided to call it quits. Not that I wasn't able to continue, but I no longer wanted the daily pressure and wanted to go out while still feeling competent.

Dealing with Covid and working remotely in 2020 made it easier for me to slow down. I realized that I could manage being home with my wife full time and that I could easily reduce my work schedule. I started doing 35-minute daily stretch and light-weight exercises in the early winter of 2023 using a free YouTube

exercise program designed for seniors. It improved my golf game and general sense of well being. I started reading more for pleasure, and I've been dabbling with writing a memoir of my life to leave behind for my daughter when I pass on.

We have continued to travel over the past several years. We spent 10 days in Iceland with our daughter, Erika, which was especially meaningful since Terri's relatives on her father's side were Icelanders; we were in Heidelberg, Germany, for a wedding, and Paris for a week two summers ago; and in Las Vegas, the Grand Canyon, Zion and Bryce National Parks last summer. But, frankly, the hassle of international travel and the crowds in European cities have lost their appeal for me. We are still subscribers to six concerts each year with the Philadelphia Orchestra (now 51 years running), but changed to Sunday matinees two years ago to avoid driving home from Philadelphia to Allentown late on Saturday nights. And we still spend two weeks at the Chautauqua Institution in southwestern New York every summer.

My golf game continues to keep me happy. I play with two regular groups of senior golfers and get out at least two or three times a week. I did finally reach my goal of breaking 80 — twice during the past five years. Now my goal is to shoot my age, which I almost did last fall after turning 81, when I scored an 82. The competition and \$5 bets on each round make it fun, but the real joy is being outside on the three championship golf courses at Saucon Valley Country Club, in Bethlehem. Also, sharing a beer and great conversation after each round with other older guys still trying to figure out what's really important in life.

Terri and I have now lived in the same house in the west end of Allentown for nearly 46 years and will probably stay here as long as we are able to do so. There are a lot of good memories here. I think back on my time at Princeton and am ever grateful for the education it provided me and the friendships I made there. Life has been good to me, and I consider myself to be a lucky Jim.



Terri, Erika, & Jim Bartholomew

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Terry and Anne Beaty at 2025 Day at the Races.

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At Princeton, I roomed in Patton Palace with Bowman, Cartwright, Farr, Keeble, Henderson, Larkin, McMorris, Stockman, Tooke, Trees, and Walker. I remain in touch with most of them and honor "Keeble-Ed," Jim Walker, and John Bowman through the Class Memorial Fund. I played freshman football and lacrosse but transitioned to club sports at Cap & Gown.

I majored in history (my lifelong love) with a minor in economics. I wrote my thesis for Eric Goldman on "The National Monetary Commission and the Birth of the Federal Reserve System." That thesis has served me

well in my career in investments. Goldman was kind, and I graduated *magna cum laude* and elected to Phi Beta Kappa.

After Princeton, I headed for Harvard Business School, where I roomed with Ed Durkee and Tony Grassi. H.B.S. was a more intense experience than Princeton, with much greater diversity of ages, experiences, and wives and children. I majored in finance (with distinction) and worked on Wall Street in the summers, which financed my two years with help from my grandfather (Julian B. Beaty '06) and the student loan lady. I established a scholarship fund in his honor which now supports two or three Princeton students each year.

More important, I met Anne Mehringer (a sweet young thing at Vassar) who became my life partner and wife. She gives me "opportunities for improvement" regularly.

As graduation approached in the spring of 1968, the country was in flames; King and Kennedy were assassinated and Vietnam was calling. The recruiters gave me two job offers: (1) be a clerk-typist with my bad eyesight; or (2) be an operations-research analyst in the Office of the Secretary of Defense. I convinced the draft board that I couldn't type and could be more effective in Washington. Then Secretary McNamara left the Pentagon. Following the fall elections, David Packard became the first deputy secretary of defense, and my group did several interesting projects for him.

I retired in May 1970, soon after my 26th birthday. It was a bad time in New York and Wall Street, so I decided to stay in Washington. I took a job with a small investment advisory firm, Davidge & Company, and started work the week the Penn Central went bankrupt and Chrysler should have gone bankrupt. The Dow Jones Industrial Average was 632 (46,000 today). John Davidge was wonderful to me, and the firm and its clients grew strongly during 13 difficult years for the economy and the markets. We were focused on families and were active investors in commercial real estate as well as marketable securities.

John sold Davidge in 1983 to Fleet Bank (now part of Bank of America) in Providence, R.I. I reported to a V.P. and hated the big corporate experience. The day after my non-compete expired, I "retired" from Fleet and joined my friend Walter Haynes to form Beaty, Haynes & Associates. We followed the same business model as I had at Davidge and the new firm and its clients continued to grow strongly. In 2007, we received an unsolicited merger proposal from Brown Advisory (the last remaining piece of the old Alex Brown & Sons in Baltimore), and we decided to accept it. Walter had moved to Florida and we faced

a problem with succession. The combination with Brown has been a big success for our group and its clients as all parties have enjoyed good returns and tremendous growth.

I am still working full time and have no desire to retire. Anne also does not desire that I retire. She, on the other hand, has retired *three* times. After graduating from Vassar and Georgetown Law, she had management roles in government consulting in healthcare litigation support at a giant law firm and at the Renwick Gallery of the Smithsonian. She has also been active as a class officer for Vassar '69, which celebrated its 50th reunion by breaking all records for Vassar classes, with contributions from 99 percent of its living members. Even Princeton doesn't match that! I am very proud of her and her team.

We have lived for 42 years at "Old Loughborough," the oldest standing house in our area. The original wing was built in 1700 as an Indian trading post. The "new" sections of the house were added in 1847 and have graffiti from Union soldiers in 1862. The house is listed on the National Register of Historic Houses. We have 2.5 acres of gardens and a large wine cellar. I had a five-minute commute to my office for 30 years before we recently moved back downtown.

The stork missed us, so we are devoted aunts and uncles who fund educations. Our "children" have been collies and bouviers.

Our health has been better than most. Our parents are gone and I have lost my sister and a brother. I have a younger brother remaining and Anne has a sister. We are close to their children and grandchildren.

We love great food, great wines, and travel. We have enjoyed multiple visits to China, India, Central Asia, and the Pacific, as well as to Japan and Western and Central Europe. We have been to Antarctica twice and recently took an expedition cruise within 700 miles of the North Pole.

We are active philanthropists whose top priority is education (Princeton, Vassar, and several charter schools, including Terry Eakin's DC Prep). I have also continued my interest in history and have served on the advisory board to Princeton's history department, the National Trust for Historic Preservation, Fort Ticonderoga, the Civil War Trust, and now the American Battlefield Trust. I have been actively involved in programs for the 250th anniversary of the American Revolution, including the Battle of Princeton. Anne has continued her involvement in creative arts with the James Renwick Alliance and the Textile Museum. She is also a super chef and was an assistant restaurant reviewer for *Washingtonian Magazine* for several years.

We are members of the *Chevaliers du Tastevin* and

the *Commanderie de Bordeaux* and visit France and other wine-producing regions regularly. We have hosted the national meetings for both groups in Washington during the past eight years, with events at the Supreme Court as well as several embassies and historic sites.

I am also a longtime member of Washington's Class of 1966 luncheon group, which has been active for over 55 years. It has been a great way to keep in touch with old friends and to make new friends as classmates come through Washington. We also attend reunions, mini-reunions, and Zastaria's Day at the Races whenever we can.

It has been a great run. I hope it still has a way to go. It is important to me to try to learn something new every day and to make a positive difference in the lives of other people.



David and Jeanne Beck in their Oregon vineyard, 2019. They sold it last year but are continuing their horticultural pursuits.

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For our 55th Reunion Book I wrote about the state of the Crawford Beck wine grapes, Covid, and politics. The intervening five years have been ones of significant transitions, for me, for the wine industry, and for the country. Five years ago Jeanne and I had a 50-acre vineyard and we never used the "R" word (as in retired). Last year, as we both entered our 80s, the wine industry had gotten harder and less rewarding, and someone made us an offer we could not refuse. We sold the vineyard, moved into a half-acre subdivision, and



Jeanne Beck, left, with Princeton physics professor Stewart Smith and his wife, Norma. The Smiths visited the Becks in Oregon in 2025 to deliver cuttings from Albert Einstein's begonia collection.

finally began saying that we had retired.

One might assume that a hundred-fold reduction in management responsibility would lead to a substantial increase in free time. It hasn't. I am still involved in the Agriculture Research Foundation of Oregon State University, the Wine Studies Advisory Board of Linfield University, the Willamette Valley Wine Growers Group, reviewing grant applications for the American Viticulture Foundation and the Oregon Wine Board, the Portland *sous-commanderie* of the *Confrérie des Chevaliers du Tastevin*, and a few other assorted organizations. When we moved to our new house, we kept the smallest of our four orange tractors, and I am still doing all of the gardening on our half-acre lot. I figure that I will continue doing that as long as I can lift an 80-pound bag of cement or a case of wine.

Although it does not really count as "gardening," in addition to the hundreds of roses and other plantings on the property, Jeanne and I have started a small collection of begonias, or more specifically, a small collection of cuttings from the Einstein begonias described in the June 2025 PAW. When I read the article, I immediately wrote to Princeton physics professor Stewart Smith to ask for a cutting. I offered to trade bulbs from a 100-plus-year-old heirloom iris cultivar originally belonging to Dr. Lewis Coriell, a key collaborator with Jonas Salk in the polio vaccine story. So now the Coriell irises are growing in Princeton and the Einstein begonias are growing in Oregon. This is hardly an earth-shaking accomplishment, but it keeps me from dwelling as much on the news from home and abroad about the fall of democracies and the rise of dictatorships.

Meeting Dr. Smith, and hosting him and Norma for lunch, created a strong sense of *déjà vu* since I recall

very clearly when, at the end of our freshman year, my dear friend and class-mate Dan Skvir took me with him to call on the parents of his then girlfriend and wife to be, Tass Turkevich. The '66 science majors reading this will almost certainly recall many joyful hours sitting in Dr. Turkevich's chemistry class. Meeting Dr. Turkevich and his wife in his home was a truly heady experience. Also visiting the Turkevich's home at the time was a famous Russian scientist who was a pioneer in electron microscopy. Dr. Stewart Smith had not yet arrived at Princeton when I was there, but I had that same sense of awe in meeting him in 2025 and talking about particle physics with one of the pioneers in that field. Life never gets old, in spite of the years.

Jeanne's and my program of travel collapsed in the Covid pandemic, but Jeanne and I are ready to travel again, and among our plans is a trip to Princeton for our 60th reunion. See you there.

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* * *

Quiet reflections from someone who has had a very blessed life — our journeys are populated with so many conversations.

Princeton was certainly a time and a place for some of the most impactful ones, and I often think of them. It was the interaction with classmates (and roommates) like John Scully, Jon Dawson, and Walt Bliss and club-mates like Peter Wilson, Walter Hale, and Jim Beverly, to name just a few. Sharing their thoughts and passions led me to a better understanding of individual purpose and hopefully, ultimately, better choices.

To John I owe the enjoyment of making investing a creative process (and my decision to go to business school). To Jon, the value of persistence and focus undaunted, accompanied by a laugh. To Walt, the thoughts of his being my secretary of state and what we could do together if we were entrusted to run the country. To Peter, the persuasion I should run for president of Charter Club (and he made it happen). To Walter, the importance of style in the smallest of details. And to Jim, the comfort that comes from not taking anything too seriously.

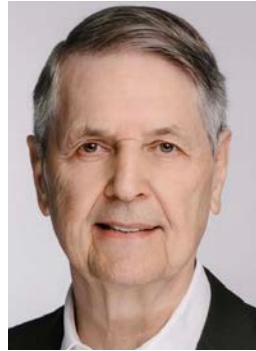
There are many more — so many where a conversation, a thought, or an action from a classmate had such a residual effect on my life. I still reflect on them and cannot help but smile when one comes to mind.

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We haven't changed, but it's all different. I retired January 4, 2022, to join my wife, Beverly, who retired in January 2012. For both of us, retirement meant we no longer have a salary, although we keep a busy schedule of professional activity. I became a fellow of the American Physical Society in 2020 for work done primarily in the 1990s. Beverly, long ago an A.P.S. fellow, was recipient in 2021 of its Isaacson Award in Gravitational Wave Science for her work at the National Science Foundation guiding the research, development, and construction of LIGO, the Laser Interferometer for Gravitational Wave detection.

In 2022, she stepped away from her many advisory committees so we could spend more time exploring the North American wilderness and pondering a return to Africa for an extended safari. We did more winter camping in the deserts of southern California and warm-weather trips to Oregon, Washington, and Brit-



Lloyd Bentsen

ish Columbia, including Vancouver Island. A highlight was a week in February 2020 to Yellowstone for guided day trips with many sights of eagles, wolves, bison, fox, and trumpeter swans.

Extended trips to the African savannah or Brazilian Amazon appear to be only a dream now because of a decline in her health. So far, I've had only minor problems, e.g. a hip replacement in April 2024, which was very successful.

Recent years have brought constant reminders of our physical limits as emails announce the death of another classmate or relative. More depressing is the decline of our country from a defender of freedom and human rights, supporter of negotiation to resolve differences, international leader and collaborator in science, and major donator to combat disease and starvation at home and internationally. Now, we have a president who supports tyrants and racists, increases in pollution, cheats at golf, and opposes equal rights and voting rights.

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In early 2017, I retired from the Congressional Research Service (part of the Library of Congress) as a specialist on Congress and the legislative process. I didn't retire because Trump came into office; I stayed through the inauguration to help with work on the transition. But I had come to realize that my declining energies and continued incoming workload would always combine to prevent my accomplishing even the reports in my areas that I thought Congress needed, to say nothing of my broader theoretical work on the politics of democracy. Also, C.R.S. managers increasingly tended to presume they could think up ideas about what might be useful for Congress better than I could. And I'm lastingly sorry that my superiors considered my style of work too theoretical to allow me to participate much in the historic work C.R.S. did for Congress in support of democratization in post-communist states.

Still, I retired with some reputation, within Congress and nationally within political science, as an expert on

the filibuster and cloture in the Senate and, to some extent, also on the House procedure for discharge of legislation from committee, on procedures to inhibit legislation that would place unfunded mandates on the states, and on expedited procedures, such as the “fast track” for trade agreements and the Congressional Review Act for disapproval of proposed agency regulations, the last of which I played a significant role in shaping. I’m also proud to think that I earned the respect and liking of junior colleagues for my mentoring as well as for my expertise; one year I received the peer-nominated C.R.S. Director’s Award for career excellence in analysis, leadership, and collaborative work in support of Congress.

Retirement, however, has so far not afforded me the opportunity I sought to pursue my writing, for life became more complicated rather than simpler. These complications have by no means involved only negatives and burdens, but they absorb time, energy, and material resources that I’m aware I possess only within declining limits.

For my wife, Claire, and me, the most salient of these complications have been family situations. Almost immediately after I retired, our younger daughter, Erika, who had been living a wayward life away from home in drug-oriented circles, gave birth to a son and determined to keep him. So we let them come back to live with us and, happily, Erika soon proved a dedicated and devoted mother. By the time Keegen was two, however, this arrangement proved emotionally untenable, so we bought a condo unit upcounty for Erika and him to occupy. Erika still finds being a single parent, as well as living in the condo complex, stressful, but she has persisted in figuring out how to live a “godly, righteous, and sober life,” and has gained the self-confidence to consider our guidance when needed. Keegen, who’s biracial, has just the kind of mind that would be a terrible thing to waste: he’s bright and energetic, a combination that sometimes gets him into trouble at school; we’re fortunate that he gets good counseling and monitoring.

Early in 2018, we lost our older daughter, Hettie, to her addictions. For some years, she had been living in drug recovery houses, and her son, James, born in 2010, was already living with us. We have since remained his primary caregivers and have now taken guardianship. We’re thankful that James’s father truly cares about him and has always remained in the picture, though his circumstances haven’t let him maintain a household for James. James has grown into a quiet teenager who likes music, computers, and creating music on computers. After Covid, he experienced school refusal, and he has since been primarily home-schooled. We benefit from the advances in knowledge that enable us

to understand him as neurodiverse.

In 2019, Claire retired from teaching, which had included preschool and primary grades. She capped her career as the well-liked and well-respected director of the co-operative preschool where she taught for several periods. From then on, we have never become empty nesters, instead entering the ranks of caretaker grandparents, and this has been a major driver of complexity in our lives after retirement. Over these years, however, we have benefited from much hard work to adjust constructively to each other’s strongly divergent communication styles.

Most of the other circumstances that have inhibited me from using my retirement productively are simply commonplaces of the human condition, or at least of contemporary life. In the first period after I retired, for example, C.R.S. allowed me to come to the Library of Congress several days a week to organize my papers and take home copies of material I might use in my own projects. After a year and a half, however, the library terminated this program, leaving me with numerous boxes of semi-organized material in storage.

Retirement also found me unprepared for how much more time and energy it was now going to take to maintain my social — and intellectual — connections. To be sure, I have continued to attend professional conferences, and Claire and I have been able to go with friends on two European cruises (yes, with Viking). We have also traveled to see a solar total eclipse, and are still able to visit relatives and old friends out of town. But maintaining continuing contacts with friends now requires persistent effort. My greatest nostalgia for college days is about the ease with which I could find people to hang out with just by walking out of the dorm.

Another thing I didn’t expect from retirement was how much it would complicate financial management. I knew I’d have to pay increasing attention to estate management and planning, even if I didn’t foresee retaining primary responsibility for a family of five. What took me by surprise has been the extent to which having income from such a variety of major sources, and resources in such a variety of forms, would require separate forms of monitoring and management (and tax treatment) for each.

Similarly, I expected that increasing age would increase the time and energy devoted to maintaining my health. We’re fortunate to have good medical care available and good insurance. And I’m grateful that I



Rich Beth

have so far avoided major health problems (and so has Claire, whose constitution has always been robust), though at various times I've received counseling for depression and anxiety. Doctors still tell me I'm "doing well" (though they now usually add "for your age"). In recent years, however, I've developed plenty of age-appropriate routine problems with vision, teeth, sleep, digestion, joints, skin, and so on. What I hadn't expected was how quickly the time and energy needed for the administrative side of health care would increase: making and keeping medical appointments, monitoring and keeping records of medical conditions, ordering and taking medications, straightening out insurance claims and other glitches.

More generally, after retiring I found myself, on many days, too tired to deal adequately with all the complexities I describe. Only by the start of 2024, aided by medical advice to modify some health practices and adjust or drop some medications, did I reach a point at which I could make effective plans to come to grips with my responsibilities. I was then able to set up some of the standard geriatric procedures, and the results led to more medical adjustments and new practices that have afforded me markedly better sleep, digestion, and energy, and less confusion. Simultaneously, however, new complexities have emerged: we needed a slew of improvements in our home systems, and arranging for these upgrades, as well as financing them, has required some intense ingenuity.

Under these conditions, I still retain optimism that I may be able to write something worthwhile about my ideas, even though, as a firm pessimist, I remain aware of how limited my remaining opportunities for doing so must be. I won't go into detail here about my thoughts — unless you ask — except to say that I believe I have something novel to say about the filibuster, some insights into the developing crisis of our republic, and some large theoretical ideas for applying interpretive methods and pragmatist philosophy to the understanding of politics in general.

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Gordie Bjorkman and Jane Keller, Day at the Races, 2018

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Over the past five years, since our 55th, life has been active and memorable. First of all, I've had the rewarding experience of being president of the Class of 1966. I

have met, worked with, and gotten to know an incredible and wonderful group of classmates. I have tried to build our '66 community.

And our family continues to increase: Since the 55th, we've added two more grandchildren, Zora and Max. That now makes 11 grandchildren and two great-grandchildren, ages 2 to 36 and spread from Las Vegas to Sweden.

We moved to Exeter, N.H., in 2021, to a "lifestyle community." We were planning ahead for our aging years, but, three of our children and their families settled in New York City, and that prompted Ann to want to move again to be nearer them. So we moved out of the woods in New Hampshire to urban Princeton in March of this year. We've settled near Palmer Square. It will seem as though we've traveled in a grand 60-year circular voyage, with many side trips, returning to the place we first met and dated in 1965, when Ann was a Critical Language student on campus.

We continue to travel and spend time with other '66ers across the United States and all over the world. I have a daughter in France, whom I visit frequently. I regularly spend time with Bert Kerstetter in Canada. We sold our Costa Rica property. We spend time with the Dawsons, Weiksner's and Eakins in N.Y.C., and the Edies, Eastwicks, and Nahases at Lake Winnepesaukee, N.H. Last year we had the pleasure of taking the *Queen Mary 2* with classmates on a leisurely trip to London. Every year we see many classmate friends. We do seem to be slowing down a bit, and we are spending much more time with children and grandchildren. But I'm still looking forward to more adventures, as long as I am mobile — even though I'm setting off T.S.A. alarms with an increasing number of replaced joints.



Ann Spence and Rick Bowers

Just as important, my friendships with my classmates grew closer and wider in so many ways. These are relationships I treasure, and, as long as our health holds out, I hope they will deepen. And I mourn our losses.

It's been a great run that is slowing to a walk — but still moving forward.

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Retirement: This year I gave up my psychologist license, along with my part-time work. Initially there was a big silence/empty space since no one was asking for my expertise. Confidence in my "personal worth" got wobbly, as professional service to others had been my measure of worth. It has taken a while for me to discover my worth as a daily experiment in learning, curiosity, compassion, and playfulness. So far I'm enjoying the change.

Intimacy: I have experienced many changes in my personal aspirations for intimacy: Pre-teen: any guy eager to play sports with me.

Teen years: any girl acting as if she liked me.

20s: Awkward sexual encounters.

30s: A long list of short romantic relations which seemed at the time to be the "perfect mate."

First marriage: Working hard to be a "trophy husband." Dating Lesley prior to getting married. How do we two "divorce re-treads" have a chance to succeed at marriage?

Marriage to Lesley (22 years): Talking out occasional conflicts. Risking vulnerability in sharing dark moments. Self/joint compassion. Playful affection. Savoring being loved "warts and all."

Most masculine act in past five years: In a men's group, showing off my 11.5-inch rubber urinary catheter from prostate surgery.

Favorite T-shirt logos: "Please be patient. I'm from the 1900s" and "Being a trophy husband is exhausting."

Wisdom about aging (Connie Zweig, *Inner Work of Age*, 2021), two adventures: (1) Our career — changing the outside world through teaching, finance, military, medicine, etc. (2) Making friends with our soul. Reflecting on our life. Spiritual practices. Self discovery. Connecting with the complicated, contradictory inner world that has fueled our life.



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My life started in Sacramento, Calif., but I was dragged kicking and screaming (at two, my objections weren't given much weight) off to Buffalo, N.Y., where



Warren Browne and Lemoine Skinner, San Francisco, 2024

I attended Clarence Central High School. My grades were relatively good (I somehow got into Princeton) and in athletics focused on basketball.

At Princeton I learned that one of the goals of education, in addition, obviously, to acquiring knowledge, is to sort out one's relative strengths and weaknesses. With respect to the latter, my potential strengths petered out when I failed to make the freshman basketball team; struggled through an honors math course with the likes of Joel Primack, Anthony Zee, and Jim Timbie and achieved a rare "7" in religion my freshman year.

My haven turned out to be the Chemistry Department, where I warmed up to organic chemistry and eventually graduated with high honors. My senior thesis was even published in the *Journal of the American Chemical Society*, although I'd be hard pressed now to describe it in much detail. After a year with the C.I.A. in Washington, where I discovered I wasn't much of a spy; a summer with the Associated Press, where I discovered I wasn't much of a reporter; and courses in architecture, where I discovered I had no design talent whatsoever, I settled into law school at Columbia and a career as a corporate lawyer.

A legal apprenticeship with a big New York law firm and another with a large public corporation led to an ideal position for a young corporate lawyer, the general counsel of a N.Y.S.E. company, where I had the opportunity (and responsibility) to handle everything that came my way. But, alas, all good things must come to an end. Seven years later the company got acquired and I was given the opportunity to find something else to do with my life.

I then went out on my own and became that rare corporate lawyer who works out of his home. With referrals from other lawyers, I was somehow able to make a career of it. I still handle matters as they come

in but am never sure I haven't been retired without ever receiving notice.

Despite my lack of architectural design talent, I took on two real-estate projects. In 1974, with New York City close to bankruptcy, I purchased a wreck of an apartment on Fifth Avenue overlooking Central Park, giving me a three-year renovation project. Then in 1987 I purchased five acres in Westchester County with the intention of building a weekend get-away. What was intended as a cabin in the woods became a three-story, 5,000-square-foot house — with a mortgage to match.

In 1980 I tried my hand at marriage, which lasted nearly 35 years, but that's only because my wife was better at it than I was. In 2015 we sold the house and I moved to California. With no more real estate (and no more mortgages), I now live in a rental townhouse in Napa, where I have been named "mayor." But, to be clear, this is not a position to which I was elected and, if I had been, I would have promptly demanded a recount.

Having left my television back East and totally eschewing social media, I am now always partway through a novel and two or three nonfiction books. I'm also in the midst of a study on molecular cell biology and find that absorption of concepts isn't quite as easy as it was 60 years ago.

I still have two siblings, a sister living with her husband in Oakland, Calif., and a brother living mostly in Thailand. I join my brother every year for a week or so somewhere in Southeast Asia and take a trip to some remote location with a woman I've dated the past few years.

As to politics, I was always at best a lackluster Republican. When Trump came along, though, and threatened the basic principles of democratic government, I can now say I'm unlikely ever again to vote Republican.

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John's update, February 2021:

At the moment I am working on establishing a binational airport at the border between Benin and Nigeria, modeled after the Geneva airport.

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I have experienced an eventful ten years since our 50th reunion. In 2021, after almost 20 years in New York City apartments, Claire and I moved to the Princeton area and a large suburban house with birds



Dave Burnett and Claire Gaudiani, Terhune Orchards, 2024

and deer and friendly neighbors. The move enabled us to participate in a variety of class activities, including Class Day events and off-year Reunions (including enjoyable dinners at Gary and Pam Mount's Terhune Orchards). It also provided regular contact with our son, Graham, who was honored with the Charles Henry Lea chair in History at Princeton in 2023.

We enjoyed several good years in Princeton gathering Graham and Maria and our five grandkids for holidays and summers at our Jersey Shore house on Long Beach Island. After writing serious books about philanthropic history and the like together, Claire and I indulged ourselves in writing a book about our almost 60-year marriage entitled *Love Notes*. Sadly, her leukemia eventually caught up with her and she passed away in 2024.

So the past year has been one of major adjustment. I chose to move on from the Princeton area, dividing my time between our beach house and an apartment in New York City. I also spend time in Washington, D.C., with Maria's family and in northern California, where Claire's remaining siblings and her 102-year-old mother make their homes.

I stay active in competitive bridge and fulfill my fishing schemes at the Jersey Shore, having given up the happy years of trout fishing on the Delaware River. Graham and his partner have just added to the list of grandchildren, now six, in the same week that Maria's older son, Alex, was admitted to Princeton's class of 2030. Lots to celebrate with security and good health. Our class has much to be grateful for and to celebrate.

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Preliminarily, I want to thank our class leadership for their creative and well administered programs. These include the superbly orchestrated Tiger Talk '66 series, now featuring over a score of class members. Mike Spence, corecipient of the 2001 Nobel Prize in Economics, Lanny Jones, T.R. Reid, and other designees are well known to many of you. Hearing talks entitled "A Farmer's Life," "The Serendipity of Failure," "I'm not Done Yet," and "The Road Not Taken" highlight the variety of paths taken. I have been especially grateful for the class leadership's memorial-related work. A recent 16-page presentation about Joel Primack is a special gem. There we learned more about our remarkable valedictorian's pathbreaking ("jaw-dropping" is a

better adjective) discoveries into how the universe was created, expanded, and operates.

As for me, I refer readers to a Tiger Talk in September 2023, now on the class website, in which I summarized my own career path since graduation as well as my family's history in America. My grandparents fled the Czarist regime at the turn of the century, operating a grocery store and tailor shop in Philadelphia to enable their children to embrace opportunities for education and advancement. My parents, in turn, sent their own two sons to Princeton (my older brother, Bo, was Class of '60), and we both became lawyers. Bo served as a distinguished professor at Yale Law School for decades.

I took the commercial career route at a large Washington, D.C., law firm, developing a Russian practice when Mikhail Gorbachev concluded that the U.S.S.R. was in need of fundamental repair. I thoroughly enjoyed those exciting and promising years of reform. At the beginning of the Putin regime, I believed — like many — that Russia could be integrated into the West. Alas, all this ended on February 24, 2022, with Putin's unprovoked and tragic invasion of Ukraine.

Prior to that time, I served as a visiting lecturer and academic at Moscow's largest law school on a part-time basis. I found that experience enormously satisfying and came to respect and admire the talented law faculty there, as well as its able law students, many of whom learned, or were learning, English. Many aspired to work for Western-based law firms and organizations — which for the immediate (indefinite?) future are out of reach.

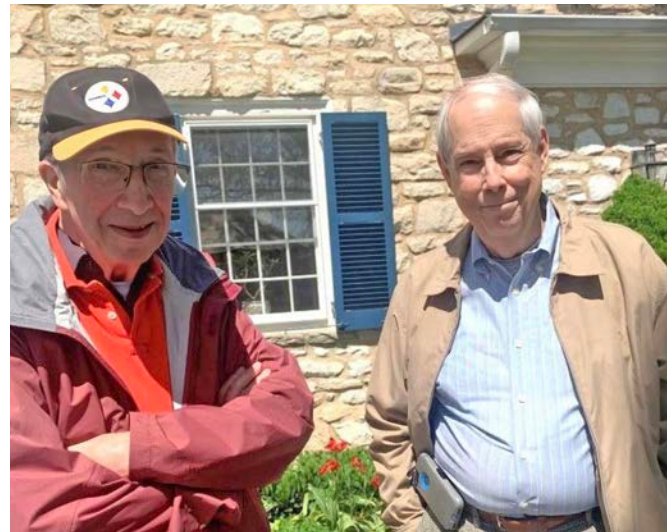
My retirement years have allowed my lovely wife (of 58 years) and me to visit our four children and eight grandchildren with some frequency. My days have also opened up to study Torah and Talmud with excellent teachers. I feel exceptionally blessed with all these gifts, and very much look forward to continued interactions with my Princeton friends.

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Andy Butz, right, and Bill Eddy, Day at the Races, 2023

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* * *

Among my many memories of Princeton, one especially stands out. During our senior year, I met with my assigned guidance counselor. He told me that there would be recruiters on campus from some big corporations and government agencies (we know who that is) and that I should contact them to try to line up something for after graduation. He said a considerable number of graduates took this route, and thus got a start in their careers.

"Or," he said, "you could do what one of my students did. He's down in Key West working on a shrimp boat."

I walked out thinking, "I wonder how you get a job on a shrimp boat in Key West."

I thought then, and I still think now, If life is not a grand adventure, what the hell is the point?

Like most of us, in 1966 I was drafted. I was able to join the Navy, where I trained to be a photographer and then a Navy scuba diver. Released in 1969, with no money and no direction but the vague idea that I would like to be a writer— and infected with the spirit of Jack Kerouac and Ken Kesey — I drifted around the U.S.

I helped renovate a building in Boston's North End, then headed West, where I worked for a short time on a ranch, then bummed around Mexico, and then found



Peter Cary, right, and Kit Mill, Day at the Races, 2019

my way to San Francisco, where I worked in a bicycle shop.

At one point, I went to the *San Francisco Chronicle* and applied for a job as a reporter. They had me fill out a form as if I were applying for work as a mailroom clerk, and I never heard from them again.

Seeing no future in California, I headed east and found work as a roughneck on an oil rig in Wyoming.

Finally, with a little money in my pocket, I headed east. I stopped in Vail to ski, where I ran into a long-lost high school buddy. He knew a guy who was starting a weekly newspaper there. I had been thinking about journalism for years but had no idea how to start. The publisher hired me as a freelancer at the rate of 50 cents a column-inch of copy. I was hooked. I chased fire trucks, hung out with cops, ran down rumors, and dug up dirt. I could not believe you could get paid for that.

Fifty years later, I still think about how lucky I was.

After two years in Vail I took a job in the mountains of Eastern Kentucky running a small magazine. I wrote about mine disasters, strikes, and poverty. I moved to the Lexington, Ky., *Herald-Leader*, covering the state's corrupt government. From there I went to the *Bergen Evening Record*, in New Jersey, where I became acquainted with the term "mobbed up." There were other stories too. One night, asleep in my Upper West Side apartment, I got a call from our city editor. Run down to the Dakota Apartments, he said. John Lennon had just been killed.

From New York and Bergen County I moved to the *Miami Herald*. I arrived in the mid-'80s at the height of the days of the cocaine cowboys. I covered white-collar crime, insane accidents, and vicious murders and worked with Carl Hiaasen and Edna Buchanan. I covered the Space Shuttle Challenger explosion, which took me to Washington, D.C., where we dug into NASA's surprisingly checkered history.

In 1987 I was hired by *US News & World Report*, which had just been bought by a real-estate baron and was being revitalized by a cast of new reporters and editors. I stayed there 20 years, until its collapse.

Early on, I asked for the job of covering the Pentagon. (I was one of two reporters at *US News* who had ever served in the military.) Thus began a long association and friendship with a classmate, the brilliant Peter Wilson, who at the time worked at RAND and helped steer me through the Pentagon's labyrinthine corridors.

I went to Saudi Arabia and Kuwait for the first Gulf War, co-wrote a book about the war, then helped launch our first investigative team and ended up its editor. We put our stories on ABC's *20/20*, *Prime Time Live*, and *60 Minutes*, where we did an exposé on the sale of surplus weapons, recorded by a hidden camera.

When the Enron scandal broke, I sent a feisty young female reporter down to Houston with instructions to find classmate Richard "Tiny" Morgan, who knew something about the energy business. I told her Tiny would assist her, but it might help if she were slightly irreverent. So she told him: "Peter sent me. He says they call you Tiny Dick." The magazine is still awaiting Morgan's response.

In 1998, *US News* suffered a crisis in the management of our always controversial college rankings, and our editor asked me to take over the enterprise. To do the rankings, we fed tons of data we'd collected into a mammoth computer, then hit the button. The tapes whizzed and the lights blinked and the machine spit out the new rankings.

For years, the top three national universities had been Princeton, Harvard, and Yale. In some years Princeton had made it into the number-one slot, but only in a tie with Harvard or Yale. But not this time. For the year 2000, Princeton sprung to the top of the national rankings, all alone. Harvard and Yale played second and third fiddle.

When the rankings came out, we always announced the news on *The Today Show* and *Good Morning America*. On *Today*, my interviewer was a fill-in for Katie Couric, who was out for some reason. I can't remember her



Peter Cary and largemouth bass,
'66 Chesapeake outing, 2019

name but do recall chatting with her about colleges before the cameras went live. She said she had gone to the University of Oregon and was about to ask me where I went, but we ran out of time.

So when I got to announce that, for the first time ever, Princeton stood alone atop the *US News* rankings, she didn't think to ask me where I, the editor of the project, had gone to school. Whew! One of the great missed opportunities of modern TV reporting.

Shortly after I arrived in Washington, I met my wife-to-be, *Washington Post* photographer Dayna Smith. In 1999 she received the coveted World Press Photo of the Year award for her image of a Kosovo war widow grieving at her husband's funeral. By then we had our two boys, a blessing that kept us young. Today, one of them works for the Defense Department and the other is a news photographer.

US News folded its weekly newsmagazine operations in 2008, weighted down, like *Time* and *Newsweek*, by the bursting of the dot-com bubble, the subsequent ad recession, and the rise of the internet as a cheaper and more effective vehicle for advertising.

I was 64, and wanted to keep working. I wrote reports for a bunch of journalism nonprofits, including the Center for Public Integrity, where another reporter and I did a series about the numerous people maimed and killed working at our nation's nuclear bomb plants. It led to the resignation of the Los Alamos National Laboratory's director.

A year later, C.P.I. asked me to work on an investigation of the machinations behind Trump's 2017 tax bill. Not long after my move to Washington, in 1987, Tiny Morgan had brought me into his tennis group, which was largely populated by former Treasury Department lawyers. I called a couple of them, one of whom suggested I contact a Wall Street tax lawyer who'd been the bill's technical architect. We ended up doing 20 stories on the tax act, with a 10,000-word finale, and the lawyer's tales formed the spine of our work.

When that project finished, I was home painting the trim on my house when Dayna told me a couple of small Virginia weeklies were looking for an environmental and land-use reporter. I called the nonprofit that owned them that evening.

Five years later, I am still on the job. I love being a reporter at the age of 81, and probably because of my white hair, I get some respect from most people I cover. The kids I work with call me the "O.G."

I have never practiced advocacy journalism, but at my age I'm not afraid to call them as I see them. Working at these little papers feels like I've come full circle, as I started out 52 years ago at a village weekly. It's different from national reporting. Here issues are not abstract, and if you write something critical of someone, you're

sure to run into them on Main Street the next day.

But for me, the big thing is to just keep on working. Every day I wake up knowing that I will learn something new. I get to call people and talk to them about all sorts of interesting stuff. And then I write about what I learned, and it goes up on the internet or out on newsstands.

And someone pays me for this? I'm a lucky guy.



Lauson and Marcia Cashdollar, 2024 Reunions

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My brief life summary at age 83:

After being "invited" in 1963 to take time off from the Class of 1964 due to poor grades, I joined the Navy Reserves for two years' active duty, then returned to Princeton in 1964, joining the Class of 1966. Subsequently, I spent 28 years as a Navy Supply Corps officer, retiring as a captain. The Navy moved us around a lot: to Newport, R.I.; Palo Alto, Calif.; the Seattle area; Charleston, S.C.; Mechanicsburg, Pa.; Guam; Norfolk, Va.; Washington, D.C.; and Miami Fla. Post-Navy, we lived in Alexandria, Va., for 24 years while I worked as a defense-logistics analyst in both the public and private sector. I've been fully retired since 2020. Later this year we will be moving to the Seattle area to be near our daughter Amy and her family.

At Princeton I enjoyed playing on Elm Club's basketball and softball teams. Post-college, I was a modest runner and bowler and played tennis, softball, and pick-up basketball until I could no longer handle them physically. I still have a strong interest in jazz and classical music. Laurie and I have made many trips, home and abroad, to visit sites and see family and friends. During my Navy years I got through some major health challenges. Aging has brought on some news ones, but so far they've remained tolerable.

Best things: My dear wife of almost 60 years, Laurie (Connolly), from my hometown of Goshen, N.Y., a retired teacher of English to non-English speakers. Our beloved "kids": Mike, a pianist and college professor (wife, Maaikie, and their children Maria, Joshua, and Marius); Amy, a high school teacher of 30-plus years (husband, Sven, and their children Mimi and Max); and Nick, a C.P.A. and tax account (wife, Heidi, and their kids Lucy, Pearl, and Greta).

Regrets: I wish I'd paid more attention in high-school typing class so that today I could type with more than two fingers. At the time, who dreamed we'd all become our own clerk/typists with the advent of personal computers and "smart" phones?

I've had a much better life than I ever anticipated

— thanks to a great family, good friends, a meaningful career, and opportunities for travel, all while the real world was often in turmoil but generally “moving forward” over time. I feel privileged to have lived in the long post-WWII era and to have worked for individuals and organizations I greatly admired. That said, I’m concerned about our country’s direction, while remaining hopeful for its future.

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Jack Chidester, Day at the Races, 2025

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My family and I came from East Falls, Philadelphia, to Oreland, Pa., and subsequently to Newtown Square, Pa., landing there in 1954. I attended Marple Newtown High School, playing football and baseball. Somehow I got into Princeton, Class of 1966, and pursued my career goal of becoming a physician. I was a biology major, and the only thing that saved me from complete nerdism was playing 150-pound football for four years. I entered Penn medical school along with

13 of my classmates, graduating in 1970.

In pursuit of a career in general surgery, I did one year of surgical internship and a year of surgical residency at Georgetown University. Then came a pivot point in my life when I sustained a severe injury to my dominant right hand, cutting multiple tendons and nerves. My mentors didn’t know what to do with me and therefore sent me to hang out with the orthopedic residents. We clicked immediately, and I decided I wanted orthopedics. Uncle Sam intervened, sent me to Vietnam for one tour, and then to Fort Bragg with the 7th Special Forces for the remainder of my Army time. I then entered an orthopedic residency at George Washington University, finishing in 1977. I came to Paoli, Pa., and joined the staff of Paoli Memorial Hospital, where I remained for 45 years, initially as a general orthopedic surgeon and for the last 15 years or so as an orthopedic trauma specialist at our level-2 trauma center. Unlike most of my orthopedic colleagues, I did not join any group but remained as a solo practitioner for the entire time. I was chief of the department for most of my time at Paoli. I did my last surgeries in 2020 and then did three years of orthopedic office work.

I am currently fully retired, except for an occasional teaching opportunity at local universities. Many people have helped me. I have been richly blessed along this journey of life with good friends, good health, and a two outstanding daughters and three outstanding grandchildren.

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My first memory of Princeton goes back to when I was maybe 6 years old. Our family was dining at an upscale Manhattan restaurant. My father returned from the men's room and announced, to my mother's horror, that the "gentleman" in the urinal next to him, upon completing his business, had raised his hands in the air and proclaimed, "Princeton, no hands!" and exited without washing them. This greatly amused me and my younger brothers, ages 3 and 4. We thought any bathroom joke, especially coming from our dad, was hilarious, although I doubt that I fully understood his tribute to Princeton at the time.



Ed Coe, left, and roommates Mike Burrill, Barry Steinberg, and Fred Bradstreet, 50th reunion

Hopefully I can maintain this degree of levity as I try to summarize the important role that Princeton has played in my life. My transition from an undergraduate architecture student at Princeton to graduate student at Washington University through a simple dean-to-dean conversation is probably so common as not to warrant comment.

As a Princeton freshman I decided I would join the newly established Peace Corps once I completed my graduate degree. A few days after receiving my master's in architecture, I flew to Washington, D.C., on a Sunday and spent the night at the home of my former roommate Mike Burrill and his wife, Marilyn. (I had been best man at their wedding following our Princeton graduation.) The next morning I arrived at Peace Corps headquarters. A young female receptionist told me she doubted there were any Peace Corps programs specifically for architects. I informed her that in the past there had been such a program for Tunisia and Morocco. She said she would check it out and excused herself. A half hour later she returned to tell me that a program still existed for Tunisia. Problem was, its annual training program had started that morning in Colorado — but since I had "gone to Princeton," I could join the group if I left for Colorado immediately.

I arrived in Colorado two days later, on Wednesday morning. Our group of 20 recently graduated architects included one volunteer with an M.B.A. from Harvard. His mentor there had been the chairman of American Express and was a board member of the tourism development bank of Tunisia, recently established by the World Bank. In short, Peace Corps Tunisia created a special position so the Harvard mentee could do his Peace Corps service with this Tunisian bank. Once there, he realized the bank needed an architect and he recommended me, his Ivy League colleague. I spent two years there enjoying exceptional responsibility for someone my age and interacted regularly with World

Bank staff. They pretty much guaranteed me a job with Bank upon my return to the United States.

As it turned out, the bank never hired anyone under 30 years old for staff positions and I was only 27.

They essentially said come back in three years. No additional experience necessary. I discovered another Peace Corps job as a tourism advisor to a state government agency in São Paulo, Brazil. After several months I attempted to transfer to a position in Salvador, the capital of the Brazilian state of Bahia and an emerging tourism destination. Initially I was told that transfers were contrary to policy in Brazil. Fortunately I was able to get a meeting with the newly appointed acting Peace Corps director for Brazil. Having just arrived, he was unfamiliar with the local policy and had a family connection with Princeton, so he approved my transfer to Bahia. I served there as a Peace Corps volunteer for about a year and a half and then another year in the same position as a local government employee.

At age 31 I returned to Washington with a wife and stepson and immediately got a World Bank job as a temporary consultant. This led to a permanent post with the Organization of American States (O.A.S.) in its tourism program, directed by a Cornell graduate.

I'm sure that the Princeton brand attached to my name continued to facilitate my career, often in ways unapparent to me. However, it played an undeniable role in my earlier career providing exceptional opportunities to gain experience.

That said, I've never been able to confirm the manual dexterity of Princetonians proclaimed by my father in that Manhattan restaurant so many years ago.

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Ed Coe and his beloved Blackie

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Gentlemen, it's great to be here!

So many things to be grateful for: Four wonderful children, now adults and gainfully employed. Ten grandchildren, all doing well. And the love of my life, Nina, always at my side. She works nonstop on innocent cases, doing God's work.

Have had a great time volunteering for Habitat for Humanity, but they fired our very capable boss, so we are ticked off and looking for a new venture.

Finally hung up the skates because I couldn't find anyone to play my game. Nina has me in the gym every day, but it's not the same as a good game of hockey.

Looking forward to catching up with everyone at our 60th. — Steve and Nina

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See Paul's essay "Life's Winding Road"
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With the end of the pandemic, Carolyn and I began
traveling again. Our latest trip, to Portugal in the fall
of 2025, ended badly when we were hospitalized with
Covid, but we have since recovered.

We are looking forward to a visit with our daughter
Kristin in Basel, Switzerland. She graduated with her
Ph.D. and is employed at the University of Basel.

Our five other children live throughout the U.S.,
from New York to Los Angeles. We have lots of oppor-
tunities for travel and to visit grandchildren.

Life has been mostly very good for my 81 years. I
will always remember my Princeton days and be for-
ever thankful for the experience.

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Bud D'Avella, right, and Jay Lagemann, 2024 P-rade

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Jon Dawson, left, with Ed Steube and John Lumpkin, Day at the Races, 2025

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Cynthia and John DiLiberti, 2018

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Bill Eddy, Day at the Races, 2023

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Currently, I am in the process of publishing a book I wrote about a criminal case I had in 1992. It is called *Evidence Withheld*, involving a wealthy man with a 210-acre farm and a mansion near Middleburg, Va. He was going through a bitter divorce; he and his ex-wife were living separately. One night she claimed he shot her in the neck around 2 a.m. He was charged and convicted in March 1988 and given 14 years to serve in prison.

In 1992, after a former deputy sheriff came forth with new evidence withheld at the first trial, I represented him in a habeas corpus suit and won a new trial. The



John and Cathye Edwards and family, 2023 Reunions

new trial in July 1992 was covered daily by the *Washington Post*, other newspapers, and by local television. The jury found him not guilty. The client, William Douglas Carter, is in the National Registry of Exonerations.

In 2023, I retired from the Virginia State Senate after 28 years, having been elected to seven four-year terms. While I enjoyed the opportunity, it became a challenge to serve and live in Richmond during the legislative session as well as to commute to the Capitol throughout the year on many matters.

I am now in the process of retiring from the practice of law after 50-plus years. In my Tiger Talk of November 2024, I discussed my political life while also maintaining a legal practice.

Only after law school did I meet my wife, Cathye. In July 2025 we celebrated 53 years of marriage. We visit our extended family, which includes seven grandchildren, when we can. We are blessed they have routinely come to Roanoke over the Christmas holidays.

Our son Jack ('98) and his wife, Kelley, live in Houston, and both practice law. Their son, Trey, is now 18 and was admitted early decision to Trinity University, in San Antonio, Tex. Their two daughters, Sara and Elizabeth (ages 15 and 12), are very athletic and compete regionally in Texas Cheer.

Our daughter Dabney and her husband, Patrick Graney IV, live in Charlotte, N.C. With four children it's a busy household. Their boys, Patrick V, Charles, and Woodrow (ages 16, 14, and 8) enjoy school and multiple athletic activities. Their daughter, Magnolia (age 11), also loves sports and her dancing.

Our daughter Catherine lives in Roanoke.

Cathye is a talented acrylic artist, among many other interests. She and I hope to be at our 60th to see you.

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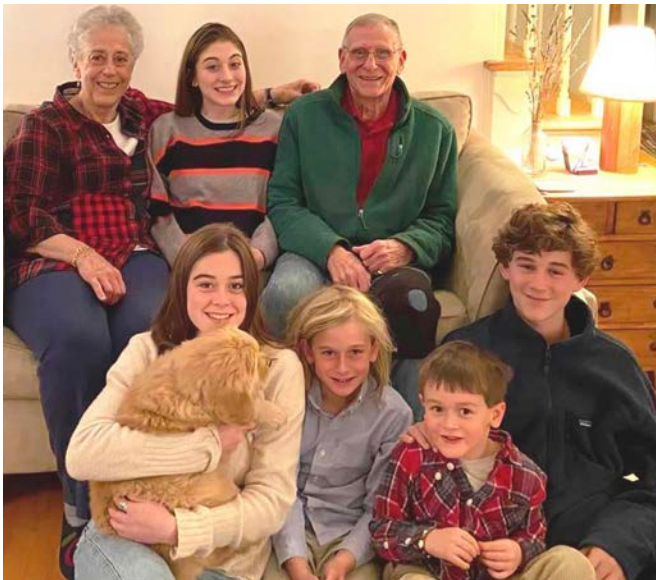
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* * *

Margie and I have now been in Yarmouth, Me., since 2002. Our daughter Beth, her husband Ben, and their three kids live right down the street from us, and we have been able to watch Ellie (24), Annie (22), and Sam (19) grow up. Ellie and Annie graduated from Bates. Sam is a sophomore at Colby and plays on the varsity baseball team. Ever watched a "spring" baseball game in the snow? Ben is a cardiologist working at Mid-Coast Hospital, in Brunswick. Beth has recently begun working as a teacher at the Bowdoin College children's center.

Our son Chip and his partner, Rachel, live in Hollis, Me. They are very happy learning to garden on some of their 31 ½ acres. The house was built in 1794 and is well suited to both. Chip is a carpenter and enjoys working at Woodhall, an architecture firm in Portland. Rachel is a physical therapist and works with "senior citizens" at Mercy Hospital.



Charlie and Margie Emmons and grandkids, 2019

Our son Matthew and his wife, Heidi, live in Hol-derness, N.H., about two hours from Yarmouth. They have had two sons, Woody and Charlie (14 and 12). The younger one's name causes me a lot of confusion when someone yells "Charlie, stop doing that!" They live on Willoughby Ridge Farm, where they continue to learn animal husbandry and now have four oxen, which Charlie and Woody have raised since birth; two now weigh in at 3,200 lbs., and the other two at 1,800 lbs. This is in addition to three alpacas, five goats, three sheep, various chickens and ducks, and several dogs. Parents and kids are also very involved in sports and other school events.

Margie and I are trying to hold it together, but it's getting harder and harder. Margie is volunteering at Partners for World Health, in Portland, and sings at 317 Main Community Music Center, in Yarmouth. After having two new knees and a new shoulder, I am trying to keep this body in motion! I am also serving as a copresident of the Chocorua Chapel Association, which has operated a seasonal chapel on Squam Lake, in New Hampshire, for the past 122 years.

All in all, we feel very blessed!

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Shortly after graduation I did the shuffle off to Buffalo for medical school. Two years later, I returned to Princeton and Sandy, whom I started dating senior year. She and I were married in the University Chapel. We then walked across campus to a reception at the Princeton Inn. July 1970 we moved to Richmond, where Sandy was a staff pharmacist at the Medical College of Virginia and I did my surgical and urological training. In 1976, my military obligation caught up with me and Major Evans became "Chief of Urology" (department of one) at Langley Air Force Base in Hampton, Va.

Upon discharge — Independence Day 1978 — we moved to Durham, N.H., home of U.N.H. and a great New England town in which to raise a family. I practiced urology in a small private-practice group covering several hospitals along the Maine and N.H. seacoast. Over the years I became quite active in the administrative side of healthcare with medical staff leadership positions as well as 25 years on the Wentworth-Douglass Hospital Board (a Mass General facility). I was also active in the American College of Surgeons, including two terms as governor for the state of New Hampshire.

Sandy for many years ran the pharmacy at the University of New Hampshire student health center and later was at W.D.H. We have three great children and were somehow fortunate enough that they each attended Princeton. Kasey '98 went on to get her Ph.D. at Berkeley and is a tenured English professor at Northwestern University (appropriately in Evanston, Ill.). Drew '00 studied international affairs and lives in Washington, D.C., where he is a partner in an economic consulting firm and a C.F.A. Greg '02 majored in economics and later earned a law degree from American University. He was until recently with the C.F.P.B. (Consumer Financial Protection Bureau), but with the recent government purges is now with N.A.D.A. (National Automobile Dealers Association).

We downsized in June 2020 to a lovely over-55 com-

munity in Kittery, Me., and after 45 years on staff at Wentworth-Douglass I retired in 2022. We have four delightful grandchildren, a boy and a girl in Evanston and two boys in D.C.



Dick and Marlene Everhart, 50th reunion

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Phil Faillace, reunions 2018

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Carl Feldbaum and Barbara Slough '73, class dinner, February 2025

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When my dad, a boxing aficionado, turned 80, he offered me the analogy that he was entering "the championship rounds." In his day, professional fights for championships went 15 rounds unless one of the fighters got knocked out earlier. Because of the highly increased possibility of exhaustion and serious injury in the last rounds, the limit has been reduced to 12.

Of course, not so with life its own self. Now that we're into our 80s, well beyond the biblical three score and ten, I better understand what he tried to convey: despite the aches, pains, and worse, some terrible losses, when the bell rings I need to get up, leave my corner, and slug it out with whatever awaits.

Easy to say, but a lot easier to do when in the time between rounds I can reflect on all the love and kindness I've received and wishfully returned, the experiences and amazing folks I've had and still have in my life.

That includes the Princeton experience and members of the Class of '66. See you at our 60th. Onward!

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Jack Folts, center, with Bob Chester, Bob Nahas, Turk Thatcher, and Bill Bausch at Bill Sisley's memorial service in Morristown, N.J., July 2021

Born in Dayton, Oh., where my father was an Air Force officer at Wright Patterson A.F.B. Moved subsequently to my mother's hometown of Herkimer, N.Y., and grew up there. Graduated from Herkimer H.S.

Religion and literature major at Princeton. Treasurer of Tower Club senior year; lived at the club with Bill Mitchell, Tower's president. Also worked at the Student Center four years, ultimately as director.

M.B.A. from University of Virginia. Went to N.Y.C. to work at Continental Can, later known as Continental Group. Rose in finance, ultimately serving as treasurer. In 1984, Continental was acquired by David Murdock and Peter Kiewit Sons, mostly for Continental's timber resources and other undervalued assets. Became chief financial and administrative officer of the new company as it began to sell off pieces. Eventually declined to move to Kiewit's headquarters in Omaha. Instead, joined another former Continental executive to form a leveraged-buyout firm, which operated for about 15 years. Retired in the late 1990s and was joined in retirement soon thereafter by my wife, Cynthia Warlick, after her long career in banking. Moved to Spring Island, S.C., and kept our second home in the Hamptons, going back and forth depending on seasons.

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Like many of us, this year my age reached 3 to the 4th power, a milestone indeed. Aviva and I have now been married 56 years, another terrific accomplishment. With two married children, each producing a boy and a girl, over the past 21 years, the grandkids have become jewels in our crowns.

Their status: Senior, University of California Regents Scholar at U.C. Davis (well on her way to becoming a lawyer). Junior, Stanford (political science and big data). Freshman, Claremont McKenna (political science). High school senior, just committed to Duke for next fall (her interests include Latin and medicine: a Renaissance woman).

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* * *

As they say, getting old sucks, but it beats the alternative. I consider myself to have been extraordinarily lucky with family and jobs I loved, and now I'm hard at work trying to enjoy my remaining years. A wife, four children, four grandchildren, and golf are the focus. Don't ask the order.

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Steve and Wendy Gaal, Iceland, 2017

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* * *

What's new at our 60th? Wendy and I moved into a C.C.R.C. (a.k.a. continuing care retirement community) two and a half years ago. It's a lovely place on the ocean in Scarborough, Me. Our new neighbors are nice and accomplished people who have moved here from all over the country. As far as these sorts of places go, it is top tier. Still, it is a little like eating your spinach: you know it's good for you, but . . . Like most of the rest of us, when asked how we are, I give the answer I got

from Charles Plohn: "We are age-appropriate okay." We still have our sailboat and managed to get in 45 days last summer.

I had a humbling experience last year when I decided to take flying lessons. I never got nearly good enough to solo and realized my instructor was never going to let an 81-year-old fly by himself. But it was fun. Glad I tried.

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When we marched in our first P-rade as graduating seniors, the 60th-reunion class of 1906 led the way. Now here we are at our 60th. Never thought I'd be this old.

Life has changed since the death of my wife, Julie, a few months ago, after 55 years of marriage. Somewhere on the internet there's a video of a raccoon who gets his hands on a tuft of cotton candy and goes off to the river to wash it. When the cotton candy dissolves, slipping through his fingers, he can't comprehend it. That's what my dreams feel like now, having lost my perfect beautiful spouse, who is now with the angels.

I continue to play golf, tennis, and pickleball, volunteer at my church, and — due to the rise of remote work — still work at my law firm. Its name has changed over the decades through various mergers, but it is the same firm I joined over 50 years ago.

I have a wonderful family: one son in Portland, Ore., another in Wellesley, Mass., and a daughter in New York City. Best of all are my grandchildren: Rowan and Rhys, both 11; Greta, 9; and Theo, almost 3. They keep my loneliness at bay. I am hoping that one of them will play my trumpet, which is still in good shape, so as to carry on the tradition. (I played trumpet in the Princeton Marching Band and was its president in our senior year.) Maybe later in their lives they will find the special store that sells sleep by the inch, happiness by the pound, wisdom in spools, and love in degrees.

I wish all my classmates and their families a happy and healthy life.

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Glenn and Barbara Goltz, Kingsville, Tex., class gathering, 2021

As we celebrate of 60th reunion I feel a deep sense of gratitude, appreciation, pride and belonging to Princeton's Great Class of 1966. What a surprise that these sixty plus years have passed faster than any rocket travels and more quickly than the proverbial wink of an eye.

Given my background, it was unlikely that I would attend college — any college — much less a prestigious eastern Ivy League school. My preparatory educational experiences were both scant and disrupted. Fortunately, early on, at Princeton, I was given a lot of remedial academic help and financial support. I needed both.

Much credit is due to many faculty members and to the repeated kindnesses of many classmates, especially my roommates, who enriched my skills, helped me become a progressively better student and later encouraged me to attend medical school.

Our diverse, kind, and talented roommate group of David Kidd, Andy Zimmerman, Jon Waage, Gib Hentschke, David Williams, Gary Mount, John Hamilton, and Tim Smith could not have been a better mix of friends and valuable life examples. Since graduation, we have securely stayed together and have remained the tightest roommate group that I know of in our class. We connect frequently in person and on Zoom. Loads of meaningfully connection with camaraderie, close bonds, generosity, and gut-busting humor. Sadly, our ranks are, as expected, are thinning with age and time.

The "stars" were certainly aligned when I met Barbara on campus freshman year and that we were able to marry in junior year. Together, we have had the good fortune of wonderful personal growth, great times together, and determined victories over life's predictable, but surmountable, challenges. The marvelous bonus

is that our children, Joshua and Sarah, have given us enormous pride and pleasure beyond anything we could have earlier imagined.

Princeton has been so very good to me then and now. Campus jobs, business opportunities, and generous scholarships made this gift possible. That is why we have established scholarship opportunities at both of our colleges and why we support multiple "first generation" non-profits organizations.

Two faculty giants, Dean Aaron Lemonick and Professor Eric Goldman, took me under their professorial wings and pushed my personal and academic goals further.

Together, they found last-minute changes to my senior course-work schedule which allowed me to finish my thesis in U.S. History while also doing last-minute required science courses and pre-med preparation. What a privilege and great benefit to have graduated from Princeton with a foot in both the humanities and sciences.

Echoes of the phrase "In the nation's service and in the service of all humanity" still ring in my ears. But my community and professional contributions are small compared to what so many others in our class have admirably accomplished.

In closing, let me express, how much I deeply appreciate the connection and enjoyment I feel to have been a class officer and a long-term member of our class executive committee. As an undergraduate, I did not participate in sports and did few extracurricular activities. It was a mistake not to take these opportunities to better know the scores and scores of the remarkable, talented, and marvelous members of our class.

Now, as a former class officer and recent class secretary, I have had the rewarding experience to correct this. These personal connections and friendships with so many classmates have significantly added to my 60-plus years of "Princeton college privilege."

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I finally retired from my consulting career in late 2024 for my 80th birthday! Now I can spend more time traveling with my wife, Linda, and with our family,, all of whom live nearby. We spend several weeks at the beach in South Carolina every March and November, enjoy an early spring in the Shenandoah Valley, and tent-camp with three generations on Cape Cod on and off from Memorial Day through Labor Day. You can't



John and Linda Goodrich with granddaughters Mikayla and Jordan

expect to be fortunate enough to make it into your 80s without some health issues, so our mantra is to spend half of the time having fun and the other half having the doctors fix us up so we can have more fun! So far, that is working very well.

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Before she died in 2021, my wife of 37 years, Sharon Begley, and I had planned to move from our long-time home in Pelham, N.Y., to San Francisco, where our son, Daniel, had settled down. Dan had married a California native, they were going to stay in S.F., and if and when there were grandchildren, that's where they'd be. Prospective grandchildren outweighed fear of earthquakes and wildfires, so San Francisco was going to be our eventual destination for our "golden years."

After Sharon died, that still seemed like a good plan.



Ned Groth and Sarah Ward, Day at the Races, 2023

Our daughter, Sarah, who also lived in Pelham, had decided to move to S.F. when we did, so the whole family would be close together. So, I moved back to Pelham (from Boston, where we were living when Sharon died). Sarah and I fixed up the house and began getting rid of "stuff," preparing to sell the house and move. In early 2022 I put the house on the market (it sold almost immediately), and in July, the movers came. Sarah (and her cat) flew out to S.F., but I drove across the country in my little red Honda S2000. I needed some time and distance to make the transition from the home I'd shared with Sharon for decades to the new life awaiting me in California. It took me two weeks and about 6,000 miles to get there, stopping to visit with friends and relatives all along the way — including Lanny and Sarah Jones in Montana, Ron and Debby Landeck in Idaho, and John and Claudia Hardwick in Oregon. It was a wonderful road trip and served its purpose well.

In San Francisco, I rented a "cottage" in the Marina District, just a few blocks from both the house Dan and his wife, Colleen, had bought, and also from the apartment where Sarah now lived. The whole family was within walking distance of one another. San Francisco is still a wonderful city in many ways, though it has its dystopian side. I enjoyed walking around the Presidio, out to Fort Point, up to Pacific Heights, the varied and excellent restaurants, the incredible beauty of the area, the awesome technology and skills of the Blue Angels in Fleet Week. Our class has a very active regional group there, run by Jon Holman (in his copious spare time) and Tim Smith, with periodic lunch gatherings at the Delancey Street restaurant on the Embarcadero. I joined the group first thing when I arrived (having discovered when Sharon and I moved to Boston that our class provides a pre-made support network), and catching up

with old friends and finding new friends was one of the best parts of my brief stay in the City by the Bay.

Brief, though, it was. It turned out that I wasn't really happy there. Yes, it's a wonderful city, and I lived in a lovely house in a terrific location, but the plan had been for Sharon and me to be there, and many things every day reminded me that she wasn't there to enjoy it. Having your kids living a few blocks away sounds great, in theory, but people have jobs and busy lives and we didn't see each other that often. I knew I wanted to find a new partner, had been through the grieving process enough to start dating again, and had met some interesting women, but lightning had not struck. After I'd been in S.F. about a year, I decided to try to find Sarah Ward, whom I had known (and loved) in Washington, before I had moved to New York for my job at Consumers Union, and a few years before I met Sharon. So I googled Sarah. If you know their middle name and birth date, you can find practically anyone. I found her, living in Bishop, Ga. I wrote a letter; she wrote back; we began talking on the phone (for hours), I flew to Georgia for a visit. We were married in June 2023, in San Francisco's ornate City Hall.

To be married there, you have to make a reservation, typically months in advance. When we reserved, there was only one day in the entire summer with available times; it turned out that was because it was Gay Pride Week, and June 23rd was the day anyone could get married at S.F. City Hall, so there was no limit on how many couples could register. When we got there we were led into a large assembly hall, where we joined several hundred other couples of all ethnicities and persuasions. And all deliriously happy! We found out

that, on this day only, we needed to bring our own witness, which we hadn't planned for — but Jon Holman begged out of a business engagement to do that for us, for which we are eternally grateful (and bound to each other by the experience). It was organized like an assembly line but very efficient, and each couple got to have their own individual ceremony at the location of their choice. (We had ours under the rotunda.)

When it came down to living in S.F. or living in Georgia, it was really a no-brainer. Sarah has horses — where would we keep them in S.F.? She gets a regular medical treatment that is approved in 49 states of the union, but California is still making up its mind. A house in the Bay Area costs about six times what they go for in our part of Georgia. Many other factors were weighed, but living in S.F. was essentially impossible for us. And life in Georgia had numerous upsides to it. So, I moved across the country for the second time in about 15 months.

We bought a house in Watkinsville, a suburb of Athens. Sarah has a small farm a few miles away, where we keep her (now our) horses (currently three full size and one mini), plus two donkeys, two sheep, and nine hens. We also have a couple of seriously spoiled dogs. Daily life involves farm chores (the animals need feeding morning and evening, no excuses accepted), though we have some help with that and are planning to transfer more of it to helpers. Sarah belongs to several volunteer organizations — Friends of the Library, Garden Club, Ladies Homestead Gathering — so she had a network of friends waiting to accept me when I re-entered her life. We spend lots of time with friends, eating out a lot (not good for my waistline), doing fun things. We have managed to travel to Paris in 2025, and to several '66 gatherings (the Races at Zastaria every year, Hilton Head, the Harvard game and class party at Plohn's in fall 2025). Every day here is full of fun activities, and sometimes surprises. People who know me as a life-long progressive who has lived in New York, Boston, and San Francisco ask, "How can you live in Georgia?" It's pretty nice here, come visit sometime!

Last summer, I became a grandparent for the first time when Dan and Colleen produced a daughter, Katherine (Kate). She's a happy, healthy toddler and a real charmer, and a reason to visit S.F. often. The irony isn't lost on me that Sharon and I chose to retire to San Francisco to be near our future grandchildren, and having moved there, I then fell in love, remarried, and moved back to the East Coast a year before my first grandchild arrived. But life is full of surprises.

We are both still pretty healthy (for people our age), and I am as happy as I've ever been. Looking forward very much to the 60th!



Ned Groth, right, at 2021 Harvard game with classmates and spouses Charles Plohn, Paul Segal, John Edie, Bob and Virg Nahas, Rick Bowers and Ann Spence, Carl and Julie Eastwick. Princeton won in quintuple overtime, 18-16.

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Bob and Sarah Haarlow and grandkids, 2017

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* * *

Five years since our last reunion! Nancy and I are doing fine here in Maine. We celebrated our 58th wedding anniversary last summer; she has tolerated me remarkably well. Another remarkable thing is the still-growing family: three of our own children — Michael, Leigh (P.U. '94), and Sean, plus their spouses; five grandchildren and four great-grandchildren. Surely a blessing!

I believe that I'm aging gracefully, but Nancy tells me that is a matter of opinion. Biking and walking keep me somewhat upright. Volunteering on civic boards — historic preservation, aging assistance programs and Medicare counseling, world affairs education — keeps life interesting and busy. I give community presentations, usually at libraries in Maine, on various international topics, an energizing experience I truly enjoy.

I am really looking forward to seeing the ever-changing Princeton campus again. And, most important, to getting together with my Princeton roommates and their wives — Ralph and Anne Davies, Rich and Susan Raskin, and Bill and Carole Martin. Many fond memories and continuing life stories to talk about and celebrate.

I'm most grateful to the members of our Class of 1966 Reunion Committee for all their hard work to make this event the best ever!

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* * *

By far the most important change in my life since our 55th reunion has been the death of my wife, Dianne. It's been two years, and life is not the same. We dated at Princeton; she married me between Princeton and grad school; and then she patiently endured me for 56 years as a loving and devoted partner. She died a totally undeserved and horrible death from liposarcoma. It confirmed my belief in the utter, random cruelty of fate.

Life is very different now. Dianne loved to travel, and we traveled extensively. Having no interest in traveling alone, I haven't left the U.S. since she died, in 2023. That's probably just as well, because if U.S. Customs and Border Protection saw the things I've said and written about our president, I'd be pulled aside



Phil and Dianne Hansen with their daughter Amy and her family, 2021

and hassled every time I came back into the country.

(On the subject of death, my roommate for all four years, Ed Leamer, died in the spring of '25. I knew he was bright, but, holy cow, three of the folks who spoke at his memorial were Nobel laureates.)

Other than Dianne's death, not much to report in the way of changes since the 55th. No changes in the number of children — I still have two, a son, Christopher, and a daughter, Amy, each happily married for over 25 years. No changes in the number of grandchildren — still four. Three are in college, two seniors wondering if they'll find employment when they graduate.

My life, in general, has been one of amazing good fortune. Terry Beaty expressed it perfectly in his Tiger Talk: I've had a good tailwind. I'm financially comfortable, but not rich. My kids and grandkids are healthy. I remain in remarkable health at 81. I still bicycle to work, and I'm still working about 20 hours a week. The patent profession is endlessly interesting, the people I work with are great, and I get paid! However, with the Kleptocrat-in-Chief cutting off N.I.H. and N.S.F. grants to universities, and several of my clients being research universities, I can see my work winding down.

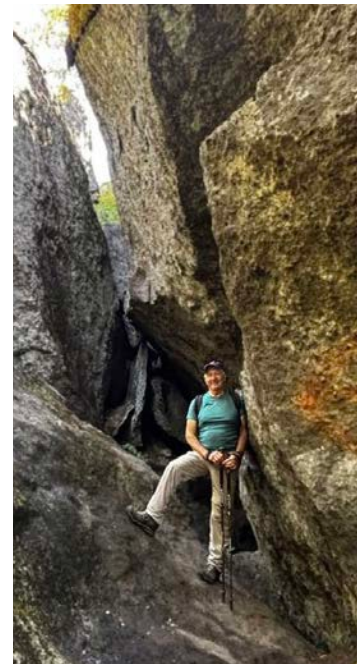
I have kept up rowing — for the past 20 years in a pair-oared shell. For readers unfamiliar with rowing, the pair-oared shell is (a) the dumbest idea for a watercraft ever conceived by the mind of man; (2) the last refuge of someone who insists on rowing with one oar in the water; and (3) a lot of fun. However, the drawback to maintaining a specific, quantifiable regimen for this long is that by looking back at the data, you can plot your own decomposition. At the rate I am slowing, I am on course to defy Einstein's theory of relativity and achieve absolute motionlessness in 9.4 years.

Somewhere around our 50th reunion, for a number of reasons that made more sense to me at that time, I went together with three others and bought some rental properties. Our interest was in historic preservation, and we owned five buildings, whose constructions dated from 1864 to 1881. Four of the five properties were beautiful old homes in now marginal neighborhoods, and all were in registered historic districts. (The fifth is also a beautiful old home, but not in an endangered neighborhood.) Our thought was that we could preserve the buildings, preserve the fabric of the neighborhoods, and make just enough profit to avoid being embarrassed by what we had done with our money.

Each of the other three members of the L.L.C. brought a useful skill: one had managed rental properties before; one had worked a year as a carpenter during college; and one, who was the face of the operation, was young, good-looking, and single, which was highly effective for attracting female tenants. I have always enjoyed carpentry, and I have a small shop in my basement, so I did a lot of restoration work. Between the law office and the old houses, I'm kept out of the bingo parlor at night.

Our L.L.C. has recently sold three of the five houses because, in the present urban political climate, the problem of insufficient housing for families of modest means is being addressed by transferring the burden to landlords. If your alternatives are trying to be a good landlord and maintain a historic property or investing in the stock market, I would suggest investing in the stock market. An index fund does not call you on Saturday night to tell you that the toilet in the apartment above has overflowed, and sewage is coming through the ceiling.

I took a job in Albany 55 years ago because it was as close as I could get to the Adirondacks and still find a job. (For those readers who are not familiar with upstate New York, the Adirondack Park is larger than Yellowstone, Glacier, Grand Canyon and Everglades National Parks put together.) I continue to enjoy my decision.



Phil Hansen, Adirondacks, 2025

As noted in my 50th and 55th reunion reports, I am a political liberal and a fiscal conservative. I have crossed over from agnostic to, as George Will '68 put it, "an amiable, low-voltage atheist." This undoubtedly has something to do with Dianne's death. My outlook for the coming years in our republic remains so monumentally pessimistic that, not wanting to depress others, I will once again refrain from sharing it publicly. According to actuarial calculations, I have another 8 to 13 years, so either my apprehension will be proven wrong, or I may be forced to endure my prophecy. I hope I'm wrong.

A final note to my classmates: "When the well is dry, we know the worth of water." Treasure your wives. Tell them every day that you love them.

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John and Linda Hart, '66 Hilton Head mini-reunion, 2023

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After reading the 55th and 50th essays, it was apparent that much of what I'd planned to say has already been said and is still mostly true. There's no point boring every-one with repetition. Nonetheless, here are a few facts and thoughts.

It's been an honor to be a class V.P. and to serve on the executive committee with a wonderful group of classmates for the past five years. In 1966, becoming a class officer was not on the bucket list and would have seemed highly unlikely, but life takes unexpected twists and turns. It's been fulfilling to participate in the effort to maintain and strengthen the class community, which is more important to all of us as we age. In the process, I've discovered a few previously unknown strengths and been reminded of known or suspected weaknesses. If "To know thyself is the beginning of wisdom," I'm now wiser than five years ago. The new slate of officers is excellent, and I'll look forward to working with them as the webmaster and technology guy in whatever role they wish.

Much of the new wisdom, such as it is, has come from involvement in creating the class death announcements and memorial pages with our excellent memorial team. In the process, I've been astounded by the breadth and depth of our classmates' accomplishments and of the lives they've lived. The classmate tributes have revealed unsuspected dimensions of the lives that have been lost and the deep friendships formed.

This has been a sobering experience, one that's brought grief and even tears as I've recalled fond memories or contemplated the frailty of our lives. It's also been a reminder to be grateful for the friends, new and old, '66ers or not, and the current good health my family and I enjoy for now.

On a more joyful note, the '66 Tiger Talks, Tiger Tales, and Locomotive Awards have been new events on the class calendar to showcase the talents of numerous class-mates. Alumni Day, At the Races, and Reunions (major and off-year) are annual events, always enjoyable.

Personally, life is much the same but with five more years of travel down the road of life.

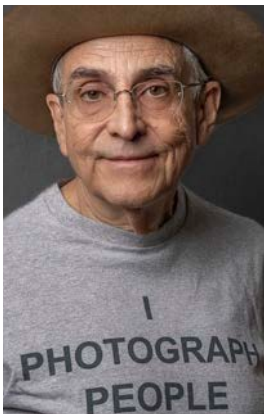
Linda and I are in the same house we moved into in 1982. That's been half our lives in the same place. We may have to move sometime; it'll be difficult. Meanwhile, our 59th anniversary approaches. Travel is more difficult, and anything beyond the U.S. borders is unlikely. We traveled far and wide, but much remains and will never be visited.

Our immediate family consists of our son, Bob, living west of Chicago with his wife Megan and 16-year-old twins, William and Andrew, and two cats; and daughter, Elizabeth, in Washington, D.C., with her husband, Mark Schroeder, and a new lab puppy, Allie. The grandsons, who assemble computers with more power than anything I ever used, are smart, well read, funny, and always a pleasure to be with.

Looking forward to our 60th and hope to see you there!

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Some years ago I moved to Boulder to join my daughter, Ashley, who moved there with her husband for work. After mediating hundreds of disputes for 20 years as a lawyer, I threw myself into my bucket

career as a full-time photographer of people and what they do. I have photographed all aspects of the Boulder community, including business, civics, and arts. You can see my work at www.davidharwiphotographer.com/.

I returned from a great trip to Egypt with Ashley and her husband and am now pondering the existence of either aliens or a lost technology.



Steve and Tish Harwood and family celebrating Steve's 80th birthday, NYC, 2024

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How to sum up the last 60 years? I'd have to say the theme is good luck.

Following graduation, like most of our classmates, I was prime draft material. I didn't want to serve in Vietnam, so what to do? I delayed my draft board notice with a couple of years of graduate school, but I needed to get to age 26. I simultaneously pursued a medical deferment, teaching positions, and other critical-skills jobs. Exxon promised to go to bat for me, and they did, claiming that my work there was crucial to the nation's defense, and my draft board bought it.

I felt New York and the corporate world closing in on me and San Francisco beckoned. While I had been born in the Bay Area, I had no memory of it, but it loomed like a magic beacon. I managed to realize my dream and went from the bureaucratic work at Exxon to the high-flying "just do it" world of finance happening in San Francisco.

After five years with my first employer, I left to start a new company as a subsidiary of another small company. My timing was fortunate, as the first company



Steve and Tish Harwood, '66 gathering in Kingsville, Tex., 2021

failed shortly after I left. After seven years of building up my new company, I was fired because I was making too much money and wasn't prepared to revise my no-cut employment contract. With a little help from litigation counsel, I got a big payday, which I proceeded to invest in a new company I formed. When the prior parent company went bankrupt and the trustee came after me to recover the money I had been paid, I didn't have it. Yikes! Fortunately, good lawyering dragged the matter out for years until I could manage the settlement payment.

My new company was designed to take advantage of an investment niche I had identified. I figured this would be a good five-year gig and then I'd figure out what to do next. That five years turned out to be 40, and I had the pleasure of working with a terrific team as we competed with financial firms many times our size. While during the first 25 years our investors would regularly say, "Steve, thanks to you and your team for coming through so successfully for us," in the last 15 years, the comments were more along the line, "Steve, tell me why these investments didn't work out that well, again?" Despite the drop in our performance, we were never sued, and I was proud of that our corporate culture, centered on respect, survived. While our investors had mixed results, the payoff for me was sufficiently positive that we've been able to support our grandchildren's education, and other worthy endeavors.

Of course, along the way, I had a major bit of good fortune: meeting Tish. We've now been married 53 years, and they have been wonderful. And a major source of joy in our lives are our three children and, now, four grandchildren.

I've always had a slew of activities with which I've been involved, ranging from teaching business skills (despite knowing few that were relevant) to small businessmen and women in Harlem, to music and theatre involvements, sports announcing, and community activities. In recent years, I've particularly enjoyed getting to know more classmates while organizing of our Tiger Talks program.

We've lived in Orinda, an East Bay suburb of San Francisco, since 1976, and I love our community. Due to my many involvements, I know many of the folks in town, but remembering their names is another story.

I think that our '66 cohort may have lived through a golden age, characterized by economic opportunity, safety from external forces, advances in health care and technology, a growing middle class (at least from the 1940s to the 1970s), and advances in civil rights, civil liberties, and other progressive programs. Our family has also been blessed to not have had any serious medical issues or accidents.

However, as our time on this planet nears its end, I have regrets.

I'm deeply saddened by the fracturing of our country along party lines, and the attack from the current administration on so many institutions. I wish it weren't so. But in the meantime, I'm glad I live in that progressive "country" known as Northern California.

Even though I made my career as an entrepreneur, I've now grown disillusioned by the capitalist system, with its imbalanced rewards to so few.

I am envious of our classmates who earned Ph.D.s and served in academia. My life has been oriented toward "doing," which has brought me great satisfaction, but I have missed out somewhat on the life of the mind.

While I took risks in my business ventures, I regret I didn't take other risks. On the other hand, if I had taken LSD, I'd probably be the unlucky guy to have a brain-scrambling reaction.

As I look ahead I am working to answer the question, "How can I navigate this final chapter in the best possible way?" I know one of the keys is to maintain friendships. Toward that end I look forward to nurturing my relationships with many in the Class of '66.

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* * *

We have five grandchildren: Andrew Benecchi, a University of Georgia graduate who is continuing there for a Ph.D. in computer engineering; Elizabeth Benecchi, a Harvard graduate, Phi Beta Kappa and highest honors in government, currently on a Fulbright in Madrid, Spain; Spencer Benecchi, a senior in high school; Kate Heinze, a freshman at George Washington University, in D.C.; and Kiley Heinze, in ninth grade.



2024 P-rade: John and Kathryn Heminway with daughter Lucia '24

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* * *

It has been an amazing journey, filled with unexpected events. In 2021, the house next door burned to the ground, and we suffered collateral damage. It took nearly two years to get insurance evaluations and approvals, but we finally have everything repaired to our satisfaction.

I have finished two more books, bringing my total to five. I continue to publish research articles, holding steady at 76. I have been invited to speak in India, Switzerland, and Sweden, with a side trip to the Netherlands to visit Astrid's family, and by this year's Reunions, Spain.

Through my company, Pain Diagnostics, I am pursuing the sale of my pain tests through two websites, one business-to-consumer and the other business-to-business (Diagnose My Pains and Pain Validity Test; see links above). Using Bayesian logic and A.I., the tests provide diagnoses with a 96 percent correlation with diagnoses of Johns Hopkins Hospital physicians, thus addressing the needs of the 40-80 percent of chronic pain and headache patients who are misdiagnosed — amounting to 22 million to 44 million people nationwide.

My family took Astrid and me on a great striped-bass fishing trip on Chesapeake Bay to celebrate my 80th birthday. I have been indulging my hobbies, with salmon and halibut fishing trips to Alaska, marlin fishing in Cabo San Lucas, and tuna fishing off the coast of Ocean City, Md. The hunting and fishing and crabbing on the Choptank River continue to be productive, so our freezer is full.

All five of my children are doing well, as are the seven grandchildren. Astrid and I are quite content, and greatly enjoy our little plot of land in Cambridge. We grow strawberries, cherries, peaches, grapes, apples, pears, various peppers, beets, bush green beans, blackberries, and blueberries for our consumption, with



Nelson Hendler and Astrid Stakman,
Day at the Races, 2025

enough left over to produce quarts of preserves and homemade chutney.

I still attend the Washington, D.C., monthly luncheons with our D.C. classmates. Local life involves the Cambridge Yacht Club, the skeet and gun club, a Wednesday breakfast group with many former Navy officers, and a philosophy group led by a former C.I.A. analyst who was chairman of economics at the University of Kentucky, and a variety of business consultants, and academic journal editors.



Gib and Peggy Hentschke, Kingsville, Tex., 2021

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* * *

What to say in the way of reflections as a part of our 60th reunion, especially after re-reading my 50th and 55th essays? After a full five minutes of thought, there seems to me to be a shrinking list of “new and different” things to report and a growing list of “ongoing and evolving” things. The basic items on these two lists somehow leave me with a general sense of where things are headed, which in turn shapes how I seem to be dealing with individual items. What I seem to be left with is a sense of “positive acceptance.” Less “new and different” and more “ongoing and evolving.”

Family members and friends, always central, are becoming even more central and important — including both longstanding and relatively new members of our extended family and friends. Peggy and I have lost a few of both over time, and over that same time have picked up a few new ones. Each loss is painful, and each addition is joyful, but both happen in a context of

growing inevitability as well as significance. Here is the place where I might very easily mourn the demise of loved ones we have lost, but I can’t help feeling instead much better remembering the good times with them as well as with those remaining.

As I track the field of education, after a life’s work there seem to be fewer new dramatic problems that arise quickly and, at the same time, fewer silver bullets to address them. Still, for every “problem” or “crisis” reported, it seems there are fewer remedies being attempted. Both problems and solutions look more like variations on enduring themes rather than new themes with new remedies. All told, though, I take away from it less despair about big, unsolved education problems than a sense of satisfaction tracking how new warriors are joining in the battle to improve the field, even inventing a few silver bullets along the way.

Even today’s broader societal issues and associated geopolitics, which tilt toward the apocalyptic, call forth other times and places when similar realities existed and society somehow got through them. The earth’s environmental “race” is relatively breathtaking. Yet, even that race may be more of a marathon than a sprint.

“Positive acceptance” . . . I like to think I’ve always been a wise fighter, carefully choosing the “hill to die on,” and persevering over time with the things I care about. Am I now backing off or caring less? Or getting tired? Or cynical? Maybe. Not to channel St. Benedict, Kenny Rogers, or Clint Eastwood, but given all that has proceeded that we know and all that lies ahead that we don’t know, it’s been a pretty great run so far

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John and Carol Hoerster, center, with Bob and Virg Nahas, Alumni Day, 2020

* * *

I fully retired from my role as public service counsel at the Foster Garvey law firm, gave up my bar license, and shifted to emeritus status. My primary current activity is leading an effort by Saint Mark's Cathedral in Seattle to develop a 135-unit affordable housing project. There have been and will be many challenges, complexities, and surprises, which we have had to tackle without the benefit of an *Affordable Housing for Dummies* book, but we are cautiously optimistic that we will break ground on the project in early 2028 and take occupancy by the end of 2029.

I continue to play golf and tennis and jog very, very slowly. Carol has had a significant health challenge since January 2024, but we are optimistic that she has met the challenge. We are blessed with two great kids (Kate and Ben), two great in-laws (Jeff and Eryn), and four wonderful grandkids with whom we spend a lot of very pleasurable time — Charlie (13), Rosie (10), Evan (9), and Joanna (7).

We have not been able to do much travel in the last two years, but that is likely to change; Carol and I are taking a two-day mini-retreat this week to debate and map out our travel plans.

Some recent studies have raised concern about social isolation as we age, but that does not seem to be my problem, at least for now. I am blessed to be in several groups with friends and friends in the making, including two book clubs, a men's group that meets weekly, a gourmet club, two groups that meet monthly to discuss foreign policy issues, a tennis group that meets for coffee every Tuesday, a Zoom group of '66ers, and several groups at Saint Mark's. If anything, I need to make sure I can have some social isolation/quiet/solitude, beginning with having breakfast and reading the newspaper without disturbance. Fortunately, Carol has the same mind set. We're looking forward to the 60th!

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Jon Holman and Diana Grand at Iceland's hydroponic tomato facility, 2025

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To my surprise, just given that I wouldn't have expected much change at this age, much has changed since our 55th. Much of it good, some of it bad, all of it in the normal course of human events.

The good has been very good. Diana and I got married in October 2025 after more than 17 years together, a way of celebrating the year of our 80th birthdays. No, she wasn't pregnant. In attendance were former roommates John Lumpkin, Chuck Kulczycki, and Dave Lee. Bob Warwick would have been there but for a long-planned European trip. In 2022 and 2024 Diana's son Jeremy and his wife, Andrea, had two boys, Nathan and Thomas, who live a hundred yards from us and are an almost-daily part of our lives. Not my grandsons by blood but I love them, and to them I'm Grandpa as much as anyone else. My grandson Leo, now 11, is growing into a terrific young man, as funny as you would expect given two parents with over 25 years of improv under their belts. He is a wonderful loving person, known to all for his kindness and his intellect.

I was elected co-president of the Board at Con-

gregation Emanu-El, one of the 10 largest Reform synagogues in the country, and that has been a great learning experience. I continue to do pretty much everything I've been doing since 2016 for '66, still the Birthday Card Guy. And with John Hart and a whole team I continue to help create memorials for classmates, a task which is accelerating. It is simultaneously the most uplifting and depressing thing I do; I know John would say the same.

There have been two really sad events. One was the death of my old friend and room-mate Dave Richardson, which happened shortly before our 55th, but I didn't write about it last time. Dave of course is known for having donated the money for Richardson Auditorium, named for his father David '33, but to the rest of us he was just Dave. Crazy smart, crazy diverse in his interests, crazy funny. I wrote a lot about him in his memorial on the '66 web-site.

The other was the death of Fred Hartmann's wife, Sally, totally unexpectedly. I was best man at their wedding in 1964 (yes, 1964, summer after sophomore year), babysat for their daughter, stayed close friends. Sally was an amazing person, both incredibly smart and incredibly kind, and losing her was tough on all of us who knew her and of course devastating for Fred. Just not fair.

I know this is a common sentiment among many of us in '66, but I truly consider myself one of the luckiest people on the planet. Born in a great country at the height of its position in the world, to a great family, lucky enough to get a great education and have a successful career, married now to the love of my life, with a wonderful family on both sides. As of this writing in what seems like remarkably good health. I just wish we were leaving a better world to our grandchildren.

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Sixty years! WOW! It's been a wonderful life:

Great marriage, great family, good health, satisfying and meaningful career. Life has been good.

I met Jackie, Vassar '66, Houseparties weekend 1966. We settled in Morristown, N.J., and have been married 57 years. We have two children and five grandchildren. Our daughter, Debbie '93, is a teacher. Our son, David, teaches at Columbia Business School.

In 1971, I was very fortunate to be selected as an assistant U.S. attorney (federal prosecutor) for the District of New Jersey. At 27, I was trying criminal jury trials for the federal government. Nothing in my entire



Larry Horn and former P.U. president Shirley Tilghman h'66, 50th reunion

professional life was more exhilarating than standing in front of a jury saying: "My name is Larry Horn and I represent the United States of America in this case."

In seven years I tried 25 cases. Additionally, I was selected to personally handle or supervise virtually every criminal income-tax prosecution in the District of New Jersey. What an education! It led the way to my career as a private attorney specializing in the defense of criminal tax cases. It was stressful and tense as well as exhilarating and exhausting.

I am now retired. Summers in the Berkshires, winters in Boca Raton, Fla.

My life in brief: *Summa Cum Laude*.

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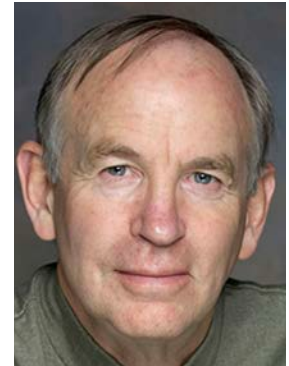
I've had three careers:

(1) As an engineer/mathematician/computer analyst. I was an aeronautical engineer/computer-science-before-there-was-such-a-thing major at Princeton, and spent four years applying the same in the nuclear weapon industry at Sandia Labs, in Albuquerque.

(2) As a trumpet player. Pursuing that path I spent three years in the U.S. Army Band, mostly playing taps in Arlington Cemetery for 600 or so Vietnam casualties and for ceremonies at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier.

(3) As a psychologist. Since 1976, I've been a professor of psychology at the University of Nevada, Las Vegas, investigating methods for exploring inner experience. I was the first to use beepers in psychological investigations, inventing, in 1973, the beeper that makes possible what is now called "experience sampling"

(the random sampling of thoughts, feelings, sensations, etc., in natural environments). Nearly all experience sampling (including my own early attempts) involves having participants fill out brief questionnaires when beeped. By the late 1970s I had decided that such an approach could not be adequately fruitful (even though it is still widely used today by others), and so since the early 1980s I have focused my research on the high-fidelity description of inner experience using a method I call "Descriptive Experience Sampling."



Russell Hurlburt

I've written six books on inner experience, including *A Passion for Specificity: Confronting Inner Experience in Literature and Science* (Ohio State, 2016, with literary scholar Marco Caracciolo), *Investigating Pristine Inner Experience: Moments of Truth* (Cambridge, 2011) and *Describing Inner Experience? Proponent Meets Skeptic* (MIT, 2007, with philosopher Eric Schwitzgebel). I've also written six editions of the university textbook *Comprehending Behavioral Statistics*.

My inner-experience work was at the center of an Internet kerfuffle in January 2020. A blogger came across my writings on internal monologue (not everyone engages in it). His blog went viral, sparking some millions of comments, most of which imply that they know more about inner experience than I do.

I have a website: <http://hurlburt.faculty.unlv.edu/>

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I woke up on October 25, 2024, and to my surprise *I was 80 goddam years old!* I know, I know — we're all going through this, and I know I'm not alone in my frustration over the inexorable passage of time. But if I think hard about it, I realize this sucks. If it's not my back it's my legs, if it's not my right eye it's my left eye, if it's not prostate cancer that needs radiating, it's a cyst that needs removing. Or a root canal. Or an ingrown toenail. Or a stuffy nose. I feel like "Mr. Richard Feder of Fort Lee, New Jersey," the long-suffering subject of Gilda Radner's Rosanne Rosannadanna rant about the myriad medical maladies of growing old.

On the other hand, as I recently mentioned to Bill Leahy, the older we get the better we get (but still older)!

So in the spirit of keeping on keeping on, or at least of saying so making it so — which is all we can do — here is what Anne and I have been up to since my 55th reunion chronicle and where we're going from here.

I began my 55th essay with a description of our 2016 move from our Brooklyn firehouse to Cricket Hill, our Quogue/Westampton Beach, N.Y., six-bedroom historic renovation. I am beginning to wonder what ever possessed us 10 years later, in 2025, to undertake a major move again. But we decided to sell our beloved Hamptons house and downsize our possessions (though not by much) — and move into a large pre-war co-op apartment in Bronxville, N.Y., a charming, walkable village a half hour's train ride north of Grand Central Station.

Now we're digging out of piles of unpacked books, unsorted glassware, and un-hung paintings, and realizing before we do anything else we need to repaint most of the apartment. So much for easing effortlessly into our 80s.

But we do feel blessed — we are closer to our kids and grandkids, or at least to airport links to those further away. My daughter Elinor, food editor/podcaster/ghostwriter for Gisele Bündchen, and her husband, Tom Ryan, are in Park Slope, Brooklyn, with two fabulous



Ernie Hutton

twins, Margaret and Henry. Anne's son Lex is nearby with his six-year-old son, Skip, my childhood nickname namesake. And Anne's other son, Philip, and his girlfriend, Chloe, are now happily living together in Carnegie Hill, on Manhattan's east side.

Those only a flight away include my daughter Lizzie in Cincinnati, poet and director of the Writing Center at Miami of Ohio, with her husband, Alex, and sons Charlie and Max (now at American University). Anne's daughter Marya and pilot husband Grant commute up (and vice versa) from North Palm Beach with their golden-curled daughter, Mila.

As for us, once we have our Bronxville feet on the ground again, we will resume our recent retirement interests. Anne, a former museum director, has a selective fine arts appraisal business, but will also focus her energies on creating our new home with our collection of antiques and art. As for myself, I will still do pro-bono work with the New York chapter of the American Institute of Architects (A.I.A.), but will continue my new passion for digital iPad painting (David Hockney, move over), and my ongoing passion for classic films (having devoted much of my personal life writing about movies and spending the last four years as chair of the film committee at the Century Association, our New York club and center of much of our social activity).

So we will see what the next five years will bring as we beat on, boats against the current. Of course, there will be continuing age-related irritations (soon we will be 85!) but I plan to focus my energy reviving and reinforcing old friendships — especially with classmates with whom I'm looking forward to reuniting at our 60th!

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Krist Jake and Sandy Larsen, S.F. Giants outing, 2018

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* * *

After almost 55 years managing investment portfolios, I finally retired in April of 2025. During my career, I was extraordinarily lucky to have had a wonderful group of clients with whom to work. In this regard, several of these were with me into our sixth decade together. I also really enjoyed my job, which involved reading research written by professional security analysts from a number of firms, and thinking about a wide range of companies and the local and world events that might affect them. Then it was a matter of implementing the resulting ideas in a way that would fit with each client's individual profile. Finally, I've had a great group of associates with whom I worked, and several of us still get together for regular weekly Zoom calls to discuss the markets and individual investment ideas.

If one counts the years we have known each other, Bev and I are into our seventh decade together. In addition to all the fun we've had, it has turned out that she's very good at the things at which I'm terrible, and vice versa. She also authored a book, *Shrimp Tales: Small Bites of History*, now in its sixth printing and available on Amazon. It has 825 pictures of fishermen, their boats and equipment, plus old and new recipes for cooking and serving shrimp.

A few years ago, we sold our house in Philadelphia and moved to the Bald Peak Colony Club, in New Hampshire. It's a very informal place with a great group of people and wonderful sporting facilities for two of my long-time passions, tennis and golf. Chum Steele, my old tennis and paddle-tennis doubles partner, lives nearby. Our most important tennis match was at Wimbledon, in my last summer at Princeton. We had won two sets and had a good lead in the deciding set against the second-ranked team in the U.S. (We were ranked 10th.) At that point, Chum came over to me and said we needed to start thinking about what we'd say in our winning telegram home. Of course, the match went straight downhill from there. We had more success in paddle tennis — we were national champions. I also took up squash at Princeton and in my final year was awarded a national intercollegiate ranking of 6.

Bald Peak is located on the shores of Lake Winnepesaukee, but we continue to live in Hilton Head, S.C., during the winter months. Our classmate David Stitzer organizes a monthly luncheon there for area Princetonians, and I try to attend every one I can. In addition, once a year there is a Princeton luncheon at



Keith and Bev Jennings with daughters Kim and Cary

the Sea Pines Country Club. This includes all classes and their spouses and is a wonderful event. I feel very lucky to have gone to Princeton, where I got a great education, met a great group of people, and had so much fun!

Bev and I have two daughters. The first, Kim, was class of 1995 at Princeton. She was cocaptain of the Princeton women's tennis team and is currently doing pro bono and freelance work, trying to help people live better and happier lives. The second is Cary, who graduated *Phi Beta Kapa* from the University of Oregon. She currently lives in Hawaii and is a professor at a local college there. She has one son.

I'm looking forward to seeing a lot of old friends at our 60th!

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Wally Judd and Angie Stevens,
Day at the Races, 2023

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John Russell Kelso (that's me) was born January 17, 1945, in Trenton, N.J., to John Russell Kelso, Sr., and Virginia Davis Kelso. Dad was a member of the Princeton Class of 1944, but didn't graduate, having left in 1942 to join the Coast Guard, which sent him to Fort Pierce, Fla., where he met and married my mother. That was to later become my "Florida connection," persisting to the present. Soon after I was born, Dad began working his way up the ladder with New York Life Insurance Company, which sent him — and us — from Trenton (we lived in Bucks County, Pa.), to N.Y.C. (we lived in Red Bank, N.J.), to Altoona, Pa., and finally to Miami.

In the early 1950s, when we lived in Red Bank, Dad brought me to Fourth of July celebrations and football games at Princeton's Palmer Stadium, and we often attended Sunday church services at the Princeton Chapel. The Princeton undergrad who was the tiger mascot

had flashing red lights for eyes and a tail that wagged by remote control. Life magazine was duly impressed, and so was I, having decided by age 6 that I wanted to go to Princeton.

By about 1960, by then living in Miami, it began to occur to me that getting into Princeton was going to be tough, especially from Miami's public schools. As I saw it, my better alternative was to prepare for college at the Peddie School, just a few miles from Princeton, from which my dad had graduated in 1940.

At Princeton, I roomed at different times with John Logan, Mikk Hinnov, and Robert (Bob) Airgood. Bob entered with us but graduated with the Class of 1968. Mikk was then a world-class cyclist (he still is, for his age). He and his wife, Suzanne, live in western Rhode Island, and we stay in touch. Bob Airgood and his wife, Victoria, lived in Richwood, N.J., I visited them in 1986 for a Princeton football weekend. Sadly, weeks later, Bob was killed in an auto accident at age 42.



John and Rosie Kelso

Although I wound up majoring in English, I entered Princeton with plans to become a doctor, and followed the pre-med science curriculum, at least at the start. Required courses included Physics 101 and 102, masterfully taught by Professor Aaron Lemonick (later dean of faculty and the Graduate School) from a wonderful textbook, *Physics for the Inquiring Mind*, by another brilliant Princeton physicist, Eric Rogers. Later on I had a job setting up student labs for these introductory courses. I typically did this after club parties on Saturday-Sunday night, between 2 and 4 in the morning. The only other person in Palmer Physics Laboratory was the night watchman. He would eat his

“lunch” at 3 a.m., sitting on the first-floor steps. I joined him often and enjoyed his company. He mentioned that Albert Einstein was the only other Palmer late-nighter he had known. Einstein, he said, would often sit on the steps with him, just as I was doing. Since the watchman knew nothing of science, the subjects of their many conversations were about members of Princeton’s scientific community. I was honored to replace Einstein as my friend’s lunch and gossip companion.

I also got to know Professor Rogers, author of the Physics 101-102 textbook, who asked me to help him write a secondary-school physics textbook intended for global distribution. I protested that I was an English major, not a physicist. He responded, in essence, “I will take care of the physics. I need you to make sure that it’s clear enough for high school students here and abroad to understand it. I need you to get the message across.” It was a great privilege to work with Eric Rogers in bringing physical science to young people throughout the English-speaking world.

My undergraduate activities included Chapel Choir, on-air posts with WPRB, freshman-year fencing, and various on-campus and in-town jobs. Loans, grants, and employment opportunities made Princeton less expensive for me than what it would later cost to attend the University of Florida Law School as an in-state student.

I had no interest in becoming a lawyer and enrolled in law school to avoid, at least for a while, the draft. When a case of flu sent me to the infirmary, a physician asked if I knew that, due to multiple but mild spinal deformities, I was 4-F. I didn’t know this, but by that point I’d decided to finish law school rather than start over in my career search.

As it happened, my name never came up in the draft lottery and I finished law school, graduating in 1970. I then started looking for a job to make enough money to return to the Northeast, which I regarded the center of the universe (plus it was closer to Princeton). Living with my parents in Miami, I got a temporary job with a Miami law firm (now called Fowler White Burnett). *Bingo!* After two weeks, I loved the job — and realized I loved being a lawyer. I stayed at that “temporary” job for 29 years as a civil litigator. As we say in Florida, I got sand in my shoes and have been here ever since. After Fowler White, I became “of counsel” to a small Miami firm for the next 27 years, devoting most of my energies in the last two decades to state and federal appellate practice.

Over time, I learned that “The Law” is a marvelous and perhaps divinely inspired invention, for which I have great love, respect, and admiration. I have also learned that, while not all of those who dabble in it are marvelous or divinely inspired, every other field of human endeavor is similarly burdened by dabblers



John and Rosie Kelso, 2024 P-grad

with feet of clay. It may sound odd, but I am proud that the Florida Bar — which watches over the 111 thousand lawyers who practice in my state — makes monthly announcements of those who have been disbarred or suspended. I am not aware of any other endeavor that goes to such lengths to publicly weed out undesirables.

Along the way, I twice married too quickly. One of those unions produced my only child, Anna-Liege Kelso, through whom I enjoy my grandchildren, Harvey Schalk and Grace (“Gracie”) Schalk, now 14 and 11. They live in Fort Collins, Colo. Due to my C.O.P.D., I cannot comfortably breathe in Central Colorado, so I am unable to see them there, but they can (and do) visit me occasionally in Miami.

Later, in 2004, I met the love of my life, Rosie. We married in 2008. Now a retired hospital administrator, Rosie was born in Havana, raised in Puerto Rico, and did not come to South Florida (or speak English, now accent-free) until she was 16. At one ’66 reunion, a classmate noticed Rosie, who is 14 years my junior, and commented that I had “robbed a cradle.” Better late than never, I am now blessed with a wonderful partner.

Through Rosie’s twin daughters, I gained two more daughters and sons-in-law — Ana and Ruben Brizuela, and Betty Blanco and Jonathan Grossman. These families, in turn, have given me additional grandchildren, Michael and Nicholas Brizuela, now 5 and 7, and David Zervigon, 10. With my original family and the family acquired through Rosie, I am greatly blessed.

Over these many decades I have stayed close to Princeton, or at least to Princetonians. During 40-plus years as Annual Giving’s South Florida representative

and solicitor, I telephoned locals to ask for their contributions. I turned over that gavel to Rachel Wagner '03 three years ago but have remained as her assistant, a rewarding way to stay in touch with regional alumni. Asking for contributions is never easy, but the overwhelming majority of Mother Princeton's sons and daughters are highly supportive of their school and her need for continuing financial support from alumni, parents, and friends.

I greatly enjoyed making those contacts. Notably, in nearly 45 years I only had two extremely negative responses to my telephone solicitations. One came from an older alumnus who blamed me, personally, for tearing down Palmer Stadium. The other from another older alum who blamed me — again, personally — for Princeton going coed. For my alleged sins, each refused all future contributions.

Mikk Hinnov was a senior officer of a major insurance company, so I trust his data. He told me recently that an American male at age 80 has a 30 percent chance of reaching 90. Whenever I quote that figure to contemporaries, the frequent response is, "I'll take those odds." Life is fragile, but I can still drive a car cross-country and tie my own shoelaces. I ache for the growing list of names in our class directory whom we have lost. I am honored to know that I have earned the right to have my name spoken at some future school memorial exercise at a reunion of Peddie and Princeton classmates, but I am pleased that such honor is, for now at least, deferred.

Our class has always been an august and unique group. It's been my great honor and pleasure to be one of its number.

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Sandy and Jeanie Kirkpatrick, Serenbe Farms, Ga., 2019

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During my sophomore year at Princeton I began thinking seriously about where I wanted to live after college. My father, Roger B. Kirkpatrick '34, had spent his whole career as a commuter, mostly to New York. He would leave our house near Princeton at around 7 a.m. and get back around 7 p.m. His three hours a day of traveling worked out to 15 hours per week; 60 hours, or 1 ½ work weeks per month, and that was when the trains were running on time — not an everyday occurrence by any means.

Princeton was a commuter town, and he had a lot of fun with his fellow commuters. Together a group of them pooled their funds and leased a parlor car that was connected to the 7:30 a.m. express train to New York each morning and to the 5:30 back each afternoon. There were pranks and practical jokes galore, as well as the (more than) occasional cocktail. Still, I became convinced that there had to be a better way for me.

I began researching mid-sized cities on the theory that there might be a happy medium, where good employment opportunities existed but where the distance from home to work was more manageable. I remember considering Seattle and Boise before beginning to focus more closely on Denver.

I liked Denver's somewhat central location. I liked its weather — low humidity and 300 days per year of sunshine. And I admit to liking the cowboy aspect of the nearby mountains, undoubtedly from watching too

many westerns. I felt that the same lifestyle features that attracted me might attract others, and growth benefiting a career could occur there. Subsequent events seem to have borne out that observation.

I decided to check it out in the summer of 1965, between junior and senior years. One of my roommates, a graduating senior, had a fast motorcycle that he didn't want to take home. He loaned it to me, and very graciously (and unwisely, as things worked out) gave me permission to ride it to Colorado.

My plan was to leave immediately after classes ended to beat as many jobseekers as possible to the ski areas. I made it to Vail, then just coming out of the ground, without even one paved road, in just four days.

I anticipated a possibly difficult job search, but could not have been more wrong. I pulled into "town" in the late afternoon wearing my Princeton jacket. I stopped briefly where two dirt roads intersected. Immediately, a nearby voice said, "You're looking for work, aren't you?" The voice was that of John McBride '60, a Princeton hockey great. "Can you be in that hole at seven tomorrow morning?" The "hole" was the empty foundation of the Clock Tower, still a Vail landmark 55 years on. John was the owner/developer.

I loved my time in Vail that summer — the weather, the beauty of the mountains, and, yes, the cowboy stuff. Unfortunately, it came to an end on July 4th. I was on the motorcycle, cruising on U.S. 6 behind two slow-moving vehicles. Finally we came to a passing zone. As I pulled out and got even with the second vehicle, it suddenly pulled out to pass, forcing me off the road. I was briefly airborne. Eventually I was diagnosed with a mildly broken shoulder and given a sling to wear. The bike was totaled. (With insurance proceeds and some cash from me, my roommate came out whole.)

That was the end of my summer construction work. With no income and no transportation, going home was the logical thing. I booked a late-afternoon flight from Denver, and standing on U.S. 6 with my Princeton jacket on and my thumb out in the early morning, anticipating difficulty getting a ride.

Wrong again! Within five minutes a car pulled over and offered me a ride all the way to Denver. My benefactor turned out to be Penny Tweedy, whose Princetonian husband, Jack Tweedy '43, was a founder of Vail and an attorney in Denver. Penny's father founded Meadow Stables, a thoroughbred farm. A few years after we met that day, Penny's father's health failed and she started operating the farm (she had a business degree from Columbia University). In short order she replaced the long-time trainer. Success followed almost immediately, as their horse Riva Ridge (named for a Vail ski run and

before that a World War II battle) won the first two legs of the triple crown in 1972. In 1973, their horse Secretariat won all three races of the triple crown.

Penny was a fascinating person for me to talk to, especially because by then I had decided to move to Denver and she was so well-rooted there. In those days the ride from Vail to Denver took over three hours. She filled the time with ideas and tips about people to look up, places to live, and other useful information. When we got to Denver it was still five or six hours until my flight. She insisted on taking me to the Tweedys' home in Southeast Denver until later, when they would drive me to the airport.

Sometimes wearing your school colors can be a good idea!

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FREDERICK T. KOYLE



Ruth and Ken Krosin and granddaughter Micah, 2022 Reunions

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Judy and Chuck Kulczycki (seated) and family, Colorado Springs, 2025.
Standing: grandchildren John, Nina, and Maggie; daughter-in-law Susan Stygar;
son Alex '95; daughter Amy-Elizabeth Zanotti; son-in-law Dan Zanotti.

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I was born in Easton Pa., in December 1944, and named "Anthony" after my father, who had flown 30 missions as a B-17 bombardier in Europe. Dad had wanted me named for his friend and fellow bombardier, Charles "Chuck" Koontz, who was killed in action, which is how I obtained my lifelong nickname.

Dad acquired an engineering degree on the G.I. Bill. Mom had secretarial and accounting skills. Their children — myself and my younger brothers and sister — were expected to be good students and become professionals. In secondary school I was an Eagle scout; made "all state" in orchestras, bands, and choruses; edited the student newspaper; and graduated as valedictorian. Despite all that, my high-school

guidance counselor said I wouldn't get into Princeton. I was happy to prove him wrong.

At Princeton, my three freshmen roommates came from warm climates — Jon Holman (Puerto Rico), Bob Warwick (Florida), and John Lumpkin (South Carolina) — and were unaccustomed to New Jersey's winter weather. We spoke or studied different languages: Jon (Spanish), Bob (German), me (French), and John (southern-accented English and French).

We were quite different individuals, but bonded well and remain fast friends to this day. Sometimes we'd study or write or do problem sets for hours and then we'd play some crazy game like 2-on-2 baseball in our Patton living room. Since Easton is only 53 miles from Princeton, my parents and three siblings would drive to campus almost every other Sunday to visit and bring a cake or pie that we'd devour before Monday morning. I burned the calories with long walks to Commons and classes plus marching in the Tiger Band.

In sophomore year, John Lumpkin chose more party-oriented roommates and Jon, Bob, and I recruited sophomore roommates Fred Hartmann, Dave Lee (Jon's grade-school classmate in P.R.), and Chuck Peischl (my fellow clarinetist in the Tiger Band).

Studies became more important to me as I chose to be a pre-med and chemistry major. I enjoyed the non-science classes I took, such as Lit 141, Art 101, Politics 101, and courses in music and economics. I wished that I could have taken more of them. I survived taking organic and physical chemistry simultaneously in junior year. I got a summer job in 1965 working with Professor Maitland Jones on carbenes; the project became my senior thesis and resulted in three publications. Finishing my thesis early made spring 1966 quite enjoyable! I even had time to visit Douglass College, where I met my future wife, Judy Brokaw.

I went on to Harvard Medical (1966-70). While there I had a summer research project at Massachusetts General Hospital working in its blood bank, and spent another summer at Oxford doing research in immunology. Judy and I married in May 1969. In 1970-72 I was a



Chuck and Judy Kulczycki,
Paestum, Italy, 2025

medical intern and resident physician in Buffalo, N.Y.

My research and publications probably earned me a career-changing fellowship at the National Institutes of Health (1972-74) doing immunology research on IgE (the antibody involved in allergies) and mast cells.

A two-year fellowship at Washington University, in St. Louis, in allergy and rheumatology led to a permanent faculty position. I spent 48 years there, retiring at age 78 in 2023. Most of my early career was spent in basic research. I studied IgE and its receptor on mast cells and basophils. I helped solve the chemical structures of leukotrienes, mediators of allergic diseases. Later in my career, as research grants became harder to obtain, I closed my lab and transitioned to being a clinician and teacher.

In retirement, Judy and I have traveled broadly: to Easter Island, Chile, Argentina, Scotland, South Africa, Zimbabwe, Zambia, Botswana, Sicily, and Calabria. I've cut back on medical reading and spend more time on books (both fiction and nonfiction) and newspapers (esp. the *Sunday New York Times*, which can take me a week to finish).

We also get to spend more time with our children and grandchildren. Our son Alex (P.U. '95), a computer programmer, and his wife, Susan, live in St. Louis with their twins, John and Maggie, so we see them often and attend John's hockey games and Maggie's choral performances. Our daughter, Amy-Elizabeth, and her husband, Dan Zanotti, are both family-practice physicians in San Diego and raising our granddaughter Nina. We see Nina in plays or doing crafts during our West Coast visits.



Francis and Nancy Kwok, Montego Bay, 2019

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Jay Lagemann and John Lumpkin, 2024 P-grade

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2025 finds me principally living in Paris, mainly because this is where my French spouse, Maxime Ohayon, is employed in a senior position at the Cha-teau de Versailles Opera. We also have a condo in Palm Springs, Calif. Expat life sometimes has its challenges, but in Paris, with a recently granted ten-year *carte de residence* and access to its cultural life and the offerings of the Versailles Opera, I am hardly in a position to

complain. Health is good, with some memory concerns, which also make improving my college French challenging. Most of the time, I enjoy it! Life is good.

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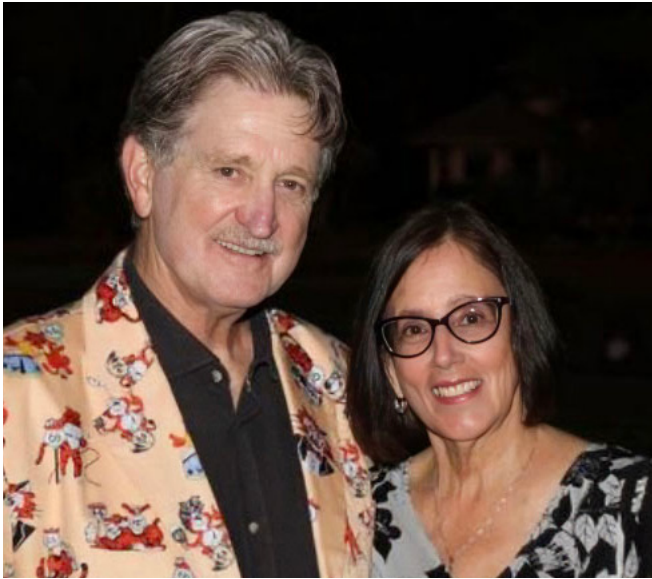
I've been living in the West since 1969, following law school at Northwestern University and an internship with the Illinois Court of Appeals, in Chicago. I then spent eleven years in Colorado, the first eight in Denver cutting my teeth as an attorney. I also found skiing and rugby in Colorado, enjoying both to the max and forging precious friendships. Circa 1978, I spent a sabbatical year building a cabin in the woods off the grid, in northern Idaho. I then returned to Crested Butte, Colo., population 800, and lived in a rundown Victorian house purchased in 1971, during my Denver days.

I lived in Crested Butte for three years and served as its town attorney. AMAX Inc., then the nation's second-largest mining company, was developing its molybdenum mining claims on Mount Emmons, the town's beautiful backdrop and water-supply source. I drafted an ordinance for the town council to prevent contamination of that water supply, then represented the town in court when AMAX sued. The ordinance was ultimately up-held by the Colorado Supreme Court.

In 1982 I returned to Idaho and for several years divided my time between a house in Moscow and my backcountry, off-the-grid cabin. Over time I replaced the cabin with a new home on 172 acres. Over the span



Ron Landeck, left, with J.D. Askew, Dave Sonnenberg, Jim Stoops, and Krist Jake, 50th Reunion



Ron and Debby Landeck, Hilton Head mini-reunion, 2023

of four decades we've dug five ponds, planted more than 20,000 trees, and restored native grasses, forbs, and shrubs. Legal covenants will conserve the land's environmental qualities in perpetuity.

In May 1983 I opened my solo law practice in Moscow, population 25,000, including students at the University of Idaho. I taught as an adjunct professor at U.I.'s law school for several semesters, until my law practice took over all my time. My firm's lineup changed over the years and leveled out at four attorneys. Our county's magistrate judge referred to us as the "megafirm." We served our county well. My practice was varied, adapting to whatever was happening in the community. I ended up doing substantial civil litigation, entity organization, and real-estate transactions over many years. Two of my colleagues now own and operate the firm, making life easy for me to do as little or as much as I choose. My dwindling client list is headed by our local housing trust. I am so thankful my journey led me to small-town life. The closeness and kindness are palpable.

Debby Wyatt and I were married in Priest Lake, Idaho, in 1990. Debby taught reading in the school district until her retirement, in 2018. We came out of Covid ready to see more of the world. In 2024 we visited Greece and Turkey on a tour led by the Lutheran School of Theology at Chicago; participants included classmate John Kretzmann's widow, Ingrid. In 2025 we journeyed to Iceland, Finland, Estonia, Sweden, Denmark, and Norway.

Debby continues her community activities and enjoys biking and hiking our many trails. With Bert Kerstetter, we own units in the Selkirk Lodge at Sch-

weitzer Mountain, above Sandpoint, Idaho. We do a lot of skiing with Bert.

We have three children. I regard each of their births as the best day of my life.

Our daughter Merryl was born in 1981 in Gunnison, Colo. She and her husband, Josh Helderop, and our grandkids Diem (8) and Keaton (6) live in the Seattle area. Merryl takes exceptional care of her family and applies her nutrition degree from Bastyr University to good use.

Our son, Evan, born in Moscow in 1984, works for an engineering firm in Bellingham, Wash., that tests materials for flammability, particularly for the aerospace industry. He also fells trees on his property, then saws them into lumber for structures he builds, demonstrating mechanical skills that have always eluded his dad.

Our daughter Kendyl was born in Moscow 1994. I coached her in soccer and basketball (her soccer teammates called me "Senior"). Kendyl attended Gustavus Adolphus College, in Saint Peter, Minn. She played soccer there and graduated Phi Beta Kappa; she also has a master's degree from Iowa State University in community and regional planning. She lives in Minneapolis with her husband, Evan Larson, and pursues affordable housing issues for Minnetonka, a Minneapolis suburb.

In my early years I wondered whether, as a P.K. ("preacher's kid"), I would follow in my dad's footsteps as a Lutheran minister. Over time I have pursued doubt and ultimately made peace with my beliefs. I devote a lot of time to our church. We belong to the Evangelical Lutheran Church in America (E.L.C.A.), which is welcoming to all and encourages people like me to figure out for themselves what God is all about, and to act accordingly. I believe that wherever we see kindness and love, especially for the stranger and those in need, we see the Eternal Being at work. That is the world to which I ascribe, and it is long and wide.

I have gotten to know so many members of our class, and that list continues to grow. The spirit our classmates share with one another is a blessing.

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Chris and Bill Leahy, November 2022 class gathering

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Bruce's update appears in Late Biographies, p. 107.

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Harlan and Pattie Levy celebrating Harlan's 80th birthday, June 2024

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* * *

I don't feel "semi-retired" in the standard sense,
rather just undergoing a different life change filled with
continued journalism, sleeping very much later, and
doing the things I want to do at a relaxed pace.



Harlan and Pattie Levy exercising their First Amendment rights, 2020

My career path has been unexpected, to say the least. While on the job as an attorney at the F.C.C., 1970-75, I was also a freelancer for the B.B.C., providing audio sports reports and newsmaker interviews (Muhammad Ali; Joe Frazier; Bruce Springsteen; tennis stars John McEnroe, Martina Navratilova; actors Ossie Davis, Elliot Gould, etc.)

In 1975 I quit the F.C.C. and worked for three years as a radio reporter in Natick Mass., then was a TV reporter in Richmond, Va., Miami, and Hartford for 12 years. I then founded a video production company. Four years later I began my newspaper career at the weekly *Commercial Record*. In 1997 I joined a Connecticut daily, the *Journal Inquirer*, as a reporter, covering two towns' government actions and politics, business news, state tourism, and — the best and most satisfying, creative perk — writing two consumer columns a week documenting, with humor whenever possible, all the hard-to-believe, ridiculous, oddball, difficult, hilarious, stupid, sometimes illegal and criminal consumer experiences my family and I encountered, as well as breaking consumer news.

In August 2017, after 20 years on the job at this old-fashioned, essential publisher of in-depth local news from 17 area cities and towns, I decided to hang up my full-time career. Since then I have continued to write my weekly "Consumer Diary" column, a continuing pleasure, for the digital newspaper *We-Ha.com*, also recording it for the nonprofit Connecticut Radio Information System for the blind, reading-challenged, and other listeners.

Once free of intense, eight-plus-hour days and nights, I began waking up around 10 a.m., walking

and feeding our family dog, Latke, eating my healthy breakfast, reading the *N.Y. Times*, and watching TV news before leisurely resuming my version of "work."

Meanwhile, our son, Aidan, and daughter, Allegra, are now married. Aidan and his wife, Kaitlin, moved from Lancaster, Pa., to West Hartford, where they're now English professors at the University of St. Joseph. Aidan has a Ph.D. from Columbia. He's written an award-winning 900-page biography of jazz great Sonny Rollins and a biography of Lou Reed. Their children Diana, 7, and Isabel, 3, are super-smart, highly verbal, happy bundles of irresistible and constant energy who changed our lives as we have become active exhausted grandparents.

Allegra married J.P. Sistenich in 2018 after meeting him in Hong Kong when she was the resident jazz singer at the Four Seasons Hotel. To date she's written and recorded five original jazz albums and recorded a children's original songbook. They have two delightful, smart, happy children, Stella, 5, and Otto, 2.

I also got involved in political campaigns, motivated by the uselessness of yelling at the TV and repetitive complaining to my wife.

In 2018, classmate Dial Parrott, another friend, and I canvassed voters in New York State for the successful run for the U.S. House by Anthony Delgado. In 2019 my wife and I canvassed Connecticut voters. In December 2020 and January 2021 I canvassed Georgia voters in the second-most significant election in recent times, and I will do the same before the 2026 November midterms.

One long-term project was writing and publishing an illustrated personal history / memoir, titled *Life of Pop*. It was great fun and mighty thought-provoking. The photos from my past and past generations have opened a silent, lost world with characters who appear joltingly alive.

A serious note: three years ago I was diagnosed for bladder cancer. After a year of chemo I am now cancer-free. Then, on December 29, 2025, I fell backwards down an escalator and fractured two spinal vertebrae. I hurt my neck but didn't break it and have back pains that are almost disabling, but I am not paralyzed and expect a complete recovery. I take note each morning that I have survived another day, and I try to make each day at least memorable in small ways. So, onward!

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On the first page of my U.S. Passport, for customs visa stamps, there's a quote from George Washington: "Let us raise a standard to which the wise and honest can repair." What a nice thought. Good luck, Gen Z.

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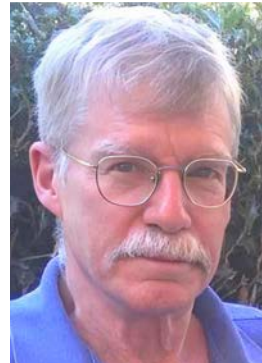
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Andrew Littauer, John Logan, David Dollenmayer, 50th reunion

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These last five years have brought joy and fulfillment into my "burning daylight" life associated with my family and the Great Class of 1966, as follows:

Our youngest, Harriott, and her husband, Andy Parker, live in Charleston with their two children as well as with Goose, a rescue Springer Spaniel, and Boo, a rescue kitty cat. Harriott continues her work as director of development with the Charleston Waterkeeper and Andy continues his work with an independent insurance agency. Their oldest son, Julien, is in the ninth grade at Woodberry Forest School, following his dad and his Charleston grandad. Their other son, Hutson, is a seventh grader at Charleston Day School.

Our middle child, Frances, and her husband, Deacon Webster, live in Brooklyn with two children as well as George, a 95-lb. black lab, and Star Lord, a rescue kitty cat. Frances and Deacon founded an ad agency (Walrus) in Manhattan almost 20 years ago. Frances serves



John and Emily Lumpkin, Terhune Orchards, 2024

as its C.E.O. and Deacon as its E.V.P. and creative director (I call him “the mad scientist” of the ad world). Their oldest, France, is a junior at the University of Colorado at Boulder, and their other child, Henry, is in ninth grade at Proctor Academy in Andover, N.H. (His sister and Aunt Harriott also attended and graduated from Proctor.)

Our oldest, Glenn, and his wife, Elisa, live right here in Columbia with three children as well as Murphy and Chase, two rescue mixed-breed puppies. Both Glenn and Elisa work in pharmaceutical sales. Their oldest, Emma, is a senior attending A.C. Flora High School. She has two brothers: Davis is in tenth grade at A.C. Flora and Cole is a third-grader at Brennan Elementary. As I type this, Emma is waiting to hear from several colleges and universities in the South to which she has applied.

The “love of my life,” Emily (known as Emmie by our seven grandchildren) has continued to be actively involved in animal rescue (primarily puppy dogs) via her “Lumpkin Rescues” entity. We currently have one four-legged family member — a very sweet rescue female hound dog who goes by “Greeley” (not named by Emily for Horace but rather for the small S.C. city of Greeleyville, where this little girl was running loose and picked up by animal control). Emily / Emmie has also remained quite busy as an active member of First Presbyterian Church here in Columbia. Among other things, she hosts weekly in our home a ladies Bible study, during which I am asked politely — and directly — to retire to my upstairs office!

Meanwhile, yours truly (a.k.a. “Partner” to our grandchildren) now finds himself “turning the crank” somewhat to continue to fund the college-savings ac-

counts for six of our seven grandchildren (the seventh is now in college).

As it relates to our Great Class of 1966, I and 28 other ‘66 A.G. volunteers have been in lockstep with our leadership group to build community and cohesion between and among all ‘66ers. Our paramount goal has been — and will always be — to care about each and every one of our classmates.

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Bill Lutz and Marilyn Vaughn, P-rade, 2023

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* * *

At age 81 I continue to work every day in the securities business as managing director / investments in the Birmingham office of Stifel, Nicolaus & Co., which acquired my former privately owned securities firm more than 10 years ago. My years at the two firms combined now exceed 53 years in the same office. I spend much of July and August at my house on the sea in Newport, R.I. At other times of the year, when not at my office, I enjoy overseas travel. I continue to serve as a trustee of the Birmingham Museum of Art as well as a trustee of several other Birmingham-area nonprofit charities. It is hard to believe that the great Class of 1966 is about to celebrate its 60th reunion. The years have certainly flown by quickly!

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Paul and Cris Mahlstedt and daughter Daniela, right, Christmas 2025

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* * *

Things have certainly slowed down for me since our 50th reunion. The biggest event was the birth of my first grandson in December 2019, followed by a granddaughter in April 2022.

As noted in our 55th Reunion Book, I retired from the Navy in 1988, then in 2020 unretired to work as a defense contractor for the U.S. Southern Command (USSOUTHCOM), based in Miami, not far from our South Florida home.

From November 2021 to March 2023 I worked for the Narcotics and Law Enforcement Affairs Section of the American Embassy in El Salvador, advising two special units of the Salvadoran National Police: the national SWAT team and the coastal police interdiction group. This meant moving to El Salvador. During my stay there, my wife, Cris, remained in Florida but often visited, as did my younger son, Andrew, and our grandchildren, Aiden and Gaia.

After a few months I realized I wasn't a good fit for the SWAT part of the job. So I finally retired for good after rewriting my job description in order to hire my replacements, a retired Colombian police colonel and a Colombian navy chief petty officer.

Now, in addition to helping Cris with her real estate

business, I volunteer twice a week at our local library, teaching a course preparing legal permanent ("Green Card") residents to become naturalized U.S. citizens. In all, I have helped more than 500 new citizens representing a wide range of immigrants, from Cuban "boat people" to university professors, authors, a Holocaust survivor, and a former surgeon general of Panama. Most of my students are Latin Americans — teaching them keeps my Spanish up.

I am also the Alumni Schools Committee chair for Peru, coordinating younger alumni who interview more than 30 Peruvians applying to Princeton every year. I interview a few myself. I would never get in today.

My health is good, although I need to exercise more (have been saying that for years).

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Staś and Julia, Hilton Head, 2023

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Dave and Suzie Marshak, Hilton Head mini-reunion, 2023

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Bill and Carole Martin and daughter Sarah, Bill's birthday, 2016

* * *

Barbra Streisand sang that people who need people are the luckiest people in the world. I'm very lucky because I not only need people, but I love people and thrive on inter-acting with them. (On one of my excursions from Princeton to New York City, I took a blind date to see young Streisand on Broadway in *Funny Girl*. The date was a bust, but the production was unforgettable.) The first and foremost person that I need and love is Carole, my high-school, sweetheart to become my wife of 60 years. She successfully blended a retail career, lead person in raising our children, and community volunteer (e.g., chair of the Northwest Arkansas Hospice board, President of the Pryor Area Arts and Humanities Council, and others). She is the biggest blessing in my life.

Also blessing me over the years have been my Princeton roommates, Bill Hall, Rich Raskin, and especially Ralph Davies. Rich's most excellent parents were so kind to Carole and me during their lifetime, and Ralph's precious parents — oh my gosh, they were virtual surrogate parents to me. Ralph is one of the most exceptional people I know, and he's my best friend.

After graduation from Princeton, I spent three unremarkable years as a stock broker. That time was a boot camp, however, for a later corporate career. I entered the corporate world at the bottom as a corporate development analyst with the former Enserch Corp., in Dallas, at the time the largest gas utility company in Texas. At night, I attended Southern Methodist University's graduate business school, earning an M.B.A. As that corporation's corporate finance director, I assisted in investor relations, was a point person for a dozen acquisition due diligences, planning and executing public

financings, rate of return witness in dozens of utility rate cases, and responsible for the corporation's insurance placement. After five years, we moved back to Tulsa for a fascinating two years at the Williams Companies. Although just a go-fer for one of the senior vice presidents, I was in an office down the hall from John and Joe Williams and I learned how those classy and successful guys embraced and managed risk. Two years later, I was recruited by Southwestern Energy, in Fayetteville, Ark. I served as chief financial officer and corporate secretary for 10 years and president and chief operating officer of its gas utility subsidiary for seven years. My love for people blossomed there as I was on a first-name basis with 500 employees across Arkansas and Missouri.

My jobs at Southwestern permitted me to actively volunteer in the community, including president of the United Way, member of several profit and nonprofit boards, civil-service commissioner, city counselor, and mayor of Fayetteville, all while holding down my corporate positions. As mayor I succeeded in overcoming sour relations between the board and the community. When I didn't run for reelection, I was appointed to the North-west Arkansas Airport Authority, which planned and built a new international airport, XNA.

In my late 40s, I decided I wanted to do more with life, and we moved to Evanston, Ill., where I studied at Seabury-Western Seminary, earning an M.Div. before being ordained an Episcopal priest. In the following 25 years, I served as a parish priest in Arkansas and Oklahoma, a diocesan official in Colorado, and rector and head of All Saints Episcopal School, a small boarding and day school in Vicksburg, Miss.

Perhaps the singular accomplishment of my life was converting that de facto segregated school into a thriving, fully integrated place for 7th through 12th grade students from 10 states and five other countries. During that time, Carole and I worked together for the first and only time as fellow employees. She was our admissions director, and with her personality, and a rule of life that replaced a labyrinthine student conduct code. Enrollment doubled, and we began to break even financially. After Katrina decimated our donor base, a nervous board of trustees closed the school in an abundance of caution.

Upon reaching mandatory retirement age of 72, I left full-time ministry and began teaching at a Title I school in North Tulsa, an hour drive from our home. When the student body, 95 percent kids of color, found that I wasn't going through a revolving door of teachers and that I truly cared for/loved them, they affectionately renamed me "Mr. White Chocolate." I'm in my ninth year at McLain, teaching "Google Tools." Perhaps in

some small way our university's informal motto — "Princeton in the nation's service and the service of humanity" — sank in. Can't wait to see you at Reunions.

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I was in '66 for three years, but my graduation was delayed by grass and rock and roll. I am grateful to have graduated in 1968. Later I studied theology at different places and was a foreign missionary for a few years in Eritrea, then a province of Ethiopia.

My grandfather George W. Arms, Jr., graduated from Princeton and the Princeton Theological Seminary. His son Warren graduated from Princeton and taught at the University of Mexico. My father, John F. Mason, had a Ph.D. in geology from Princeton. My brother George is in the Class of 1965 and lives in Connecticut.



Owen Matthieu and Will Osborn, Hilton Head mini-reunion, 2023

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Mac and Clare McMorris and daughter Elizabeth, Reunions 2025

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In the summer of 1964, roommates Mike Tooke, Jim Walker, Jake Cartwright, and I drove Triumph Motorcycles all over Europe. We only had maps (no GPS),

and had no idea when we started each morning how far we would go or where we would sleep that night!

As of January 2026, Clare and I have sold our house in Wayne, Pa., and moved to the Beaumont Retirement Community in Bryn Mawr. A complete change of life, but the timing is excellent. No complaints!

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Jim Merritt with Lissa, Nancy, and Jenn, Thanksgiving 2025

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As I write this in February 2026, Nancy and I are in Sydney, Australia, visiting our daughter Lissa and her family. Lissa and her husband, Markos, are philosophy professors at the University of New South Wales. Their daughter, Eirene, has just entered 11th grade. Our other daughter, Jenn, lives in Winchester, Mass., and is a senior curator at Boston's Museum of Fine Arts. Her husband, Ian Swope, is an accomplished designer of museum exhibits. Their daughter, Fiona, 25, works for a groundwater consulting firm in Denver; their son, Malcolm, 23, is a recent graduate of the University of Utah and an accomplished skier.

Nancy and I are still in Pennington, living in the

same house we purchased 50 years ago. I'm still gardening and fly fishing, although wading in streams is increasingly problematic.

It's a privilege to be editing yet another of our reunion books, and I'm grateful for the opportunity it provides to connect with so many classmates.

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Twelve things I have done since 2021:

1. Survived the pandemic with just one mild episode of Covid. Viva vaccines!

2. Had five more years of retirement. Trying to keep up with my field without forgetting everything I knew. Much of what I was doing 10 years ago is becoming obsolete. Cancer medicine has been progressing rapidly, at least until funding for science research was decapitated this year.

3. Read lots more. Learned that men can read and enjoy fiction, too.

4. Had lots of time to travel and see the world. Turkey, Croatia and Slovenia, Netherlands, Ireland, Naples and Apulia, England. Learned to let others drive in foreign countries.

5. Continued our annual week at the Hideout, a dude ranch in Wyoming, pretending to be cowpeople

and defying the laws of gravity by staying on a horse.

6. Continued our annual escape from gray Seattle winter for two months in sunny San Diego. Learned that you cannot make yourself younger by getting new golf clubs.

7. Spent 5-6 weeks a year in New York for time with family and new friends and cultural pursuits. Spent more time at Carnegie Hall and less at Carnegie Deli.

8. Immersed in Dr. Barbara Stehle's amazing online art-history courses. I no longer confuse Monet and Manet or Lucien Freud and Sigmund Freud.

9. Stayed healthy while accumulating too many pills in my cabinet and doctors on my calendar.

10. Prioritized more time with family and friends. Tried to get my 11-year-old granddaughter interested in math. Learned to accept defeat graciously.

11. Tried to avoid looking at news 24/7 to preserve mental health.

12. Zoomed monthly with '66 classmates from Maine to Hawaii. Good to have a support group and an occasion to wear some orange and black regalia.

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Kit and Susan Mill, Reunions 2023

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I did retire in 2021, as I predicted on our 55th, and I continue to do most things I did as a full-time academic except teach and grade papers. (Yay!) I still have a research post at the Hoover Institution at Stanford,



Alice Miller, Rick Bowers, Larry Owen, Stanford University, 2018

and I'm still working on a book on the role of warfare and the rise of commerce on the emergence of modern China. I no longer read *People's Daily* every day, as I did for 40 years, to divine the mysteries of Chinese communist politics (oh, what a relief it is).

We live on the coast side of the San Francisco peninsula, close to the ocean and adjoining a large nature preserve. We enjoy our reclusive life and leave here only occasionally. Having lived for stretches of time in Taipei, Kyoto, and Beijing and having toured some the rest of the world on briefing tours on U.S. Navy carrier strike groups, I have no great urge to wander. My wife, Avis, feeds the birds daily, which means she feeds towhees, scrub jays, bushtits, wrentits, California quail, white-crowned and golden-crowned sparrows, house finches, Bewick's wrens, crows and ravens, blackbirds, and thrashers, but also skunks, raccoons, possums, voles, bobcats, coyotes and deer. They are our most frequent guests, though my son and his family show up from Oregon periodically.

I have enjoyed reconnecting with our class in the last few years. (Thanks, Comrade Holman.)

Having been awakened to the civil-rights struggle during our time at Princeton, and as a trans person, I have supported civil-rights causes politically all my life. These days, I fear for our country from another perspective. I tend to view our politics from an international perspective. I cannot imagine an "administration" whose every action seems aimed at undermining every pillar of our national strength and every relationship in our place in the world more than the current one. Apologies for the political comment, but "Princeton in the nation's service" and all that.

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Since 2024 I've been publishing on Substack (link above) regarding the current administration's efforts to undermine democracy, including its attacks on Venezuela and threats to take over Greenland and other countries. The resulting level of instability hasn't existed since the Cuban Missile Crisis, during our freshman year in 1962.



Tom and Kristine Mineo, Hilton Head, 2023

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My appreciation for the Class of 1966 has grown, especially in the last 10 years. I matriculated with '66 but

graduated with '68, for many years my class of record. I was a backup player on Princeton's undefeated football team of 1964. In 2017, Staś Maliszewski contacted me regarding a commemorative event for the team. At the same time, he encouraged me to rejoin our class, which I did. At a subsequent Day at the Races at Zastaria, his Maryland home, Staś welcomed me back in a brief ceremony. I was presented a Class of 1966 shirt donated by Charles Plohn. What a day!

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Bill and Jan Mitchell, 2017

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* * *

Princeton was a life-changing experience for me — ranch boy from Arizona, a great place to grow up but hardly the center of the universe. Princeton opened me up to an amazing world I've had the great good fortune to explore over the course of my career.

After finishing grad school, I moved to California to take my first real job. And on the very first day of my very first job, the very first person I met was the lady with whom I would be lucky enough to spend the next 52 years — my beautiful wife, Jan. She is my best friend, trusted advisor and counselor, and matriarch of the Mitchell clan. We have three wonderful daughters, all

married, all doing well, and six amazing grandchildren.

I entered international business early in my career and traveled widely, visiting more than 110 countries. Along the way I've eaten some pretty weird food, drank many strange potions (lucky I'm not blind), and enjoyed so many extraordinary places and experiences. I retired eight years ago as chairman and C.E.O. of a Fortune 125 firm but find myself busier than ever with new activities — a small venture-capital fund, a partnership in a consulting firm, a fair amount of board work, and continuing work in education, a lifelong interest.

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* * *

Spoiler alert — after 50 years of practicing law, I retired without achieving all the answers. After 30-plus years living in Washington, D.C. (Go Lunch Bunch), I was asked to move to Houston to manage the Shook, Hardy, Bacon Law office. I agreed because the office



Tiny Morgan, right, and Henry Von Kohorn, 2022 Reunions

had a real opportunity for growth and my stepfather lived alone in Houston. So back to my "roots" I went.

The office grew to over 50 lawyers before I retired. My dad passed years ago but we had almost 15 years together. For that I am grateful.

Retirement has its ups and downs. My wonderful wife, Betty Lou, has guided me, cajoled me, and encouraged me. I am eternally thankful for over 42 years together (so far). It has become more difficult for her as my health has failed and she has been my sole caretaker.

I have time to read on our patio, which I really enjoy, and to engage in volunteer work. Betty Lou and I are active in our church. I still sing but have had to give up the church choir (my physical limitations keep me from standing). Betty Lou and I have been very active in our community. We have dinner frequently with several different couples. Some are even 10 to 15 years younger than we are. They seem to think we are fun. Go figure!

But there are some downsides. I feel isolated from the Overall Class down here in Texas. It is depressing not to be able to spend quality time with my beloved classmates.

I will try to remedy that for a while at our 60th!

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We regret to report that Bob died March 20, 2026, as we were going to press with this book. His memorial appears on p. 140. There is also a tribute to him on p. 189.

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Bob and Virg Nahas, Hilton Head, 2023

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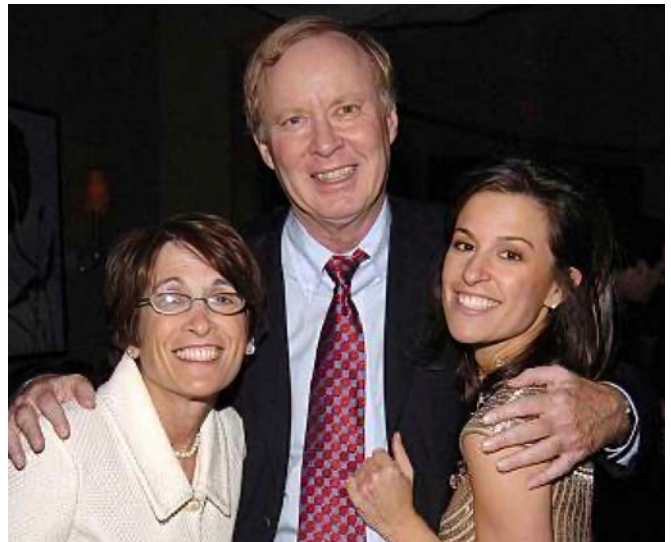
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I was born in Buffalo, N.Y., and attended Nichols School before coming to Princeton with John Nagorniak, my best friend during high school, and Dick Palicki, another Nichols classmate. (During our freshman year, Dick married — a big deal requiring approval from the dean of students — and left Princeton very shortly thereafter.)

Roomed all four years with Frank Ward, Wendell Ing, and Mike Kinard. Beginning sophomore year, Nagorniak joined us, and we signed up for a luxurious five-man suite (bathroom included!) in the New Quad. When we learned way too late in the room-draw process that no five-man rooms were available, we hooked up with two engineering majors (no two-man rooms, either; not one of us seven geniuses thought to check) — Jon Morse and the late Pete Berry. We snared a terrific suite in Gauss Hall, where we converted the largest bedroom into a bar room and happily spent the next three years. Bought furniture from graduating seniors. (Paid \$600 and learned later that while we would have gone to \$650, they would have taken \$550. Shades of *Pretty Woman*!) Tom Smith joined us when Pete dropped out midway through junior year.

I majored in politics and spent way too many hours playing duplicate bridge with Ing. Became a member of Dial Lodge, along with all roommates except Kinard, who went across the street to Cannon. Loved club life; at least those moments of sobriety that I can remember. Ing and I played for Dial in interclub competition, and I also played interclub basketball, softball, and volleyball. My main (only, really) extracurricular activity was finding weekend dates. No car, no coeds, no social skills or other redeeming features; but somehow hardly ever a problem — at least a first date. Thank you, Douglass College, Rider, and Trenton State for being just a bus ride or hitchhike away.

So many wonderful memories; way too many to recount. One of my not at all wonderful but strongest is from late November of sophomore year: speaking on the phone with Gert, proprietor of the liquor store on Nassau Street, to give our adult-beverage order for the weekend and hearing her scream to me, "They shot the President!" Could not imagine why anyone would



Gayle and Steve Newman and daughter Holly

want to shoot President Goheen, who seemed like a decent guy, and hoped he was not badly injured. Also remember walking alone around campus late the night before graduation, unable to control the tears. Four amazing years.

After Princeton, I went to Michigan Law School, saw coeds for the first time since eighth grade; and met Gayle, then an undergrad and now my wife. We married nine days (or maybe nine minutes — cannot remember for sure) after my graduation. Both our daughters also graduated from Michigan and now live in N.Y.C. Holly is a managing director and investment advisor at Neuberger Berman and does a monthly talking-head appearance on CNBC. Debbie is a bankruptcy litigation partner at Quinn Emanuel. Holly has three sons and Debbie three daughters. Charlie, our oldest grandson, has been accepted at Michigan and will soon be a freshman there. We see them as often as possible. We still get back to Ann Arbor annually for a family weekend-reunion wrapped around a football game. Hoping to live long enough to see the Buffalo Bills play in another Superbowl — and Win!

After Michigan, I joined a large law firm and began doing trusts and estates work, with a second specialty representing physicians and other doctors in tax and business aspects of their private practices. Luckily, a good time for those areas because of new I.R.S. rulings permitting professionals to form corporations and high net-worth individuals to utilize a tax "planning technique" known as a family limited partnership. Practiced mostly in the Buffalo area until 1974, when the firm opened a Florida office. Took (and passed) the Florida bar exam in 1976 and began building a client base in Broward and Palm Beach counties. We moved

to Palm Beach Gardens in 2001. Retired in 2017. Now get up in the morning with nothing to do and go to bed at night with half of it undone.

I still teach and play competitive bridge. After 56 (and counting) wonderful years of marriage, no longer hustle so much for dates. Exchange frequent email messages and speak periodically with Morse. Call Jill, Nagorniak's widow, each December on his birthday. Spent several years interviewing high school seniors as a member of the Princeton Schools Committee. Sadly, very little other contact with Princeton except for reading PAW and a regular annual contribution. Disappointed by how many of the names in '66 Class Notes are those of classmates unknown to me.

Thankfully, everyone is healthy. Life is good. Hoping to enjoy it with Gayle a bit longer.

JOHN S. NICHOLAS III

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Phil and Beth Nicholson and daughter Noelle, center, 2018

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What I find to be most astonishing at my advanced age is how often I'm surprised by what's happening to me. Only a year ago, I could hike up the steep hill to the south of our senior residence without feeling the strain in my legs and lower back that I now feel. Now, when I'm sitting at the computer working on a writing project, I sometimes can't recall the name of some familiar, everyday object, or I forget how to spell a word that I'm about to type. And names! Who can remember names? Even the names of the fellow residents and staff members I encounter several times a day. But what surprises me most is that I can't back away from

wanting to be someone who's always producing things — in my case, always starting a new writing project, even though that preoccupation means I won't relax and redirect my attention to search for new ways of making the best use of the time I have left on this earth.

That change would certainly seem to be appropriate for someone who's now older than 80! That's why I feel lucky to have discovered the book, *Staring at the Sun*, by the psychiatrist Dr. Irving Yalom. He recommends that we all ask ourselves a potentially life-changing question, a question that will help us redirect our attention from current regrets about our past or about the importuning present by focusing instead on the time that's still left: "What can you do now in your life so that one year or five years from now, you won't look back and have similar dismay about the new regrets you've accumulated? In other words, can you find a way to live without continuing to accumulate regrets?"

Yalom also shares another insight that strikes me as profound and reassuring: "Of all the ideas that have emerged from my years of practice to counter a person's death anxiety and distress at the transience of life, I have found the idea of rippling singularly powerful. Rippling refers to the fact that each of us creates — often without our conscious intent or knowledge — concentric circles of influence that may affect others for years, even for generations. That is, the effect we have on other people is in turn passed on to others, much as the ripples in a pond go on and on until they're no longer visible but continuing at the nano level."

After reading this, I've begun spending time thinking about the kinds of ripples I might have set in motion and assessing what I need to do to make amends for something I've said or done. And I'm inspired to think about what kinds of ripples I'd like to set in motion now that I realize I have a limited time left on earth. That's why I want to encourage you to read this book yourself and experience the emotional and psychological uplift it offers.

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Frank Nuessle and Bud D'Avella, Terhune Orchards, 2024

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See Frank's essay "Coming to Grips with My Princeton Experience" in *Stories and Reflections*, p. 173.

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* * *

Cherry and I celebrated our 50th Anniversary in October 2024. We've been very happy and fortunate in our lives. Still living in the same house in Winchester, on the north side of Boston, since 1974.

I've been on the M.I.T. faculty for more than 50 years. but still enjoy the challenges of research and teaching.

After three decades as a lab director (secretly the best job at M.I.T.), I retired in 2021 but still teach one afternoon a week.

Our two kids are now living in Seattle and Fairfield Conn. We're able to see them often.

Making time for more international travel, while we still can!



Willy Osborn and Tim Smith, Hilton Head, 2023

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* * *

Gina and I are still reasonably healthy, although slowing down a bit. Gina works in her garden in the warm months, specializing in growing garlic. She still is a *mahjong* guru in our area. I am now the chairman of the board of the Wright B Flyer Organization and its chief engineer. Our new replica aircraft has been flying for the last four years.

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Gordon and Mary Park, Alumni Day, 2022

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Helen Regan and Jim Parmentier, 2023 Reunions. Jim is wearing his dad's Class of 1942 reunions jacket

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* * *

My life has changed significantly since our 50 reunion. September of 2025 marked the 10th year since Beth's diagnosis of Alzheimer's disease. She is still with us, living in a rehabilitation center quite near me, here in Maine. She has little recognition of her surroundings but can generate smiles and nods and reach out to persons who speak to her and care for her on a daily basis. She is still a gentle, lovely person. As a result of Beth's illness I began working with the Alzheimer's Association of Maine and joined the board of directors of Bath-Brunswick Respite Care, a licensed adult day-services center that Beth attended until she had to be institutionalized. I served three years as its president and trained to become a support-group facilitator for other people whose loved ones have developed Alzheimer's or other cognitive-deficit disorders.

Over the past four years I have built a new relationship with a wonderful woman whom I knew in high school, in Delaware, some 64 years ago. Helen Regan and I attended our 50th high school reunion in 2012 and, in the course of conversation, discovered that we

lived about 10 miles apart here in mid-coast Maine. Later that summer, and over the next few years, Beth and I entertained Helen and her husband, Dick Regan, at our home and, on occasion, we were invited to their home as well. A few years later, Helen emailed to ask if I wanted to buy a canoe. Writing back, I said I had two already . . . so, "No" . . . but how are you?" It turns out Dick had a series of strokes and they were downsizing and planning to move to Connecticut to be near four of their children. We agreed to meet for coffee a few times. Dick passed away before their planned move, but Helen moved on her own. Our coffees became Zoom calls, each of us providing support to the other. Our calls continued through the Covid period, and in time I asked her to move back to Maine and marry me. She's done the first and, in time, we'll do the second as well.

One of the greatest gifts Helen has brought into my life is her family. She and Dick raised five children, and through them I have now become a grandfather of six. They range in age from a junior at Middlebury College, in Vermont, to a 10-year-old girl and a 12-year-old boy. The two young ones live in Missouri and come to Maine each summer. I have a recreational lobster license, and last summer I took them out once with me while I checked my pots. You can see some of their responses to meeting Maine boats and bugs in the photo section of my profile on the '66 website.

Those who know me well know that sailing and the building of boats large and small have been part of my life for decades. Ted Bent and I were both a bit surprised to learn, perhaps 20 years ago, that he was teaching sailing at the Nantucket Yacht Club the same years I was doing it at the Woods Hole Yacht Club. And, since moving to Maine in 2011, I've helped to build, and now to sail, *Virginia*, a reconstruction of the first ocean-going vessel built by the English in what we now call Maine. Check out her story at www.mfship.org and come to Maine and sail with us when summer comes again.

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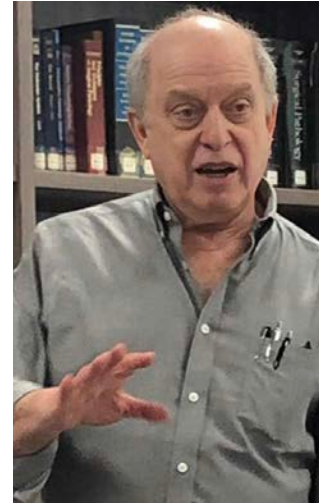
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Dorothy and Charles Plohn at new building complex on Ivy Lane, 2024 Reunions

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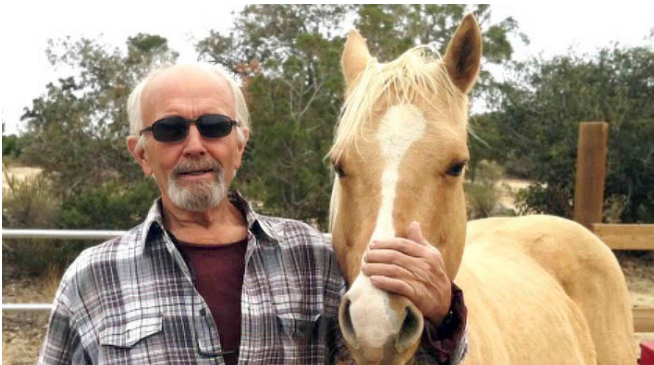
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Don Porter, 2013

DON C. PORTER, JR.

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Architect, Artist, Actor

I've been doing temporary sculptures that exist for an instant while I photograph them — then they disintegrate . . . radical *wabi sabi*. I used to be an architect. We never retire, we just forget where to draw the line.

WILLIAM L. PRESSLY, JR.

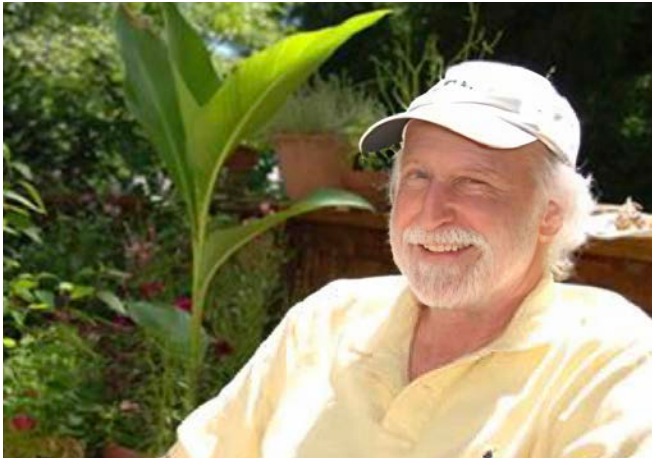
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On the morning of May 10, 2021, I died in my sleep from cardiac arrest. After repeated attempts, my defibrillator restarted my heartbeat. I've experienced the defibrillator shocking me before — like being hit by lightning — but this time, it was shocking a corpse. As soon as the heartbeat restarted, the shocks stopped. When I woke up a short time later, I felt terrible but was oblivious as to what had happened. The monitor beside my bed, however, sent the information to the Emory University Hospital Midtown Arrhythmia Center, and a staff member phoned to tell me to call an ambulance. There were multiple problems to resolve, including a mild heart attack, but the primary issue was septic shock caused by a bacterial infection in my left-knee replacement. In all, I spent 78 days in hospitals, followed by a long recovery at home.

Afterwards, my cardiologist, Dr. Sorescu, told me he had not expected me to live, and the reason I survived was because my wife, Nancy, was at my bedside every day and was the best patient advocate anyone could possibly have. We navigated that journey together, determined to enjoy what matters to us most, our family. Nancy and I had retired to Atlanta in 2012 to be closer to our son, David, who is now 51, and to our two grandchildren, William (19) and Caitlin (17). These years close to them have proven an invaluable gift.

I have an incredible medical team at Emory. In April 2025, I had my fifth aortic valve replacement, and in July, I had a tricuspid valve replacement, a relatively new procedure. Despite a permanently wonky knee and progressive heart failure, I am still standing.

Looking back, I realize how fortunate I have been and how grateful I am for the many things I have experienced. Many people have had worse health problems than I, and somehow for me new procedures always show up at the right moment. As a result, Nancy and I have been able to continue to indulge our passion for travel. Seeing art and architecture and new vistas has been an important part of our lives. We lived for two years in London (1971-73) and have traveled every year to Europe as well as many other destinations. This past fall, we spent two weeks in Paris and Burgundy, including a pilgrimage to Colmar, where I got to revisit the Isenheim altarpiece, which has been restored with all its panels now on display. In recent years, a close friend, Art Warren, has accompanied us on these adventures, including two trips to northern Italy and



Bill Pressly

trips to Morocco and Portugal. We relish his company: all three of us thrive on seeing new sites and reexperiencing the old in new ways. Then, too, when I collapse each afternoon into a hotel bed, Nancy and Art can continue to explore without me.

The invaluable education I received at Westminster, Princeton, and the Institute of Fine Arts, New York University, gave me the tools to pursue my intellectual curiosity. A drawing by James Barry in the Princeton Art Museum that I encountered in either my sophomore or junior year sparked my interest in this artist, who, at that time, was dismissed as a minor figure, best known as the only artist ever expelled from the Royal Academy of Arts. Misunderstood even in his lifetime because he deliberately disguised the controversial meanings underlying his art, I am happy to have established his importance. I have a passion for collecting and was able to assemble a major collection of Barry prints, which is now in the Snite Museum of Art, the University of Notre Dame. The Snite published its exhibition catalogue of my collection in *No Cross, No Crown: Prints by James Barry* in 2016. Since I was a child, I have collected paper money for its imagery. In 2023, the Smithsonian Institution Scholarly Press published my last and final book, *America's Paper Money: A Canvas for an Emerging Nation*. I am glad that in my second childhood I was able to return to my first. In the end, however, self-knowledge is the most important wisdom of all, as well as being the most difficult to acquire. Lately, I have been making real progress. Better late than never.

Nancy, who is also a distinguished art historian, is our family's center. In retirement, she embraced pottery, photography, and writing. In 2020, she published her last book, *Unlocking: A Memoir of Family and Art*. David continues to thrive as a senior vice president and partner at Register Financial. William has blossomed

as a freshman at Auburn, where he is following in his father's footsteps by studying finance. His knowledge of sports is encyclopedic, and one day he could become an outstanding players' representative. I now root both for the Princeton Tigers and the Auburn Tigers, and it's nice that the schools share the same mascot. Caitlin is thriving as a junior at Westminster. As I write this, she is in Kenya for two weeks, as one of eight students chosen by her school to participate in this exciting adventure. She excels at athletics, and I think Princeton's women lacrosse team would be a good fit. Go Tigers!

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* * *

As I read my essays from earlier reunions, I have just a few things to add. I had a blast at our 50th — a year after open-heart surgery, I boogied up a storm with a pretty daughter of a classmate — boy, could she dance! My stamina was strong then, but I've since had three more surgeries; I will see how strong it is at our 60th. Our health is good, albeit post-surgeries I am done climbing Adirondack peaks. I walk distances with a cane. Recently I lost 30 pounds and am on Wegovy to keep it off.

All my Princeton roommates except Tom Wenger and Rod Bass are deceased. I roomed in Dod, Joline, and Holder Halls. As a member of Charter Club I missed a class or two playing pool downstairs (sometimes with Dave Stitzer, who usually beat me). I captained the club's intramural hockey team and was the league's high scorer senior year — a great memory! I majored in philosophy and wrote my thesis on Immanuel Kant, but don't recall specifics.

I remember a Beatles concert at Carnegie Hall in February 1964 that I attended with a cousin and Pete Wylie, along with three Chapin girls. Insane!

In senior year, I kept a '65 Corvette convertible on U.S. 1, exactly eight miles off campus. (Remember the car rule?) On weekends I would catch a bus on Nassau Street, get off where it was parked, and drive to my home in Bedford, N.Y.

In the last few years, Suzanne and I have fallen into a predictable routine: we still play golf (in carts), read a lot, and work jigsaw puzzles. I also garden and do woodworking. Our daughter, Eliot (Elly, 42), bought a house in Marcellus N.Y., near Syracuse. She drives all over New York State selling wine and liquor for a distributor. Music used to be an important part of our lives: rock, jazz, classical, but not so much since retire-

ment. My TV is limited to golf tournaments and pro football. I rarely swim in our pool, and other than visiting Elly, haven't traveled for some time.

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I've been happily retired since closing my law office in 2019. Time is flying by and I don't understand how I had time to work before. Off course, body maintenance is taking ever more time. Our grandkids are in Brooklyn, Seattle, and Bellingham, Wash., so most of our travel is back and forth between the coasts. My dream, never to be realized, is that the entire family moves to Chicago.

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Fortunately, the five years since our 55th reunion have been relatively uneventful. I am in a loving relationship, no one close to me has died, and my health has been okay. I still work a little as a clinical research consultant for a couple of small pharmaceutical companies but am otherwise retired.

My wife, Connie, and I have traveled a bit. We've enjoyed Japan, Portugal, and Malta, along with other places. We discovered small-boat cruises are fun and have taken a trip on the Columbia and Snake rivers and the Great Lakes.



Steve Reich at the San Diego Air and Space Museum

I don't get to be with the grandkids (six of them) much, but we stay in touch through FaceTime. It's usually one-on-one, but I did have a call with the four granddaughters. I survived 30 minutes of their nonstop giggling.

Every year I go to the East Coast for a family reunion with my sister, nieces and nephews, and grandnieces and grandnephews. Last year I attended a grandnephew's awesome wedding at a New Hampshire vineyard. My sister adopted a grown woman with twin boys who are now my sister's grandsons. She actually made true the bumper sticker that says, "If I knew grandkids were so much fun, I would have had them first."

The plan is to continue to travel as much as I can, enjoy the Southern California sunshine, and enjoy life with my wonderful wife.

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I'm an upbeat octogenarian — rather enjoying life with a reduced schedule of duties and deadlines. Sometimes Sachiko and I enjoy a *nanimo-shinai-hi*; that's Japanese for a "do-nothing day." We putter in the garden and ponder the newspaper and let restaurants do

all the cooking — and we don't feel guilty at all about our lassitude. We split our time between home in Denver and our house at 9,950 feet in the sublime Colorado mountains. We visit the kids and grandkids and go to a lot of opera.

But I still keep (slightly) busy. I write now and then for newspapers and magazines, and I'm a regular columnist for AARP's magazine and bulletin. They send those publications to all of their 38 million members, so I probably have more readers now than ever before in my journalistic career. I get many messages from elderly women who want to date me (I show them to Sachiko, of course). I'm a member of three charity boards. I've taught at universities, including Princeton, where I was the Ferris Professor of journalism for one semester; I lived in Lanny Jones's house that fall.

Since the publication of my book *The Healing of America*, I've been campaigning around the country (44 states so far) for an idea that seems completely obvious to me: the world's richest country should guarantee health care for every American. The U.S. has never done that, but I think we'll get there. I chaired the statewide initiative campaign for a universal health-care plan in Colorado; we lost, probably because of lousy leadership. Our governor (a youngster from the Princeton class of '96) keeps appointing me to task forces and official commissions studying health care issues.

Thanks to assorted joint replacements and steroid shots, I'm still hiking and biking, albeit slower than a few years ago. I still buy the season ski pass; I'm out there on my snowboard about 20 times each winter. I frequently get the comment "You're the oldest snowboarder I've ever seen." I wrote about that for AARP, too. I know several other classmates are still skiing; any



Tom Reid and Sachiko Nakahira

'66er is cordially invited to stay at our mountain house, near the Quicksilver lift at Breckenridge.

Sixty years out, and 2,000 miles from Nassau Hall, I still feel close to Princeton University. I've been a Princeton undergrad, parent, board member (when Bob Rawson was board chair), faculty member, fund raiser, and departmental advisor. For me, it's a source of continuing pride and pleasure that I'm a Princeton alum and a member of Princeton's greatest class.

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* * *

Last year on January 15th, I started two new jobs. I moved from my partnership at Thompson Coburn LLP to becoming a nonequity senior partner at Glaser Weil, a 100-plus California firm renowned for its high-profile litigation and transactional work. The move from an AmLaw firm for the last 22 years to this firm has been interesting and challenging. The second job is with Novus Ag, an agricultural retailer headquartered in Fort Collins, Colo. Learning about fertilizer, seed, and crop protection is only part of my responsibilities as a board member. Working with farmers and spending time in the Midwest has been wonderful and eye opening. I've made speeches all over the U.S. but have never spent quality time talking with one farm retailer after another in Missouri, Illinois, Kansas, and elsewhere. With these two new experiences, my brain has been immensely stimulated.

Over the last five years, I've made numerous Vistage speeches, from Birmingham to Oklahoma City to Little Rock to San Diego. However, travel is more difficult now, at least for me, and relying on commercial airlines to get me to a speaking engagement is problematic. I'm cutting that way back from now on.

Eventually, I will be spending more time on the Fast Food Council as an employee of the State of California's Department of Industrial Relations. I was appointed in 2024 by Governor Newsom to represent the franchisors of America. Three other members represent franchisees and four others represent the S.E.I.U., a very active national union. The ninth member is a



Rich Reinis and daughter Joanna Port at no kings rally, 2025

political appointee, but that seat is presently vacant. As such, the F.F.C. is "on hold." When it was filled, we voted to increase minimum wage in the fast food industry to \$20 an hour. This caused a national stir and I was in constant contact with franchisor organizations and their lobbyists, as well as with franchisee organizations in an effort to properly represent my constituents. I've had a few interviews with national press about the issues we have confronted, but the press is more outspoken about the issues we haven't tackled relative to working conditions in an area where devastating fires displaced many fast-food workers and ICE caused havoc for them and their families. After our ninth member resigned and we became inactive, one paper demanded that the "Soviet Fast Food Council" be disbanded.

Added to these three pursuits, I still punch a clock and try to earn my keep here at Glaser Weil.

Then there're the kids and grandkids. Three of our oldest grandchildren have significant others, and one of them will be married this coming October. Not sure when those factories will be going into production, but there are great grandfatherly duties ahead in the near future.

I will be skiing this year at Deer Valley and, if I'm okay with the altitude, at Mammoth. Not many days, but enough to fill my lungs with mountain air and get away with the family. My goal is to ski with those great grandchildren.

Still boxing on Fridays and trying to read or listen to 40 books a year.

Lois is the center of my life despite all the above. She

is my North Star, as she was when we lived on Pretty Brook Road in Princeton during our junior/senior years. Our five kids all work and tend to our grandchildren, with considerable time from Lois, including Sunday-night dinners for them all. Our kitchen is large enough for the present population, but with new arrivals, I'm not sure. The last thing I want to deal with is another remodel. We are remodeling a home in Hermosa Beach, where I will seek refuge.

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As the year 2026 begins, I continue to be among the most fortunate of men: physical health, ability to write and to speak in public, connections with family and friends. My main sorrow is the loss of my wife, Sally, who died in 2020.

After Sally's death, I found wonderful support in my daughters, Sarah and Anne, as well as the people of the Woodstock (N.Y.) Reformed Church and its

pastor, Rev. Cari Pattison. I assembled a history of the Woodstock church, which was published in 2025. I am honored to be among the congregation's elders.

In the past 10 years, I have been fortunate to complete two substantial books as an art and architectural historian: *Charles S. Keefe, 1876-1946, Colonial Revival Architect in Kingston and New York* (2017) and *Elverhoj, The Arts and Crafts Colony at Milton-on-Hudson* (2022, with Leslie Melvin).

Troubled by the presidency of Donald Trump, I am now studying the attraction Hitler and Nazism had for some Hudson Valley residents in the 1930s.

While I have not been very active as an alumnus, I credit my Princeton education with providing the basis for a satisfying career. I am especially grateful for the instruction and support I received, both as an undergraduate and graduate student (Ph.D., Art & Archaeology, 1975), from Professors Donald Drew Egbert and David R. Coffin.

I am also grateful for the efforts of several classmates in the last decade or so to boost W.B.R.'s spirits. Charles Plohn is certainly among them for housing my publications. Many of my books have ended up in the recycling bin, so I thank Charles for his preservation efforts.

Finally, I thank my older brother, Henry, Princeton Class of 1959, for encouraging me to attend Princeton and even now encouraging my attendance at our 60th reunion.

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Over the past few years our family has continued to grow. At this point we're growing via grandchildren and great-grandchildren. (What a privilege!) As one might guess, we spend part of our time visiting them, or planning for them to visit us. With that many little ones around, we've (re)learned that one needs to keep kids busy!

I retired from Emory University in 2021, following Covid's initial outbreak. Since then, I've kept himself busy doing things like volunteering with our synagogue, the Atlanta Community Food Bank, and our homeowner's association. Barb also encourages me to exercise more, although I don't find time to do so on a regular basis.

Barb still works part time at a young children's school near our home. She's appreciated immensely by the young teachers, who have their own young chil-



Bill Rhoads, right, and grandkids Laurel and Samuel pose with vintage Philadelphia streetcar Bill's family maintains in Lancaster County, Pa..



Bruce and Barbara Ribner, Iceland, 2018

dren who seem to get sick suddenly, just as our kids did. (Some things never change.) She is generally able to go in and substitute without much notice. Like me, she volunteers for local groups such as our library and Golden Retriever Rescue.

While both of us keep quite busy, we've found time to travel over the last four years; thankfully, our health has permitted that. We've visited the Pacific Northwest and taken a cruise along the route of the Lewis and Clark expedition, traveled to Southeast Asia and visited Thailand, Laos, Cambodia, and Vietnam. Also the British Isles (where Barb was very taken by the "hairy coos" of Scotland). We spent a month in New Zealand and Australia (our seventh continent), and have been to Greenland (a lot more interesting than one would think). We recently completed a cruise down the lower Mississippi.

Our kids aren't quite as far apart as they were four years ago. Two sons now live in the Atlanta area, and the third in Virginia. Grandkids are in Atlanta, Virginia, and North Carolina.

Amer Smailbegovic, a Bosnian student who lived with us off and on for 10 years in the 1990s, is doing well. He earned his Ph.D. in geophysics at the University of Nevada, Reno, and later returned to Bosnia. Amer married a couple of years ago, and we hope to visit him and his wife later this spring.

During the last decade or so, all our parents died, and we're now the oldest generation. We're thankful to be here and in good enough health to visit our kids on occasion.

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Rich and Elaine,
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Barney Rosenberg, 2017



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John Rutledge and Jack with a brace of pheasants bagged in South Dakota

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Dave Schatz, left,
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We are now Florida residents, having completed a home in Vero Beach Fla., at the Windsor Club. It's a beautiful spot, originally an equestrian community but now with a very good golf course, tennis, etc., and many new friends. We have a small rental in Lake Forest, Ill., where we spend about half the year. The last five years have brought some health issues for both of us, but happily all that looks like it's pretty much in the rear-view mirror. Here in Florida I have had the enjoyable opportunity to spend time with Jay Trees, Googan Bunn, Bill Ducas, John Firestone, etc. Denise and I have had two or three great international trips, mostly centered on golf in the northwest of Ireland and food/wine/site-seeing in Umbria (with thanks to fellow Princetonian Jim Crawford for letting us stay at his lovely home). On the professional front, I am still "un-retired" but have left the larger executive search firm I was with for 15 years and now work closely with a firm that specializes in placing senior leaders on boards of directors. Last, and most important, we have all suf-

ferred the loss of dear friends and classmates, reminding me of the reality that our time on this planet "is not a dress rehearsal" and to live life to the fullest while we can. Best to all.

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John Scully, right, and Warren Browne, Oracle Park, S.F., 2018

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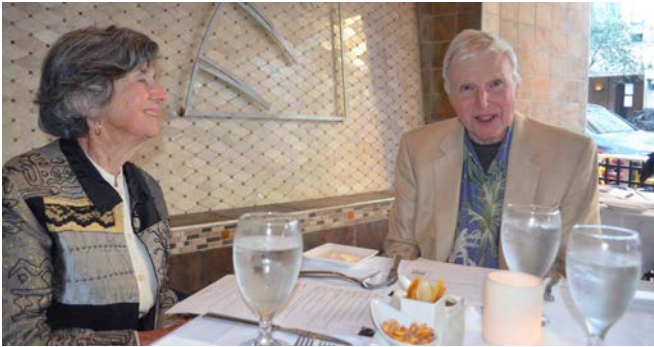
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* * *

Mary Lou passed away in late 2023 after several years with spinal problems that reduced her mobility. I miss her immensely.

Grandchildren are the center of my focus. The oldest graduated from Yale and moved in with me. He is great company. My only granddaughter is a senior studying environmental science and plays in the band at Pitt. My third is at De Paul, in Chicago, studying to be a filmmaker. He has had a documentary accepted

by several festivals. My youngest is in his first year at Northwestern and on the debate team. His home is near Kansas City and I took him to see the Chiefs win the Super Bowl in Miami in 2020. It was a wonderful time, and we have a special bond that will last beyond my lifetime.

Unfortunately, I have too much time to worry about the state of the country and the world. May we live to see better days.

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As I look back upon my life in the 60 years since I graduated from Princeton, I realize that blessings abound. I have been happily married for 53 years with my beloved Ilia and we have had many formational, exciting, and fulfilling adventures together sharing family, a common spiritual outlook and faith, an enriching and loving circle of friends, a passion for building and sharing community wherever we can, and a love of literature, foreign languages, operatic and



Tim and Ilia Smith, Hilton Head, 2023

classical music, and travel. Notwithstanding the tragic losses of two of our children, Ilia and I are very grateful to have a dear son, Justin, and two extra-special granddaughters, Lena and Mari, who have brought much love, joy, and gratitude to us.

After Princeton and graduate study at Columbia I practiced law for a number of years and then entered the corporate world, from which I retired in 2012 as a senior officer of a global risk-management firm in San Francisco.

For many years prior to my retirement I had experienced a spiritual calling and a dream to pursue Holy Orders. A short two weeks after my retirement in 2012 (it wasn't much of a retirement!), at the age of 68, I entered the deacons' seminary for the Episcopal Church in Berkeley, from which I graduated in 2015, after three years of intense formation in the classroom and on the streets of San Francisco. In June of 2015, I was ordained a vocational deacon at Grace Cathedral in San Francisco, after which I began and continue to serve as parish deacon at the Episcopal Church of St. Mary the Virgin in the Cow Hollow District of San Francisco.

During my formation in seminary, as a postulant and then later, as a vocational deacon, I have had some of the most poignant, profound, meaningful, and memorable experiences of my life, including the thrill of receiving the Class of 1966 Locomotive Award. These experiences have substantially informed the trajectory of my spiritual path to minister in God's name with those on the

physical, emotional, and spiritual margins of life.

Three stories highlight the trajectory created by these experiences:

On Maundy Thursday of Holy Week, just prior to Easter, I sat on the steps of St. Boniface Church in the Tenderloin District of San Francisco and invited passersby to have me wash their feet. Most were residents of the Tenderloin, and my unusual invitation startled them. However, many sat down and watched me wash their feet, as I performed a ritual of humility and penance dating back to the earliest days of the Christian church.

Under the auspices of an organization in San Francisco with the intriguing name of Faithful Fools, I spent an entire day in the Tenderloin without money, credit cards, or possessions except for the very casual clothes that I was wearing. I took my meals at local churches and kitchens in the Tenderloin offering food to the unhoused, used public lavatories, and spent hours sitting on street corners and in local parks watching people pass by, speaking to others also sitting on street corners and in the parks, and waiting for time to pass until my next meal. I felt myself to be in the community of the unhoused and impoverished. It was an unsettling, yet formational, personal experience.

As a member of the San Francisco Night Ministry, I spent numerous late evenings until early in the morning hours with another clergy person, walking the streets of San Francisco and offering prayers and presence to unhoused residents of the streets in various districts in San Francisco. On one such walk I was in the Castro District. At 2 a.m. I encountered a man living in a large cardboard box on a dark street in front of a building under construction. I began talking with him and he told me that he had once been a very devout person. Before long, he invited me into his cardboard box to pray with him. Fortunately, I was much more nimble and less concerned than I would be now about my ability to crawl into a cardboard box and then exit later! I climbed into the box and found a comfortable spot where my host told me the story of his life — a broken marriage, substance abuse, an unsuccessful career, and eventually, homelessness. We prayed together and he asked for forgiveness for the troubled life that he had created for his loved ones and himself. I left and never saw him again, but felt that our time together in that cardboard box had a profound, meaningful, and lasting impact on both of us.

I pray that at the end of my life I will have fully lived out what is prescribed in Chapter 6 of the Book of the Prophet Micah in the Hebrew Bible: "He has told you, O mortal, what is good; and what does the LORD require of you but to do justice, and to love kindness, and to walk humbly with your God?"

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Chuck Soponis and Dave Sonnenberg, 50th reunion

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An update for the past 10 years is fairly simple. I wound down my mentoring activities and have been wonderfully retired for more than six years, with zero stress in my life. Cognizant of pending mortality, I treat every day as a treasure, striving to embrace the trove of both small and grand delicious moments life offers. Gaylin and I still share a deep and sweet loving relationship after 57 years of marriage. I still can make a buck now and again at golf (thank the Lord for the handicap system). I am fascinated to be a spectator for the ongoing development of my two sons and three grandchildren. I am happy to report they are all healthy and definitely deserving of my pride and approval.

On the downside, I suffer to see the coarsening of our civility by today's leaders. What are we leaving our children when it is all right for people to say they hate

those who disagree with them or call them scum or garbage. That is just so appalling to me. Nevertheless, I remain hopeful that our society will return to more attractive and constructive behavior one day soon.

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Life caught up with me since our 55th. Celia, my high school sweetheart and wife of 56 years, passed away suddenly in 2024. How many of us can say we danced with our spouse to Jerry Lee Lewis at Freshman Prom! Princeton was a source of joy for us over the years, especially Reunions and Class Days.

My personal Locomotive goes to all '66ers for their support. Thank you.

Daughter Marissa '98 is out in Thousand Oaks, Calif., with Tom and the not so little Vaughn (now 8).



Celia Steingold

She completed an album of her own musical compositions and arrangements (*What Do You Want for Dinner?*, on Spotify and the like). Tom's developing his robotic dog startup called Tombot TM for those afflicted with Alzheimer's.

Daughter Alison is enjoying the hiking trails and specialized crafts up in Santa Barbara. She's a creative lead focused on branding for the international advertising firm Omnicom.

I've maintained my mix of cycling, hiking, community outreach, and even some legal practice. California may well be in my future.

Looking forward to seeing everyone at our 60th!

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It all seems like yesterday . . . or maybe year before last. But time speeds up as you get older, and all that time on campus is disappearing in the rearview mirror. Looking forward, I am anxious to reconnect with friends at the 60th!

Finally retired in June 2025 from Georgetown Law School but going back for one last semester, spring 2026 (not quite ready to let go). Lots of time spent yelling at the TV. Jennifer still actively volunteering with organizations supporting the local hospital, church council, etc. Doing some serious traveling (Australia, Japan, New Zealand, Austria, Brazil, Northern Lights, etc.; still plenty to see.



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Dave Stitzer, right, and Dave Ames, our president for 2026-31

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The past five years have gone reasonably well for Bonnie, me, and our family. We continue to live close to our son and his family (four children, including a set of triplets) as well as our daughter and her family (two children). Our triplet grandchildren are currently in their senior year of high school and are busy applying to colleges. Their older sister is a sophomore education major at Kent State University. Yes, that means it is likely that four children in the same family will be in college at the same time, in the same year that the rules for FAFSA (Free Application for Federal Student Aid) have changed and families are no longer able to get extra benefits for financial aid when having multiple children in college at the same time! Two of the triplets remain hopeful of getting some assistance via athletics, as Ryan is an excellent baseball player and his sister, Jessica, does very well in track. Both would like to continue to participate at the college level if their spring seasons go well for them.



Jim Stoops

The third triplet, Jordyn, is going into nursing.

Bonnie and I continue to enjoy traveling whenever possible, but I seem to be doing my best to interfere with our planned trips. We just had to cancel a March trip to the Caribbean due to my unexpected surgery for a hip replacement. Didn't see that coming, as I was recovering very nicely from a hip fracture in April of 2025, when the progress stopped suddenly due to AVN (avascular necrosis). This surgery will also likely prevent me from getting to the 60th reunion, but I will be there in spirit and thinking of each of you. I'll also be celebrating the triplets' high-school graduation that weekend.

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Gerald Sumida and Heidi Wild, Singapore, 2010

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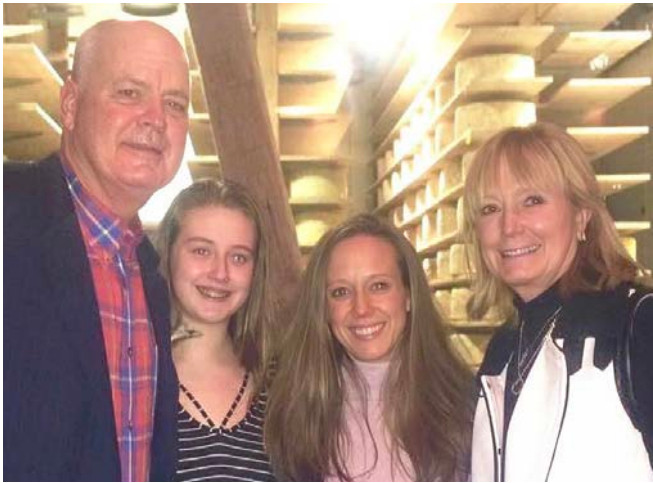
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I retired from my law firm at 73, but unable to break the habit of half a century, I still report to the firm on weekdays, to spend the morning on various writing activities: work on the editorial advisory boards of bar association periodicals; columns and articles for those and other publications; grouchy letters to newspaper and magazine editors; and for the PAW, monthly Class Notes and the memorials I've written for nearly 30 years.

By noon, I've invariably had enough and return home to my wife, Dawn, a retired banker, and our English bulldog, Albert, for a leisurely lunch, typically followed by a nap, the N.Y. Times crossword puzzle, and reading.

Looking back (as a 60th Reunion essay makes inevitable), I realize how fortunate I've been. I have a



Norm and Dawn Tabler, with daughter Rachel and granddaughter Masie, 2017

wonderful wife, and my delightful daughter, granddaughter, and great-granddaughter (no males allowed, except Albert) live just minutes from us.

I had a highly satisfying career, which is lucky, considering I went into law only because I couldn't think of anything else. I knew absolutely nothing about the legal profession, except that I liked the way lawyers dressed (back then), but as the Book of Psalms tells us, "The Lord preserveth the simple." (My bachelor's and master's in religion still come in handy.) Practicing law turned out to be a good fit. I miss it.

I still can't believe my luck in stumbling into a profession that charges by the hour. It turned one of my most noteworthy qualities — slowness — into an asset. Can you imagine tipping your waiter extra for being slow?

My health is generally good, despite a scare in '22, when I collapsed in the shower (fortunately, I had already rinsed) and woke in a cardiac unit sporting a newly installed pacemaker and defibrillator. (In supermarket tabloid speak, "Elderly Man Gets Breast Implants!") One upside: a no-expiration handicap parking HangTag.

Life is good—better than I deserve, but that's a low bar.

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In recent years, I've devoted countless hours to my family's history, assembling a vast trove of names, dates, and places, along with any other information

that might be available in the public record. Yet the sad irony is that I know little about my antecedents — their personalities, their quirks, what made them tick. These have all vanished. What remains are statistics.

I don't know how much time I have left, hopefully several more years. But, as a consequence of my genealogical research, I've begun to think about what will remain when I'm gone. Something more than mere facts and figures, I hope.

For a time, the departed endure, in the memories of those they have left behind and in the lives they have influenced. Certainly, there are those who will remember me. Our daughters, our grandchildren, other family members, and friends will recall a story, a habit, a turn of phrase. There will also be photographs and the occasional video. Yet somehow, that doesn't seem like enough. I find myself wanting more, to tell my story and live on through my own words. Over the past few years, I've made an effort to do so.

For that, I owe a debt of gratitude to Covid-19. When the pandemic, arrived in early 2020, I suddenly found myself with time on my hands. I used it to write a daily journal chronicling my observations on a variety of topics: politics, science, books, movies, and family life. Though journaling began as a pandemic project, I've kept it going, writing every day without fail ever since. During Covid, I also took the time to write a several-hundred-page memoir.

People sometimes ask who I'm writing for. A few of my reflections have found their way into print, principally letters published in *The New York Times*. And every Friday, I send the most recent week's journal entries to my wife Meredith, who patiently responds with her edits.

But the principal answer is this. I picture my grandchildren years from now, perhaps grandparents themselves, opening the pages of my journal or memoir. There they will find my legacy: observations, reflections, attempts at humor — my words, hundreds of thousands of them. I picture them rediscovering something of who I was, and, by doing so, find the part of me that endures in them. What remains of me will then be more than mere statistics. For reasons I can't quite explain, that thought brings me some comfort.

**

The city of Venice holds a special place in Von Kohorn family lore. The story begins in the summer of 1970, when I was serving in the Army and was stationed in Vicenza, Italy, less than an hour's drive west of Venice. One of my fellow officers was married to Meredith's best friend from college. After graduating in June, Meredith came for a visit. We met, hit it off,



Von Kohorns, Dec. 2025. Back row: Arlo Rising, Nora Shanok, Hank Shanok, Emerson Rising, Nate Shanok (son-in-law). Front row: Josh Rising (son-in-law), Isabelle Von Kohorn (daughter), Fiona Rising, Henry and The Scooter, Meredith, Emily Von Kohorn (daughter).

shared our first date in Venice, and were married in February 1972. Venice means a lot to us.

As part of longer travels, we've returned to Venice many times. Our first visit was in October 1978. A decade later, in June 1988, we returned with our daughters, Isabelle and Emily. In April 2007, it was once again just the two of us. Then, in 2022, our entire family — our daughters, their husbands, and all five grandchildren — joined us to celebrate our 50th anniversary at a hotel on the Lido. (In deference to the weather and school schedules, we postponed the celebration until June.)

Despite our many visits to the city, one quintessential Venetian experience had somehow eluded us. In all of our visits, we'd never set foot in a gondola. So, when we returned in October 2025, perhaps for the last time, we were determined to finally correct this glaring omission. Yet, after a couple of days, Meredith suggested that we should perhaps forego the gondola after all. Seeing my puzzled look, she explained that leaving unfinished business would give us a reason to return to Venice once again.

Though I'm someone who generally likes to check items off my to-do list, how could I resist such a whimsically romantic notion? Forget the gondola — *Venezia, torneremo!*

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* * *

I lost my wife of 51 years, Candace Cooper Walworth, M.D., in February 2021. We were medical school classmates. She was a New Hampshire native and I had spent many formative years in that state, so we were happy to do our post med-school training at Dartmouth-Hitchcock. We settled next door in Maine after my two years in the Navy and established a joint private practice. We were able to build a combination medical office and dialysis unit. Our two-physician practice grew to include two surgeons and four nephrologists. After 33 years in practice we retired in 2010. Over time the remaining physicians moved on and the dialysis franchise built a new facility. The building is now occupied by a home health service and I am enjoying the rental income. In this day and age, most physicians are employed and do not have the wherewithal or inclination to make such an investment.

Candace had developed severe aortic stenosis and was quite short of breath. She underwent a state-of-the-art endovascular procedure, but died on the table. Having family close by was a saving grace. A memorial service was held for Candace in the Bates College Chapel in August, 2021. Lots of face masks and six-foot spacing, but still a well attended and much appreciated event.

Over time, I developed a relationship with an old acquaintance who had lost her husband a few years before. Margaret Craven had been my representative in Maine's House of Representatives since 2002 and we had served together on a couple of local boards. She came to Boston from her native Ireland at age 17 with an eighth-grade education. She married a Maine native and over time earned her bachelor's degree and then a



Ted and Candace Walworth, 2020

master's at the University of Southern Maine. Working at a home health agency, she was encouraged to run for office. She could easily have earned another two-year term in the House in 2024, but by then she had moved in with me and decided to try retirement herself.

We were able to attend my two-year-delayed 50th Columbia Medical School reunion in N.Y.C. in May 2022, and we have done a good bit of traveling ever since: Ireland, England, Scotland, France, Sicily — where next? Maybe back to Ireland this summer. Neither one of us has been to Northern Ireland; it's time to visit Belfast (not Belfast, Maine).

Margaret's two sons are nearby and so are my two daughters. It has been interesting and rewarding for all of us to get to know each other. Not only that, Candace's brother lives nearby and so do his two sons. Furthermore, my two sisters live in Portland. The only black sheep is my brother Seth, who went to some college in New Haven, then met a California girl and has stayed out west.

I continue to serve on the Public Health Committee of the Maine Medical Association and have been on the board of the Maine Gun Safety Coalition for over 20 years. Needless to say, the mass shooting incident in Lewiston in October 2023 was an unfortunate but effective stimulus in regard to gun safety. This past November, Maine voters passed a referendum to create a Red Flag law. The existing Yellow Flag law had not prevented Robert Card from killing 18 people despite worries about his mental condition.

My bassoon and contrabassoon keep me busy in the Bates College Orchestra and in the Midcoast Symphony. I used to be the "utility bassoonist" at the Pierre Monteux School & Music Festival in downeast Maine during June and July, but the school now hosts four bassoon

students instead of just three. Even so, I still serve on the Monteux board and enjoy the performances. Maybe now I will have more time to go out sailing on Frenchman Bay or to go hiking in Acadia National Park.

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Charles Wertheimer, left, Steve Harwood and Bud D'Avella, Hilton Head, 2023

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We are still in Jacksonville. While continuing to enjoy the location and lifestyle, our activities are somewhat scaled back from prior years. Time is now spent primarily with close friends and family, with participation in community activities at a lower level than in the past. Boating is limited to being a passenger on our friends' vessels. I've now totally bowed out of our homeowners' association administration and serve only as a reference

for policies and programs initiated during my terms of active service (much less stressful). Much of my "free time" (interpret free as both unpaid and/or uncommitted) is spent providing administrative assistance to family members, including financial advisor for one of my son's L.L.C. We still enjoy traveling, spending time with friends and family, with trips in recent years more in the U.S. rather than internationally.

Full family reunions are now infrequent, with our best shot being Thanksgiving or Christmas, and even then, participation is based on work schedules. Our son Jeff and his wife, Fiona, are still living in Los Angeles with our granddaughter Ana (now 16), whose sister, Mia, started college at Tulane this year. Our daughter, Kristin, is still in Chicago but is planning to move to Jacksonville later this year. (This will be the first time with family in the same city in over 20 years, and we're looking forward to it.) Our son Brian and his wife, Kathleen, have been in Atlanta but will soon be moving to the Tampa area (closer to us, but not "next door").

As we look ahead, we have begun to investigate senior living facilities. Our biggest deterrent to downsizing is that we love where we live now. However, current and potential health considerations may dictate the final decision. In any case, we anticipate that the timing of any major changes is still measured in years. In the meantime, we expect to maintain the status quo and enjoy each day as it comes.

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* * *

It's been a rough few years for a lot of people, and especially since Trump returned to the White House, when so much of what we thought we had achieved



Jon Wiener, 2020 Zoom talk with '66
 Northern Calif. luncheon group

over the last decades faced destruction. But at 81 I'm still working, mostly on progressive political projects — doing a weekly podcast for *The Nation* ("Start Making Sense") and a weekly radio program for KPFK-Pacific radio in L.A. ("Living in the USA"). That means I get to talk to people I'm interested in, usually about politics. Rather than going over how bad Trump is (something everybody knows), I focus

mostly on the reasons for hope — defined not as "optimism," the belief that things are bound to get better, but hope based on uncertainty: we don't know what's going to happen, which gives us a reason for action to try to shape the future. And we do know we've often been surprised by our victories.

So I've interviewed some of our heroes: the heads of Indivisible, Leah Greenberg and Ezra Levin — the group that organized "No Kings," the biggest one-day protests in American history; Bill McKibben, the environmental leader; and David Cole, who recently stepped down as national legal director of the A.C.L.U. I've talked about Zohran Mamdani, and the resistance to ICE in L.A. and Chicago and Minneapolis, and the refusal of Princeton — and Harvard and U.C.L.A. — to submit to Trump's demands; and of course our hopes for midterm victories. And also I get to talk with historians like Eric Foner and Beverly Gage and Adam Hochschild about how this isn't the first time democracy has been in crisis.

Saturdays I meet on Zoom to review the situation with my old roommates Stephen Vlastos (in Iowa City) and David Rubenstein (in Minneapolis) — one of the highlights of the week.

And I'm happier than ever to be married to Judy Fiskin, who is still teaching photo and video at Cal

Arts, and last year had shows at the Getty, MOCA in Los Angeles, and the Chicago Art Institute.

So: work and love. Freud said they're the indispensable ingredients of a good life, and I'm lucky enough to have both, especially when so many are facing such a frightening future.

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* * *

Having served as commodore of the Cruising Club of America, in 2022 I was elected president of the Newport Bermuda Race Foundation, a not-for-profit 501(c)3



Commodore Brad Willauer

foundation that teaches offshore safety at sea and conducts international offshore races.

Our J-46 boat, *Breezing Up*, continues to race in the biannual Newport Bermuda Race, but no longer with me aboard — Ann and I fly down and back. Our daughter Tori is skipper, our son Ben navigator and tactician. The rest of the crew are Willaurs, either my diaspora or my brother Peter's.

I enjoy helping two not-for-profits raise money and watch grandchildren compete in sailboat racing and the usual sports. We are lucky our three kids, all married, have seven grandkids in Maine; not next door, but an hour or two away.

Living in Maine since 1990, we have witnessed and participated in the rebirth of Portland and her vibrant arts culture. Terrific fun.

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Mike and Sally Witte and son Grif '00, 2023 Reunions

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Nancy and Guy Woelk, 2022 Reunions

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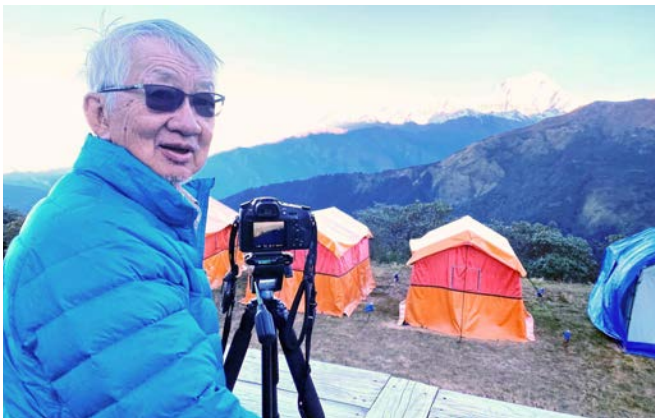
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My wife, Lillian Tong, passed away after a year-long
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our 50th anniversary.



Tom Yin, Nepal, 2022

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Tony and Janice Zee and son Max, Colmenar Viejo, Spain, Dec. 2025

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Five years have passed since our 55th reunion,
made remote by Covid. It is commonly said that time
seems to go by more rapidly in old age than in youth.
One way to counter this perception is to travel and
to experience novelties, which I feel works for me. I
much prefer to stay in one place for a month or longer
rather than to rush around as a tourist. As a theoret-
ical physicist not being tied down by experiments, I am
fortunate to be able to take sabbatical leaves from the
University of California, as I did for entire years in pre-
vious decades, living in Paris and in Cambridge, Mass.
In contrast, in my home environment in Santa Barbara,
I sometimes feel that weeks or even months could flash
by without making an impression on me.

The most striking new development in my life dur-
ing the last five years has been the appearance of more



Tony Zee, Madrid, 2025

grandchildren and the astonishing growth of our third son, Max, from a boy to a mature teenager. Our eldest son, Andrew, and our daughter-in-law Katie now have a 3-year-old son, Remy, in addition to an 8-year-old daughter, Fern. Our second son, Peter, and his wife, Margaret (who has recently earned a doctorate in English literature), have a 3-year old son, Felix, with another son on the way. Our third son, Max, has gone from elementary school through two years of middle school to 10th grade in high school. I trust and hope that Max will have a good time experiencing Princeton during reunions.

Meanwhile, I have lived and traveled with my wife, Janice, and Max in China, Taiwan, Argentina, Chile, Mexico, Iceland, Turkiye, and Spain. I continue to write for Princeton University Press and have published in this five-year period *Quantum Field Theory as Simply as Possible* (2023) and *Top Ten Ideas in Physics* (2025), and I am about to complete yet another book on physics. I sometimes feel bound in indentured servitude to my editor, Ingrid Gnerlich. (Oh well, as long as it is Princeton.) I am pleased that the books I have written over the years have been translated into German, French, Italian, Spanish, Chinese (both simplified and traditional), Japanese, Korean, Russian, Czech, Polish, Turkish, and Bulgarian.

I am fortunate not to have any major ailments, even as I turned 80 earlier this year. I still enjoy teaching, but to a lesser and lesser extent, and I have started investigating retirement, but with the University of California's byzantine system this is easier said than done. For instance, I recently learned that I have more sabbatical credits accumulated than I had thought, almost enough to go on a sabbatical leave. So it looks like I may have to put in a couple more years, which, if my health holds up, is not entirely unpleasant. But surely, I hope that I will be retired by the time our 65th reunion comes around.

Some bits of numerology about my life, certainly not to be taken seriously, based on multiples of 11: I graduated from Princeton in the great class of '66; my first child was born, I received academic tenure, and I

bought my first house, all in the year I turned 33; my son Andrew graduated from Princeton in the class of '99; I turned 55 at the end of the second millennium (but so did everybody else born in 1945); I met Janice when she was 33; our son Max was born when I was 66; and I will attend my 60th Princeton reunion when Janice is 55.

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Andy and Susan Zimmerman and John Hamilton, Falmouth, Mass., 2023

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Joe Zizzi during a Guitars for Vets session in Santa Rosa, Calif., 2019.

Late Biographies

(Placed in order received; not alphabetical)



Bruce Leslie and Sue Grassmyer, Alumni Day, 2026

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As the old Yiddish proverb says, “Man plans, God laughs.” The last five years have not followed my expectations either professionally or personally, for better and for worse.

When I wrote for our 55th, my sights were trained on Henry Fine, Woodrow Wilson’s right-hand man, who helped create the Princeton that attracted Albert Einstein. But then Arcadia Publishing came to me posing Princeton’s 275th anniversary as a publishing opportunity. Arcadia has done a great service to America’s historical memory, publishing affordable works on numerous communities and organizations. I couldn’t resist the opportunity to tell the Tiger’s tale. My task was hardly heavy-duty scholarship; instead, I faced the different challenge of weaving pictures and text into a meaningful and accessible narrative for a general audience. My thanks to our ’66 president, Rick Bowers, for distributing a number of copies. If you have read *Princeton University: The First 275 Years*, I hope you enjoyed my version of our alma mater’s saga.

Then, a second invitation spun me off in another unexpected direction. I was asked to chair the Friends of

Princeton University Library. Abandoning Henry Fine once again, I accepted. Over the last four years I had the pleasure of working with alumni and non-alumni bibliophiles sponsoring talks, hosting dinners, assisting funding library purchases, and publishing a substantial magazine and a scholarly journal. The latter, *Princeton University Library Chronicle*, is approaching its centennial. Meanwhile, thanks to some inspiring undergraduate and graduate leaders, the Student Friends of Princeton University Library grew dramatically and kept us young.

The Friends were also on the fringe of the intriguing story that was emerging of J.P. Morgan’s librarian, Belle da Costa Greene. The daughter of Harvard’s first African-American graduate, she passed for white and became a force to be reckoned with in the bibliographic world, wielding J.P.’s checkbook to build the Morgan Library. We were surprised to learn that her career launched from the Princeton University Library, where she improbably had been hired at Wilson’s all-white Princeton. There, J.P.’s nephew spotted her talent and recommended her to his uncle. Those of us on the Friends Council enjoyed learning that she was one of us, returning to Princeton to serve on the Council in the 1930s and 1940s.

My time as chair concluded with a bang, celebrating the centennial of the publication of *The Great Gatsby*. Thanks to a contact initiated by Lanny Jones, we enticed Maureen Corrigan, a well-known NPR voice, to give a wonderful after-dinner speech. She must have had a strange view from the podium, as many of us arrived in period dress.

Suddenly, thanks to Arcadia Publishing and the Friends of Princeton University Library, the last five years had passed in an unexpected but very rewarding manner, combining the academic discipline and the university that I love. I thank Princeton for having laid the path to a very satisfying half-century formal career and stoking continuing intellectual excitement into my 80s.

But my personal life was dominated by a sad turn of events. My essay for our 55th reunion book recounted how Covid had kept me away from England and my longstanding English partner, Tessa, for over a year. In my absence she had begun showing definite signs of dementia. As others have experienced, it is a crushing and confusing turn of events to witness an intelligent and lovely person slowly disappear while the body remains the same. Perhaps fortunately for her, a series of health crises led to her passing in December 2024 before “the long farewell” set in.

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My public service at the Center for Disease Control ended as inadvertently as it began. We moved to the mountains of North Carolina when C.D.C. employees were encouraged to telecommute and I could not be in the office daily. I still model the transmission and control of respiratory pathogens, attend conferences and workshops, edit and review manuscripts and proposals, but as a health policy scholar at Emory.

I believe that careers in public health are consistent with Michael Sandel's just recompense for elite schooling (*The Tyranny of Merit*) and the notion of Princeton in the nation's service. Serving humanity may appeal more to liberals than conservatives, but one can serve our nation in myriad ways. My former C.D.C. teammates are bright, creative, knowledgeable people who naively believed, as did I, that ideas about making the world a better place might be considered more readily in government than in academe.

To conclude on a happier note, our younger son married in the decade since our 50th. Both sons have awesome spouses, and one pair has a son and daughter. Occasional childcare enables us to relive that all too brief but wonderful period of rapid growth and development. Grandparents can enjoy the innocence of childhood without worrying, as parents must, about their own careers. Caring for patients and teaching medical students buffer our kids' salaries from the vicissitudes of federal funding, but one son's laboratory depends on research grants. We just worry about increasing authoritarianism, gun violence, income inequality, and global warming.

JEFFREY M. WEISS

778 Steuben Dr., Sunnyvale, CA 94087-2246

Since my official retirement as a research physicist from SRI International on February 1, 2022, after 38 years working there, I have been enjoying life as a retiree and succeeded in turning down several subsequent offers to consult with other R&D companies in remote sensing. Previous to SRI, I worked in particle physics starting second-year Harvard grad school; I did the world tour of particle accelerators: Cambridge Electron Accelerator (Ph.D. thesis), CERN ISR (Geneva), Fermilab (Batavia, Ill.) and SLAC (Stanford).

These days, focused on trying to keep fit, I play pickleball three days a week and do my "Sunday afternoon bike ride" religiously every week, going 10

miles up the San Francisco Bay Trail along the mostly gravel "S.F. Bay Trail" from Mountain View into the Palo Alto Baylands. I moved my bike ride from up in the hills behind us (ca. 3,000 feet) down to the S.F. Bay Trail after encountering some jerk with an AR-15 slung over his back on my former route through Stevens Canyon and above. In terms of physical challenges, I find that the strong winds along the Bayshore at least compensate for the flatness of the terrain.

I'm still married to my lovely wife, Carol, Vassar '66, (whom I met in the spring of our junior year at a mixer in Poughkeepsie), and we have two wonderful grandchildren, 11 and 8 years old, in Scripps Ranch, Calif., where my daughter is a first-grade teacher. We are currently on the waiting list to move there to live in a wonderful "Continuing Care Retirement Facility" (C.C.R.F.) about 15 minutes from her house. We are currently both in good health and enjoying our various activities, both separately and together.

ALLEN RENCH III

Renchhaven Plantation & Stud Farm, Renchville, KY
40502-3690; a.rench@rwi.com

Spouse: Elizabeth Spanner (Bitsy)

If you read *A Rench in the Works*, the autobiography I handed out at our 50th reunion, you know about my career after Princeton. In case you've forgotten, I'll recap.

After graduation, I thought about joining the Army and doing my bit in Vietnam. But Dad ('38) remembered my coconut allergy and found a proctologist to sign off on my 4-F. So instead of the Army, I joined the family business, Rench Works International (RWI), as president of the tool and die division. (Dad believed in starting at the bottom.) See chapter two, *The Tool & I*.

As you probably know, RWI is the country's largest maker of hand tools. And yes, we make wrenches, including Allen wrenches, but, no, they're not named for me, and I'm not named for them. Our wrench is the RWI Hex Wrench. Why? Because our marketing department said "Rench Hex Wrench" sounded dumb; same for "Rench Pliers" and "Rench Screwdrivers," so it's always RWI, not Rench.

But my heart has always remained with the company's cornerstone: hand tools. My big contribution to RWI was the jingle you hear constantly on TV: "The Hammer Is the Only Tool a Real Man Ever Needs!" My wife, Bitsy, Sweet Briar '71, and I live a quiet life on the plantation. Bitsy has her purebred Morgan horses (she was an equestrian major at Sweet Briar).

Looking forward to our 60th and seeing Norm Tabler and other old classmates. And I do mean old!

GALLERY

The following photo pages are roughly chronological, starting in 2025-26 and working back to 2021. They were mostly taken at class events, including reunions, mini-reunions, and Alumni Day. Others are personal and family photos posted to the '66 website. A section devoted to the annual April outing "Day at the Races" at Zastaria, the Maryland home of Staś Maliszewski and Julia Jitkoff, are on pages 122-124. A hearty Locomotive to John Lumpkin, Jon Holman, Ned Groth, and other contributing photographers.



Our peerless president, Rick Bowers, and Ann Spence leading '66ers in the 2025 P-rade



Bill Lutz and Marilyn Vaughn



John Lumpkin, granddaughter France, and daughter Frances



Mike and Sally Witte and Tom Tureen



Frank Nuessle, Guy Woelk (in 30th Reunion pinwheel hat), and Tom Mineo



Gib and Peggy Hentschke, 2025 Reunions



Adrienne and Terry Seymour, post-P-rade, Terhune Orchards



Marcia and Lauson Cashdollar, Virg and Bob Nahas (in 10th Reunion overalls)



Bruce Leslie and Jon Holman

Sally Witte, Dorothy Plohn,
Julie Eastwick, Virg Nahas,
Terhune Orchards



Walt and Mary Bliss, 2024 Alumni Day class dinner



Jim Bartholomew and John Edie, 2026 Alumni Day luncheon, Jadwin Gym



Turk and Carol Thacher, class dinner, Present Day Club, February 2026



Sankey and Connie Williams



Charles and Dorothy Plohn



Carl and Julie Eastwick



Tom Reid and Sachiko Nakahira, Fred Talcott, gather for the 2024 P-rade



Stu Steingold hauls Jay Lagemann's peripatetic Tiger



John Goodrich at Terhune Orchards

Jon Holman snaps Jeff Shafer and daughters Lara Bruhn and Karen Peltier; P-rade staging area, front lawn of Nassau Hall.



Pam and Gary Mount, 2024 Reunions



John Edie, Kearney Shanahan and Claire Johansen



Tom Mineo and Carl Eastwick



John Kelso, Bud D'Avella, John Lumpkin



Class dinner, Present Day Club, Alumni Day 2024: Virg Nahas,
Mike and Sally Witte, Dave Burnett and Claire Gaudiani



Chuck Kulczycki and son Alex '95, 2025 Reunions



Frank and Betty Langhammer, 2023 Reunions



Jay Lagemann and John Lumpkin, 2024 Reunions



Ernie Cruikshank, Kristine and Tom Mineo, Plohn Hall, November 2025



Bob and Carole Harsh, 2024 Reunions

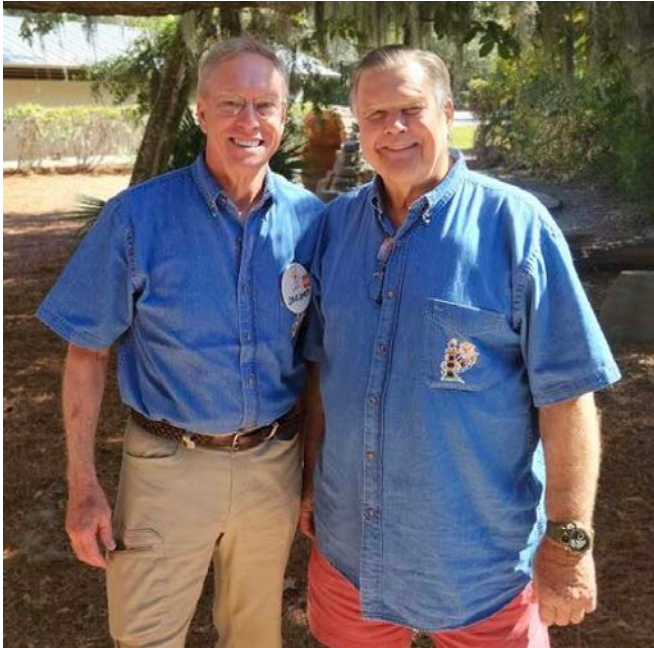


Chip and Marcia Ford, Homecoming, Harvard game, 2025



A walk on the wild side: Jim Parmentier (far left, behind), John Hart, Jim Merritt, Jon Holman, P-prade, 2024

In October 2023, '66ers in Hilton Head, S.C., hosted a mini-reunion at the Palmetto Dunes Resort. A total of 53 classmates and their spouses/partners attended. Here and on the facing page is a sampling of the gathering's many photos found on the class website.



Dave Ames and Richie Thomas



Jack and Cynthia Folts



Rich and Joy McConnell



Mike Tooke



Randy and Donna Weast



Bonnie Gutman and Frank Ward



Lauson and Marsha Cashdollar



Steve Harwood and Ron Landeck



Mac and Clare McMorris, Susan and Jay Trees



Bob and Betsy Heinze



Delancey Street Restaurant, San Francisco, August 11, 2025. Standing: Tim Smith and Leonard Schwarz '65, who graduated with '66. Seated, from left: Jon Holman, Alice Miller, Tom Adams, Jeff Reichel, Ord Elliott (foreground), Steve Harwood. Reports Jon, "No glassware was broken nor potatoes thrown, but most of the world's problems were discussed and solved."



June 15, 2025: Tim and Ilia Smith celebrate the 10th anniversary of Tim's ordination as a vocational deacon at Grace Cathedral Episcopal Church, San Francisco.



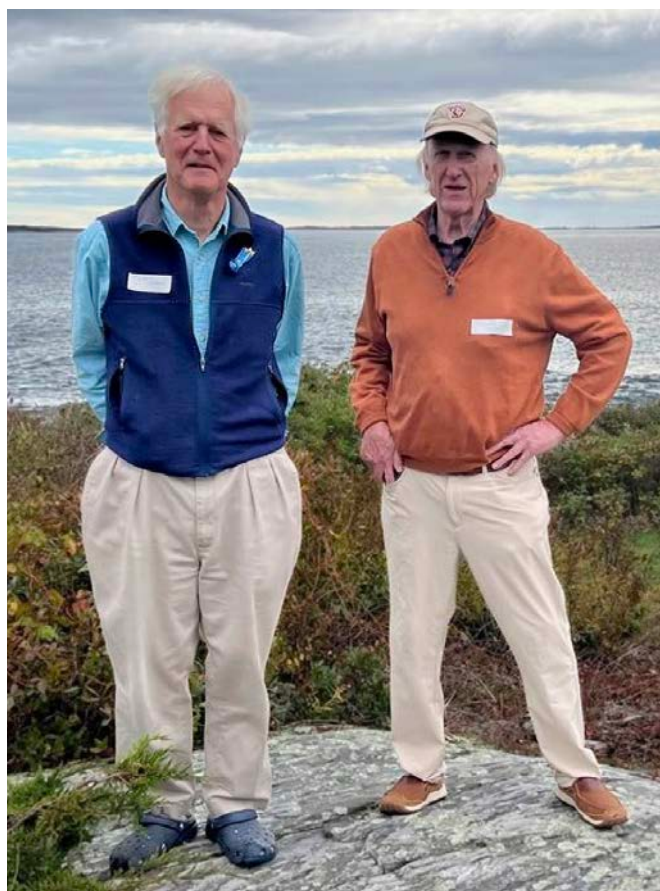
Above: Henry Von Kohorn and Bert Kerstetter with rainbow trout caught at Bert's summer place in La Belle, Quebec, September 2025.
Left: Bert and Henry with Rick Bowers in nearby Mont Tremblant.



John Von Daler, left, and Doug Denick '67, Café de la Marie, Paris, July 2023. Doug entered with our class. John lives in Copenhagen.



Gordon Park, Mike Peterman, Mike Spence, 2022, Class of 1962 reunion, University of Toronto Schools



Ted Bent and John Hart; Prouts Neck, Me., 2023



Dick McGinity and Jon Dawson at Jon's digs in Teton Village, Wy., 2025. Jon: "Though you wouldn't know it from our academic records, we're the only two '66ers smart enough to live in Wyoming."



Walt Smedley in '66 jacket; 2022 golf outing in Scotland, with Tom James '75.



Cameleers Staś Maliszewski and Julia Jitkoff, February 2025, Al Dhafra region of Abu Dhabi, U.A.E., while visiting their daughter Stasia in Saudi Arabia.



John Rutledge, right, and John Thune, U.S. Senate majority leader, on a pheasant hunt near Plankinton, South Dakota. "He is just as nice in person as he seems on the news," says our John of the senator.



Rick Bowers and John Edie, Grand Canyon, September 2023. Along with Jay Lagemann, Frank MacMurray, Bert Kerstetter, and Gail Edie, they floated 225 miles of the Colorado. Below: Edie, Lagemann, MacMurray, Kerstetter, Bowers.



Viggo Boserup and Rich Reinis, February 2023. They are alumni of Beverly Hills High School and were attending an event honoring a fellow graduate, Jim Blair '61.



Jim Merritt and Peter Longstreth (below) showing off two of the bigger smallmouth bass they caught on a float of the upper Delaware River, July 2024.



Mark Levine celebrating his 80th birthday on a Hornblower yacht in S.F. Bay, May 19, 2024, with Dave Marshak, Jon Holman, and Tom Wenger.



Lloyd Bentsen and Jon Holman, Houston, 2023. Jon was at a meeting and used the occasion to get together with his fellow Stanford Business School classmate.



Weekend in East Hampton, N.Y., hosted by John and Regina Scully, October 2022. From left, Laura and Vince Scully, John's sister-in-law and brother; Bill Koplovitz; Bill Bethune; Kay Koplovitz, John and Regina, Ord Elliott and Cutty Smith; John and Mary Slidell; Emily and John Lumpkin.

'66 Day at the Races

Held annually since 2012 (with a post-2019 Covid hiatus), the '66 Day at the Races is an April event hosted by Staś Maliszewski and Julia Jitkoff at Zastaria, their farm in Maryland horse country. It draws several dozen classmates for an afternoon of food, talk, a hay ride, and modest betting on the outcome of the Grand National Steeplechase. The photos here and on the following two pages are mostly from the 2023 through 2025 gatherings. Photos by Ned Groth and John Lumpkin.



Shelley and Lewis Rutherford



Ed Steube and Sandy Schneider



Staś



John Nixdorff



Andy Butz



John Hart



Rob Middleton and Penn Cripps



Bert Kerstetter and hostess Julia Jitkoff



Ted Bent and Rebecca Lambert



Emily Lumpkin and Sarah Ward



Wally Judd in dad's '39 regalia



Bill Leahy



Charlie Emmons



Fred Talcott



Guests boarding the Hay Wagon Express for transport to the races



John Lumpkin, Jack Chidester, Peter Cary



Tigertones serenading at lunch



Class treasurer Guy Woelk recording bets



Riders jumping barricades in Grand National Steeplechase

IN MEMORIAM

Hussein M. Adam
 Daniel Fred Adams
 Rajaona Andriamananjara
 James D. Askew
 Nicholas Bachko, Jr.
 Edward A. Bailey
 William Brennan Baine
 Robert Quincy Baker III
 William R. Barrett, Jr.
 William Edward Bausch
 John Robert Bedell
 Christopher B. Bedford
 Frederick Martin Belmore, Jr.
 Philip John Berg
 Graham G. Berry, Jr.
 Frank J. Biondi, Jr.
 Alden Stuart Blackstone
 Neil J. Bloomfield
 Ralph E. Bodine
 Stanley B. Borup
 David C. Bothell
 Kenneth Allen Bourne, Jr.
 John W. Bowman, Jr.
 Brian H. Breuel
 Lawrence Wayne Brown
 Rexford Taylor Brown
 Warren Randolph Brundage, Jr.
 Ronald Emerson Burns
 Charles G. Burr III
 Michael J. Burrill
 Charles Madison Cannon
 John Arne Carlson
 Daniel Herbert Carmichael
 Michael D. Case
 Randall Meads Chastain
 Jack Arnold Cohen
 Jack David Bo Coleman
 Charles Olney Cook III
 Stephen M. Craig
 James Calvin Cross, Jr.
 Martin Eugene Cummings
 William C. Cummings III
 Henry F. Cygan, Jr.
 Arthur Falnes Davidsen
 Mark Lewis Davidson
 James Vernor Davis, Jr.
 Richard Dodsworth de Camp
 Dallas P. Dickinson
 Marcel Richard Doublier
 Robert David Dreiss
 Edward R. Durkee

Richard J. Dzimiszkiewicz
 O. Seaburn Eaton III
 Archibald Cameron Elias, Jr.
 Michael Jessup Evans
 Richard M. Farrell
 Michael B. Feldman
 Richard Edward Fitzpatrick
 Spencer William Franck, Jr.
 Franklin H. Frederick
 Daniel Phelps French
 Theodore M. French
 John Maxwell Friedman
 Bruce E. Furie
 Hiram Burton Gay III
 Gary William Gilbert
 Thomas Strong Gilbert
 Mitchell J. Goroski, Jr.
 Joseph Craig Graddy
 Jeffrey Clifford Graf
 Marvin L. Gray, Jr.
 Thomas E. Greacen III
 Robert Vincent Greco
 James Roby Green
 Richard B. Greenberg
 Robert Edward Greenlaw
 Joseph Gales Greenleaf
 George S. Haight III
 Macdonald Brooke Halsey
 Colin W. Hamilton
 Thomas C. Hanks
 George Robert Hansen
 Kenneth R. Harney
 William Newell Havener
 David Yost Hinshaw
 John H. Hodge
 Richard Wayne Hogan
 D. Allan Horwich
 Theodore S. Hoster
 Donald Pearce Hubbard, Jr.
 Paul Edward Hudak
 Peter Grieves Huenink
 George Lea Humphrey
 Stephen Kingstun Ingersoll
 Kent E. Johnson
 Lathrop Park Johnson
 Malcolm Davis Johnson
 Roy Craig Johnson
 Robert L. Johnson III
 Landon Y. Jones
 Roger Wesley Jones, Jr.
 Warren Scott Kafer

William Everett Kane
 Tajudeen Abiodun Kasim
 Richard J. Kates
 Edward Lawrence Katzenbach III
 Edwin Augustus Keeble, Jr.
 David H. Kidd
 Robert J. Klahn, Jr.
 George Klints
 Stephen Rice Koller
 Robert Y. Kopf, Jr.
 Kenneth Lloyd Kreidmann
 John P. Kretzmann
 Robert Eneas Lamberton III
 George Henry Largay
 Henry John Larsen, Jr.
 William G. Larsen, Jr.
 Franklin Peter Lawee
 Gilbert Lea, Jr.
 Edward Emory Leamer
 Albert G. Lee, Jr.
 Eric Hung Mun Lee
 Richard Low
 Joseph Michael Luongo
 Guy Fitch Lytle III
 Lewis MacAdams
 Charles Franklin Martin II
 E. Terry Mattke
 Geoffrey M. Mayo
 Donald L. McCabe
 David Lawrence McCarroll
 Benjamin Ward McCleary
 Stephen E. McClymont
 Anthony Johnson McEwan
 Robert David McLaughlin
 George Wells McMurray II
 Charles Albert Merlini
 A. James Mettler
 Barry Metzger
 Granville G. Miller III
 George William Miner II
 John B. Mitchell, Jr.
 Gary B. Mount
 Robert S. Mueller III
 Richard Thomas Muller
 John Joseph Nagorniak
 John S. Newbold III
 Jeffrey Michael Norton
 Edward [Welling] Nykwest
 Wilson Chukwunwike Obi
 William Sean O'Donoghue
 Robert Terry O'Keeffe

Continued from previous page

Charles Jay Okstein
 Arthur Ellsworth Osborne III
 Larry S. Owen
 Sener Ozsahin
 Anozie A. Ozumba
 Lex Allen Passman
 Ronald G. Peters
 Lawrence C. Petrowski
 Paul S. Pilcher
 Thomas J. Pniewski
 Joel R. Primack
 Robert Hall Purrington
 Jon Dana Raggett
 William Lee Rawls
 William T. Reed, Jr.
 Louis H. Reich
 J. Frank Remley
 Gregg Edward Rice
 David A. Richardson
 Alan Gardiner Rockhold
 Robert S. Ross, Jr.
 Joseph Dennis Russell
 Henry M. Rutledge
 Frederick George Schonenberg
 Thomas R. Scott, Jr.
 Andrew Neal Sears
 John Joseph Secondi
 Robert F. Seely
 David Farrington Sexton
 Robert M. Sigler, Jr.
 John W. H. Simpson
 George William Sisley
 Daniel J. Skvir
 Albert Edward Smith, Jr.
 Richard J. Smith
 Eugene C. Struckhoff III
 James Edward Swan
 David S. Swayze
 Jordan Taylor
 Dag Tellefsen

John Orr Theobald
 Michael Charles Tice
 Theodore David Tieken
 Robert M. Tobin
 Philip C. Tower
 Thomas Peyton Towler
 Ralph Edward Townley
 Reginald Frederick Ungern
 Peter N. Upton
 Bruce Peter Vanda
 James A. Walker
 William G. Warburton
 Ronald Weinstein
 Richard P. Welcome
 James C. Westfall, Jr.
 William George Wetzel
 Edward Bostick Whitman
 Richard Irwin Wile
 Stephen H. Wilson
 Martin J. Winch
 Daniel A. Winterbottom, Jr.
 Josiah Oliver Wolcott III
 Jeffery Wood
 Austin Anderson Wright III
 Peter Caldwell Wylie
 Richard A. Zeis

Deceased former classmates:

Robert P. Airgood '68
 Mebenin Awipi '65
 George Holt Blaustein '68
 Stephen Michael Danson '67
 Richard McL. Dicke, Jr. '69
 Peter A. Freeman '65
 Richard Katilavas '69
 Walters W. Kemp '70
 Frank A. Klepetko '68
 Erick M. Leithe, Jr. '68
 Peter F. Lienhard '67
 Lowell A. Margolin '68
 Joseph Mattison III '68

Jackson Morrison II '68
 Gerald A. Mosher '69
 Andrew M. Nagy '65
 Neil Omenn '68
 Richard E. Palicki '68
 Edward L. Phelan '69
 David B. Pietschman '68
 Thomas E. Randlett '64
 Theodore Joseph Ronca '67
 Richard M. Segal '68
 Walter H. Saunders II '67
 O. Frank Woodward Jr. '65

Deceased honorary classmates:

Robert Francis Goheen '40 *48
 Fred Anthony Hargadon
 Ronald Albert Rogerson

* * *

"Former" classmates are mainly those who matriculated with '66, dropped out, returned, and graduated in a later class and kept their affiliation with that class.

They also include Peter Freeman '65, who entered with '66 and graduated in three years.

Several others entered with earlier classes, dropped out, returned, and graduated with '66 but chose to affiliate with their entering class.

The entering Class of 1966 numbered 806. But from the university's alumni rolls we've identified 937 Princetonians who at one point or another were members of our class.

* * *

By the numbers, deceased:

- Alumni listed as members of the Class of 1966: 218
- "Former" classmates: 25
- Honorary classmates: 3
- Grand total: 246

MEMORIALS

The following 69 memorials mainly honor classmates who died after publication of our 55th Reunion Book and are current through March 2026; a few are for classmates who left us before 2021 but whose deaths we learned about recently. They are based on memorials written by our estimable memorialist and class secretary, Norm Tabler, and published in PAW. In many cases longer tributes, as well as classmate testimonials, photos, and links to online obituaries, can be found on the '66 website, www.tiger66.org.

JAMES D. ASKEW 1944 – 2023

J.D. died Sept. 28, 2023, at his home in Tuscaloosa, Ala., after a long battle with pancreatic cancer.

J.D. came to Princeton from Naples (Fla.) High School. He roomed with Ron Landeck, Dave Sonnenberg, and Joe Luongo, and played football. He left Princeton sophomore year for financial reasons.



His classes at a Florida junior college, Mercer University, and the University of Florida produced an undergraduate degree in math. He went on to earn a medical degree at the University of Tennessee.

In 1977, J.D. and his wife, Pam, moved to Tuscaloosa, where he opened the area's first dialysis clinic while Pam earned a law degree. His busy professional life included service as head team physician for the University of Alabama football squad.

Despite leaving Princeton early, J.D. remained a loyal and active member of the Class of 1966, attending major reunions, contributing to our reunion books, staying in contact with classmates, and participating in the Masked Man project. He had planned to attend our Hilton Head reunion in October 2023.

The class extends its heartfelt condolences to Pam and daughters Marisa and Amanda.

EDWARD L. BAILEY 1944 – 2021



Ed died April 23, 2021.

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.

WILLIAM B. BAINE 1945 – 2022

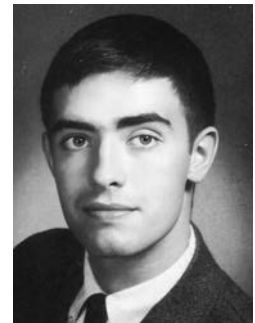
Bill died Feb. 1, 2022, of complications of Parkinson's disease.

A native of Washington, D.C., Bill spent part of his childhood in Italy. At St. Albans School he edited the literary magazine and yearbook and played in the orchestra. At Princeton he concentrated in the Program in East Asian Studies, joined Colonial Club, played in the orchestra and marching band, and belonged to the Pre-Med Society.

After Princeton he graduated from Vanderbilt Medical School, then entered the Epidemic Intelligence Service at the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention as an officer in the U.S. Public Health Service. He was on the faculty of the University of Texas Southwestern Medical Center in Dallas for 11 years, then in the private practice of medicine and infectious disease in Dallas and Leesburg, Va. For 20 years he volunteered at the Loudoun County (Va.) Health Department.

With his wife of 52 years, Martha Scott Baine, Bill lived in Waterford, Va. He had a lifelong love of languages and was versed in Italian, Russian, and Chinese. His reunion book contributions reveal his gifts for poetry and parody.

Our condolences to Martha and son Britton.



WILLIAM R. BARRETT, JR.
1944 – 2022

Bill died Dec. 26, 2022.

Born in Alabama, Bill grew up in Plainfield, N.J., and graduated cum laude from the Choate School, where



he was active on the literary board of the school newspaper and a member of the glee club. He followed his father William Barrett '38 and grandfather Hugh Barrett 1908 to Princeton, entering with the Class of '64.

At Princeton, Bill majored in politics and was a member of Charter Club. He was active with the Highland Singers and

the Campus Fund Drive.

After graduation, Bill began a career at J.P. Morgan that would last 33 years, including extended overseas assignments in London and Tokyo. Following retirement, he moved to Brays Island in Sheldon, S.C., but remained active in banking, serving on the board of Morgan Stanley Private Bank.

He was an accomplished woodworker, building beautiful furniture as well as a miniature replica of the family's London home. He enjoyed crosswords and puzzles of every kind.

Bill is survived by his wife of 56 years, Penny; daughter Campbell; son Ben; and brothers Pete, Bruce, and Tony, to all of whom the class sends its condolences.

WILLIAM EDWARD BAUSCH
1944 – 2024

Bill died March 14, 2024, in Newcastle, Maine, near his home in Damariscotta.

Born in Schenectady, N.Y., Bill attended the Loomis School, where he played lacrosse, served on the student council, and graduated with high honors. He followed his father, William '41, to Princeton, where he studied aeronautical engineering, ate at Cannon Club, played freshman lacrosse, and belonged to the French and Outing clubs.

He began his career designing helicopters for Sikorsky Aircraft while residing in Newtown, Conn. He moved to Greenwich in 1985, where he met his wife, Mary, and served as a computer technician for a number of nonprofits. After retirement, Bill was an active volunteer and sang in several local groups.



He and Mary moved to Damariscotta in 2005, where he enjoyed water sports, was a master gardening volunteer, and crafted canoes and kayaks.

For some 20 years he helped lead the boards of the Carpenter's Boat Shop, the Pemaquid Watershed Association, Skidompha Library, Tapestry Singers, and the Second Congregational Church.

Bill is survived by Mary; children William, Jeff, and Betsey; and stepchildren Toni, Nancy, and Deb, to all of whom the class extends its heartfelt condolences.

JOHN ROBERT BEDELL
1944 – 2025

Bob died Sept. 18, 2025, on Hilton Head Island, S.C.

He came to Princeton from Western Reserve Academy in Hudson, Oh., where he played baseball, basketball, and football. At Princeton, he majored in religion, belonged to Tiger Inn, and sang with the Tigertones. He was starting quarterback his junior and senior years and holder all four years for placekicker Charlie Gogolak.



After Princeton, Bob earned an M.B.A. at Wharton, followed by service as chief marketing officer at HBO, then co-founder and executive vice president of Viewer's Choice, guiding the cable industry's entry into pay-per-view television.

During his years in New York, Bob served as president, then chairman of the Wharton Business School Club of New York and established the Joseph P. Wharton Dinner. He served for many years as governor of the Rockaway Hunting Club.

Bob spent his last two decades on Hilton Head, with his partner Barbara Finer. He was executive director of a local prostate cancer organization and active in several community organizations.

Bob is survived by Barbara; son Robert; daughter Elisabeth Clive '01; six grandchildren; brother Jim '68; and sister Harriet Bolin. The class extends its condolences to them all.

NEIL J. BLOOMFIELD
1945 – 2022

Neil died May 5, 2022, following a stroke.

He came to Princeton from the Horace Mann School in New York City, where he was on the wrestling, soccer, and swimming teams. At Princeton, he was a SPIA major and Cloister Inn member. His senior-year roommates included Dick Kates, Bill Parent, and Gra-

ham Findlay. He wrestled for two years, was a WPRB announcer, and taught and coached swimming at the Princeton YMCA.

After graduating from Harvard Law School, he spent three years with Wall Street law firms, specializing in multinational real estate projects and funds. Moving to California, he took a few years off to participate in what he termed the northern California human potential movement.

He then started his own law firm in San Francisco and Marin, as well as establishing a real estate brokerage business. At the time of his death, he practiced law in San Rafael, Calif. Always loyal to Princeton and our class, he was an enthusiastic participant in Bay Area '66 events.

Neil is survived by daughters Violet, Jenny, and Erica, and partner Sheri Lang, to all of whom the class extends its heartfelt condolences.



KENNETH ALLEN BOURNE, JR.
1942 – 2025

Ken died Sept. 24, 2025, in Baltimore, where he was born and lived most of his life.

A graduate of the Gilman School, Ken entered Princeton with the Class of 1964, then joined our class after a two-year sabbatical. As secretary of Tower Club, he lived there his senior year, along with fellow officers Jack Folts, Steve Harwood, and Dave Boetcher.

He spent his professional career in banking, serving Mercantile Bankshares as senior credit officer, chief financial officer, and executive vice president, then serving as president of PNC's Metropolitan Baltimore City division.

Ken was devoted to the Baltimore community, serving on the boards of Tissue Banks International, Midtown Development Corp., and Charlestown Retirement Community. He chaired Jubilee Baltimore and was a trustee of the Gilman School, Walters Art Museum, and Kennedy Krieger Institute.

He enjoyed golf and fishing and was a member of the Maryland Club and the Elkridge Club.

Ken is survived by his wife, Deborah; children Edward, Alison La Fiura, and Courtney Fox; several grandchildren; and sister, Caroline Davies. The class extends its condolences to all of them.



JOHN WEBSTER BOWMAN, JR.
1944 – 2025

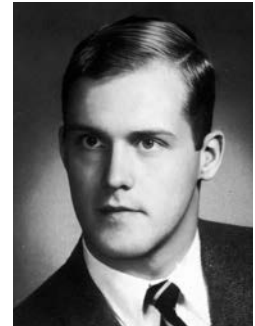
John, known to classmates as "Bows," died Aug. 21, 2025, ending a long battle with Alzheimer's.

Bows came to Princeton from Choate, where he was on the football, swimming, wrestling, and track teams. At Princeton, he majored in history, roomed in Patton, and was an NROTC platoon commander. He belonged to Cottage Club and played rugby, lacrosse, and football.

The son of a Marine colonel, Bows enlisted in the Corps upon graduation and served several decorated tours in Vietnam, flying helicopters. Ordered to destroy secret equipment at a U.S. airbase as Vietnamese soldiers and artillery approached Saigon, he was among the last Marines to leave the country. When U.S. recovery ships moved unexpectedly far off coast, he ran out of fuel on his return trip and was forced to ditch his Huey Cobra in the South China Sea. He was rescued by one of the ships.

After Vietnam, Bows was stationed at Camp Pendleton and Quantico as part of a helicopter squadron. He retired from the Marines after 25 years. His final post-Marine assignment was as head of a civilian group providing logistical support to the Pentagon.

He is survived by his wife, Grace; stepsons Marshall and Elliot Schneider; and several grandchildren and cousins, including Griff Sexton '65. The class extends its condolences to them all.



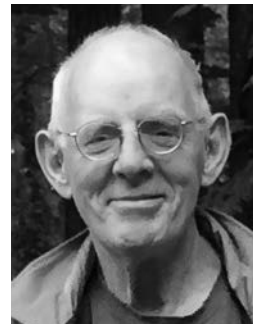
JACK DAVID BO COLEMAN
1937 – 2024

Jack died Jan. 28, 2024.

Born in London, England, in 1937, Jack immigrated with his family to the United States in 1948. He graduated from the South Kent (Conn.) School, where he played football, rowed crew, and captained the hockey team.

He entered Princeton with the Class of '60 and took a leave in 1958, during which he volunteered on Mackinac Island, served for four years as an Army medic, and toured Europe by bicycle. He returned to Princeton in 1965 and graduated with our class.

He earned a master's degree in teaching from Harvard, where he met his wife, Roxanne. They lived for



several years in the Outer Hebrides of Scotland and later in Alaska. He earned a Ph.D. in anthropology from the University of Massachusetts in 1975, before settling in Philadelphia.

Jack taught history at Philadelphia's William Penn Charter School for 26 years before retiring in 2006. He is remembered by colleagues and students for his bagpipe-playing, requiring pushups of late arrivals, and firing a miniature cannon to start exams.

Jack is survived by daughters Elizabeth and Hannah, and brother Francis, to whom the class sends its heartfelt condolences.

MARTIN EUGENE CUMMINGS
1945 – 2023

Marty died July 17, 2023, at his home in Bennington, Vt., after a brief illness.

Marty graduated from Niskayuna High School, near Schenectady, N.Y. Admitted to Princeton with the



Class of '67, he was granted sophomore status. He majored in history and was a member of Wilson Lodge. He was active in the Outing Club and remained a committed outdoorsman for the rest of his life.

After graduating from Princeton, he earned a master's degree in urban and environmental planning from Rensselaer

Polytechnic Institute. For most of his career, he worked for the New York State Department of Public Service, conducting environmental analyses of gas pipeline and power plant projects.

In 1998, Marty moved from New York to Vermont. In 2004, he married Gail Mauricette. They traveled widely, to Alaska, Hawaii, the Galápagos Islands, and Montana, among other destinations, often returning to St. John in the Virgin Islands and Sanibel. They enjoyed hiking, backpacking, and kayaking in the White Mountains, the Adirondacks, and Vermont.

Marty is survived by Gail, son Daniel, stepchildren Stephanie Mulligan and Jason Dolmetsch, and four grandchildren. The class extends its heartfelt condolences to them all.

WILLIAM C. CUMMINGS III
1942 – 2022

Will died Aug. 1, 2022, of injuries suffered in a biking accident in Madison, Wis.

A native of Janesville, Wis., Will came to Princeton

from Andover, where he was all-club in lacrosse and soccer. His Princeton roommates included Jim Holman and Mike Witte.

He withdrew from Princeton during sophomore year and served in the Army from 1965 to 1967, earning a National Defense Service Medal.

Alumni records show his most recent residence as Waunakee, Wis. He had his own computer consulting business, Accessible Computing, in Verona, Wis., as well as a honeybee operation, involving the raising and care of honeybees and sale of honey.

Will is survived by Christina Gates, Steve Cummings, Anne Fredrich, a niece, and three nephews, to all of whom the class extends its condolences.



HENRY F. CYGAN, JR.
1944 – 2022

Hank died April 6, 2022, in Rockport, Me., of post-operative complications.

Hank grew up in New Bedford, Mass., where he developed a lifelong love of the sea. He graduated from Exeter, where he played soccer, hockey, and lacrosse. At Princeton, he majored in chemical engineering, ate at Elm Club, and was a member of the sailing and yacht clubs.

After earning a master's degree in ocean engineering from the University of Hawaii, he embarked on a distinguished career in engineering and construction management, overseeing projects in Europe, the Middle and Far East, North Africa, and both U.S. coasts. He served as president of Mitchell Management Systems and then T.Y. Lin International. Most recently, he was an engineer at Bath Iron Works.

For the last 40 years he lived in various Maine coastal towns, spending time sailing, restoring old boats, building model ships, and studying navigation. He left instructions to spread his ashes on the waters off the Maine coast.

Hank is survived by his wife, Cynthia Harris; daughters Amy and Jennifer; grandsons Macklin and Ronin; and brother Ralph. The class extends its condolences to them all.



MICHAEL B. FELDMAN
1944 – 2024

Mike died April 17, 2024.

He came to Princeton from Central High School, in Philadelphia, where he was chief justice of the Student Association Tribunal. At Princeton, he majored in electrical engineering and belonged to the Woodrow Wilson Society.

Two weeks before receiving his B.S.E. in electrical engineering, Mike and a friend won the Subway Challenge, passing through all 491 New York City subway stations in 23 hours and 16 minutes, a Guinness record that still stands.

Partly because mild color blindness interfered with his electrical engineering laboratory work, Mike moved into computer science, earning master's and doctoral degrees in that subject at the University of Pennsylvania.

In 1975, after four years at Educational Testing Service and a year in Europe, Mike joined the computer science faculty of George Washington University, where he spent the rest of his career, teaching classes at all levels, making significant contributions in research, publishing computer science textbooks, and serving in administrative roles.

After retiring from G.W.U., Mike and his wife, attorney and writer Ruth Tenzer Feldman, moved to Portland, Ore., then later to Oakland, Calif.

In addition to Ruth, Mike is survived by sons, Benjamin and Keith, to all of whom the class extends its heartfelt condolences.

DANIEL PHELPS FRENCH
1943 – 2023

Dan died Oct. 13, 2023.

A lifelong resident of Piqua, Oh., he came to Princeton from Exeter. At Princeton, he majored in sociology, served as a cadet colonel in Air Force ROTC, belonged to Charter Club and the Flying Club, and was involved in WPRB operations, including an on-air role as disc jockey "Big Daddy Dan."

After Princeton, Dan served in the Air Force, including a tour in Vietnam. He retired as a lieutenant colonel after five years of active duty and 23 years in the Air Force Re-



serve, having earned a chest full of medals and awards.

Dan spent his entire business career with the French Oil Mill Machinery Co., founded by his grandfather, rising to chairman and chief executive officer. He was on the boards of several community organizations, including Piqua Memorial Hospital, the YMCA, and Piqua Community Foundation. The Piqua Area Chamber of Commerce honored him with its highest award, the Order of George.

A loyal Princetonian, Dan served as the Class of '66 Midwest regional chairman.

He is survived by wife Margaret Loomis French, son Peter, daughter Tayte, five grandchildren, and sister Susan Muirhead. The class extends its heartfelt condolences to them all.

BRUCE E. FURIE
1944-2025

Bruce died November 22, 2025, after a long illness.

Bruce came to Princeton from Milburn (N.J.) High School, where he played football, was in the concert band, and edited the school newspaper. At Princeton, he majored in biochemistry, belonged to Dial Lodge,

played in the concert band, and was president of the yacht club. In his senior year, he married Barbara Cantor *65.

Following graduation, Bruce and Barbara enrolled at the University of Pennsylvania, where he earned his medical degree and she completed her doctorate in chemistry.

Bruce specialized in hematology and oncology. Following a residency at Penn, he was a postdoctoral fellow at the N.I.H. In collaboration with Barbara, he established a joint laboratory at New England Medical Center and Tufts University Medical School. He later moved to Beth Israel Deaconess Medical Center as director of the Cancer Center.

He was recognized internationally as a leader in research, having published hundreds of articles in leading medical journals and served on the editorial boards of prominent medical publications. The International Society on Thrombosis and Hemostasis hailed his "lifetime of service."

Classmates benefited first-hand from his knowledge and counsel, both informally and through the healthy aging initiative, in which he played a leading role. We honored him with an Locomotive Award in 2017.

Bruce is survived by Barbara and sons Eric '95 and Gregg '97, to whom the Class extends its condolences.



MITCHELL J. GOROSKI, JR.
1943 – 2025

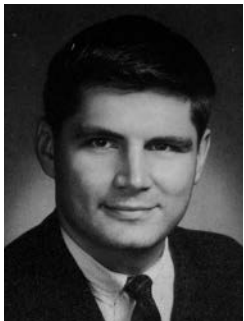
Mitch died Feb. 25, 2025, of a heart attack following a health emergency and surgery five days earlier.

He graduated from Eastside High School in Paterson, N.J. He entered Princeton with the Class of 1964, joined Dial Lodge, and majored in English, writing his senior thesis on the works of William Carlos Williams.

After graduation, Mitch joined the Peace Corps and served in Thailand as part of a malaria eradication program. Following his two-year term, he enrolled in New York University Law School.

After receiving his law degree, Mitch worked as an attorney for Bedford-Stuyvesant Community Legal Services, where he met and married co-worker Jane Schneider. The couple moved to Albany, where Mitch joined the N.Y. Department of Environmental Conservation and soon developed a reputation as a water law expert. He later moved from the DEC to the Adirondack Park Agency counsel's office, in Ray Brook, N.Y. He retired in 2017, and he and Jane acquired an apartment in New York City.

Mitch was a regular and popular presence at class events on the East Coast. He will be missed. The class extends its condolences to Jane and the Goroski family.



JEFFREY CLIFFORD GRAF
1944 – 2023

Jeff died peacefully in his home in Bloomington, Ind., on March 31, 2023.

Born in Trenton, Jeff graduated from the Hotchkiss School, in Lakeville, Conn., where he was on the soccer and swimming teams and a member of the newspaper and yearbook staffs.

At Princeton he majored in Romance Languages and wrote a thesis titled *Moliere and the Mask*. He belonged to Charter Club and worked at the University Store.

After graduation Jeff studied in France on a Fulbright scholarship, then moved to Bloomington, where he earned a doctorate in English literature from Indiana University. He joined the staff of that university's Wells Library and served there as a reference librarian for 48 years. His published works include *The Word "Hoo-*



sier," a 119-page exploration of the origin of that term.

Jeff is survived by his wife of 54 years, Marilyn, daughter Katharine, son Karl, brother Gary, and granddaughters Lucia and Willa, to all of whom the class extends its condolences.

MARVIN L. GRAY, JR.
1945 – 2023

Monty died of lymphoma March 26, 2023, at his home in Tacoma, Wash.

He graduated from Episcopal High School in Alexandria, Va., where he was class valedictorian, worked on the school paper and yearbook, and was on the football and wrestling teams.

At Princeton, he majored in mathematics, was a University Scholar, roomed with Mills Thornton and Steve Schreiber, and belonged to Whig-Clio, the bridge club, and Campus Club, where he was house chairman.

Monty graduated magna cum laude from Harvard Law School, where he was articles editor of the law review. His distinguished legal career included clerkships on the Second Circuit and U.S. Supreme Court, and service as staff attorney in the Air Force Office of General Counsel, trial attorney in the U.S. Department of Justice's Office for Drug Law Enforcement, assistant U.S. attorney in Seattle, adjunct professor at Seattle University Law School, and instructor at the University of Washington Law School, as well as longtime service as partner in the Davis Wright Tremaine law firm.

Monty is survived by his wife, Jill (sister of classmate Jack Miller); daughters Elizabeth and Carolyn; and grandchildren Westley, Natalie, Sarah, and Jason. The class extends its heartfelt condolences to them all.



RICHARD B. GREENBERG
1944 – 2024

Richard died Jan. 4, 2024, following a massive cerebral hemorrhage.

He grew up in Miami Beach, Fla., and graduated from the Hotchkiss School before following his brother Allan '58 to Princeton.

Richard majored in politics and was a member of Dial



Lodge. He was the business manager of Theatre Intime and volunteered in the Jamesburg Counseling Program. Roommates included Charles Fritz and Preston Granbery '69.

Following graduation, Richard earned an MBA at Columbia. He was an investor and financial communications consultant and served as president of RBG Associates in Boston.

Richard and his wife, attorney Janet J. Bobit, were longtime residents of the Back Bay in Boston.

The class extends its heartfelt condolences to Janet and the rest of Richard's family.

GEORGE S. HAIGHT III

1944 – 2023

George died June 15, 2023.

He came to Princeton from Mt. Lebanon High School in Pittsburgh, where he served on the student council and played in the school band and orchestra. At Princeton, he majored in biochemistry and belonged to Terrace Club. He was trombone section leader and drill master for the marching band and concert orchestra, and he played in the Triangle orchestra. He played interclub sports for Terrace.

After Princeton, George earned a medical degree from Temple Medical School and then completed his residency in general surgery in Louisville, Ky. He served in the Air Force, rising to the rank of captain.

He and wife, De Vona, lived in Cheyenne, Wyo., for 31 years, where he practiced general surgery. He also volunteered his time providing charitable surgery in Guatemala and Kenya. De Vona, a nurse, accompanied him in Guatemala.

At the time of George's death, he and De Vona resided in Casa Grande, Ariz. The class extends its condolences to De Vona; children Amy, Tracy, Carrie, George IV, and Julie; and grandchildren.

COLIN W. HAMILTON

1944 – 2024

Colin died Nov. 7, 2024, in Atlanta, ending a decade-long battle with Parkinson's disease.

He came to Princeton from Canterbury School in New Milford, Conn., where he was on the varsity football and basketball squads. At Princeton, he majored in biology, belonged to Colonial Club, served as a Key-

ceptor, and participated in interclub athletics.

Colin began his medical studies at Georgetown and completed his surgical internship and orthopedic residency at Indiana University Medical Center. Along with wife Bonnie and sons Scott and Trevor, he then moved to the Norfolk/Virginia Beach area, where he served as chief of orthopedics at the U.S. Public Health Service Hospital, with the rank of lieutenant commander. In 1976, he entered private practice in Virginia Beach.

In his 30-year career he was a diplomate of the National Board of Medical Examiners, board-certified by the American Board of Orthopedic Surgery, fellow of the American Academy of Orthopedic Surgeons and American College of Surgeons, instructor at the Eastern Virginia Medical School, and president of the Virginia Beach Medical Society.

His many interests included tennis, snow and water skiing, boating, gardening, and church choir. When Colin retired, he and Bonnie relocated to Atlanta.

The class extends its heartfelt sympathy to Bonnie, Scott, Trevor, and their families.

THOMAS C. HANKS

1944 – 2024

Tom died at home in Palo Alto, Calif., March 5, 2024, following a stroke earlier that day.

Tom followed his brother Jim '64 and preceded his brother John '69 and daughter Julia '01 to Princeton, after graduating with high honors from the Landon School in Bethesda, Md., where he was captain of the football and baseball teams and won the Headmaster's Award.

At Princeton, he majored in geological engineering, ate at Cottage Club, and played rugby and soccer. After graduation he earned his Ph.D. in geophysics with special emphasis in seismology from Caltech.

Tom spent his entire career with the U.S. Geological Survey in Menlo Park, Calif., achieving international prominence in his field. In 1979, he and colleague Hiroo Kanamori developed the "moment-magnitude scale," the earthquake-rating system that supplanted the Richter scale as the standard in the field. Tom's impressive professional achievements



were highlighted in a Jan. 25, 2006, PAW profile.

Tom was predeceased by his wife of 52 years, Margaret Taylor Hanks. He is survived by daughters Julia '01 and Molly; granddaughters Jane and Mae; and brothers Jim and John. The class extends its heartfelt condolences to them all.

DAVID YOST HINSHAW
1945 – 2023

Dave died March 17, 2023, after a 25-year bout with Parkinson's disease.

Son of Lillias and Robert Hinshaw '39 and grandson of John Foster Dulles 1908, Dave grew up in Manhattan and attended St. Bernard's School. He graduated from The Hill School, where he was on the soccer team. At Princeton, he belonged to Charter Club, played soccer all four years, and majored in history.



In 1968, he earned an M.B.A. from Columbia. He enlisted in the Army, serving for a year in Vietnam, where his duties

included flying helicopters to distribute confidential codes and equipment to units in vulnerable areas along the Cambodian border. His decorations included the Bronze Star Medal.

Returning to New York City, Dave worked as a legal researcher for the Norton Rose and Flemming Zulack law firms. For more than a decade he worked tirelessly for the New York County Lawyers Association's Committee on the Federal Courts. When he retired, the association established the annual David Y. Hinshaw Award in his honor.

After Parkinson's disease forced Dave into retirement, he left New York City for his home in Atlantic City, N.J.

Dave is survived by his sisters, Janet and Lila; brothers Foster and Robert; and their spouses and children, to all of whom the class extends its condolences.

JOHN H. HODGE
1944 – 2021

John died Aug. 3, 2021, at his home in Berwyn, Pa., after a long battle with vascular dementia and multiple myeloma.

John grew up in Bryn Mawr, Pa., and graduated from Episcopal Academy in nearby Newtown Square. At Princeton John majored in history and belonged to Charter Club. After graduation in 1967, he served

in the Navy, including service as an officer aboard the USS *Franklin D. Roosevelt* during the Vietnam War.

Following his naval service, he moved to Philadelphia and began a career in the pet-supplies industry. In 1973 he married Mary Gindhart (Rider '72). In 1995, after 25 years in the pet-supplies business, he transitioned to real estate, where he and Mary worked together as a highly effective team. He retired in 2014.

John was active in his support of both Princeton and Episcopal Academy. He played squash and tennis at the Merion Cricket Club, enthusiastically supported Philadelphia's professional sports teams, and enjoyed music and reading.

John is survived by his wife, Mary; sons John Cortland Hodge and Joseph Cabell Hodge; and granddaughters Sierra Isabelle Hodge and Amber Raven Hodge. The class extends its heartfelt condolences to them all.



THEODORE S. HOSTER
1944 – 2021

Ted died Dec. 30, 2021, of lymphoma.

A native of Columbus, Oh., Ted attended Columbus Academy, where he competed on the swimming and football teams. At Princeton he majored in politics and joined Charter Club. He roomed with Steve Craig and Steve Harwood.



From 1966 to 1969 Ted served as a lieutenant in the Navy, making 216 carrier landings during the Vietnam War. He then earned an MBA in finance from Dartmouth's Tuck School of Business.

Ted and his late wife, Linda, moved to Colorado about 10 years ago. Ted took full advantage of the outdoors, skiing, biking, and hiking until the very end of his life. Linda died in 2018.

His final illness prevented Ted and Barbara Kiernan from proceeding with the wedding they had planned for late November 2021.

Ted's sensitivity and generosity of spirit were constantly in evidence. It was his idea to send Tiger pins to classmates who served in the Vietnam War. More recently, he initiated the practice of sending wind chimes to classmates when they lost a spouse.

The class extends its heartfelt condolences to Barbara;

Ted's sons Matt and Ryan; grandchildren Hayden, Jake, Hunter, and Riley; and brothers Tom '72 and Steve.

D. ALLAN HORWICH
1944 – 2025

Allan died July 1, 2025, after a five-month battle with pancreatic cancer.

Allan came to Princeton from Westside High School, in Omaha, where he won the Brandeis Award and was



a member of the state mathematics championship team. At Princeton he majored in philosophy and wrote his senior thesis on religious language. He was a member of the Woodrow Wilson Society. Roommates included John Godich, Ken Boudwin, and Dave Garlow.

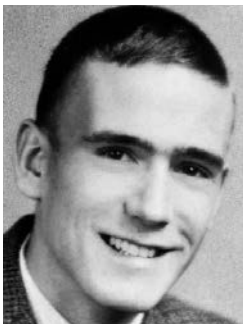
After graduation, Allan enrolled in the University of Chicago Law School, earning his J.D. degree in 1969. He then joined the Chicago law firm Schiff Hardin & Waite (now known as ArentFox Schiff), where he worked until retiring in 2024.

Allan had an outstanding career at Schiff Hardin, concentrating in securities regulation and serving on the firm's management committee. In addition to practicing law, he taught securities law and was a professor of practice at Northwestern Law School. He published numerous articles on securities law and related subjects.

He resided in Old Town, in Chicago, with his wife, Carolyn, whom he met at Schiff Hardin. In addition to Carolyn, he is survived by son Benjamin '99 and daughters Diana, Eleanor, and Flannery, to all of whom classmates send their heartfelt condolences.

PETER GRIEVES HUENINK
1944 – 2022

Peter graduated from Sheboygan (Wis.) Falls High School, where he was captain of the track team, president of the National Honor Society chapter, and member of the football team. At Princeton, he belonged to Cottage Club, ran track, and was in the Orange Key Society. He majored in history and had a particular interest in art history.



Classmate Bill Kelley recounts the story that as an art history professor returned term papers to the class, he an-

nounced, "Mr. Huenink's paper is so exceptional that he will not be required to take the final exam."

After graduation, Peter attended law school at the University of Wisconsin and then earned a master's degree and a Ph.D. in fine arts from Harvard. He served in the Army Reserves from 1968 to 1972.

Peter served for many years as a professor of art at Vassar College. He and his wife, Barbara, lived in Poughkeepsie, N.Y., until his retirement from Vassar, when they moved to the Seattle area.

The class extends its condolences to Peter's wife Barbara, son Dirk, and daughter Lindsey.

MALCOLM DAVIS JOHNSON
1944 – 2024

Dave died March 30, 2024, at Rutland (Vt.) Regional Medical Center after a short illness.

He grew up in Bronxville, N.Y., and attended Bronxville High School, where he played football, basketball, baseball, and tennis, ran track, and was sports editor of the school paper. He followed his father — a member of the Class of '34 — to Princeton, where he majored in basic engineering. He belonged to Cannon Club, played freshman football, ran track, served on the Engineering Council, and was president of the Basic Engineering Society.



Following graduation, Dave served as a lieutenant in the Navy, seeing action in Vietnam as an engineer on a destroyer and earning several medals and commendations. After his Vietnam tour, he served in a destroyer squadron in the Mediterranean and the Indian Ocean.

Discharged in 1970, he enrolled at Duke Law School, where he was on the law review staff. He spent his legal career with law firms in New York City. Dave was an avid runner, tennis player, Mets fan, and horseman. He belonged to First Congregational Church of Fair Haven in Vermont.

Dave is survived by his daughters, Jennifer Sober and Bonnie Pope; eight grandchildren; sisters Martha Bays and Judith Smith; and brother Frank, to all of whom the class extends its condolences.

LANDON Y. JONES
1943 – 2024

Lanny died Aug. 17, 2024, ending a long struggle with health problems.

He came to Princeton from the Saint Louis Country

Day School, where he was student council president, vice president of the yearbook, and member of the varsity football, soccer, and track teams.



At Princeton, he majored in English, wrote his thesis on Mark Twain, ate at Colonial Club, and played freshman soccer. He was associate editorial chairman of *The Daily Princetonian*, an On the Campus columnist for the *Princeton Alumni Weekly*, and a University Store trustee.

After graduation Lanny wrote for *Time* and *Life* magazines, launching a spectacular journalistic career. From 1969 to 1974 he served as PAW's editor, then returned to *Time* to help oversee the launch of *People*. He served as editor of *Money* before returning to *People* as managing editor. Under his leadership, *People* became one of America's most successful magazines. Time Inc. honored him with its Lifetime Achievement Award.

In 1980, Lanny published *Great Expectations: America and the Baby Boom Generation*, the book that added "baby boomer" to the American lexicon. His final book, *Celebrity Nation*, explored America's fascination with celebrity and celebrities. Along the way he wrote a biography of William Clark of the Lewis and Clark Expedition.

Throughout his career, Lanny served as mentor and champion to countless writers and journalists. He taught writing courses at Princeton, Northwestern, and Montana State and served as an adviser to PAW, *The Daily Princetonian*, and Princeton's English department.

Lanny is survived by his wife, Sarah; children Rebecca '93, Landon III '97, and Catherine (Cassie), and their families; and brothers Charles and Byron and their families. The class sends its condolences to all. We share in their grief.

ROBERT J. KLAHN, JR.
1944 – 2023



Peerless crossword constructor, 11 letters. It's Robert Klahn.

One of the country's premier crossword puzzle constructors, Bob died Sept. 27, 2023, at Wilmington (Del.) Hospital.

A native of Buffalo, N.Y., Bob came to Princeton from Andover, where he won several academic prizes and ran cross-country. At Princeton, he majored in

mathematics, belonged to Terrace Club, participated in IAA sports, and played trumpet in the marching and concert bands.

After graduation, Bob joined DuPont as a computer scientist and earned a master's degree in statistics from Villanova. More recently, he worked for Computer Sciences Corp.

Bob's love of crossword puzzles began early. He started creating puzzles at age 8 and never stopped. In 1991, he launched a secondary career in crossword construction. A number of his puzzles appeared in *The New York Times*, most of them devilishly difficult. He wrote several books, including *Absolutely Nasty Crosswords*, *Level 1* and *The Wrath of Klahn Crosswords: Puzzles from the World's Toughest Clue Writer*.

In 2012, Orca, a national organization dedicated to crossword construction, presented Bob with its first-ever Lifetime Achievement Orca, for sustained excellence in crossword construction.

Bob's wife, Sharon, predeceased him. The class extends its condolences to his surviving family.

ROBERT Y. KOPF, JR.
1944 – 2024

Bob died March 29, 2024.

Born in Warren, Pa., he graduated from the Loomis School, where he was on the wrestling team and in the chess club. He followed his father, Robert '36, and preceded his brother, Silas '72, to Princeton, where he majored in politics, ate at Cannon Club, played interclub sports, and volunteered with the Trenton Tutorial Project.

After graduation, Bob earned a law degree from Vanderbilt. He practiced law in Pittsburgh for some 25 years before leaving law practice to found Smithfield Trust Co. in Pittsburgh, where he served as chairman for the rest of his career.

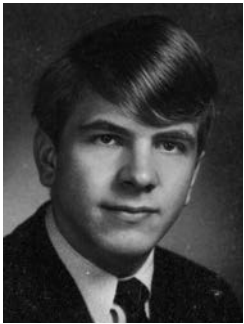
A longtime resident of Sewickley, Pa., Bob was active in community affairs, serving as president of the Edgeworth Club and on the boards of Sewickley Academy and the Sewickley Y.M.C.A. He enjoyed outdoor life, including summers in the Adirondacks, fishing trips with sons Rob and Tom in northern Quebec, and frequent trips to Sun Valley, Idaho.

Bob was predeceased by his wife of 56 years, Susan. He is survived by sons Rob and Tom, daughter Maggie, four grandsons, and brothers Will and Silas. The class extends its heartfelt condolences to them all.



JOHN P. KRETZMANN
1944 – 2022

John, known to friends as Jody, died Jan. 1, 2023, in Green Bay, Wis., surrounded by his family.



Jody was born in Detroit and grew up in Valparaiso, Ind., where his father was chancellor of Valparaiso University. He graduated from Valparaiso High, where he was president of his class and captain of the baseball team.

At Princeton, he majored in English and was active on the Undergraduate Council and in the Concordia Society. He was a member of Colonial Club and chairman of *The Daily Princetonian* his senior year. He earned a master's from the University of Virginia and a Ph.D. in sociology and urban affairs from Northwestern.

Jody was a founder and teacher in the Urban Studies Program of the Associated Colleges of the Midwest. From there he moved to Northwestern University, where he founded and co-directed the Asset-Based Community Development Institute, a program with a powerful influence on community organizing all over the world. His *Building Communities from the Inside Out: A Path Toward Finding & Mobilizing a Community's Assets*, co-written with John McKnight, influenced activists worldwide.

John is survived by his wife, Ingrid Christiansen; and children Katie and Marcus, to whom the class extends its condolences.

HENRY JOHN LARSEN, JR.
1944 – 2024

Henry died July 24, 2024, after a 13-year battle with Parkinson's disease.



Born in Pittsburgh, he graduated from North Allegheny High School, where he was on the track and football teams. He followed his grandfather and two uncles to Princeton.

Henry majored in civil engineering, ate at Dial Lodge, and was a member of the Stock Analysis Club.

After graduation, he earned a master's degree in structural engineering from

Stanford. His first job was with Blume & Associates, where his work included research into underground structural response to nuclear explosions and sonic booms. Later, he joined SCI Builders, where he designed the engineering for residential development projects.

In 1991, Henry launched Larsen Engineering, focusing on engineering calculations and design for residential construction projects. After the 1994 Northridge, Calif., earthquake, he rushed to Northridge to assist overwhelmed building departments with inspection and occupant-safety activities. The challenges of Parkinson's forced him to retire in 2019.

A resident of Mill Valley, Calif., Henry practiced Transcendental Meditation and enjoyed golfing.

He is survived by his wife, Lee; children Michael and Nadia; sisters Christine and Mary; and brother Donald; to all of whom the class extends its heartfelt condolences.

WILLIAM G. LARSEN, JR.
1945 – 2024

Sandy died June 12, 2024, of cancer.

He grew up in San Mateo, Calif., and graduated from the Thacher School in Ojai, Calif., where he



played soccer, ran track, edited the school newspaper, and served on the student council. His father was Princeton '41. Sandy majored in history, belonged to Tiger Inn, and played IAA football, hockey, and softball.

After graduation, he enlisted in the Marines and served as a bombardier-navigator on Grumman A-6 Intruders on missions in Vietnam, earning 11 Air Medals and reaching the rank of first lieutenant.

Sandy earned an M.B.A. from Stanford in 1973 and worked at Price Waterhouse and Bank of America before joining classmate Kit Mill in establishing an executive recruiting firm. He retired following the sale of the firm in 1998.

In 2001, Sandy moved to Sonoma wine country, where he spent his time hiking, trail-building, and serving as president of his local mutual water company, which boasted 24 customers. In our 50th reunion book he reported that he had again taken up golf and was focused on "getting back down to double digits."

The class extends its condolences to Sandy's brother Bob and sister Kay.

EDWARD EMORY LEAMER
1944 – 2025



Ed died Feb. 25, 2025, after a brief battle with ALS.

He came to Princeton from Vestal (N.Y.) High School, where he was yearbook editor, class president, and member of the debate team. At Princeton, he majored in mathematics, roomed with Henry Dwyer and Phil Hansen, belonged to Charter Club, and worked in the student

center. After graduation, he earned a master's degree in mathematics and a Ph.D. in economics from the University of Michigan.

Ed had an outstanding academic career, serving as associate professor at Harvard, then as economics professor at U.C.L.A., and ultimately as professor of global economics and management at U.C.L.A.'s Anderson School of Management and director of the U.C.L.A. Anderson Forecast. A prolific author, Ed published more than 100 academic articles and four books. The title of his best-known article, "Let's Take the Con Out of Econometrics," reflects both his wit and iconoclasm.

It is a measure of Ed's stature in the field of economics that the day before his death, nearly 200 colleagues and friends, including three Nobel laureates in economics, gathered by Zoom for a "Tribute to Edward Leamer's Contributions to Economics."

Ed is survived by his wife, Ama Neel; daughters Stephanie and Abby; son Michael; and brother Laurence, to all of whom the class extends its condolences.

RICHARD A. LOW
1943 – 2021



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 Tiger-tones; 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 M.B.A. 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.

CHARLES FRANKLIN MARTIN II
1944 – 2023

Charley died Nov. 10, 2023, in Triangle, Va.

Charley came to Princeton from St. Andrew's School in St. Andrews, Tenn., where he edited the school newspaper, was a member of the Literary Society and National Honor Society, and played tennis and basketball. At Princeton, he majored in physics, ate at Cloister Inn, played I.A.A. sports, and was enrolled in Navy ROTC. Afterward, he earned a master's degree in physics from the University of Michigan and graduated first in his class from Bettis Reactor Engineering School.

He served in the Navy for 31 years, first in the office of Adm. Hyman Rickover, director of Naval Nuclear Propulsion, and later in direct energy conversion technologies.

Charley and his wife, Linda, moved to Triangle in 1983, where he continued working on direct energy conversion until retirement in 2000. He then devoted himself to teaching physics at the high school level.

He belonged to Immanuel Anglican Church, where he was a member of the vocal and handbell choirs and served in several volunteer positions.

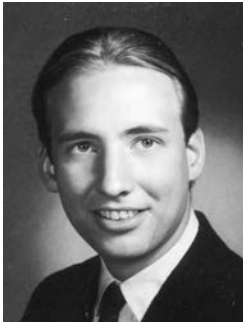
Charley is survived by Linda, sister Karen Martin, and brother Hallock Martin, to all of whom the class extends its condolences.



GEOFFREY M. MAYO
1944 – 2022

Geoff died Dec. 11, 2022, at his Woodbury, Conn., home, surrounded by his family.

He graduated cum laude from the Taft School, where he was yearbook editor. At Princeton, he majored in Romance languages and the Special Program in European Civilization. He was a Keyceptor and



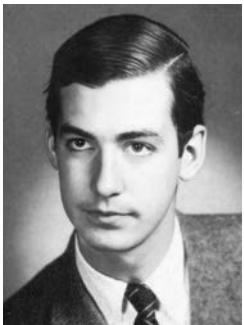
member of Cap and Gown and the French and Spanish clubs.

Geoff devoted his career to film and audio production, including producing numerous television commercials. He was executive producer of at least one movie, *Rocket Gibraltar*, starring Burt Lancaster. Most recently he was president of Geoffrey Mayo Films.

Geoff is survived by his wife, Lynn; daughters Lucy Mayo and Eliza Bullock; and son William, to all of whom the class extends its heartfelt condolences.

BENJAMIN WARD McCLEARY
1944 – 2022

Ben died Oct. 6, 2022, at his home in Wakefield, R.I. He grew up in Darien, Conn., and Asheville, N.C., and graduated from St. Mark's School, where he was manager of the school newspaper and rowed for the school.



At Princeton, he majored in history, belonged to Colonial Club and Whig-Clio, and was on the business staff of *The Tiger Magazine*. Senior year he roomed with Duke Lohr and Ed Whitman.

After Princeton, he graduated from Navy Officer Candidate School and saw action in the Vietnam War as ship's navigator and ship officer aboard the ammunition ship USS *Mauna Loa*.

Ben had a long and impressive career in banking, beginning at Chemical Bank and continuing at Lehman Brothers, Shearson Lehman Hutton (where he headed the European office), McFarland Dewey & Co., and SeaView Capital.

He was a longtime member of The Coral Beach & Tennis Club in Bermuda, The Mill Reef Club in Antigua, The Dunes Club in Narragansett, and The Hope Club in Providence.

Ben is survived by wife Jean, son Benjamin, daughter Katherine, brothers Joel and George, and five granddaughters, to all of whom the class extends its condolences.

ROBERT DAVID McLAUGHLIN
1944 – 2022

Dave came to Princeton from State College High School, in State College, Pa., where he was on the cross-country, wrestling, and baseball teams.

At Princeton, he majored in electrical engineering and was a member of the Wilson Society, the wrestling team, and the Princeton Evangelical Fellowship. Senior year he roomed with Bruce Robinson, Mark Heinemann, Herb Carpenter, and Dave Vidal.



After graduation, Dave moved to Goshen, Ind., to attend Grace Seminary, in Winona Lake. While attending Grace Seminary, he began a career at Crown International, where he worked for more than 30 years.

He was an active member of missionary churches in the Goshen area, serving as a youth leader, Sunday school teacher, and church treasurer. He volunteered with Habitat for Humanity and served on the board of Inspiracom.

Dave is survived by his wife, Linda; children Bob, Jeremy, Ashlee, and Jeffrey; 10 grandchildren; and three great-grandchildren. The class extends condolences to them all.

GEORGE WELLS McMURRAY II
1943 – 2025

Wells died April 28, 2025, after a long battle with the effects of prostate cancer.



Wells followed his father, George Wells McMurray '36, to Princeton after graduating from the Bolles School, in Jacksonville, Fla., where he played on the football, baseball, and soccer teams.

At Princeton, he majored in English and wrote his senior thesis on the humor of James Joyce. He belonged to Dial Lodge and played freshman soccer and lightweight football. His roommates included Dave Corcoran and Mark Fleder.

At the time of his death, Wells lived in Santa Fe, N.M., having retired from a 40-plus-year career as

a college counselor director, coach, and teacher. He reported in our 10th Reunion Book that he was director of admissions at New York's Trinity School, and in our 25th Reunion Book that he was director of college counseling at Greenhill School in Addison, Tex.

Wells is survived by his wife, Susan, whom he married senior year, and son, Patrick. The class extends its condolences.

ARTHUR JAMES METTLER
1944 – 2021

Jim died Aug. 13, 2021.

Jim followed his father, Tom Mettler '33, to both Andover and Princeton. At both institutions he was outstanding in soccer and track. At Princeton Jim waited tables in Commons, joined Charter Club, majored in politics, and performed in the musical Showboat. Roommates included Dan Carmichael, Peter Cary, Tom Gilbert, Bob Heinze, Tom Mineo, Ross Odell, Terry Seymour, George Weiksner, and Gary Wilmore '67.

Jim then attended New York University Law School, rooming with classmate Larry Horn. His career was in legal-publication sales.

A lifelong resident of New York State, Jim resided in Suffern with his wife, Ellie. He was active in community affairs, including serving as president of the Antrim Players (the state's oldest community theater) and head deacon of Suffern Presbyterian Church.

Jim's wide-ranging interests included stamp-collecting, boating, fishing, and generally enjoying Lake George, where he owned a lakeside cabin. Jim submitted a photo of his cabin den in the 2018 PAW "Show Your Stripes" contest, earning the title "best Princeton room" for its over-the-top display of Princeton memorabilia.

The class extends its condolences to Ellie; daughters Samantha, Marlo, Mindy, Lauren, Lisa, and Lynda; and Jim's grandchildren.

GARY B. MOUNT
1944 – 2025

Gary died December 29, 2025, the result of glioblastoma brain cancer.

Gary came to Princeton from Princeton (N.J.) High School, where he lettered in football and track.

At Princeton, he majored in psychology, belonged to Tiger Inn, played rugby, and ran track.



The year after graduation, Gary married Pam Hazenhal. Together, they served for three years as Peace Corps volunteers in Micronesia.

Returning to the Princeton area, they purchased a 55-acre farm, Terhune Orchards, which over the years grew into a thriving enterprise of 250 acres.

Gary was a driving force in New Jersey for farming, farmland preservation, and conservation. He was recognized internationally as a leader in fruit tree farming. His 35 years of articles written for Terhune Orchards' newsletter were published in book form as *A Farmer's Life: Notes from Terhune Orchards*.

For years, Gary and Pam hosted '66 gatherings at Terhune Orchards. His 2022 Tiger Talk outlined his life and work. Just weeks before his death, the class honored him with a Locomotive Award.

Gary is survived by Pam, daughters Reuwai '94 and Tannwen '98, son Mark, brothers Lee and Timothy, and grandchildren, to all of whom we extend our condolences.

ROBERT S. MUELLER III
1944–2026

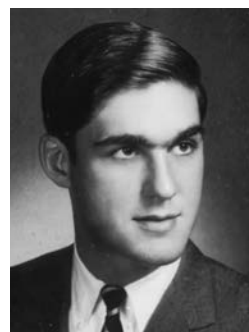
Bob died March 20, in Charlottesville, Va. His family didn't state a cause but disclosed last August that he had been diagnosed with Parkinson's disease in 2021.

Born in New York City, Bob grew up on Philadelphia's Main Line. He came to Princeton from St. Paul's School, in Concord, N.H., where he was captain of the soccer, hockey, and lacrosse teams and served on the student council.

At Princeton, he majored in politics, belonged to Cottage Club, and played varsity hockey and lacrosse. He roomed with Bob Bedell and Sandy Larson senior year.

Following graduation, Bob married Ann Cabell Standish. In 1967, he earned a master's degree in international relations from New York University.

After a his close friend and lacrosse teammate, Marine Corps Capt. Dave Hackett '65, died in combat in Vietnam, Bob enlisted in the Marines. Following Officer Candidate School and Army Ranger School, he deployed to Vietnam. He earned a Bronze Star for valor while leading a rifle brigade. His citation commended



his “courage, aggressive initiative and unwavering devotion to duty at great personal risk”—an apt phrase for his later career in public service. Four months later, he received a Purple Heart after being shot through the thigh with an AK-47 round.

Discharged from the Marines, Bob enrolled in law school at the University of Virginia. In 1976, he became a federal prosecutor in San Francisco, rising to chief of the criminal division for the Northern District of California.

1982, he moved to Boston, where he prosecuted fraud, corruption, money-laundering, and terrorism cases. In 1989, after a time as partner in the Hale and Dorr (now WilmerHale, one of the country’s leading law firms), he joined the Justice Department in Washington, rising to chief of the criminal division.

He oversaw the prosecution of Manuel Noriega, longtime ally of the C.I.A., for narcotics trafficking. He led the effort that resulted in the indictment and eventual conviction of one of Muammar el-Qaddafi’s intelligence officers for the bombing of Pan Am Flight 103 over Lockerbie, Scotland.

In 1993, Bob returned to WilmerHale. Two years later, he telephoned the Department of Justice to volunteer to serve as a homicide prosecutor in Washington, D.C. An astonished Eric Holder eagerly accepted the offer. He served in the role for three years, always answering the telephone with a Joe Friday-like, “Mueller, homicide,” and helping to lower the homicide rate in D.C.

In 2001, President George W. Bush nominated Bob to serve as the sixth director of the F.B.I. The agency he inherited was, in the words of the his *New York Times* obituary, “fatally incapable of carrying out its counterterrorism and counterintelligence missions.” Lines of F.B.I. communication with the White House. Congress, N.S.A., and C.I.A. were broken or in disrepair. Bob took on the task of addressing these and other problems and is credited with transforming the bureau into a force adequate to the counterterrorism challenges of the 21st century. At the same time, he was zealous in protecting civil liberties from intrusion by the federal government and the F.B.I. itself. Bureau also agents exposed the C.I.A.’s “black sites,” reporting torture and abuses at those facilities and in the prisons at Abu Ghraib and Guantanamo Bay.

The tension between the goals of counterterrorism and protecting civil liberties reached its peak when Bob and his immediate superior, Deputy A.G. James Comey, learned of a program, code-named Stellarwind, that authorized the N.S.A. to spy on Americans without search warrants. Bob threatened to resign if the program wasn’t canceled. Preparing for a meeting on the matter with President Bush, he drafted a letter of resignation, folded it, and put it in his pocket. Comey

and Attorney General John Ashcroft joined in the resignation threat, and Bush backed down. Stellarwind was canceled.

At the end of his 12 years at the F.B.I., President Obama hosted a Rose Garden ceremony and proclaimed, “Countless Americans are alive today, and our country is more secure, because of the F.B.I.’s outstanding work under the leadership of Bob Mueller.”

Bob returned to private practice until 2017, when the Justice Department asked him to serve as special counsel in an inquiry into possible efforts by Russian agents to influence the 2016 Presidential election. The investigation led to three convictions.

In 2012, Princeton awarded Bob its highest recognition to an undergraduate alumnus, the Woodrow Wilson Award, citing him as a graduate whose achievements exemplify Wilson’s ideal of “Princeton in the nation’s service.” His address is in our 50th Reunion Book. Bob also spoke to the class in 2016 at our annual Alumni Day dinner.

Bob’s career ended in private practice as a partner in WilmerHale. He is survived by Ann, daughters Cynthia and Melissa, and five grandchildren, to all of whom the class extends its heartfelt condolences. Marine, war hero, lawyer, public servant, patriot: that was Bob Mueller. We were fortunate to know him and to call him a classmate and friend.

JOHN S. NEWBOLD III 1944 – 2022

John, known to classmates as Jock, died May 11, 2022, at his home in Carlisle, Pa.

Originally from the Philadelphia Main Line, Jock came to Princeton from the Haverford School, along with Jeff Reichel, Walt Smedley, Burt Gay, Rob Johnson, Turk Thacher, and Doug Walters. Jock was captain of the Haverford School baseball team.

Jock withdrew from Princeton during freshman year. After graduating from Rollins College in Winter Park, Fla., he enrolled in Officer Candidate School at the Navy Air Station in Pensacola, then went on to serve as a flight instructor at Andrews Air Force Base.

In 1973, Jock and his wife, April, moved to the Carlisle area. He worked as a Cumberland County probation officer for several years and served for 23 years as a helicopter pilot with the Army National Guard. He taught for five years at Vision Quest residence for at-risk children, volunteered for Court Appointed Special



Advocates for Children (CASA), and belonged to St. John's Episcopal Church in Carlisle.

April died in 2020, the year after she and Jock celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary. Jock is survived by son H. Jefferys, daughter Virginia Tilden, and five grandchildren.

ARTHUR ELLSWORTH OSBORNE III
1944 – 2025

Arthur, known as Bud, died February 28, 2025, at his home in Boca Raton, after a 30-year battle with lymphoma.

Bud came to Princeton from New Trier High School, in Winnetka, Ill. He joined Cannon Club. In his sophomore year, he withdrew from Princeton, later graduating from Northwestern University.

He went from Northwestern to a successful career in banking. He was an avid volunteer and a community leader, serving on the boards of Boca Raton Community Hospital, the United Way, and the Association of Retarded Citizens and on the vestry of the Chapel of Saint Andrew. He was an avid diver, finding peace beneath the waves of the Florida Keys.

Bud is survived by his wife Marilyn, daughter Hillary, son David, brother David, and grandchildren, to all of whom the class extends its condolences.



ANOZIE A. OZUMBA
1942 – 2025



Ano died Aug. 25, 2025, in his native Nigeria.

He joined our class as a sophomore in 1963 after graduating from the Government College in Umuahia, Nigeria, where he ran cross country and was house captain and president of the photography club.

At Princeton, he majored in electrical engineering, joined Dial Lodge, worked on *The Princeton Engineer*, belonged to the International Students Organization, and was vice president of the Pan African Students Organization.

Ano earned a Ph.D. in computer science at Rutgers, where he met Michele Ann Hudgins (Douglass '73), whom he married. He began his career in the I.T. department of First National Bank of Central Jersey.

In 1982, he and his family moved to Nigeria, where he was appointed professor of computer science at Anambra State University of Technology. In 1985, the family returned to the U.S., where he rejoined First National Bank in Somerville, N.J. In 1991, he again returned to Nigeria and established Superior Computer Services.

Ano is survived by Michele; son Njikoka; and daughters Obiageli and Adora, to all of whom the class extends its condolences.

RONALD G. PETERS
1944 – 2023

Ron died at his home in Oneonta, N.Y., Feb. 1, 2023.

Born in New York City, Ron attended Great Neck South Senior High School, where he played soccer and basketball. At Princeton, he majored in civil engineering, was a Keyceptor and Orange Key member, and participated in Army ROTC. He belonged to Quadrangle Club and served as vice president his senior year. Roommates included Charley Wertheimer, Ed Townley, and Seth Braunstein.



After graduation, Ron served in the Army for two years, primarily with an artillery unit in Germany, reaching the rank of first lieutenant. In 1971, he earned an M.B.A. in finance from Columbia Business School. He began his business career with Procter & Gamble and then moved into corporate finance and bank lending with Citibank and Oppenheimer & Co.

Ron resided in Oneonta with his companion and partner of many years, Johna Peachin. In addition to Johna, he is survived by sons Greg, Will, and Tim, and granddaughter Eliza, to all of whom the class extends its condolences.

LAWRENCE C. PETROWSKI
1944 – 2022

Larry died July 4, 2022, following a long struggle with liver and kidney disease.

Larry came to Princeton from Southold High, in Southold, Long Island, where he ran track and cross-country and played tennis.

At Princeton he majored in politics, joined Campus Club, served in Air Force ROTC, and was an editor of the *Princetonian* and *AFROTC* magazine.

After graduating from Columbia Law School, he entered active duty with the Air Force, serving from 1970 to 1977 as a judge advocate on bases in South

Dakota, Guam, and Arizona. After active duty, he served as a reservist, retiring as a colonel in 1998.

From the end of active duty with the Air Force until his retirement, Larry practiced law in Phoenix. In addition to a successful legal career, he was active in several nonprofit organizations. He was especially devoted to Princeton and the Class of 1966.

In 2019 Larry received the Class of 1966 Locomotive Award for his decades-long efforts on behalf of veterans of the military services.

Larry is survived by his wife Paula, children Lindsay, Lauren, and Grant, stepson Nicholas, sister Cynthia, and grandchildren, to all of whom the class extends its condolences.



JOEL R. PRIMACK
1945 – 2025



Joel came to Princeton from Gardena (Calif.) High. He majored in physics, belonged to the Woodrow Wilson Society, and was class valedictorian.

His valedictory address, "Science Cannot Give Us Values," warning of the misuse of science, earned praise from Robert Oppenheimer, who was present to receive an honorary degree.

After Princeton, Joel earned his doctorate at Stanford and was a junior member of Harvard's Society of Fellows before joining the faculty of the University of California Santa Cruz. His U.C.S.C. homepage described his focus as "the formation and evolution of galaxies and the nature of the dark matter that makes up most of the matter in the universe."

He wrote several influential books, including *View from the Center of the Universe* and *New Universe and the Human Future*, coauthored by his wife, Nancy Abrams.

He won numerous awards, including the American Academy of Science's Abelson Prize, recognizing his achievements in public service, advancing science in the public interest, and communicating the achievements of science to the public.

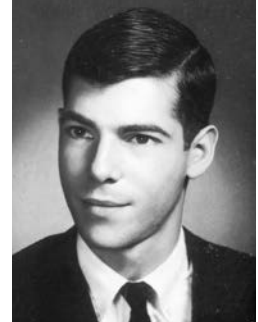
He spoke at Reunions and class gatherings, including his 2021 Tiger Talk, "Adventures in Science and Politics." In 2019 we honored him with a Locomotive Award.

Nancy, daughter Samara Bay '02, and grandson Wilder survive him. The class extends its condolences.

LOUIS H. REICH
1945 – 025

Louis died Jan. 3, 2025.

He came to Princeton from the Horace Mann School, where he was president of the glee club, business manager of the yearbook, and a member of the baseball team. At Princeton, he roomed with Steve Duback and Robert Chester, majored in Germanic languages, ate at Campus Club, was president of the German Club, and sang with the Glee Club.



After Princeton, Louis completed medical school at the University of Pennsylvania and a post-doctoral fellowship at Yale. He served in the Air Force Medical Corps for two years, then established a solo psychiatry practice in New London, Conn., specializing in inpatient psychiatry and the seriously ill.

Retiring in 2010, he and his wife, Susan, moved to Cary, N.C. His routine was to jog four miles three days a week and work out in a gym three days. He was active in his synagogue, often leading services and putting his Glee Club experience to use.

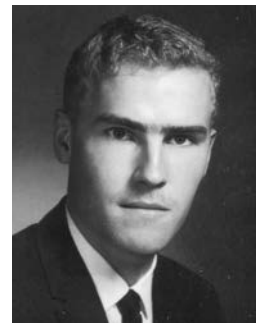
He reported in our 55th reunion book that his motto was "*il dolce far niente*," the sweetness of doing nothing.

The class extends its sympathy to Susan; daughter Trude; and son Sam.

JOSEPH DENNIS RUSSELL
1942 – 2024

Dennis died October 16, 2024, of cancer.

He was born April 22, 1942, in Washington, D.C., and attended Delbarton School, in Morristown, N.J., where he captained the football team and was vice-president of the senior class. At Princeton, which he entered with the Class of 1964, he played J.V. football, majored in chemistry, and was a member of Cap and Gown. He went on to earn a Ph.D. in chemistry at the University of Chicago and a master's in electrical and computer engineering at the University of Wisconsin. He spent most of his working life in San Diego at Teradata and NCR. He is listed as inventor or coinventor on several patents.



He is survived by his wife, Janis, sons Richard and John, daughters Sheri and Michelle, grandchildren, and brother Darryl '65. The class extends its condolences.

HENRY M. RUTLEDGE
1943 – 2025

Henry died Feb. 14, 2025, at his home in Salisbury, Md. He grew up in Hagerstown, Md., and graduated from the nearby St. James School, where he played varsity soccer and ran track. He followed his father, Irvine H. Rutledge '33 and cousin Robert C. White '63 to Princeton.

He majored in English, submitting a senior thesis on the works of Charles Dickens. He took his meals at Terrace Club and worked on the *Bric-a-Brac*. Senior year he roomed with Tom Adams, Ken Boudwin, Jim Folts, and John Godich.

After graduation, Henry earned a law degree at the University of Maryland Law School and embarked on a lifelong career as an attorney, both in private practice and for the U.S. Department of Labor.

Throughout his life, he was committed to volunteerism. He enjoyed golf and hunting, especially with his sons on Hampton, his family estate.

Henry is survived by his wife of 50 years, Mary Louisa; and sons Donald and Macon. The class extends its heartfelt condolences to them.

ROBERT F. SEELY
1944-2026

Bob died peacefully on February 11, 2026, at home in Exeter, N.H.

Born in Englewood, N.J., Bob grew up in New York State's Mid-Hudson Valley. He came to Princeton from the Mount Hermon School (now Northfield Mount Hermon), in Gill, Mass., where he worked on the library staff and on the literary magazine.

At Princeton, Bob studied history and assisted Professor James McPherson in researching the history of racism in Mississippi. He belonged to Cloister Inn. Roommates included Jerry Sumida, Bill Childress, and Fred Forster. He worked out with the lightweight crew freshman year, joined Whig-Clio, and was on the debate team.



After graduation, Bob served in the Army for two years, stationed in Korea.

Following his discharge, Bob earned a law degree from Cornell. He focused his law practice on customs and international trade law, first serving in the U.S. Department of Commerce, then joining the law firm of Katten Muchin & Zavis (now Katten Muchin Rosenman,) in Chicago, later moving to the New York office of Grunfeld Desiderio Lebowitz Silverman & Klestadt, before retiring in 2020.

Bob was an avid gardener and loved antiques. He and his wife, Rebeccah, restored their 1868 Victorian house in New Jersey, leading to its listing on the National Register of Historic Homes. He had a life-long interest in history, current affairs, astronomy, and earth sciences.

Bob is survived by Rebeccah, son Ted and his wife Jessica, grandsons Asher and Max, and many nieces and nephews. The class sends its condolences to all.

ROBERT MYERS SIGLER, JR.
1944 – 2024

Bob died Dec. 13, 2024, ending a decade-long struggle with Alzheimer's and Parkinson's diseases.

Bob graduated from the Seaholm School in Birmingham, Mich. At Princeton, he majored in electrical engineering, belonged to Dial Lodge, was manager of the student laundry, and held a position in the St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church choir.

After graduation he enrolled in the University of Michigan Law School. Following admission to the Michigan bar, he joined General Motors as a patent attorney.

Drafted by the Army in 1970, he was stationed at Dugway Proving Grounds in Utah. Although titled electrical engineering assistant, he devoted most of his time to assisting JAG attorneys.

When his Army tour ended, Bob returned to the G.M. patent department. He worked there until G.M. spun off Delphi, where he completed his career as patent attorney.

Music was central to Bob's life. He began singing in a boy choir and sang in choirs for the rest of his life. Already proficient on the guitar, in the 1970s he mastered the lute and became active in the Lute Society of America.

The class extends its heartfelt condolences to Julie, Bob's wife of 53 years; and to sons Daniel, Mark, and Bill.



G. WILLIAM SISLEY
1944 – 2021

Bill died June 24, 2021, after a three-year battle with non-Hodgkin lymphoma.

Bill came to Princeton from Morristown (N.J.) High School, where he was president of the student council and played varsity basketball and baseball.



At Princeton he majored in politics, ate at Cannon, played interclub sports, and was a member of the Orange Key Society and the Stock Investment Club.

After graduation Bill enrolled in New York University Law School, earning a law degree in 1969. His legal career included service as in-house counsel for two major corporations and as managing partner of the Stamford (Conn.) office of the firm now known as Pillsbury Winthrop Shaw Pittman.

A natural athlete, Bill won squash championships at the Princeton Club of New York and club championships in tennis at Innis Arden Country Club in Old Greenwich, Conn. He continued playing tennis regularly until the month before his death.

Always loyal to Princeton, Bill served as a Schools Committee interviewer, class reunion committee member, and special-gifts solicitor for Annual Giving.

He is survived by his wife, Eileen; children Amanda and Andrew; stepson Daniel; granddaughter Evangeline; brother Edward; and several nieces and nephews. The class extends its heartfelt condolences to them.

DANIEL J. SKVIR
1945 – 2025

Archpriest Daniel John Skvir died March 23, 2025, after battling cancer. He had retired only three months earlier, after 36 years as chaplain of Princeton's Holy Transfiguration Chapel.

Dan grew up in Jersey City and graduated from Ferris High School, where he was in the band, played tennis, and was class valedictorian. At Princeton he majored in religion, ate at Campus Club, played in the marching band, and helped establish the Orthodox Christian Fellowship chapter.

After graduating, he enrolled in the General Theological Seminary as a Rockefeller Scholar, then studied at St. Vladimir's Seminary, graduating as valedictorian.



Dan began his ministry in Jersey City. In 1989 he was assigned as chaplain of Holy Transfiguration Chapel. He served as a teacher and administrator at Princeton Day School for 41 years. In recognition of his contributions to liturgical music, he was awarded the Order of Saint Romanos by the Holy Synod of Bishops.

Everyone who met Dan was impressed by his warmth, understanding, and good humor.

Dan is survived by his wife, Tassie, whom he met when they were undergraduates, daughters Nika and Kyra, sister Natalea, and brother, John, to all of whom the class extends its condolences.

EUGENE C. STRUCKHOFF III
1944 – 2025

Gene died on September 21, 2025, in Enfield, N.H., after a long illness.

Gene came to Princeton from Phillips Exeter Academy, entering with the class of 1967. He majored in



history, belonged to Cloister Inn, and played interclub sports.

A Harvard Law grad, Gene practiced law in New Hampshire with the firm of Lothstein Guerriero. He became one of the country's leading experts in defending those charged with driving under the influence of alcohol or drugs. He was one of the founders of the National Col-

lege for DUI defense.

Gene reported in our 55th reunion book that he resided in McCleod, Mont., but he moved back to Enfield toward the end of his life. He was an avid photographer and was especially interested in bird photography.

He was one of the founders of The Fourth Place, in Hanover, N.H., "a community space for everyone who loves, games, comics, and geek culture."

A photograph of Gene wearing a mask was the inspiration for our Masked Man project during the Covid pandemic.

Gene is survived by his son, Ian, to whom the class extends its condolences.

DAVID S. SWAYZE
1944 – 2026

Dave died January 23, 2026. The immediate cause was a concussion sustained in a fall. For several years, he had suffered from macular degeneration, robbing him of vision.

A life-long Delaware resident, Dave came to Princeton from Wilmington's Mount Pleasant High, where

he was student council president and member of the wrestling team.

At Princeton, Dave majored in politics and belonged to Quadrangle Club. He was in Whig-Clio and the Pre-Law Society and on the U.C.C. Academic Committee. Roommates included Dave Burnett, Jim Papa, and Paul Kepler.

After Princeton, he earned a law degree from the University of Pennsylvania. Upon graduation, he joined a corporate law firm in Wilmington. Most recently, he was a principal in the Parkowski, Guerke & Swayze law firm.

Dave was active in politics, serving as close advisor to leaders of both major parties, including governors and Congressional Representatives. For several years he was chief of staff for Governor Pete DuPont '56. In 2022, Governor John Carney awarded him The Order of the First State, described by The Delaware Bar Journal as the highest and most prestigious honor a governor can award.

Dave is survived by his wife, Carolyn De Pew-Swayze, and children, Lisa and Scott, to whom the Class offers its condolences.

ROBERT M. TOBIN
1945 – 2023

Bob died March 25, 2023.

Born in Newark, N.J., he graduated from Irvington High School, where he played football, served on the yearbook staff, and was a member of the radio and math clubs.

At Princeton, he roomed with Doug Greene and Dave Pierce '67, majored in electrical engineering, belonged to Dial Lodge, and participated in I.A.A. sports.



Following Princeton, Bob received a doctorate at U.C.L.A. Unhappy with electrical engineering, he earned a medical degree at the University of Miami. After completing his residency in New Jersey, he returned to California, where he worked as an anesthesiologist and senior physician scientist with Zynx Health. He resided in Wood-

bridge, N.J., at the time of his death.

Health concerns prevented him from attending our 50th reunion but he recalled as one of his "most memorable Princeton experiences" his telephone conversa-

tions with classmates who called from the event.

Bob is survived by his daughter, Kimberly Wilson, as well as several grandchildren, to whom the class extends its heartfelt condolences.

PHILIP C. TOWER
1945 – 2018

Phil died Jan. 28, 2018.

A lifelong resident of the Phoenix area, Phil graduated from Phoenix Central High School, where he was a member of the student senate and ran track.

At Princeton, he majored in history, ate at Tower Club, participated in freshman and varsity crew, belonged to Whig-Clio, and worked at the thesis-binding agency and the infirmary.

After Princeton, Phil earned a law degree from Arizona State University. He then served three years as a Marine Judge Advocate officer, including a tour of duty in Vietnam.

Honorably discharged, he entered private law practice in Phoenix. From 1991 to 2001, he was as president of his own staffing company while serving as general counsel of International Conference Resorts. In 2002, he returned to private law practice.

Phil served on the board of the Presbyterian Service Agency and was a founding board member of the Phoenix Central High Alumni Association.

The class extends its condolences to Phil's sister, Betsy Tower Willcuts, and the rest of his family.



THOMAS PEYTON TOWLER
1944 – 2023

Tom died June 22, 2023. He was a resident of Summerland, Calif., having lost his Malibu home to fire.

Tom came to Princeton from Troy (Mich.) High School. In our 55th reunion book, he described his early departure from Princeton: "I was booted out of Princeton at the end of my sophomore year for hitting the trifecta, academic, Chapel, and social probation." He never returned.

Tom enlisted in the Army, serving for a year in Vietnam. He enrolled at the Art Institute of Chicago and later at L'Ecole Jacques, in Paris. He



was an NEH fellow and a fellow of the American Film Institute.

His academic career included service as a professor and department chair at Cornish College in Seattle, guest artist at the University of Iowa, and visiting professor and guest artist at the California State University, Long Beach.

Tom had a successful 30-year career in television screenwriting and producing. He was a producer and writer for JAG and loved working with Edward Woodward as a writer for the original *The Equalizer*.

Tom is survived by wife, Enrica, and daughter, Paige, to whom the class extends its condolences.

RALPH EDWARD TOWNLEY
1944 – 2020

The class recently learned that Ed died in December 2020 from respiratory failure due to Covid.

A native Pennsylvanian, Ed entered Princeton with our class but did not graduate. His roommates included Seth Braunstein, Larry Lindsey, and Ron Peters. He was a member of Campus Club and roomed there with Tim Barrows and Norm Tabler over the summer of 1966.



Ed had a great interest in theater and was active in Theater Intime. Once in the late 1960s, when he and a classmate attended a performance of *Man of La Mancha*, starring Jose Ferrer '33, a note from Ed invoking the Princeton connection secured a backstage pass and lengthy conversation with the star.

In 1991, Ed was ordained as a Unity minister. He served Unity ministries in Beaverton, Ore., Dallas, Hartford, Conn., and Northborough, Mass. He was the author of *Kingdom Come: A Guide to the Book of Revelation* and *The Secret According to Jesus*, a guide to the Sermon on the Mount.

The class extends its condolences to Ed's family.

PETER N. UPTON
1944 – 2023

Peter died Nov. 21, 2023.

He came to Princeton from Amherst Central High School in Buffalo, N.Y., where he was captain of the soccer team and ran track. At Princeton, he majored in philosophy, played 150-pound football, belonged to Cannon Club, and worked in the student laundry.

After graduation, Peter enlisted in the Navy. Deco-

rated for his tours of duty as a special services officer in Vietnam, he documented that service in several articles. One of them, a short story titled "Death of the 43," served as the catalyst for a documentary, *Be Good, Smile Pretty*, aired on both PBS and 60 Minutes.

Peter's fellow Navy and Vietnam veteran, former Secretary of State John Kerry, spoke movingly at his memorial service.

After discharge, Peter earned a Juris Doctor degree from Boston University and joined the Navy JAG corps as a judge. Later, he was engaged in private law practice in Hartford. He also pursued his true passion, painting, until his sight failed later in life.

Peter is survived by his two children, Hilary Upton-Walker and Patrick Upton, and his granddaughter, Carmela Walker. The class extends its heartfelt condolences to them all.

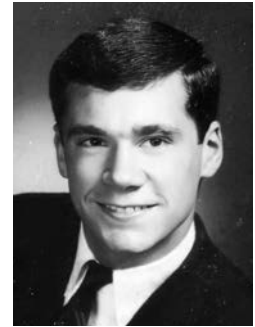
JAMES A. WALKER
1944 – 2023

Jim died March 18, 2023, in Las Vegas, where he lived.

Born in Bethlehem, Pa., he was educated at Deerfield Academy, where he edited the school newspaper, belonged to the debating society, and was class valedictorian. At Princeton, he was a University Scholar, majored in physics, belonged to Cap and Gown, and played jazz piano. Following Princeton, he earned a doctorate from Harvard Business School.

Jim's career in wind energy and conservation earned him international acclaim. He was co-founder and first president of Princeton Energy Group. He had more than 30 years of experience at senior levels of state and federal government, including the Office of Management and Budget and the California Energy Commission. He served as C.E.O. of EDF Renewable Energy, a leading developer and operator of wind energy projects in North America, and he led renewable energy projects in Greece, Turkey, and Mexico. His service for the American Wind Wildlife Institute led the organization to create the James A. Walker Future of Wind and Wildlife Fellowship.

Jim's survivors include his wife, Anastasia; sons James and Stephen; and brother Graham, to all of whom the class extends its condolences.



MARTIN J. WINCH
1944-2025

Martin died on November 26, 2025, in Oregon Health & Science University Hospital, in Portland, Ore., after a battle with mesothelioma.

Martin was born in Portland. He graduated from Portsmouth Priory School, in Portsmouth, R.I., where he was editor of both the literary magazine and yearbook, as well as a member of the glee club and cross-country team.

At Princeton, he majored in history and wrote a senior thesis titled "The Mythical West, 1800-1830." He was president of the Footnotes and participated in the Trenton Tutorial Project. His roommates included Dave MacCarroll, Dick Wile, and Lauson Cashdollar.

After graduating, Martin joined VISTA as a volunteer, working with migrant agricultural laborers in Texas. He then moved to Denver, where he earned a law degree in 1971.

That same year, he married Carolyn, and the couple moved to Tumalo, Ore. They had two children, Paula, born in 1972, and Peter, born five years later. Martiin worked for the Tumalo Irrigation District. In the 1980s, he wrote a history of the project, "Tumalo, Thirsty Land," published in the *Oregon Historical Quarterly*.

Martin and Carolyn created the Deschutes Independent School. Working with the Deschutes Basin Land Trust, he dedicated himself to restoring Whychus Creek. To honor Whychus Creek, he wrote *Biography of a Place: Passages Through a Central Oregon Meadow*.

In the 1990s, he served as executive director of Jesuit Volunteer Corps, Northwest, a position he regarded as the most satisfying of his professional life.

In September 2023, he was diagnosed with mesothelioma. Through treatment, he was able to live a robust life for another two years, and he was able to provide care for Carloyn in her final year.

In the last chapter of his life, he found love and companionship with Patricia Bradley.

Martin is survived by his children, Paula and Peter, grandchildren Elo and Ahti, and Carolyn. The class extends its sympathies to all.

JOSIAH OLIVER WOLCOTT III
1944 - 2021

Joe died Dec. 18, 2021, after a long illness.

A native of Dover, Del., and son of Josiah Oliver Wolcott Jr. '34, Joe came to Princeton from the West-



minster School in Simsbury, Conn., where he edited the literary magazine, played football, and was president of the Marlboro Men.

At Princeton Joe majored in English and wrote a novel in lieu of a research thesis. He belonged to Colonial Club, served on the *Nassau Lit* staff, and worked in the library and for Food Services. Roommates included John Lumpkin, Turk Thacher, John Hodge, Andy Roomet, Ernie Cruikshank, Bud Osborne, and Jim Cooper.

Joe and his wife, Michelle, lived on a 10-acre plot outside Willits, in northern California. They kept two horses and about 40 chickens. Joe loved reading, writing, woodworking, gardening, and tending the livestock. In tribute to Michelle's Quebecois heritage, Joe became fluent in French.

The class extends its heartfelt condolences to Michelle and her two sons, to whom Joe was a loving stepfather.

JEFFREY H. S. WOOD
1944 - 2022

Jeff died Jan. 14, 2022, ending his courageous two-decade battle with a neurological autoimmune disease.

Jeff grew up in Philadelphia and attended Episcopal Academy, where he was on the yearbook staff and a member of the debating society and glee club.

At Princeton Jeff majored in English, joined Cap and Gown, and was a Keyceptor and Orange Key guide. He was lead guitar in the Hustlers, a rock band that performed up and down the East Coast, including playing backup to the Exciters at junior prom.

After graduation Jeff served in the Army, producing recruitment and propaganda films. Following discharge, he traveled widely in Europe by motorcycle, then spent six months in Paris, where he learned to cook.

After Paris Jeff settled in Manhattan, where he devoted himself to writing, including several plays produced off-Broadway. In 2005 *The New York Times* interviewed Jeff and his wife, Pamela Jenrette, for a column on life in a penthouse adjoining then-mayor Mike Bloomberg's townhouse. "He has not popped over for a cup of sugar," reported Pamela.



Though wheelchair-bound in his last years, Jeff maintained his cheerful disposition and zest for life.

The class extends heartfelt condolences to Jeff's beloved Pamela.

Graduated with another class and kept affiliation with it::

MEBENIN AWIPI '65
1941 – 2022

Meb came to us from Nigeria on a full scholarship sophomore year, played one year of soccer, and received a degree in electrical engineering in 1965. He went on to Columbia to earn a master's degree and Ph.D. in that field along with computer science.



Meb worked at Bell Labs in the 1970s, earned several patents, and did foundational work on modern fiber-optic phone communication. The next five years were spent as a lecturer at the University of Lagos and director of the Center for Special Projects at Rivers State University of Science and Technology. He then settled in Nashville and taught at Tennessee State University for 22 years, retiring as a professor in 2006.

He is remembered fondly by his students as a person with high standards and a tireless advocate and driving force for his students. He was a founding member of the North American chapter of the Government College Ughelli Old Boys Association of Nigeria, serving as president and a lifelong member. He also served on the Metro Nashville school board for four years, continuing to support and advocate on behalf of his students.

Meb died Feb. 4, 2022. He is survived by his wife of 52 years, Dr. Georgina Maina Awipi; children Tolomo, Embele, and Tari; one grandson; and a brother.

RICHARD KATILAVAS '69
1943 – 2022

Ric died Oct. 23, 2022, after a brief hospital stay and short-term rehabilitation. He was 78 and lived in Crest Hill, Ill.

Following graduation from Morgan Park High School in Chicago, Ric entered Princeton in 1962 with the Class of 1966. He participated in fencing, football, and track and joined Elm Club. Ric later took a leave of absence and returned to Chicago. He attended classes at the University of Illinois Chicago Circle, was certified as a medical technician, and worked at Holy Cross Hospital.

Ric re-entered Princeton as a member of the Class of

1969, changing his major from English to biochemistry. During his remaining time on campus he ate independently and worked part time as a medical technologist.

After Princeton, Ric worked for Warner-Lambert, Ciba-Geigy, and then Hoffmann-La Roche doing regulatory compliance in product-information documentation. Concurrently, he did graduate work at Rutgers in chemical engineering with a biochemical option.

Always fond of running, Ric completed 12 marathons and two ultra-marathons before being seriously injured by a drunk driver. He returned to Chicago, where he worked for the Epilepsy Foundation of Chicago. Most recently, he was a substitute teacher for the Joliet and Lockport high school districts.

Ric is survived by his sisters, Sharon Medek and Lin Oliver; their families; and his long-time friend Alice Sunke. We extend to all of them our heartfelt sympathy.

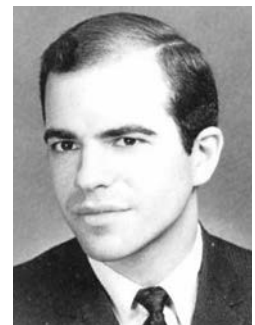


NEIL OMENN 2023 '68
1944 – 2023

Neil died March 13, 2023, in West Palm Beach, Fla., of complications of cardiac amyloidosis during a routine admission.

Neil matriculated with the Class of 1966 but graduated with the Class of 1968, following a gap for Army service. He came to Princeton from Chester (Pa.) High School, where he was active in student council and track; he played French horn in the state band and orchestra. He majored in politics, writing his thesis on "Private Pre-Payment Plans for Medical Care," and was active in Whig-Clio, WPRB, the Trenton Tutorial Project, and the Latin Affairs Committee. He was awarded a research grant by the Committee on Regional Studies. Neil ate independently and lived at 126 1903 his senior year.

Following graduation, he was employed in fiscal affairs for the City of Philadelphia. He subsequently became an investment adviser and then assisted his father in managing family investments in Boynton Beach, Fla. He was an active contributor and supporter of several charitable organizations, including the Omenn Fund for Dental Services for Needy Children and Populations at the Hebrew University/Hadassah



Medical Center Dental School in Jerusalem. He was an avid tennis player and played four times a week until the time of his passing.

Neil was preceded at Princeton by his brother, Gil

'61. His family is making a gift to Princeton, and a University professorship will be established in Neil's name. The class offers its deepest sympathies to his extended family and friends.

THE PRINCETON CLASS OF 1966 LOCOMOTIVE AWARD

First presented in 2017, the Princeton Class of 1966 Locomotive Award recognizes classmates embodying the university's motto of "Princeton in the nation's service and the service of humanity." The award's name derives from the Princeton "Locomotive," a cheer rendered with notable robustness by the class at Reunions and other campus events over the years.

To date, we've presented the award to 18 classmates, including the nine, profiled here, honored since our 55th reunion. The previous nine are Jody Kretzmann, Bruce Furie, Jim Timbie, Lewis MacAdams, Larry Petrowski, Joel Primack, Terry Eakin, Bruce Ribner, and Mark Levine. See our 55th Reunion Book, pp. 274-278, for their profiles. Additional information on recipients is available on the '66 website, tiger66.org.

MAY 2022: TOM TUREEN

Tom came to Princeton as part of a large contingent — six in all — from St. Louis Country Day School. He majored in English, ate at Colonial, helped edit the *Nassau Lit*, and ran the Ski Club.

The summer following his sophomore year, a job as a recreation aide at a Bureau of Indian Affairs boarding school in Pierre, South Dakota, convinced him to go



Tom Tureen

to law school to represent American Indian tribes.

He spent ten years as a staff attorney with the Native American Rights Fund, where he won the return of 300,000 acres for some of the poorest and most forgotten tribes. After leaving NARF he formed the law firm Tureen and Margolin, which played a central role in establishing tribal rights to conduct gaming. An investment bank he founded,

Tribal Assets Management, financed the Mashantucket Pequot's Foxwoods Resort and Casino, in Connecticut, and arranged a string of tribal leveraged buyouts starting with Dragon Cement, New England's only cement plant, by the Passamaquoddy Tribe in Maine, a transaction that became a Harvard Business School case study. His firm's other achievements included the first utility-scale solar project on an Indian reservation and tribal investment in a high-voltage transmission system, enabling California to obtain a third of its electricity from renewable sources.

He took a few years off from his work with tribes to co-found Nacero, Inc., a Houston-based developer of cleaner shipping fuel, and is currently advising a tribally owned developer of large-scale data storage.

A 6,000-hour pilot, Tom has owned various aircraft over the years, including one he operated from an airport he built on an island in the Bay of Fundy for \$100.



Glen Goltz, left, presents Locomotive Award to Bill Leahy

NOVEMBER 2022: BILL LEAHY

Bill ("Roller") entered Princeton from New Trier High School. As a pre-med he majored in biology and continued his medical training at Northwestern with residencies in pediatrics and adult neurology. He co-founded a large

suburban Washington, D.C., neurology medical group.

His Locomotive Award recognizes him as founder of the High School Home Health Educational Foundation and his leadership role in Princeton AlumniCorps.

The High School Home Health Educational Foundation trains home health-care workers to serve home-bound seniors. It is program for inner-city high-school seniors combining after-school classroom instruction with on-the-job training and mentoring at senior-care retirement facilities.

Princeton Alumni Corps was an outgrowth of Project 55, the Class of 1955's public service initiative, which underwrote fellowships and summer internships for Princeton students working in community organizations.

Bill became president of Project 55, which under his leadership acquired a new name — Princeton AlumniCorps — along with a broader vision and a formal affiliation with the university. It has gone on to partner with more than 500 other public-service organizations worldwide and to place more than 2,000 Princeton students in fellowships to learn the skills of civic involvement and to advance social change.

As Glenn Goltz noted in his remarks at Bill's Locomotive Award ceremony, he is a master in combining problems into creative and sustainable solutions and in finding ways of helping others to help others.

FEBRUARY 2023: TIM SMITH

Tim came to us from Mt. Lebanon High School, in Pittsburgh, majored in history, and ate at Dial. His many extracurriculars included the Chapel Deacons, an activity that predicted the future.

He won a Fulbright to the University of Munich and returned to Columbia for a J.D./M.B.A. After a brief stop in corporate law, for the next 36 years he pursued a financial-services career in New York and San Francisco, initially with American Express and then in the insurance industry, ultimately as a senior V.P. at Marsh & McLennan, from which he retired in 2012.

Tim and Ilia had been parishioners at the Episcopal Church of St. Mary the Virgin since 1979. Tim played many parishioner roles there, including two terms on the parish vestry, leading a lay visitor ministry for ill, disabled, and elderly parishioners, and mentoring newly ordained priests and ministers.

On February 24, 2004, Tim and Ilia's daughter Felicia was murdered in San Francisco. In the midst of profound grief, Tim was called to a diaconal vocation. He continued to work at his previous career for several years, but immediately increased his involvement serving others, especially those outside the walls of the



Tim Smith, left, accepting Locomotive Award from Steve Harwood

church. In 2012, he entered deacons' seminary at the Church Divinity School of the Pacific in Berkeley, and subsequently was ordained a deacon at Grace Cathedral, in San Francisco.

Tim's entire life since 2012 has been one of service to those in special need. He has walked the streets at night speaking and praying with the homeless and disenfranchised, served as chaplain at San Francisco General Hospital, led a partnership between his parish and the S.F./Marin Food Bank delivering food to home-bound seniors and disabled, led pandemic phone trees to those in special need, conducted worship services at residential shelters and on the street, and accompanied undocumented individuals to residency hearings.

FEBRUARY 2024: ROCKY BARRETT

Rocky entered Princeton from Shawnee High School, in Shawnee, Okla. He was with us just two years, long enough to join Cannon Club, and then moved back to Oklahoma, ultimately graduating from Oklahoma City University and attending the M.B.A. program there.

He comes from a family with a long history of leadership in the Citizen Potawatomi Nation in Oklahoma. He became vice chairman in 1971 and since 1985 has served as chairman, an elected position for which he has been re-elected many times. He was instrumental in the creation and adoption of the Potawatomi constitution and statutes. For his work he was named to the Oklahoma Hall of Fame in 2023.

Rocky is also president of a drilling company and an Angus cattle ranch, and he helped save and build



Rocky Barrett and colleague Linda Capps, vice chair of the Citizen Potawatomi Nation of Oklahoma

a tribally owned national bank. He has received many national and state awards and was a delegate to the U.N. Declaration on the Rights of Indigenous People.

In our 55th reunion book his list of activities include Potawatomi culture, shooting, hunting, fishing, boating, woodworking, and public speaking. Also, playing hard "at what might be golf. Motorcycles. Read a lot of history. Un-

fortunately, I work a 60-hour week and travel 15 to 20 weekends per year with my tribal responsibilities, so there isn't a lot of time for other things."

MAY 2024: JEFF SHAFER

Jeff came to Princeton from Crown Point High School, in Indiana. At Princeton he majored in economics, ate at Elm, and was active at Whig-Clio and as a WPRB announcer. He served as an artillery officer with the First Infantry Division in Vietnam and then went on to master's and Ph.D. degrees in economics from Yale.

After stints at the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, the Federal Reserve Board, and the Council of Economic Advisers, Jeff worked at the Organisation for Economic Co-operation and Development (O.E.C.D.), 1984-93. In 1993 he joined the U.S. Treasury Department as assistant secretary and then under secretary for international affairs, involved with both developed and developing countries and with strengthening the I.M.F. and multilateral development banks. He also



Jeff Shafer, left, and Locomotive Award presenter Jon Holman

was responsible for the inter-agency process reviewing foreign investment in the U.S.

He moved out of public-sector government work in 1997, spending 14 years with Citigroup: working with foreign governments, establishing and running their Economic and Political Strategies Group, and ultimately as vice chairman of global banking with responsibility for Asia Pacific.

Jeff "retired" in 2011. Since then, he has taught at the Princeton School of International and Policy Affairs and at Yale, Carnegie Mellon, and Columbia. He has been a member of the board of managers of S&P Global Ratings and chairman of the Board of the National Committee on American Foreign Policy. He also has been involved with the National Committee on U.S.-China Relations.

FEBRUARY 2025: CARL FELDBAUM

Carl graduated from Lower Merion High School, in Ardmore, Pa. At Princeton he majored in biology, ate at Cannon, and played multiple sports. As he puts it, "I spent my first 30 years growing up in Philadelphia, the next 30 growing up in Washington, D.C., and the last 20 in Ketchum, Idaho, growing some, losing some, reflecting more."

After earning a law degree from Penn, he served as a Philadelphia assistant D.A. (1970-73) and as an assistant Watergate special prosecutor (1973-75); inspector general for defense intelligence (1976-79); assistant to the Secretary of Energy (1979-80); president of Palomar Corp., a national security "think tank" (1980-87); vice-president for strategic planning at System Planning Corp., a defense contractor working largely with the intelligence community (1987-88); chief of staff for Sen. Arlen Specter (1988-93); president of the Biotechnology Industry Organization (1993-2005); and member of various nonprofit and for-profit biotech boards (2005-23).

Carl also took two "sabbaticals" to go sailing (1972) and experience life on a Texas ranch (1976). While at Palomar he coauthored a book, *Looking the Tiger in the Eye: Confronting the Nuclear Threat*, a *New York Times* "Book of the Year" and Christopher Medal winner.



Carl Feldbaum and Barbara Slough '73



Henry Von Kohorn accepting Locomotive Award from '66 president Rick Bowers

MAY 2025: HENRY VON KOHORN

We honored Henry with the Locomotive Award as founder of the Princeton Prize in Race Relations, our class's signature contribution to advancing the university's mission of Princeton in the nation's service.

The Princeton Prize recognizes high-school students who've made a difference in furthering the cause of race relations in their schools or communities. In the 23 years since its inception, the prize has been presented to more than 2,300 students nationwide. Winners receive a cash prize of \$2,500 and take part in an annual symposium on race held at Princeton.

It was Henry who came up with the idea for the prize, then followed through in a systematic way to make it a reality. Early on, he enlisted the support of two key university officers, Dean of Admission Fred Hargadon and President Shirley Tilghman (coincidentally,

both '66 honorary classmates). Fred and Shirley signed on to the concept and encouraged Henry to proceed.

The program began with two pilot programs in Boston and Washington, then scaled up. Today, scores of alumni volunteers from our class and others serve on the Prize's 28 regional committees to select honorees. National board members have included Bud D'Avella, Owen Mathieu, Jim Parmentier, and Brian Breuel.

The university has now adopted the prize, incorporating it into its Alumni Association — of which Henry is a past president — and providing administrative support and funding.

NOVEMBER 2025: GARY MOUNT

Gary's Locomotive Award recognizes him for his leadership role in helping New Jersey, the Garden State, live up to its name. In honoring Gary we also pay tribute to Pam Mount, his partner in life and work for 60-plus years.

Pam and Gary met at Princeton High School. They dated throughout Gary's four years at Princeton, married in 1967, and spent three transformative years as Peace Corps volunteers in Micronesia, in the South Pacific. In 1970 they returned home and moved to Bucks County, where Gary sold real estate. He was good at selling real estate, but it didn't satisfy. Gary had grown up on an apple farm a few miles from campus and came from a line of Central New Jersey farmers stretching back to the 1700s.

So farming was in his blood, and a farmer he was bound to be. But when he and Pam began looking for a



Terhune Orchards, Nov. 5, 2025, Locomotive Award presentation to Gary Mount. Front row: Leighton Chen, Nancy Merritt, Gary and Pam Mount, Sarah Jones, Dorothy Plohn, Lea Breuel. Back row: Kay Chen, Bob Nahas, Virg Nahas, Jim Merritt, Bert Kerstetter, Charles Plohn.



TurkThacher with Simran Sahoo '28 and Sophie Nash '26, holders of Thacher Family Memorial Scholarships who did summer internships at Baker Industries.

farm for sale in the Princeton area, they were told that in Mercer County, no one had purchased a farm for actual farming in 25 years — farmers were selling to developers for building subdivisions, office complexes, and shopping malls — not, in Gary's words, "to young couples with dreams of working the land."

But the Mounts were undeterred. In 1975 they found a small farm for sale in Lawrence Township — Terhune Orchards — and bought it for way more than they could afford, borrowing to the hilt and maxing out on their credit card. A few years later, Sam Hamill '60, of the nonprofit New Jersey Future, recruited Gary to lead a grassroots effort resulting in the Farmland Preservation Act of 1982, a state law that enabled farmers to sell their property with a deed restriction limiting its future use to farming. Today, a third of New Jersey's farmland is preserved in this way.

Gary's award ceremony took place at Terhune Orchards during the 50th anniversary of the Mounts' enlightened stewardship. What began as a 55-acre property growing apples, peaches, and pears is now 250 acres of preserved farmland growing more than 50 varieties of crops, with a winery and a host of educational and family programs drawing 700,000 visitors a year.

FEBRUARY 2026: TURK THACHER

The class honored Turk Thacher for his leadership of Baker Industries, a nonprofit workforce development program serving greater Philadelphia.

Baker Industries contracts with small businesses for services such as packaging, mailing, and fulfillment. The work is done in-house, at two Baker facilities, by vulnerable adults — the disabled, former substance

abusers, ex-offenders, the homeless. The goal is to integrate them into the larger workforce through jobs that build their skills and self-esteem and instill a work ethic. It is a communal effort. "We support and accept them for who they are," notes Turk. "They interact with staff, volunteers, and each other daily. Birthdays are acknowledged, holidays celebrated, life's joys and sorrows shared. There's no other organization that successfully blends these very different types of individuals in a training and rehabilitation program. And we do it without government support."

Turk grew up in Gladwyne, Pa., and attended Haverford School. At Princeton he majored in engineering and was a member of Cannon. He served in the Navy as engineering officer aboard a minesweeper based in Sasebo, Japan, and later earned an M.B.A. from Wharton. He joined Sherman Supersonics Industries, a maker of car-wash systems, and within two years became its president.

After Sherman was bought out, in 1992, Turk and a Haverford friend purchased the Humpty Dumpty Potato Chip Company, which they later sold to a Canadian firm. He then worked two years for a national nonprofit. In 2002, the founders of Baker Industries hired him as its C.E.O. "It was the perfect fit for me," Turk recalls. "They were looking for someone from the small business for-profit world — not a social worker — with fund-raising experience as well as experience working with volunteers."

Years ago, Turk endowed a scholarship fund in memory of his dad and uncle, John H. Thacher '41 and F. William Thacher '38, which annually supports five undergraduates. Some of them have served as summer interns at Baker Industries, including two last year.

In addition to recognizing him for his service to humanity, the class is deeply indebted to Turk and his cohort, Tiny Morgan, for their contributions over several decades as our reunion chairmen. They exemplify the spirit of '66 that truly makes us the Overall Class.

For more on Baker Industries, see <https://www.bakerindustries.org/>.



The Princeton Class of 1966 Locomotive Award

STORIES & REFLECTIONS

WE GATHER TOGETHER

For Pam and Gary Mount, on the occasion of our
Reunions dinner at Terhune Orchards, May 24, 2025

A passing shower splatters
The plate glass window at the end
Of this high-ceilinged room. In a nearby
Window, somewhat to the right,
A rainbow's radiance dazzles
Our ageing yet delighted eyes.

WHERE ONCE THE BROAD-TRUNKED AGED TREES

Where once those broad-trunked aged trees had stood,
Young trees now spread their branches out and upward
In their stately stead, as this campus expands and grows.
And as we stroll among our wraith-like memories,
We observe young faces heading to and from
Classes, dormitories or a place to eat,
As the college-year is coming to its end.

Those young faces face a future they don't know.
We did, as well, with the war in Vietnam
Determining what we did that followed
Our time in the hallowed halls of academe.
Graduating, the future should just glow,
But the hand of fate can disrupt all our plans.
The chapel choir can become a chorus of crows.

And yet, here we are, our sixtieth almost done.
We attend this service for classmates who are gone,
Some long departed, while others recently.
They, too, had walked or sat beneath these trees,
Aware of the beauty that surrounds us still
And gives comfort on this journey from where
We are today to where our adulthood commenced.

— ANDREW LITTAUER

Remembering Bill Bradley '65

His varsity years were a magical time to be at Princeton

Like most members of the Class of 1966, I feel fortunate to have attended Princeton during the three years that Bill Bradley '65 played basketball in the archaic confines of Dillon Gym. Bradley was arguably the best collegiate player of his era. His array of shots and pinpoint passing were breathtaking. In our junior year he led Princeton to a 23-6 season and a Final Four appearance in the NCAA playoffs. (The Tigers' Ivy record was 13-1. Their single loss — to Cornell, 70-69, in an early-season game at Ithaca — was later avenged at home, 107-84.) Six decades after hanging up his "42" jersey, Bradley still holds Princeton's records for points in a career (2,503), season (464), and game (58). He went on to play 10 years with the New York Knicks and was a starting forward on its championship teams of 1970 and 1973. He was later inducted into the NBA Hall of Fame. Not to mention his off-court achievements as a Rhodes scholar, three-term U.S. Senator (1979-97), and all-around exemplary human being.

Following are a few Bradley stories and reflections by members of our class. — J.I.M.

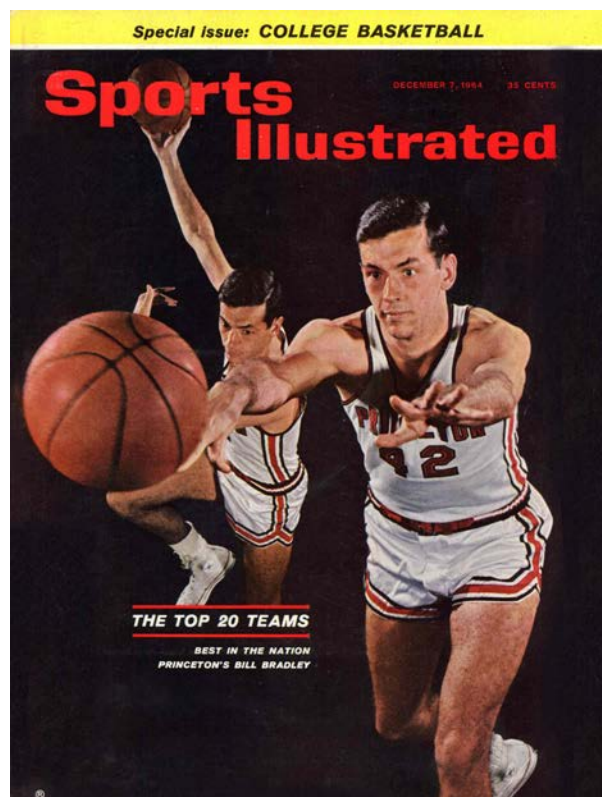
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LANNY JONES:

"Bill Bradley Returns Home For Midterms"
(*Daily Princetonian*, November 4, 1964)

Bill Bradley pulled some rumpled clothes and books out of a handbag, scratched his head, and tried to answer a question that will follow him the rest of his life: What was it like at the Tokyo Olympics?

A tremendously eye-opening experience," Bradley said. "For the first time in my life I felt isolated as an American. I learned a heck of a lot about people — what they think, what they value and what they hope for."



The S.I. of December 7, 1964, featured a cover story by Frank Deford '61 titled "An Ivy Leaguer Is the Best"

The Princeton All-American arrived in his Dodge-Osborne room late Tuesday, exactly 40 hours after boarding a plane in Hong Kong. Right now, the problems of history midterms and room-cleaning have replaced his concern about seven-foot Russian centers. "I can't really capture my feeling for the whole trip in words," Bradley stated. "It was an immense challenge — mentally, emotionally, psychologically and physically."

He observed that one of the most rewarding aspects of the trip was the great feeling of comradeship among the athletes. "There was no tension at all — just a feeling that all of us were competing as individuals and would be judged by our character," the senior said. He added that at times, when the showdown be-

tween the Russian and American teams approached, the pressure heightened and that "it was hard not to think of the stakes involved."

Bradley said that he struck up a friendship with a Russian guard named Uris Kalninish. The communication problem was overcome by a mutual Australian friend who acted as translator. Pointing out that mixing between the teams was high, Bradley mentioned that Ron Lando, an Italian who won the bronze medal in the high jump, often worked out with the American basketball squad.

"The team spirit in the American village was very high," Bradley said. "There was great fellowship among all the Olympians." During the course of the trip, Bradley roomed with Joe Caldwell, Jim "Bad News" Barnes, Walt Hazzard, Lucious Jackson, Mel Counts and Jerry Shipp.

Jingling some Japanese coins in his hand, Bradley smiled as he recalled one of the amusing episodes of

the trip: "We were all sitting around a dinner table after the Russian game — three Russians, two Austrians and me. When I asked a Russian if he thought their coach would be fired, he smiled ironically and said, 'Look, if Khrushchev didn't know he was canned, how do you expect our coach to know when he is finished?'"

Bradley said that the high point of the entire trip was the closing ceremony. "We walked into the stadium with our friends from other countries, waving and blowing kisses to the crowd. Next to me were Indians in turbans, runners from Ghana wearing tribal costumes and athletes from all over the world," he said. "While thousands of Japanese boys waved flaming torches over their heads, the lights were lowered and the Olympic flame was slowly extinguished. Then we sang 'Auld Lang Syne' and filed out," Bradley stated.

The Olympians began training in Hawaii September 1, working out twice a day. Then, after three weeks of rigorous training, they moved on to San Francisco to begin a series of games with NBA teams.

Bradley said that he found no difficulty in adjusting to the foreign rules, and doesn't foresee any trouble in re-adjusting in time for Princeton's first basketball game December 4. "I've already worked out in the gym," he said, "and the ball feels the same as it always has." In their first game, the Olympians upset the San Francisco Warriors. Of Wilt Chamberlain, Bradley waxed eloquent: "He's the biggest, strongest human being I've ever seen."

The Cincinnati Royals and the Baltimore Bullets then each squashed the Olympic cagers by 10 points. Of Oscar Robertson, who Bradley guarded one-on-one, the Princeton player wryly commented, "He seemed to score at will."

Bradley said that the Yugoslavians gave the United States team the toughest game, but that the Russians were the best team they faced. "We just played better against the Russians, that's all," Bradley concluded.

* * *

JIM HOLMAN:

As a two-year starter on a mediocre Evanston, Ill., high school basketball team, I was already in awe of Bradley when I arrived at Princeton. I knew of him from an article in *Sports Illustrated* about his then-record 57 consecutive free throws as a freshman. Playing on our freshman '66 Cane Spree team, I met Billy Kingston '65, who asked if I would like to meet Bradley, his roommate. When I entered their living room, Bradley got up out of his chair to shake my hand. That's what I will always remember: Bill Bradley standing up to shake my hand.

One of my roommates during Bradley's varsity years was classmate Bobby Haarlow, a starting forward on the basketball team. Given Dillon's limited seating,

BASKETBALL / Frank Deford

A Princeton boy who beat the pros

Bill Bradley, the best Ivy League player in years, has already set a mark not even the NBA can match

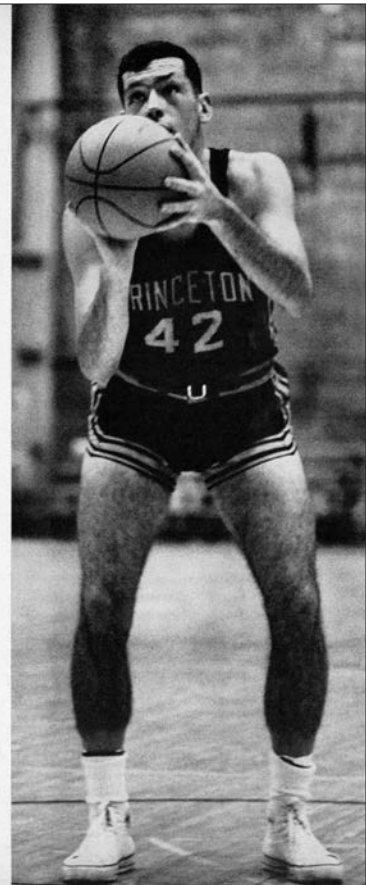
There are two numbers that really mean something to the Princeton man. One is his class numeral, especially every fifth year, when the reunions are biggest. The other is more universal—42. It became famous on the back of All-America Tailback Dick Kazmaier some 11 years ago, and the wearer may be a little less halloved at Princeton than such fellow graduates as F. Scott Fitzgerald and Woodrow Wilson—but not much. Naturally, with the proper regard for tradition, 42 is no longer worn by Tiger football players. But now, according to Princeton enthusiasts and a lot of less biased observers, the orange and black 42 is likely to be retired from the basketball court, too. The prodigy who will be responsible for this is Bill Bradley, Princeton '65, a 6-foot-5½, 196-pound son of a bank president from Crystal City, Mo.

How good is Bill Bradley? "Listen," says Coach Harry Gallatin of the National Basketball Association's St. Louis Hawks, "I'd like to have him on my club right now."

"I thought I had him for Duke," says Blue Devil Coach Vic Bubbs, pretending to stab himself in the chest. "Every time I hear his name I get a sharp pain right here."

In the Midwest, where they savor basketball players with all the critical attention that a gourmet gives a Chateaubriand, Bradley was considered the best high school player in the country. He promptly lived up to the rating, leading Princeton's freshmen to a 10-4 season and sinking 57 straight foul shots, a total

48



A Frank Deford piece in the December 17, 1962, S.I. noted the 57 straight foul shots Bradley had made as a freshman. "This month Bradley began his varsity career. He led Princeton to three straight victories, raised his foul-shot record to 58 straight before finally missing and made it obvious that the Ivy League has its best player in years — maybe ever."

tickets for home games sold out quickly, but thanks to Bobby's complimentary tickets I never missed a game. I have often said that watching Bradley play was my most awesome experience at Princeton.

In the spring of 1963 Bradley worked reunions set-up. Coming in to prepare a room in Pyne Hall, he encountered me and my future wife *in flagrante*. Acutely embarrassed, he mumbled, backed into the wall, and fled.

In March 1965, during the NCAA playoffs, Peter Longstreth and I drove to Washington, D.C., for the N.C. State and Providence Eastern Regional Finals. Princeton defeated Providence 109-69, with Bradley scoring 41 points. Afterward, Peter and I went out to the parking lot to cheer the team as they boarded the bus for home. Everyone in the crowd was screaming. Bradley was screaming, too. I remember him pointing at me and shouting: "Jimmy! Jimmy!" Flummoxed, I

went stone cold and looked down at my shoes.

A week later I was in Ann Arbor, watching the NCAA semifinals game in Portland, Ore., on TV with that same future wife, a Wolverine. Michigan won going away, 93-76. Distraught by the loss, and in something like a stupor, I proposed to her right after the game.

Mrs. Holman and I spent Christmas 1965 in Jerusalem, when Bradley was at Oxford. As we entered the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, a radiant light fell down from the ceiling onto the altar, directly highlighting, of course . . . Bill Bradley.

During a short stint as the worst lobbyist in Washington, D.C., I visited Senator Bradley from time to time. Still in awe, totally nervous, I never really knew what to say to him. I suspect if he walked into the room today, it would be no different.

* * *

LANNY JONES:

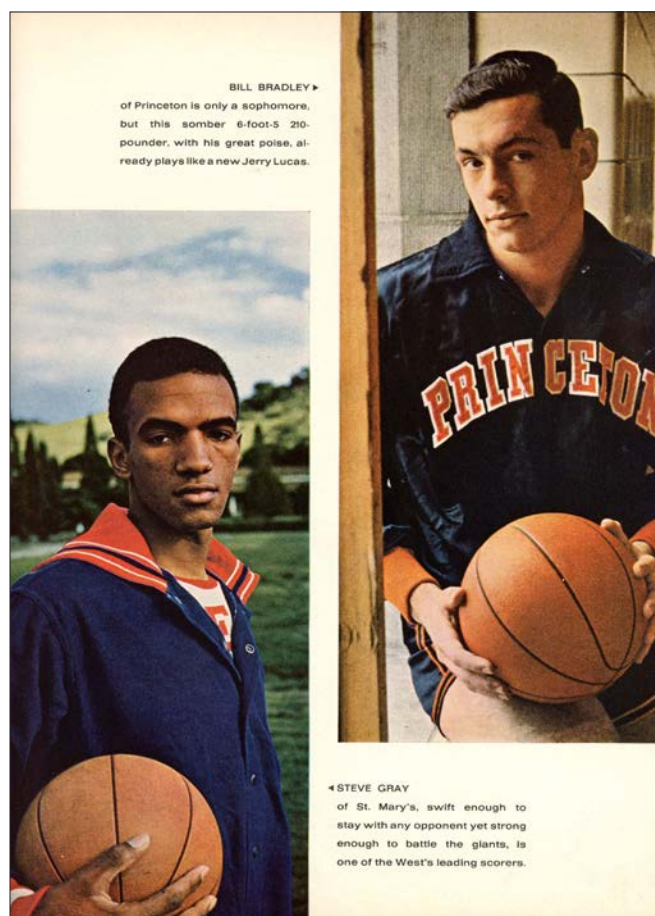
On Jan. 3, 1964, Princeton played Washington University in St. Louis — in the same field house where a few years earlier we had watched Bradley lead his tiny Crystal City H.S. team to the state championship over urban powerhouses like Vashon and St. Louis University High School.

The Tigers won, 85-56. Afterwards, the local Princeton Club hosted a reception for the triumphant visiting team. I somehow got in, since I was covering for the *Princetonian*, and wondered if I dared to talk to Bradley. Finally, I screwed up my courage, kind of sidled over near him, avoiding eye contact, and just as I tried to say something, Bradley stuck out his hand and said, "Hi, Lanny."

* * *

MIKE WITTE:

My many memories of Bradley date back to sophomore year at St. Louis Country Day School. At the time, I naively considered myself a hot basketball prospect. I had been reading in the St. Louis papers about some highly touted guy in some rural town named "Crystal City." Determined to check out a rival (ha!), as soon as I turned sixteen and got my driver's license, I drove to a local tournament where Crystal City was playing to check him out. A few minutes into Bradley's game I was at best moderately impressed: "Not bad," I said to myself — "maybe 15, 16 points." The next morning's headlines blared: "Bradley Scores 36 in Crystal City Win." From that moment on, I was hooked. I followed Bradley for the rest of the season and was there at a semifinal state tournament game, a thrilling triple-overtime win by Crystal City in which Bradley rebounded a shot with eight seconds left, dribbled the length of the court surrounded by the entire opposing team, then casu-



In the cover story of the S.I. of December 12, 1962, Bradley, at the start of his first varsity year, was one of five featured mid-size players whose athleticism enabled them to compete in a game increasingly dominated by taller men. The writer, Roy Terrell, called him "the most promising Ivy Leaguer in 15 years." The caption for Bradley's photo, above, compares him to Jerry Lucas, then on the brink of a storied NBA career. Lucas and Bradley were later teammates on the N.Y. Knicks.

ally dished with his left hand to a teammate for the winning layup!

At Princeton, I briefly scrimmaged with Bradley but couldn't execute an elementary three-man weave. We never shared the same court again.

* * *

RICK BOWERS:

I played pool with Bill at Cottage Club a few times. He was pretty good — even looked well-coordinated sinking the cue ball!

The most memorable non-basketball memory I have occurred in the long, contested Bicker night in 1965 when Cottage finally decided to invite the first African American in its history. Bill spoke up and was primarily responsible for finally ending the argument and ensuring his acceptance.

* * *

JON HOLMAN:

I knew and liked Bill. He and I were briefly in Air Force ROTC together. We played on its softball team and he wasn't very good, which was surprising because he was an excellent baseball player. (He played varsity baseball for part of his sophomore year, hitting .315.) I think the shorter distance from mound to plate and the underhand motion threw off his timing.

I also played in one pickup basketball game with him at Dillon. Yes, you can stop laughing, but at Dillon much was random. I went up for a rebound, got knocked on my butt and fractured a small bone in my foot. End of day for me.

He would have made a good president.

* * *

STEVE SCHREIBER (50th Reunion Book):

One of the themes of *A Sense of Where You Are*, John McPhee '53's book about Bill Bradley, is that, in addition to Bill's natural athletic gifts, his character is marked by an extraordinary sense of discipline. I had an unusual opportunity to observe that trait in action. One Friday or Saturday night, after attending a home basketball game, I stopped by Firestone Library to pick up some materials and take them back to my dorm room. Bill, it turns out, had gotten to the library before me and was already at work in his carrel. It makes sense that, with all the demands placed upon varsity athletes, they need to know how to manage effectively the time not allotted to athletics. Nonetheless, I remember feeling humbled, if not embarrassed, at seeing the nation's top collegiate basketball player using his time so much better than I did.

* * *

TOM REID:

One day in 1970, I was walking down the street in Georgetown, D.C. I was amazed to see the great Bill Bradley, a hero of mine, walking along the sidewalk across the street. I had known Bill slightly at Princeton, so I raced across to say hello to this imposing figure. I said, "Hi, Bill. I'm Tom Reid." Bradley replied, "Hi Tom. I'm Bill Bradley." I mean, as if I didn't know.

In 1978, when Bill ran for Senate the first time, as a *Washington Post* political reporter I was dispatched to Jersey to report on whether he could win. I joined Bill's motorcade traveling up and down Route 1, stopping at places where the candidate could meet voters. At dinner time, we went to a huge restaurant. While Bill was going from table to table, I went into the bar to gauge the candidate's popularity. I met a guy name Ron Tankiewicz. I asked him how he felt about Bill Bradley. Ron pulled out his wallet and showed me a picture of his baby son; he said, "This boy's name is Bill Bradley



This photo in Frank Deford's S.I. December 1964 profile depicts a confident Bradley on the cusp of an epic season. Princeton finished 23-6. In the NCAA tournament it lost to Michigan in the semifinals. Then, in a playoff game to determine third-place national rankings, it defeated Wichita State, 118-82; Bradley's 58 points still stand as the NCAA record for a final-four game. He was voted the tournament's outstanding player.

Tankiewicz." I reported back to my editors that Bradley was going to win in a landslide (which he did).

In the first week of 1979, the newly elected members of the U.S. Senate were sworn in. Then they all left the Senate floor to host parties for their key supporters; this was standard procedure for the first day of a new Congress. I was up in the press gallery, and I noticed that one Senator — Bradley — was still down on the floor, engaged in an intense discussion with some white-haired man I didn't recognize. I asked somebody, "Who's that guy Bradley's talking to?" Answer: the Senate parliamentarian. While everybody else was partying, Bill was assiduously studying the Senate rules so he could do his job well. It was the same kind of dedication and careful preparation he had shown on the basketball court.

* * *

JIM MERRITT:

I didn't know Bradley at all at Princeton. On two occasions years later, I met him in social situations and each time had a brief conversation of no consequence. The second time, we were standing in a buffet line in the home of a mutual friend. This was a year after he'd retired from the Senate, and I asked him if he missed his old job. He said not at all except when there was an important piece of legislation to vote on. A year later he was running in the Democratic primaries for president.

I was fortunate to be in the old, smoke-filled Madison Square Garden the night of December 30, 1964, when Princeton came within a hair's breadth of beating number-one-ranked Michigan in the ECAC Holiday Festival. Sixty years on, it remains the most exciting sporting event I've ever attended.

I'd gone into the city from my home in Verona, N.J., and rendezvoused with roommate Sandy Martin, who came out from Long Island. The capacity crowd was standing room only, and Sandy and I were among the standees. Watching the two teams warm up, I figured no way could we win. The burly Michigan guys, led by Cazzie Russell, looked like an NFL team that had suited up to play hoops against a gaggle of scrawny high schoolers. The place was bedlam. The crowd noise favored Michigan for the first couple of minutes before shifting to Princeton not long after Bradley, 42 seconds in, opened the scoring with a jumper. As the game progressed, the Tigers' lead widened; with less than five minutes remaining, they led by 12 points, 76-63. Then Bradley fouled out and Michigan swiftly closed the gap. With three seconds left and the game tied, Russell sank a 15-foot shot from the corner. Final score: Michigan 80, Princeton 78.

Bradley scored 41 points in the losing but heroic effort. His performance, wrote John McPhee in *A Sense of Where You Are*, "had all the depth and variation of theoretical basketball. . . . He stole the ball, he went back door, he threw unbelievable passes. He reversed away from the best defenders in the Big Ten. He held his own man to one point. He played in the backcourt, in the post, and in the corners. He made long set shots, and hit jump shots from points so far behind the basket that he had to start them from arm's length in order to clear the backboard. He tried a hook shot on the dead run and hit that, too. Once, he found himself in a corner of the court with two Michigan players, both taller than he, pressing in on him shoulder to shoulder. He parted them with two rapid fakes — a move of the ball and a move of his head — and leaped up between them to sink a twenty-two-foot jumper."



Bradley and coach Biutch van Breda Kolff '45 on the bench during a game. Jody Kretzmann '66, behind left, was covering the game for The Daily Princetonian.

When Bradley fouled out and returned to the bench, the crowd erupted in a three-minute standing ovation. Michigan coach Dave Strack said later, "I was willing to give him 40, even 50 points. But nothing like that. I never thought one man could dominate a game like that."

* * *

TERRY SEYMOUR:

Throughout my entire time at Princeton hardly a day went by when I was absent from the basketball court at Dillon Gymnasium. As a freshman in Patton Hall, Dillon was almost across the street. My locker contained a variety of odorous shorts and shirts and socks, all awaiting the time when they either had to be discarded or finally sent to be laundered. I always wondered if the scent tended to make defenders keep their distance.

My time at the gym started even before I ever attended a class. I was a member of the '66 Cane Spree basketball team, and the practice leading up to the game with '65 consumed my first week at Princeton. Freshman basketball practices followed that. Then there were countless shooting sessions and pickup games almost every day of my four years. Finally, there was a season of interclub games where I displayed my talents for the greater glory of Cannon Club. The final game of my senior year was played on the main court to decide the interclub champion. We lost ignominiously to Tiger Inn. My only regret was that I didn't take more shots since I made most of the shots I did take. Tiger Inn did not really have any competent defenders, so it is beyond me why we lost.

Dillon Gym during that era was a very public place. Graduate students, faculty, retirees who were still shooting the old two-handed set shot, and even people from town all would come in and play. Although the varsity practices would take up the main court, the gym was still open, and there was plenty of action on the side courts.



Bradley marching with his 60th reunion class in the 2025 P-rade.

Some of my most vivid memories are a few epic one-on-one games. I played against Joe Heiser '68, who certainly gave me a few lessons. The toughest one-on-one opponent I ever had was Chris Thomforde '69. He was a freshman and I was a senior. But he went on to be one of the best Princeton big men of all time, scoring more than 1,000 points. He was 6'10" so it was nearly impossible, even with a great move, to score underneath against him. My only chance was to make enough penetration so that I could step back with a jump shot. I think the only reason he played against me was to work on his ball-handling skills. I never beat him (to win you had to be the first to score 15 baskets). But he kept coming back for more so I must have helped him somehow.

Of course, none of the foregoing is that interesting to anyone but me. What people want to hear about is Bill Bradley. Because Dillon was such a public place, Bill's incredible work ethic was frequently on display for anyone who cared to watch. I'm sure others were working too, but I seldom saw varsity players, other than Gary Walters '67, put in much extra time. Bradley, however, was constantly working on whatever he thought could make him better. I'll give just two of many examples.

I never saw or heard of any player doing this first one. Bill decided he needed to work on his defensive positioning against a full-court dribbler. Thus, he recruited from the floor of Dillon any scrub who could dribble without bouncing it off his foot. He instructed the draftee to simply dribble up the court against him, changing hands and directions as much as his skills permitted. Bradley guaranteed that he would not try to steal the ball. What he wanted to do was concentrate on his positioning moving backwards up the court. He would quickly wear out one man and replace him with the next victim. He kept at it without stopping for what seemed like an hour. The entire time he was in motion, never touching the ball, but instead focusing on the dribbler. Making himself tired was part of the goal. You can't afford to get sloppy just because you are tired. He must have run through ten recruits during this self-imposed drill.

The second example occurred just before the team was getting ready to board the bus to the Palestra. That was the venue for the NCAA regionals at the time, and Princeton was scheduled for the second game of the evening. Instead of relaxing or chatting with his teammates, Bill was in Dillon shooting free throws. He probably knocked in a hundred before a manager ran in and told him the bus was leaving.

A separate aspect of Bill's character was the interest he took in other people. He was shy by nature, and consistent with his work ethic, he tried various strategies to improve his people skills. I recall at least twice seeing him do this exercise as he walked through the campus. If he recognized a guy who he only knew faintly, he made a point of stopping him for a short but intense conversation. He must have surprised a few people. He worked on memorizing the names of anyone on campus he met, even if just once.

About ten years after graduation, when Bill was playing for the New York Knicks, I was walking across an avenue in mid-town with a friend. Bill was also crossing, coming from the opposite direction. In the middle of the street (you don't stop there in Manhattan) I said: "Hi, Bill." He said: "Hi, Terry." And kept walking. When we reached the curbside my friend looked at me in disbelief and stammered, "Wasn't that Bill Bradley?" I just said: "So?"

EDITOR'S NOTE: For video highlights of the 1964-65 basketball season, google "Youtube Princeton basketball year of the tiger 1965"; also available at <https://universityarchives.princeton.edu/2011/02/the-year-of-the-tiger-1965/>. For video of Bradley's 2024 one-man show reflecting on his life and career, search "Youtube Bill Bradley Rolling Along: An American Story."

“Mature” Dial Softball Squad Defeats Varsity Women

BY NED GROTH

NOTE: The following tale originated when a bunch of us, including Ned Groth, were sharing memories recently of seeing Willie Mays play, following Willie's death the year before, and I speculated about how the All Star teams of our childhood would do if they played against today's MLB stars. Ned opined that it would all come down to pitching, like it did when the '65-'66 Dial Lodge softball team beat the Princeton women's softball team twice, in 1990 and 1991, at our respective 25th reunions.

So, here's Ned's story, which he wrote at my request for posting on the Class of 1966 website. Since it happened over 30 years ago, some of the details have faded. Ned consulted with teammates to try to make it as complete and accurate as possible, and he swears to the basic truth of this remarkable tale of midlife resilience and of a battle of the sexes and generations.

— John Hart, '66 webmaster

When Princeton went coed and began competing in women's sports, the softball team was immediately successful. They were Ivy champions 16 of the first 20 years of their existence, if memory serves. They had a top-notch coach, Cindy Cohen, for most or all of that stretch. I became a fan, followed news of the team in PAW, went to a game or two, became a “Friend of Princeton Softball” (i.e., financial supporter of things like the spring training trip to Florida), and met the coach and some of the players.

I really was a fan, but I also had an ulterior motive. My company, Consumers Union, had a softball team in a Westchester County coed recreational league. Every team had a core of good men players, often middle-aged guys like me who had been playing for 30 or 40 years. But a team with one or two women players who were serious athletes, not “automatic outs,” was likely to win almost every game. So

whenever I talked to Cindy Cohen, I'd ask, “Do you have any seniors who might want to come work for Consumer Reports?”

Sad to say, that never happened. But when 1990 rolled around I said to Cindy, “You know, we had a pretty good softball team at Dial Lodge my junior and senior years. How about we try to get the team back together for the Class of 1965's 25th reunion and play your women?” I suggested it would be fun and should help raise the profile of the team. She agreed with that and said words to the effect of “Bring it on, Bozos.”

I tracked down my teammates one at a time and they were enthusiastic, but they all asked, “Is Britton coming?” Jay Britton '67 (who started with '66) was our pitcher, and in our college days he'd been virtually unhittable, with a blazing fastball and nasty breaking stuff. We all knew that if Jay, a.k.a. “Toon,” was coming and still had his stuff, we could play ball with anybody.

Toon's answer was an emphatic “Yes.” Although Jay had never been to a reunion and lived in Seattle, he was up for it. He was also playing on a team in a senior men's league and was still in top form.

Our other Jay, Jay Pittman '65 (“Pi Man,” or just “Pi”) got really excited and had uniforms made for us with our names and everything. Unfortunately, if anyone got action photos of the games, I don't have them now. This team photo, taken after the 1991 rematch, is our only image. Pi also recalls that Tom Young '64, a Dial clubmate, not a player but a friend who came to

root for us, kept score, in an official score book, which Pi is sure he has — somewhere. But he can't find it after all these years. So I don't have an official record of who did what, when, and have to rely on my memory to recount the major themes and events of the games.

We got most of the '65 team to come back for the game in 1990. Six of our starting nine were on the '65-'66



1991 Dial softball team: Back row, left to right: Jay Britton '67, Chip Sweeny '66, Jay Pittman '65, John Magenheimer '66, Tom Young '64 (fan), Wells McMurray '66, Susan McMurray (w'66, fan), Dave Marsden (blue shirt, fan). Front row: Lynn Klotz '65, Ned Groth '66, Laura Magenheimer k'66, Dick Brown '65, John Marsden '65.

team: Britton, Pittman (C), John Marsden '65 (3B), Wells McMurray '66 (SS), John Magenheimer '66 (1B), and me (LF). To fill out the lineup we had to recruit (over beers at the reunion) four other Dial guys who hadn't played with us back in the day: Chip Sweeny '66 (CF) (who had been on the varsity track and cross-country teams); Dick Brown '65 (RF) (in shape from playing tennis); Lynn Klotz '65 (2B) (still playing pick-up basketball); and Rocky Wayburn '66 (who played interclub football and volleyball, but not softball). Rocky played short field (SF) in this game, a fourth outfield position added to the softball lineup.

Cindy's team was a mixture of alumnae and varsity players working at reunions. There were All Americans in the mix. As varsity athletes they were in shape and a lot younger than us. I didn't get many names, but I know Linda Smolka '89 played first base. Linda still holds the season and career university records for home runs (20, career), and batting average (.446 in 1989). They had a shortstop named Stephanie with a bazooka for an arm, and the woman at second base, Jen I think, made a fantastic diving catch of a soft line-drive out in shallow right field, early in the game. The women were very serious about the game, expecting to win. We started out having fun being back on the diamond again, but when we realized we were as good as they were, we got really serious pretty fast.

I'm not sure who pitched for the women. It might have been Dawn Roberts '89, who had a career E.R.A. of 0.74, the best in the team's history. Whoever she was, Cindy's pitcher struck out a lot of us. Our pitcher, Jay Britton, was equally intimidating. Pi Pittman, our catcher, recalls that Jay struck out at least 10 and that his ball was moving all over the place — he had no idea where it was going.

As expected, it was a pitchers' battle, 1-1 in the top of the seventh (and last) inning. With two outs, we had a runner on second, probably Pittman. (He says he had three hits in that game, against awesome pitching, though we had him batting down in the order.) Klotz, one of our walk-ons, batting ninth, hit a little blooper that fell into right field and Pi, off with the "doink" of the (metal) bat with two outs, scored the go-ahead run. Britton retired the side in order in the bottom of the inning. Final score, Dial 2, Varsity 1.

Cindy Cohen felt it must have been a fluke and demanded a rematch. Since most of us Dial guys from those two years would be at each other's reunions anyway, and Britton said he'd be there for our 25th, we said "Sure," and did it again in 1991. That game featured more scoring — we won 7-4. I'm not sure who pitched for the women but think it was Lisa Moore, another multiple record holder.

(With a 6-1-1 Ivy League record, the 1990 varsity failed to win the league title for the first time in eight years. They had a disappointing overall record of 15-21-1. By contrast, the 1991 varsity posted a 32-13-1 overall record and won the Ivy title for an unprecedented eighth time, with a record of 7-1 (the eighth game was to break a tie with Brown) .

THE 1991 GAME

The following year, at our 25th reunion, we fielded almost exactly the same lineup for the rematch. Rocky Wayburn had to sit out with a bad back. Nine-year-old Laura Magenheimer, John's daughter, filled in at short field.

I don't remember many details about the 1991 game. We obviously hit a lot better; most of us had been in the batting cages getting our timing down, seriously preparing this time. I know Jay Britton had a couple of big hits, and I drove in the lead and eventual winning runs, with a line drive double up the right centerfield alley in the sixth inning. Laura Magenheimer had a single, a ground ball up the middle into center field. The varsity pitcher eased up on her fastball, given Laura's age, and Laura made her pay for it. The women also must have solved Jay's stuff somewhat, as they scored four runs. But except for a few plays, the game is mostly lost to memory.

Despite the short fences (210 feet at the foul lines) there were no home runs in either game. But Linda Smolka came close in the second game. With a runner on second and one out, she lofted one deep down the left-field line. I got there and had just enough room inside the fence to make the catch. But as I was setting up to throw to third, I took my eye off the ball to check the runner and dropped it. My throw to Mars held the runner at second. Smolka was on first, shaking her head: she thought she had one. Jay got the side out with no further damage, so my error didn't hurt us.

After both games we sat around with the women players, drinking beer, trading compliments about good plays, generally just hanging out with fellow ball players. I remember Smolka saying something like how amazing it seemed to her that we could still play at our "advanced" age. I said I'd been playing for almost 40 years now and that I was a better hitter at 46 than I had been at 21. (Chalk it up to experience and coaching from Clint Hurdle at a Met's Fantasy Camp.) It was great fun, both times. We hoped maybe we had started a tradition.

We offered to make it "best three out of five" so Cindy might get to win one, but it poured rain in 1992, then Cindy discovered some NCAA rule that prohibited varsity players from taking part in exhibition games. So, we never did play them again, and retired undefeated. ■

Tales from the Osa: La Marcha de Muerte

By RICK BOWERS

In 1992, Bert Kerstetter and I visited Costa Rica. We chartered a small plane and traveled around the country. One of our stops was the Osa Peninsula. On a whim, we purchased 250 acres of primary rainforest and grassland. We visited and added to this wild and pristine piece of nature for the next 25 years, with many stories to tell.

One of the last places in Costa Rica to be settled and still sparsely populated, the *La Peninsula de Osa* is situated in the far southwestern corner of the country. Panama is visible from its southern tip. Jutting out from the mainland into the Pacific Ocean, it folds over to form the *Golfo Dulce* — one of only four tropical fjords on the planet.

The peninsula is covered almost entirely in magnificent virgin rainforest extending from the gulf all the way to the Pacific Ocean. The landscape is rugged and the forest lush. One dirt road circles around the southern half of the peninsula, cutting through dense forest and traversing innumerable rivers and streams, ending in the vast wilderness of *Parque Corcovado Nacional*, which occupies nearly one half of the peninsula.

It is one of the most intensely biodiverse places on earth. It packs an unparalleled amount of land and marine species and diverse ecosystems in an incredibly small area. It is a primal realm of giant trees, potbellied spider monkeys, elusive jaguars, giant tapirs, caiman, and herds of wild peccaries. Empty beaches and impenetrable forests.

It is not a place for the squeamish. Or for the overly confident and careless.

There is no place in the world quite like it. In the rainforests there are stationary trees that walk. Venomous snakes that lie invisible to the untrained eye. Poison-dart frogs that are colorful and tiny — but deadly. Hairy spiders that are huge and frightening — but harmless. What seems to be true may not be.

The tale that follows is true. I call it *La Marcha de Muerte* — the Death March.

AMIGOS

Bert and I have been close friends for over 60 years, since we met freshman year in South Dod. We have



Rick and Bert celebrating their purchase of 250 wilderness acres.

shared a lifetime of adventures and misadventures, triumphs and trials. The only major disagreement we ever had was in our junior year, when I discovered him getting a bit too friendly with my girlfriend in the dorm room we shared. The relationship with the girlfriend ended abruptly. I was slightly miffed at him for less than a week.

We've always been opposites in certain ways. He's adventurous, I'm more cautious. He's pushed me into taking chances. I've gotten him out of predicaments. He doesn't communicate personal feelings well. I do. The women in his life frequently asked me what he was thinking or complained about his deflections. I was the consigliere, the one who listened and tried to ease their frustrations.

We're yin and yang. But, as with most people, there's more to us than surface. Underneath his hard exterior, he really has a big heart. He's soft inside. Beneath my layers of understanding and acceptance, I have a hard-ass core. I know how far I can trust people and how far I go.

Even though we've instinctively played off our differences over the years, our bond isn't based on that. We have many of the same qualities and interests. The same sense of humor. Appreciation of nature. Desire to explore universal questions for which there are no certain answers. Recognition of the ironies in life.

And in our own lives. We've spent hours analyzing each other's issues. Relationships. Kids. Divorces. Strengths and weaknesses. We even share the same middle name: George, from the Greek word for "farmer." Not our first choice.

We've drawn timelines and spread-sheeted life choices, both past and future. We've composed lists of strange ideas and connections. We've sat outside, under the stars or the aurora borealis, pondering the cosmos while sharing a joint.

We have the same mix of craziness and practicality. The same confidence that we can tackle difficult tasks and get them done. The urge to challenge ourselves. The same love of adventure. Most important, the desire to do something different.

We got what we wanted this time. Something really different.

EL SABIO DEL BOSQUE

The day began simply enough.

This was only our second trip to the Osa, a year after our impulsive purchase of those spectacular 250 acres overlooking the Pacific. The property was remote, undeveloped, and full of the wild biodiversity for which the Osa is famous. Beginning 1,000 feet above the ocean, it sloped — tumbled — down through magnificent primary rain forest, waterfalls, and streams to a beach that extended for miles, unpopulated and virtually untouched.

We called it *Pitoza*. A name we made up, with no real or hidden meaning.

We owned a quarter of a mile of Pacific beach, and we'd only hiked down to see it once, the year before. Now we wanted to go there again to explore a bit further. To get there we did not want to walk through dense rainforest without someone who knew it well to guide us.

Augusto was reputed to be the top guide on the Osa Peninsula. And a shaman to boot. He was known by all as *el sabio del bosque*. The wise man of the forest.

We met him at 8 that morning in the bar at an ecolodge we'd decided to splurge on for a few days. After the customary *hola* and *pura vida*, he informed us in halting English that it was a bit late in the morning to see a lot of the forest animals in action. We told him it was actually a bit early for us since we'd seen a lot of action closing the bar the night before. He either didn't understand or wasn't amused. I suspect both.

Augusto the shaman allegedly knew more than anyone else about the rainforest and its secrets. He was weathered and short and wiry with a great smile that lifted his broad mustache frequently — at least at the beginning of the day. Brown pants, a white shirt, old rain-beaten fedora, and black tennis shoes. Not exactly shaman dress, we noted.

But he was friendly and soft-spoken in a shaman sort of way. And he kept nodding knowingly when we told him we owned some land nearby at the western edge of the ecolodge property. In addition to our two-hour guided hike, could we also walk down to our beach? It added a little extra time to the hike, but as long as he was guiding us we wouldn't get lost. I don't think he fully grasped that, either.

Augusto was a living legend on the peninsula. He was also a paid employee of the ecolodge with a practiced route for the usual American ecotourist. This turned out to be a not irrelevant fact.

We set out to see the flora, since the fauna had already had breakfast. On a well-groomed path we gradually ambled uphill through the rainforest. He pointed out birds and trees and wild plants that provided food and medicine and magical cures that he knew about. At times it even felt like they were all waiting for him to appear. Were they also on the ecolodge payroll?

Nevertheless, we were impressed. A rewarding first hour.

PITOZA

We reached the edge of the road that marked the end of the ecolodge property. *Pitoza* lay on the other side. This was the main road around the peninsula. Not only the main road but the only road. It was always dusty — or muddy. And often impassable. It depended on the season. On the Osa, four seasons don't exist. It's eight degrees above the equator and there are only two seasons — dry and wet.

The road connected two towns, *Puerto Jimenez* and *Carate*. *Puerto Jimenez* was the town on the eastern side of the Osa, on the edge of the *Golfo Dulce*. That was where you flew in and landed, as long as the horses trotted off the unpaved runway in time. From there, with a four-wheel drive vehicle, it was about 25 kilometers around the bottom of the peninsula up to the spot on the Pacific side where we stood. Depending on the road condition and the seven streams and rivers you had to drive through, the trip could take well over an hour.

We were at the highest point on the road, 1,000 feet above the ocean. From here, the dust and potholes wound northward down through the rainforest to sea level for another 20 kilometers until it reached *Carate*, a tiny community huddled at the southern edge of a vast and impenetrable wilderness, *El Parque Nacional de Corcovado*. The town consisted of a rundown café and general store and a couple of dilapidated tin-roofed houses. If you got that far, the road ended abruptly. Everything was on foot from there.

We stood at the point where the planned ecolodge tour usually ended, and Augusto turned his tourists around for the downhill return. It made for an easy two hours. Just right



Rick with a deadly (but dead) fer-de-lance.

for tourists with enough money to get the comfortable eco-adventure they could take without much effort and then write home about. Especially if a van came and picked them up.

But we did not view ourselves as ordinary tourists. We didn't have newly purchased binoculars, L.L. Bean safari hats, and Nikon cameras with giant lenses. We were authentic adventurers. The real deal. Moreover, we were landowners, and the Pacific beach far down below on our property was our destiny.

In retrospect, we were adventurous. But were we authentic? Probably not. Were we prepared? Definitely not. We didn't have anything in the way of water, food, or sunblock. Being landowners hadn't made us any wiser, either.

Augusto hesitated, probably weighing this over in his mind. He looked at us. And then back at the rainforest through which we'd just come. His cheerful mustache flattened and his eyebrows lifted like question marks as his eyes glanced back home. When he saw our gazes fixed in the other direction, down through the descending tree line to the gleaming blue ocean in the distance, his mustache went from flat to down-right droopy.

We pointed out the ramshackle gate almost directly across the road that marked the entrance to our land. *Nuestra propiedad. Queremos ver el mar*, I said. Our property. We want to go see the ocean. At last Augusto understood we were not to be deterred. He sighed reluctantly and walked across the road.

We found the trail and bushwhacked down through our property. It took longer than expected to get to the beach. We had made this hike once before, the day we decided to buy this land on our first trip. Everything looked the same, but then again it didn't. We couldn't find the trail. Augusto seemed to have trouble too.

But we finally made it and walked out onto the sand. It was ten o'clock in the morning, and just as we had remembered it. We wandered in awe between wild, crashing waves on one side and equally untamed heavily wooded hills on the other. Parrots and pairs of macaws flew along the palm trees at the edge of the forest. Squadrons of pelicans in tight V-formations patrolled the line of white waves crashing the shore. We could see spider monkeys and capuchins swinging through forest canopy rising up the steep hills. It was magnificent. It

was miles and miles of secluded beach. Something most of us can only dream about while looking at a postcard.

Pitoza was a primal piece of the planet. It was paradise. It was ours.

BRUJAS

That was six hours ago. Now it seemed more like our paradise lost. The dream had become a nightmare. Or more appropriately, a daymare. And Augusto, our "wise man of the forest," was looking more like a fool on the beach, *el tonto de la playa*.

The sun was intense and so was our feeling of being trapped. The pelicans had disappeared, and vultures were now circling. Augusto couldn't find the trail we had descended. On our visit the year before, the trail had ended at a freshwater pond, with a lone caiman at its edge. It was understandable that the caiman had disappeared. But where the hell was that pond?

On we shuffled through soft sand and hard lava rock, our steps growing shorter and more ragged. The buzzards seemed to be circling lower, back and forth. Finally, far up the beach, as the sun was beginning to turn fire orange and drop faster toward the horizon, we spotted a small cabin hidden among the trees. Almost invisible, but the setting sun reflecting off its bleached boards gave it away.

Had we walked by it before?

Maybe. Maybe more than once.

Never mind. There had to be a path out to something. Just in time, because night comes abruptly in the tropics. We picked up our pace and found a narrow trail behind the cabin disappearing into the rainforest and lengthening shadows. At last, an escape after the seven hours of wandering.

To our relief, not only did the path wind its way out to the Carate road, it dipped down to sea level and bent closer to the ocean at this point. No thousand feet to climb. Only a short hike through towering ajo trees, but by the time we reached the road, the sun had vanished, and clouds had moved in. The world had become shadowy. We were miles from civilization. But at least we had the road and Augusto to lead us back to the lodge. Things had to be looking up.

Wrong. Things were getting worse. And darker.

About an hour later on the road, Augusto, the wise man of the forest, *el sabio del bosque*, abandoned us. We had been climbing for quite some time. I think we were



Augusto applies his magical potion to a skeptical client.

somewhere near the ecolodge property line. It was too dark to tell exactly.

All of a sudden, he simply vanished into the blackness, muttering something about *brujas malas acerca*. Bert, whose Spanish consisted mainly of loudly saying *bonos dios* when he greeted someone and ordering a *cervantes* when he wanted a *cerveza*, asked me what Augusto said.

I told him, “Bad spirits around us.” He asked where. I didn’t bother to answer.

DON Q Y PANTO

Now we trudged through real darkness. The tropical blanket that envelopes you in moist blackness and disorients you. We were walking on a strange road in a starless night deep in the rainforest with god-knows-what out there. Barely discernible giant trees looming menacingly on either side of us. We had trouble seeing each other, let alone the uneven dirt road beneath.

On either side we could hear the crackling of branches and movements in the forest. In the distance – perhaps nearby – a guttural growl, perhaps a jaguar hunting. Darkness distorts sound and distance. This was even more worrisome.

But most of all we feared the creatures that made no sound, the snakes we had seen basking sedately in the morning light hours earlier on this road. Fer-de-lances, or *terciopelos*, as they are known in Costa Rica, are among the most aggressive and highly venomous in the world. The locals called them “two-steppers.” Once bitten, that would be about as far as we could walk before our systems began to shut down.

A dark and dangerous road. No traffic. Nothing human for miles. Truly alone and disoriented, we had no choice but to stumble forward into the unknown, trying to avoid unseen ruts and potholes and pools of stagnant water. *Brujas* may have been real to Augusto, but they were the least of our problems now. We were more unprepared than before. No water or food. And no flashlight.

After getting past the shock of Augusto’s departure, we tried to make light of our predicament. We decided Augusto’s name needed to be changed from *el sabio del bosque*, “the wise man of the forest,” to *el tonto de la playa*, “the fool on the beach.” It was true. He was lost outside of the forest and his planned ecolodge route.

We half-joked to each other, “This is the toughest one yet in all our years together.” “Who’s going to get bitten first?” “Who got us into this anyway?” We argued about who had the major responsibility for this dilemma. As usual, we both held out — either to deny responsibility or to take credit, depending on the outcome.

Finally, in an attempt at humor in an increasingly dubious situation, I suggested we call ourselves *Don*

Quijote and *Sancho* and that maybe this time we had chased one too many windmills.

Bert claimed that he should be *Don Quijote* and then proceeded to shorten it to *Don Q*. Not unexpected. The knight on a noble steed with a catchy name. That left me to be faithful sidekick on a donkey. Of course, he mispronounced mine, and I was dubbed *Pancho*.

So, there we were *Don Q* and *Pancho*, lost, sore and thirsty, without horse or donkey. Or the slightest clue about where to find a windmill.

REALIDAD

Funny how two hours can seem like an eternity when you are starving and thirsty and have no road signs — which you couldn’t see in the darkness anyway. On automatic now, our only choice available was to stumble blindly ahead, accompanied on all sides by mysterious crashes, growls, grunts, and screeches — all intermittently punctuated by the solitary call of some bird, lonely and melancholy, high above the fray in some distant tree.

We were not interested in encountering any the sources of any of that nocturnal cacophonous. The road, potholes and all, was our only way home and we were sticking to it. Even though we could hardly see where we were stepping, we knew it was safer than the unknown around us. When we finally saw the lights of the ecolodge in the distance through the trees, we felt a huge sense of relief. We were safe. Civilization. And we had made it on our own.

It was at that precise moment that Augusto reappeared. Or at least his voice did. We couldn’t see him. We could only hear him say, low and ominous, “*Cuidado*. Stop and don’t move. Now go slowly to the edge of the road. There is a large *terciopelo* in front of you and you must go around it.” As shocked and skeptical as we were, we were not about to take a chance. We walked around to his voice.

Then a flashlight magically appeared, and he led us the short distance down the road to the ecolodge, where he was welcomed by the staff as though he had been with us all the way and had safely led us back. We didn’t say anything. We were just glad to be alive. Let Augusto keep his shaman reputation.

Thus ended *La Marcha de Muerte*. Or almost.

As a footnote, both figuratively and literally, I should mention that both my feet were badly blistered. That night, Augusto offered to cure them with his special remedy from tree bark and herbs. Reluctantly, I let him paint my right foot with his magic concoction. It took almost three weeks to heal. My other foot healed in seven days.

On the Osa, things are not always as they seem. ■

Life's Winding Road

By PAUL CORCORAN

I was initially prodded into action to submit a biography for the Class of 1966 website at least a year ago by Jon Holman's none-too-gentle plea. Ah, plenty of time! I'd write the story of my life as a vast nostalgia trip. I would not even worry about being ridiculed by anonymous reviewers and rejected by editors, the all too frequent bane of my academic life. Foolishly, I toyed with the idea of dictating the bio by speaking to my Mac. The software works. But I don't. A lifetime of striving to be a writer of limpid, elegant prose, polished to a sheen with baths of red ink, balked at the Apple command, Start Dictation. I am not a dictator. Like a latter day Martin Luther — "I can do no other!" — I meekly returned to the keyboard.

I tried. Procrastination raised its ugly head, offering an unworthy, suspicious justification. Surely Jon's generous invitation was a covert Machiavellian ploy! He was deviously recruiting me to supply information for my own class obituary! Clearly the file on my remote, featureless existence Down Under was empty, and he needed some color and movement, especially anything notable since our 50th reunion! This conspiracy theory, both paranoid and ignoble, took on new life when his urgent threat to all classmates to submit an essay for the 55th Reunion Book by January 20th or else! A curious coincidence, don't you think, with the day of Donald Trump's departure from the White House? The case was clinched when Jon invoked Yoda's immortal inspiration: "Do. Or do not. There is no try."

MY ROAD TO PRINCETON

Going to Princeton was a life-changing moment in my life. We've so often heard and read this claim because it is true for all of us. For some of us, applying and gaining admission to Princeton was a passing of

alma mater's baton from one generation to another. For others it was a reward for youthful conscientious study and scholastic achievement, or precocious talent for performance in music or sport. For a few it was recognition of sheer brilliance.

It could be, and often was, a combination of several of those things. I'd like to think that my arrival at Princeton was, at least in part, owing to some such combination.

What I know for sure is that my admission was a stroke of blind luck. The feat was prompted by a potentially lethal combination of serendipity and appalling ignorance. This is not a case of false modesty. It is a fact.

I got into Princeton because of a postage stamp. You know the one. Over the years it has appeared, from someone's inexhaustible supply of mint

stamps, on envelopes from Annual Giving and birthday cards from our class secretary. I refer to the 3-cent 1956 commemorative U.S. postage stamp honoring the 200th anniversary of Nassau Hall. I collected stamps. This stamp, one of several hundred in my stamp album, entered my collection in the year of its release.

My collection was eclectic and amateurish. I believe its chief motivation, an advance on my previous hobby of collecting matchbooks, was the illusory monetary value of my stamps, which I avidly calculated on the basis of the retail price of each stamp available for purchase in the collectors' bible, the Harris Catalogue.

I was at that stage as a collector of going to my local post office and, within the confines of my meagre earnings from mowing the lawn, buying mint plate blocks. I recall thinking that this stamp was odd. For a U.S. commemorative, it had a strange color, lurid salmon orange, and looked like an old-fashioned engraving. Why, this 12-year-old boy from Illinois wondered, commemorate a building named Nassau Hall that was 200 years old?



Paul, Naomi, and her/their kids: Ashleigh, Zachary, Georgia, Nathan

This stamp was the only thing I knew about Princeton, although I didn't at first know it was about Princeton. Nothing on the stamp stated where Nassau Hall was located. Nothing associated it with a university. You would only know that if you already knew it. We didn't have Google back then. Nevertheless, by the time I was 15 or 16, I must have heard of Princeton. Probably I had heard it was a very good college. Curiously but impressively, it was called a university, which must have meant it was bigger and had a lot more students than a college. By 1960 or 1961 I was beginning to think about places to apply, and I wrote away for a catalogue and information about the University of Miami. More shameful than my confession of mere pecuniary interests in stamp collecting, my interest in Miami developed because it was in Florida and therefore had a warmer climate than Illinois, which would make life easier and far more comfortable.

Another memory from 1960-61, my high school sophomore or junior year, was taking the PSAT (whether voluntarily or not I cannot recall) in the school library. Before the clock started for answering the test questions, I had to fill out a page of personal details, including the names and addresses of three colleges I was thinking of applying to for admission. We were told our PSAT scores would be reported to these colleges. This took me completely by surprise. I had no idea.

I did not consider myself a prankster, and I was generally well behaved. Perhaps as a cover for embarrassment, I wrote down Princeton University first, and perhaps the universities of Illinois and Missouri in the other two spaces. Then I saw that I had to supply addresses for those institutions. I knew the cities for the latter two. For Princeton, I knew neither the city nor the state where it was located. I clearly recall, at that moment, the fear that this practical joke was way out of character for me. It could get me in trouble. Worse, it would expose me as ignorant. Nevertheless, I raised my hand and asked a teacher who was administering the test what state Princeton was in. She asked the librarian, who looked it up and came to my table with the information.

HOW I GOT INTO PRINCETON

After the test I looked up the weather patterns and discovered that New Jersey was not only colder than Florida but had even worse weather than Illinois. That was my first experience of cognitive dissonance. Fortunately I lacked a sophisticated theoretical framework to appreciate the full extent of this setback. Otherwise I might have restored my interest in Miami. Instead I merely entertained second thoughts about my criteria of

judgment, and the dire consequences of practical jokes.

Many things soon followed from that bit of skylarking in the school library. An avalanche of persuasive letters and publications from Princeton's Admissions office arrived. My prank was quickly forgotten and replaced by amazement and cautious hope.

At this time, perhaps a bit of egotistical bravado emerged as well. I knew from high school experience that I scored well on standardized tests. That very

year, as a junior, I had been selected along with a small number of students from eight or so regional high schools to attend a four-hour daily, year-long intensive college chemistry course, in a new laboratory lavishly funded by the Olin-Mathieson Chemical Corporation. This was meant to be quite an honor, and was publicized as an example of America's hurry-up response to the Soviet Union's Sputnik space triumph. The notoriety given to the dozen of us in that class was a real boost. It gave us to believe that we were expected to go places.

Even so, Princeton was, in a newly meaningful way, in another league. But I thought I had a chance. I was, after all, 16!

In my senior year I was completely snowed by a luncheon at the home of an alumnus from the Princeton Club of St. Louis for all area applicants. His home had a library, with a magnificent free-standing globe of the world! He told us that we shouldn't hesitate to be in touch if questions arose concerning admission offers from other universities or financial aid issues.

I did receive several negligible scholarship offers from Midwest colleges. Then I was offered a big Shell Oil Scholarship to study engineering at my choice of the Universities of Illinois or Indiana, Purdue, or Northwestern, along with a deadline for acceptance. I called the St. Louis alum and asked for guidance. A day or so later I was summoned to the high school principal's office. There was a phone call for me. My memory isn't precise, but it was from either the St. Louis alum or Princeton's admissions office. The word was that



Paul on the Murray River,
Mannum, South Australia

I had definitely been offered admission to Princeton and that I would be awarded what amounted to a full scholarship. Just like that.

I don't believe I asked for time to think about it. But you never know. By then I was 17 years old. I probably had a lot to learn about humility!

At least my high school was good enough to engender a desire to escape. By requiring each student to sit National Merit and PSAT tests, they provided an incentive to think outside the square. I learned how far I'd landed outside the square when I kept an appointment with my high-school college counselor. He was also the school's head basketball coach, a very tall, imposing, no-nonsense figure. He urged me not to go to Princeton, even though I had already been accepted. I explained my situation and keen intentions. He paused, grimaced, and proceeded to advise me that it would be a mistake to go to Princeton. I should lower my sights to a Midwest college that had offered me a scholarship, where I had a chance at success. He said that students from our high school didn't go to top colleges. The level of teaching at our high school wasn't competitive, and I wouldn't be prepared to do the work at a place like Princeton. He predicted that I would fail.

I left his office, and on the way back to class I said to myself, "I'll show that bastard." Or words to that effect.

My high school was only a few miles from Route 66, so the beer jacket design by Mike Witte, whom I met as a beginning freshman on the train from St. Louis to Princeton Junction, always had a special resonance for me. Route 66 passes right through Mike's hometown, St. Louis. Deep down, we've always known that Mike's 55-year travelog of Class of 1966 cartoons was inspired by Nat King Cole's 1946 and 1956 hit recordings of Bob Troup's song, "Route 66." By incorporating Esso's "Put a Tiger in your Tank" advertising slogan with the sporty convertible on Route 66, Mike's genius transformed the lifetime journey of our class into a lifetime road movie, always "Going Back to Nassau Hall."

WHERE I AM NOW

My only other effort to write a Reunion Book essay was in 2001, for our 35th. I let it all hang out. At that point, my life was on a fairly steady but downward flight path. By then I had survived several near-crashes. I had enjoyed periods of moderately good fortune in being alive after major challenges to my health. That remained the story for a period of years after the 35th. Several more major reunions went by (I have attended them all), but I never managed an update. A re-telling of a staid life tapering off — male academic of middling success, well behind the crest of the cultural wave — was not a story I wanted to inflict on classmates.

That steady descent encountered considerable turbulence in 2014, when, to shift metaphors, love came to town. Literally, as it happened. Naomi, from Tasmania, visited relatives in Adelaide. Preferring to charge your imagination, I refrain from offering the salacious details, relying instead on a cryptic substitute — it's complicated — to describe the year-long exhilarating, scary, heartfelt merging of our lives in marriage late in 2015. At the time, our illustrious Jon Holman generously reported that Naomi is 26 years younger than her new husband, and she brought with her four children ranging in age from 6 to 20. That may set your heart racing and mind reeling, as it did mine.

Marriage introduced me to being a chauffeur. Zachary (now 12) requires being driven to and from school each day and to soccer practice and games three times a week. Until recently it required driving Ashleigh (now 17, beginning her final year of high school) to ballet classes five times a week; now we drive in the other direction, to her part-time job at a supermarket.

In all of these duties, and many more, Naomi and I are a team. She's a veteran at these tasks, but I am a neophyte. When I enjoy these efforts it gives me a sense of useful purpose, which I believe is one of life's sustaining goals. My mother and my grandmother imbued in me the maxim, "What is worth doing is worth doing well." At all times, enjoyable or not, I think of being a parent as my job, which of course it is. In for a penny, in for a pound. More and more I appreciate the wisdom of homely maxims. Many of you will remember, at least vaguely, performing quotidian domestic duties as a tiresome and thankless necessity. For me, five years and counting, it is a buzz. I've retired from retirement.

In 2001, I confided to classmates that "I would never experience the pleasures and pains of bringing children into this world and helping them to find their way through it." The first prediction remains true, but I'm on a steep learning curve for the second. What an onerous task it is, even though I missed the most exhausting tasks from years zero to seven! Being a parent is also by far the richest and most purposeful work I have ever done. I have learned so much from Naomi's experience. ("Been there, done that — four times!") She has helped to season me to survive the low moments of feeling defeat in the daily contest with juvenile egos, and we share what I now know as life's greatest pride and delight when we see evidence of success. We compliment ourselves at least once a week that we've read seven Shakespeare plays this past year, full texts, word for word, in pre-bedtime reading with Ash and Zach. When each play is finished, Naomi bakes a cake (themed, of course) and we watch a movie version of that play before moving on to the



Wedding party, November 2015, waiting for the limo

next play. Imagine how we feel when we hear the kids compare the plays to the “texts” (job applications, advertisements, YouTube) assigned in their English classes at school.

That example reveals, despite the difference in ages, that Naomi and I are both old fogeys. We’re trying to equip the children with literacy, respect for (some) traditions of art, history, and religion, and to foster the ability to judge between what is helpful and what is harmful to their own lives and the lives of others. As the kids have gone through years of primary and secondary schooling, it has been an eye-popping experience for me to see the superficiality of the work they are asked to do. I once joked with a university colleague that, no matter how hard we try, our students would probably still learn something. I can only hope this is actually true for school kids.

My other occupations are voluntary and relatively easy. I’ve been a volunteer guide at the Art Gallery of South Australia since 2012. It is intellectually stimulating, with a variety and variability of time commitments far more enjoyable than my 40 years as a university academic. I am learning all the time, studying with my 65 guiding colleagues to keep up with special exhibitions and acquisitions, or taking on self-selected art topics to present lectures or brief talks at the weekly meetings of all the guides. Our actual “work” is to give gallery and collection tours to visitors, mainly international tourists or visitors from around Australia. The tour groups tend to be challenging, stimulating, and always unpredictable in composition and range of interests.

U.S. POLITICS FROM DOWN UNDER

Another serendipitous move had surprising consequences. In the 1990s, feeling the gravitational direction of academic and intellectual culture, I responded to an

invitation to contribute to a book on U.S. election campaigns by offering to write a chapter on defeat.

Most political scientists in the field of presidential studies, no less than football coaches and Americans generally, focus on winning elections and the rhetoric of victory. In my sometimes contrary perspective in scholarly research I have had some success in tacking against the wind. As it happens, my publications on the rhetoric of defeat have received wider and more enduring responses than all the work I have published on political language and the history of ideas.

Since the late 1990s, I have been contacted every four years by journalists, editors, bloggers, and podcasters looking for me to say or write something exciting or funny or irreverent in the lead-up to presidential concession speeches. At the beginning there weren’t many other scholars to call upon. In the past year, we have seen the field become a growth industry, and the media have eagerly seized upon the concession speech as media frame of crisis and calamity. Journalists, not just in the public media but on the telephone and Zoom calls, have expressed their enthusiasm and seeming hunger for the Trumpian catastrophe scenarios of 2016 and 2020. Now, as I write this very sentence in early January of 2026, this story has only one more day to run, and I cannot help but sense a tone of disappointment in mainstream journalism. The display of a heavily costumed military force arrayed in Washington is finally so visible and formidable that it will prevent one last theatrical cataclysm to broadcast to a world audience. Already, reputable journalists are predicting that explosive electoral standoffs and unbridgeable partisan division will be the new normal.

But I admit it has been fun to be on the other side of the planet and still be pulled into the public spectacle of presidential politics. It has also been gratifying to see that something I published 25 years ago has influenced and continues to contribute to the form and meaning of public discourse. Concession speeches were once overlooked as tedious midnight television rituals, mere footnotes to the Great Game of winning. Television journalists occasionally exhibited a passing interest if there was a chance that the concession speech might expose — live and on-air — the loser’s hypocrisy, humiliation, and tears.

Scholars of presidential rhetoric weren’t interested, but the more I studied concession speeches, the more deeply interesting it seemed. I looked at democracy’s ceremony of failure and tried to demonstrate that this custom was complex, full of meaning, and consequential. It had precedents stretching back to Greece and Rome, expressed as well or better in drama as in politics.

After the recent two elections, with Donald Trump

offering the comedic and tragic spectacle of refusing to accept defeat, most people have got the drift. One can only hope, now, that some have noticed, with alarm, the media's gleeful obsession with the promise of violent disorder and the availability of the internet to foster social and political chaos by rancorous groups ever more skilled in capitalizing on media sensation. At any rate, it is gratifying to see that my somewhat irreverent response in 1995 has spawned a scholarly cottage industry. In quiet and anonymous retirement, I feel rewarded that my work has had some effect on how people understand that minor things have important implications, not only amidst the ruins of an iconoclast like Trump, but in the regular, peaceful transition of public authority in the few places where it does occur.

In a far quieter corner of my academic interests, I have periodically been drawn back into academe. I've published several articles, book reviews, and occasionally editorial reviewing for journals (most recently on John Locke and John Stuart Mill, and modern European political philosophy generally). Some retired academics are seduced by these efforts and effectively return to full-time (unpaid) labor. I have not been seduced in this way, but I confess to taking belated, wayward pleasure in publishing two novels, *Bus Stop Story* and *A Dublin*

Odyssey (Amazon Kindle Books, 2023).

Speaking of pride, I have handsome gardening frames for cultivating tomatoes, and at the present time great healthy clusters of six different varieties are fruiting magnificently. All going well, I shall be looking to give some away. This season always reminds me that I knew for a certainty that I would become a farmer, until, at the age of 12, I realized I should become a major league baseball player.

It never occurred to me until I turned 70 that I wanted to become a husband for the third time, with my beautiful wife, Naomi, and four stepchildren. But here I am, at 81, with my beautiful wife and four sterling young adults. Georgia is a pastry cook, lives in Tasmania, married and the mother of a beautiful, two-year old boy. Nathan, an aerospace engineer, works for Lockheed Martin in Syracuse, N.Y. The gorgeous Ashleigh is "retired" from 11 years of ballet, has a B.A., lives in Queensland, employed as a soil science technician. Zachary, formerly the turbocharged 12-year old goal-scoring soccer pocket rocket, is now a six-footer in his final year of high school and thinking about a leap into sports technology.

The view from here: I'm trying and doing. Sorry, Yoda. You've got it wrong. ■



Paul with Ashleigh and Zachary, Leongotha, Victoria, 2017

Coming to Grips with My Princeton Experience

BY FRANK NUESSELE

*Being an Artist
means to be continually asking:
“How can I make it better?”
Whatever “it” is.
It may be our art.
It may be your Life. — Rick Rubin*

Because I am not naturally inclined toward self-reflection, writing something for our 60th reunion feels less like nostalgia and more like a mild act of courage. It's an invitation to ask how I am different standing on the twilight side of 80. Twilight gets a bad rap. It sounds like decline. I think it's more like altitude. You see farther. You move slower. And you stop pretending you're not responsible for the light you bring into a room.

When I think back on my years at Princeton, I'm not exactly flooded with heroic memories. I was far more interested in alcohol than in taking advantage of what Princeton had to offer: the library, the lectures, the conversations, the people. All of it was right there while I was numbing myself, trying to fit in where I didn't believe I belonged.

What changed wasn't a sudden insight. It was people. Over the last ten years, thanks in part to Staś Maliszewski, who dragged me into reunion work, I started meeting classmates I had never known. I discovered lives that were thoughtful, courageous, surprising, and deeply human.

I spent the first half of my relationship with Princeton hiding from it. I'm spending my senior years loving it and wishing to earn that privilege.

How lucky can an old guy get? I'm still madly in love with my beautiful wife, Sita. After downsizing, we live in a comfortable condo with a south-facing deck that looks out onto woods full of birds, squirrels, and deer. It feels like we live inside a nature documentary that forgot to add a narrator. We have what we need. That alone puts us among the wealthiest people on the planet.

My health, which I do not take lightly, is good. I am almost 20 years past prostate cancer and nearly seven years past open-heart surgery. When your body survives things like that, it stops being an abstraction. It becomes a daily relationship. I meditate. I try to sing deeply at least once a week. I pay attention to how I eat, how I move, how I speak to myself, and how I treat others. Taking care of this body has become something close to a full-time job, but I don't experience it as maintenance but as respect.

There is still never enough time. Between my writing, reunion work, housework, relationships, inner work, and the general business of being alive, the day fills up fast. Which is oddly comforting. It means I am still participating.



Frank and Sita Nuessle

Somewhere along the way I decided I needed a new relationship with aging itself. So here it is, in a phrase: “Old is Gold.” The sun is ancient, yet it shows up every morning like it has somewhere important to be. Ancient cultures understood this aliveness.

You can have a 20-year-old body but a fossilized spirit. You can have an 80-year-old body and a ferociously alive consciousness. The question isn't how long you've been here, it's how awake you are while you're here.

That's why “enlighten your consciousness” hits differently than “seek enlightenment.” One is active, the other basically passive. One says you generate your own light, the other says you wait for the light to come to you. I am no longer interested in waiting.

Life isn't about comfort; it's about responsibility and a willingness to embrace the unknown future. As the poet Jack Gilbert puts it, “We must risk delight. We can do without pleasure but not delight. Not enjoyment. We must have the stubbornness to accept our gladness in the ruthless furnace of this world.” The torus of life keeps on rolling, rolling like a river, as Tina Turner sings!

What I am aiming for is not spiritual attainment but

spiritual adulthood. Which brings me back to Princeton and its unofficial motto: "Princeton in the Nation's Service." I used to hear that as an abstraction. Now I hear it as a job description.

As I've gotten older, I've noticed that what occupies my mind most is not nostalgia but infrastructure. Not roads and bridges, but the deeper data systems that quietly shape how we live together, data systems like our systems for the exchange of value.

America's current tumultuous social and economic systems did not arise out of nowhere. They trace back at least six centuries to the enclosure movement in England, when shared land was privatized and people were separated from the means of their own livelihood. That logic of extraction and consolidation has never stopped. It has simply become more efficient, more abstract, and harder to see. But somewhere along the way, Americans have lost touch with what they really value.

We are living in a time when America's social systems are clearly failing to support trust, dignity, and cooperation. Our political systems reward domination, while our economic systems reward extraction.

Because many of our social systems run on data, the data infrastructure itself determines value, power, visibility, and voice. Thus, my work explores how America might redesign its data infrastructure so ordinary people can again live trusting, moral, satisfying, and uplifting lives.

My narrative for this work is the ART Network — *Your Life is Your Art*. Or simply ART-Net. I envision ART-Net as an integrated social-system technology for measuring trust, well-being, cooperation, and care in many inter-networked bioregions. It aims to shift our social systems from domination to relationship, from extraction to participation and connection.

In 1924, André Breton published *The Surrealist Manifesto* — a declaration of war on polite rationality. He argued that reason, enthroned since the Enlightenment, had not liberated humanity. It had simply taught us to construct more efficient mental prisons, decorated with better explanations.

Breton insisted that the unconscious is not noise but is the real signal. Dreams, slips of the tongue, irrational

associations, desire—these are not defects in the machinery of the mind. They are the machinery. They are the living current of our humanity. They are our true currency, not money.

Breton was diagnosing a wound. Modern society, he believed, had severed human beings from their deepest sources of meaning. The symptoms were visible everywhere: obedience dressed up as civility, conformity mistaken for virtue, and a quiet despair that settled in for those who deeply buried their emotions. ART-Net will birth from this worldview.

ART-Net will seek to reclaim inner authority from external systems that measure us, sort us, and sell us back to ourselves. It will refuse metrics that flatten human experience and reduce a life to clicks, scores, and extracted data. It will treat imagination not as indulgence, but as infrastructure—the generative field from which culture, trust, and community arise. It will recognize that freedom is not merely economic. It is cognitive and emotional. A society cannot call itself free if its people's inner lives are colonized.

Truth be told, I have a vision but not a clear plan on how to design and build ART-Net. I just think it is necessary. I also think it will germinate in the U.S., as Leonard Cohen writes in his song "Democracy":

*It's coming to America first
The cradle of the best and of the worst
It's here they got the range
And the machinery for change
And it's here they got the spiritual thirst
It's here the family's broken
And it's here the lonely say
That the heart has got to open
In a fundamental way
Democracy is coming to the U.S.A.*

* *

It took me most of my life to understand that my Princeton degree wasn't meant to decorate a résumé but to give me the means to shape the future. I once denied my Princeton connection because I felt unworthy of it. Now I carry Princeton in my heart because I understand what it asks of me. That feels like growth. Messy. Late. But real. ■

The Thing About Browning

BY JIM MERRITT

A brief but memorable encounter I had with two of the 20th century's brightest literary lights occurred on Friday, February 3, 1967, the same day I graduated from Navy Officer Candidate School, in Newport, Rhode Island. My parents were there at the ceremony. Afterward I accompanied them to Manhattan for dinner at the Princeton Club of New York (my dad was Class of 1942) along with my sister, Kay McCrosky, her husband, John, and my fiancée, Nancy Russell, who was living and working in the city. I had yet to change out of my Navy uniform with its shiny brass buttons and the single gold stripe on each sleeve marking my status as a newly minted ensign.

We arrived early for our reservation and settled into a booth in the bar to wait for our table. As we were talking over drinks, two older gentlemen arrived and sat opposite us. They were a study in contrasts as they launched into an animated conversation. The more imposing of the two wore a rumpled brown-tweed suit, bedroom slippers, and droopy socks that barely covered his ankles. He was tall and lanky, with shaggy brown hair and a shockingly wrinkled face. His companion was short and bald, with wire-rimmed glasses.

My brother-in-law, John McCrosky, sitting opposite me, leaned over the table. Referring to the wrinkly one, he whispered: "Jimmy, who is that guy?"

I looked again. There was no mistaking him.

"W. H. Auden," I said. After a moment I added, "The other guy is Edmund Wilson."

As an English major I recognized Auden right away. My senior thesis, written the year before, was a novel whose title, "On My Faithless Arm," came from a line in one of his poems. Recording the encounter in a journal I kept at the time, I described his face as "literally quilted with wrinkles," the result of a lifetime's hard drinking. Seeing him in the flesh recalled a friend's remark, quoting Igor Stravinsky: "Auden has a face like an elephant's asshole — someday somebody's going to iron it all out and see what's underneath."

Edmund Wilson, Auden's host for the evening, was a Princetonian from the Class of 1916 and a renowned literary critic. I knew of him mainly for his association with his Princeton contemporary F. Scott Fitzgerald, Class of 1917.

The maître de arrived to say our table was ready. As we headed for the dining room we passed within earshot of our distinguished neighbors. I remember Auden slouched over his drink and gesturing with his large hands but can't swear which of them (probably Wilson) uttered the single phrase I caught:

"Well, the thing about Browning is . . ."

A few minutes later they entered the dining room, stopping at the buffet table to fill their plates. From my journal: "Auden — tall, round-shouldered and big-chested like an old-time baseball player (I think of Honus Wagner, for some reason) — lopes with his caviar and Hungarian meatballs to a table at the far side of the room."

Once we'd been

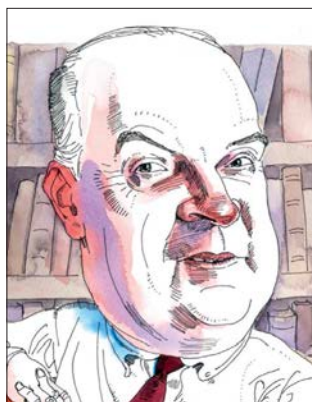
seated at our table I mentioned the snippet of conversation I'd heard. When I uttered "Well, the thing about Browning is . . .," my mother instantly completed the sentence: ". . . that he loved Elizabeth Barrett."

Mother, rest her soul, was the sweetest person I've ever known, and the remark was totally in character. It didn't occur to me at the time to question her familiarity with the Victorian poets Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning and their abiding passion, epitomized in the first line of Elizabeth's Sonnet 43, "How do I love thee? Let me count the ways." She grew up in Wichita Falls, Texas, and attended Baylor University, in Waco, for one semester before dropping out. I would never call her literary, and in her later years she mostly read romance novels. It's likely she was introduced to the Brownings in high-school English, or perhaps at Baylor, the depository of the Browning papers.

Forty years after my Auden encounter, in September 2007, I took part in a Princeton alumni college in



Elizabeth and Robert Barrett Browning



Edmund Wilson and W. H. Auden

England. Its subject was *The Canterbury Tales*, Geoffrey Chaucer's book-length narrative poem about a group of 14th-century pilgrims journeying to Canterbury Cathedral to worship at the shrine of the martyred Saint Thomas à Becket. Our guide was John V. Fleming *63, a distinguished medievalist and professor of English who taught Princeton's Chaucer course for decades. It was an immersive experience that included retracing several miles of the pilgrims' trail into Canterbury.

While on the trail ("The Pilgrims Way") I struck up a conversation with John that wound up touching on Auden. When I told him my Auden story I shouldn't have been surprised that he had an Auden story, too. In the late 1950s, as a Rhodes Scholar at Oxford, John and his roommate attended a reading by the august

poet. At a reception following the event they chatted him up and invited him back to their suite. Auden, unwinding, downed several glasses of wine at the reception and several more with his young hosts. Words and libations flowed. The evening ended with their by now well-lubricated guest spilling a glass of claret on a book of his verses John asked him to sign. Red-stained pages and all, the book remained in John's possession for years until it was mistakenly thrown out.

Terry Seymour, my classmate and fellow English major, was part of our little group walking with John. As we approached the outskirts of Canterbury, Terry and I moved ahead. John's group eventually caught up. As they did so, I could hear John talking, and when he came within earshot I caught a snippet of what he was saying:

"Well, the thing about Browning is . . ."

I turned to Terry. "He's telling my story! ■"



Jim Merritt and Nancy Russell in March 1967, a month after their close encounter with Auden and Wilson.



June 14, 1966, writer and mom at his Princeton graduation.



September 2007, ambling to Canterbury on the Pilgrims Way.

Princeton Ups and Downs

BY TERRY SEYMOUR

Early in the new year I posted a classwide email asking what all of us liked most and least about our undergraduate experience. In response, a slew of classmates wracked their aging brains for their best and worst memories of Princeton. I had fun poring over their comments and took particular pleasure communicating with those I hadn't known during our four years together.

Trying to bring order out of chaos, I have sorted these memories into categories of my own invention. There were several recurring themes: the JFK assassination and the riot of spring 1963 were the dominant negative events. Academics, football and basketball triumphs, and roommate bonding were generally more upbeat. Nobody mentioned the shortcomings of the eating-club selection process known as Bicker until one very tardy entrant, Russell Willis (who lives in Australia and blamed the delay on the International Date Line). As something of an introvert, Willis never got a bid, yet made the best of it by setting up a gourmet kitchen in his dorm and saving his parents "a ton of money." No one remarked on the diligent service of dorm-entry janitors, or the architectural horror of basement bathrooms, or late-night bull sessions, or marathon bridge games in the top floor of third-entry Patton Hall, or how we all looked forward to the annual bonus/rebate on our U-Store account. But there are numerous surprises and twists in the road. Here they are, in no particular order. — T.S.

* * *

MY WIFE TO BE

There was certainly a dearth of marital candidates on our campus. Is there such a thing as a severe dearth, as in severe drought? Some might call it a paucity, but I think a four-letter word is in order, so how about *lack*? Anyway, times were tough. The administration was aware of the issue and did take some feeble actions. (See below for the freshman mixers, definitely a mixed experiment.) Speaking of mixed, do you remember the persistent rumor that saltpeter was mixed in our meals in Commons? My research reveals that saltpeter is a naturally occurring substance sometimes resulting from bat guano being aged, and eventually leached, by rainwater, transforming the droppings into saltpeter. If we could prove that the university was using this substance on us, it could be a bigger deal than Agent Orange. But before you "go batshit," keep in mind that

this was only a rumor. Possibly the substance simply was not powerful enough to overcome a Princeton boy's libido.

If you want to get worked up about something, get this: only recently did we learn that President Goheen actually considered imposing tariffs on the importation of dates. Dates from Canada carried a stiff 50-percent tariff. All of these measures were dead ends. Did no one ever think of coeducation?

Nevertheless, some valiant classmates managed to swim upstream and find love on campus. I must mention two of our deceased members here. *Dan Skvir*, in a stern rebuke to atheism, had his prayers answered and married a professor's daughter, Tassie Turkevich, a "pre-coeducation coed" Critical Languages student. *Tom Scott*, who sang in the Chapel Choir, met Bonnie Kime, his future wife, at a joint concert with Wellesley.

Several best memories explain how some of us managed to find their lifetime partners. Women visitors may indeed have considered the isolated Princeton campus a "happy hunting ground."

Ken Krosin reports that his future wife, Ruth, was an enterprising Douglass student who "one fine day in September 1964" took the bus from New Brunswick to "study" (quotation marks are Ken's) at Firestone. During her first break, she cruised into the Student Center, met Ken, and their instant chemistry made the rest inevitable.

Jeff Weiss had just returned to campus, exhausted from a ski trip, but was urged by friends to pile into their VW bug and drive to Poughkeepsie for a Vassar mixer. The result? "I met Carol, my wife of 58 years (so far). I won't forget that anytime."

Did you ever hear the one about the Triangle show participant who hardly spent any time at McCarter at all, because he had to study? If you know who that was, please provide details about this dodo bird. Unlike that *rara avis*, *Bill Price* spent untold hours at McCarter as a technical worker for the Triangle Show. Wandering into the box office one day during a break in the action, he espied a very cute girl who happened to be the box-office manager. She ultimately became Mrs. Price.

Phil Hansen proposed to his wife (and she accepted) during dinner at the Nassau Inn in April 1966.



Jeff Weiss

Jon Holman has great memories of his roommate Fred Hartmann's marriage. During the summer between his sophomore and junior year, Jon was heading east on Route 66 (always his preferred highway) via bus from L.A. to N.Y.C. There were rumors that Jon was doing research for Simon & Garfunkel to add realism to their song "America." The duo wasn't about to mount a Greyhound for a cross-country trip themselves, but for two bucks an hour, Jon obliged. Having waived royalties, Jon wrote most of the lyrics in the fourth verse, including the haunting line "They've all come to look for America." Jon categorically denies all this.

Anyway, in the middle of his journey, Jon received a phone message from Fred (through numerous intermediaries in those days before cell phones) to get off the bus in Indianapolis. Fred was getting married to Sally there and wanted Jon to be best man. (Fred tried to rent the Speedway "Brickyard" but found it was beyond his budget.) Triumphantly, Jon made it to the ceremony. I doubt that he had his tux with him, however. [Note: I was Fred's roommate freshman year, an experience which may have driven him into matrimony].

Jim (the other) Holman fondly recalls sneaking the future Mrs. Holman into his dorm.

HEY BIRD DOG, GET AWAY FROM MY QUAIL

When we were freshmen, some benevolent force in the administration arranged a program with several all-women colleges to get on a bus and come to Dillon Gym for a mixer. These events were as highly anticipated as they were frustrating. One common practice, with no apparent deterrent, was the line of stealthy upperclassmen who waited for the girls to exit the bus and then brazenly pounced — escorting them away from the gym toward who knows where. It was astonishing the number of girls who took this U-turn. Some of the activity was likely prearranged — but still. Give us a break, guys. You were freshmen yourself once. As eager '66 freshmen stood helplessly by, the cream of the crop headed elsewhere.

One of the most prevalent '66 bad memories involve negative dating experiences. Perhaps the leader of the pack, Larry Cromwell, had wonderful plans for his forthcoming House Parties date. This future Miss America sent him a terse letter advising him that she could not attend because she had just failed a Wasserman test. Larry claims that it was probably just as well, but I think that sounds like sour grapes. She probably just hadn't studied for the exam.



Larry Cromwell



Seymour Preston

Seymour Preston was glad that his House Parties date at least showed up. But after he had paid all the bills, his date disappeared with an unknown Tiger or possibly multiple Tigers.

During freshman year, Ned Groth was lucky enough to find a date for the Junior Prom. He thought of her as his "girlfriend from hometown."

During the prom she excused herself to go to the ladies room, and promptly disappeared. After realizing what happened, he went back to his dorm, where he "found her with his roommate. She had been secretly dating him behind my back for several weeks." Oops. He and the roommate ultimately patched things up. They both decided that their friendship was more important, but now they wonder whatever became of "what's-her-name."

EXAMINATION DRAMA

We all must have some recollection of strange happenings in the examination halls. Frequently these involved pranksters who were not part of the course but showed up, sometimes in costume, to disrupt the proceedings. Bruce Gates was trying to concentrate on his Religion 101 final. (He was also concerned that he might misspell a word in the pledge. Was it honor or the British spelling "honour"? He could never remember.) The exam was held in the Physics auditorium because of the large number of students in the course. As he struggled with multiple dilemmas, Bruce's fragile concentration was broken by the sight of several seniors dressed as angels, complete with halos, being lowered from the ceiling. He maintains to this day that passing that exam was "a miracle."



Bruce Gates

Tom Yin recalls that his worst moment was "waking up a half hour into an English Lit final exam." I pressed Tom on whether he started out this adventure by oversleeping in his dorm. Or instead he reported to the exam, and after reviewing a bunch of uninteresting questions, fell asleep in McCosh 10, only to awaken after his subconscious had formed a brilliant essay. He refused to answer.

FOOTBALL BLISS AND CRASH

As a member of our cheerleader squad, John Edie has glowing memories about football games. He was especially delighted that he was able to visit the locker

room after the 1964 undefeated (9-0) season and witness the celebration of jubilant players.

John also described his role in the H-Y-P bonfire that year. For unknown reasons the cheerleaders were put in charge of building the bonfire. Someone had set up a pole around which the fuel was to be stacked. But the cheerleaders had to do everything else. This primarily involved roaming the campus to collect dead branches and beg for firewood donations. But John then reports an added twist: "We got an old pair of sweatpants and a sweatshirt and stuffed a dummy with newspaper. We taped an upside down Y on the sweatshirt. Then we sought out fireworks donations and loaded them into the crotch of our Yale dummy. [Ed. note: A tautology.] Then we strung it up high on the pole in a noose. Nobody but the cheerleaders knew what would happen when the fire reached the dummy. Of course the crotch exploded, and we did a lot of high-fiving to massive cheers."

Along with any and every member of the 1965 football squad, *Bruce Gates*, ranks as his worst memory the final game, against Dartmouth, a loss that ruined what would have been a second consecutive undefeated season. Ironically, he scored the final T.D. for Princeton, one of only two in his career. He says that only made it "bittersweet."

Tiny Morgan reports on an unusual football game between official, but unnamed, team members and a few brave civilians. Tiny first reported this to me as a balcony scene, and I had a vision of his wooing the fair Juliet. But no, he clarified that he was playing football with a fire extinguisher and that the balcony was in Middle Dod. That raises other questions, but I was trying to keep this simple. I asked him if he incurred any injuries. Apparently not. He was told that he "yelled Geronimo, when I fell, and the guys knew I was OK when they heard me snoring. I did get a one-day suspension and my folks had to write a letter telling Princeton I am stupid. The truth hurts."

Numerous respondents ranked football games and the attendant Tiger success as one of their best memories.

BRADLEY MEMORIES

Many classmates basked in the reflected glow of our All American, Olympian, NBA Hall of Famer and U.S. senator. Numerous responders exclaimed about how much they enjoyed and reveled in his uncanny knack: when we needed a basket he ALWAYS made one.

John Hoerster made the trip to College Park, Md., to watch the 1965 Eastern Regionals where Princeton took down N.C. State and then demolished Providence by 40 points.

Jim Parmentier was standing on the hill across from

Dillon Gym when the team bus returned from the NCAA finals and Princeton's 3rd-place finish. Bradley somehow made his way to the top of the bus and gave a speech. He said: "We didn't win it ... maybe we should say we're sorry." To which someone shouted: "Say it 58 times!" (A reference, presumably, to the record 58 consecutive free throws he made over the course of his first two seasons — more on this below.)



Tom Yin

Tom Yin was one of my teammates during the legendary Cane Spree basketball game our freshman year against a sophomore team led by Bill Bradley. Legendary, that is, in my own mind, because, as you should all be reminded, yours truly outscored Bradley by one point. (See my account in our 50th Reunion Book.) Most of the details about our lopsided loss to Bradley's team have faded from Tom's memory, but he distinctly remembers Bradley missing a free throw and wondering whether that would count against his consecutive streak, which at the time stood at 57.

Terry Eakin recalls that Bradley's last regular season game was televised live in Dillon Pool. The gymnasium simply had no more room for spectators, and the demand was enormous.

JFK ASSASSINATION

Even though this world-changing event had nothing to do with Princeton, it was easily the most reported negative memory. Several classmates related where they were and what they were doing when they heard the news, usually in photographic detail. Almost half of respondents mentioned this day.

ROTC DOINGS

Even though a large number of '66ers were part of one of the three ROTC units, no one mentioned it as either a good or bad experience. Those like myself who were regular (as opposed to reserve) Navy ROTC cadets were required to do several weeks of training each summer. After our sophomore year we went as a unit to Little Creek, Va., with the Marines and to Corpus Christi, Tex., with the aviators. We thought it was hot in Little Creek, until we got to Texas. Our barracks weren't air conditioned, and the temperature never dipped below 100 for seven consecutive days. But as they say, it was a dry heat. And none of us had cars in Corpus Christi so we didn't have to worry about our windshields exploding.

Both locations had an obstacle course. The one at Little Creek was much more difficult, and was super-

vised by the Recon (Reconnaissance) Marines. *Clay Davis* was our platoon commander, and likely our best student. As he recalls:

"That obstacle course was the site of one of my Glory Days. One of the Recon Marines challenged any member of the platoon to race him up this wall that was climbed with a rope. I volunteered and beat him up the wall to the cheers and delight of our group." Our unit really bonded that summer. Sadly we have lost too many members too soon.



Clay Davis

ACADEMIC WOES

Although his best memories were of coursework, *Keith Jennings* reported that he nearly flunked Religion 101.

Paul Mahlstedt had his worst experience as a freshman when he almost failed calculus, physics and chemistry. See page opposite for the good news.

Jay Lagemann, late in his junior year, had done extensive work on an 8-mm film, working closely with the chairman of the English Department on the project. He wrote a script and took a course on movie making with the chairman. They worked well together and were very compatible. "You might think it was a shoo-in. But no." The administration awarded the scholarship "to some boring project. We were not even allowed to make the film on our own time and without credit." The administration's treatment incensed him.

Jeff Green, an outstanding student, says: "My sophomore year was not a good one, and one of the worst aspects of it was a preceptor in Willard Thorpe's survey course on American literature. He took an instant dislike to me and made insulting comments on the essays I submitted. I guess he figured I was a cocky New Yorker and needed to be cut down to size.



Jeff Green

Needless to say, since I was accepted to Princeton on the basis of my high-school record and was even a University Scholar, I wasn't used to destructive treatment on the part of a teacher. I brought one of the papers with his unfair comments, to Professor Thorpe, who offered to move me to another preceptorial. Stupidly, I declined his offer and suffered for the rest of the semester."

Jeff's comments astonished me — we were in the same precept and my experience with that preceptor was almost identical to Jeff's. When I shared this, Jeff produced an obituary of the offending preceptor which

detailed a solid academic career. We jointly decided to forgive, if not forget.

Steve Chertock reports a "sad memory that turned out OK but reflects a gravely immature attitude that led me to disrespect a wonderful opportunity to learn at Princeton. While getting married on June 11th and hiding deep anxiety about graduation status, I finally found out mid-morning of graduation day that I had squeaked by in a course I had to pass. The 'rest of the story' is far better, but I still regret being an aimless student who wasted most of my Princeton experience."

Phil Hansen describes himself as a "phlegmatic Dane, whose entire range of emotion (on a scale of 1 to 10) stretches from 4 (as close as I get to depression) to 6 (as close as I get to elation); it's hard to pinpoint specific 6's and 4's." He writes:



Phil Hansen

Aside from numerous failures at freshman mixers, one experience stands out in the 4 category, also from senior year: Advanced Inorganic Chemistry. In spring '65 a bunch of us seniors had signed up for Advanced Inorganic Chemistry in the fall because it looked interesting and was being taught by Professor T. Darrah Thomas, who was an excellent lecturer doing interesting work. We showed up in the fall, and there on the podium was Professor Leland C. Allen, who was, to put it charitably, not fungible with Professor Thomas. Professor Allen was a pure theoretical chemist, whose work was more quantum physics than chemistry. He announced that he had decided that he should get in touch with the real world of chemistry and so had convinced Professor Thomas to allow him to teach Advanced Inorganic in order to get his feet back on the ground. The attempt failed. After two lectures, we were airborne. "Hartree-Fock Self-Consistent Field computations" (the terminology is seared into my brain, although it means no more to me now than it did then) filled the blackboard for the rest of the semester. All the other undergraduates bailed immediately, leaving me and *Jol Sproles* as the only undergraduates in the course. I don't know what compelled Jol to stay, and I have no idea what I was thinking. On the day of the final, I remember walking across Washington Road to Frick, hoping I might be run over, thereby avoiding coming home for Christmas and having to explain a grade of 6 (remember the old 1-7 grading system?) in a course in my major.

ACADEMIC JOYS & PROFESSORIAL ADMIRATION

Keith Jennings fondly recalls his studies, roommates and sports. *Ned Groth* cites "courses he took with outstanding faculty. There were many but I would rank

No. 1 Colin Pittindrigh's Introductory Biology. Also Geology 101 & 102 with Sheldon Judson, and Romantic Poets with Charles Ryskamp.

Jeff Green was particularly delighted with having a carrel assigned to him in Firestone for work on his thesis. He feels his senior thesis was "an important milestone in my education and a significant accomplishment."

John Kelso had an unexpected enrichment assignment. He relates:

As a freshman in 1962-63, I took Physics 101 and used its textbook, authored by Princeton's brilliant physicist, Prof. Eric Rogers. I greatly enjoyed both the course and the textbook. While I later majored in English and went on to become a lawyer, I was hired by Professor Rogers in my junior year to edit the physics textbook he was then preparing for the Physical Science Study Committee (PSSC), of which he was a charter member. The goal of that two-year project was to bring clarity to the teaching of physics to secondary students throughout the English-speaking world. I was thrilled and honored to have participated in creating that tool.

Paul Mahlstedt balanced his woes with success. His best memory is the meeting he had with Dean Lippincott to change from engineering to liberal arts. The dean introduced him to a Spanish professor who set Paul on the path toward a Latin American specialty within the Navy, starting as a Fullbright scholar to Uruguay and ending with three years in Panama. After his naval career, he continued extensive work in Latin America: over 33 years as a diplomat and defense consultant.

Peter Freeman pulled an all-nighter to finish a Shakespeare paper. The next day he fell asleep during an early-morning humanities precept. He woke up to an empty room save for the preceptor, Professor Antony Raubitscheck, who was nonjudgmental and gently awakened him.

Kit Mill surprised us by focusing on academia. Here's his remarkable story:

Besides meeting my great friends for life as roommates or teammates, most powerful memory, believe this or not, was in academia, me of all people. My father told/demanded that if he was going to spend \$3,000 a year for Princeton in 1962 that I had damned well start preparing for life after college, i.e. the workplace and that I should/must major in Economics. Freshman year I enrolled in Econ 101, guns and butter, Bill Bowen's class. ... At midterms I got a 5-minus and recognized that were I to continue in economics, my intended major, I would not be long for Princeton. I hurriedly changed my course load in sophomore year to things like Frank Bourne's Classics 201, Hubert Alyea's Chemistry 201,

and Richard Turner's course on Italian Renaissance art. All three were great, and I got 2's and 2-pluses in each. The real gift for me was Turner's course. For the first time in my life, I enjoyed learning something. Up until that course, all through high school, I had just been going through the motions. Learning was a chore. I thoroughly enjoyed spending hours, alone, staring at the bulletin board on the first floor of McCormick Hall at copies of works by Giotto, Ucello, Fra Angelico, Fra Filippo Lippi, and the rest of the boys. To this day I get excited to go into a museum. I head straight to Renaissance art, and if there is none, then any art. Oh, yeh, I didn't tell my father until the end of sophomore year that I had switched my major from economics to art. At least I had good grades to show for it.



Kit Mill

Phil Rodenberger enrolled in a 200-level music course on Bach and Handel, taught by the chair of the department, Arthur Mendel, and Dean Lippincott. He thinks he might have been the only non-music major in the class. After the mid-terms one of the professors challenged him: "Rodenberger, how did you get into this class?" Phil replied that the syllabus listed completion of Music 101 or the ability to read music as the only prerequisites. "He then OK'ed me and passed me with a gentleman's C for the course." [Ed.: I don't know how that translates to the ancient 1-7 scale].

FRESHMAN JITTERS

Before the academic year got underway, to start our Princeton experience we all had to enter what for many was totally uncharted waters: finding our way around campus, meeting new roommates, furnishing our dorm rooms, and fighting the ignorance of whatever potential academic terrors might await us. My own schedule of three Thursday, Friday, and Saturday classes at 7:40, 8:40 and 9:40 was a brutality that still hurts.



Doug Hansmann

Doug Hansmann was a West Coast freshman who had never seen the campus before setting out from Seattle in the fall of 1962. His trip east involved two days by train and the final links to Princeton on the Dinky.

The conductor helped me with my luggage while rolling his eyes. I must have had 'Freshman' written on my forehead. The sight of the looming Gothic towers above the green canopy of trees as we approached the campus was thrilling. I was relieved to find that my dorm, Pyne Hall, was just a few steps from the train station. It was a Sunday. I was required to ar-

rive early for training as a Commons waiter. Thus my roommates, *Don Delisi* and *Jim Scheuler*, were not there yet. After hauling luggage up to the attic, I was dying for a shower and a nap. I stripped, grabbed my toilet kit and a towel, and proceeded toward the entry stairs toward the basement bathroom. As I heard the click of the room door closing behind me, my heart stopped. I had left my room key inside! A frantic search of the entire entry stairway found no living souls. No other students, no janitor - just me. What to do?

I went out into the courtyard and sat down with my towel wrapped around my waist. I didn't have to fake the embarrassed look on my face. It seemed like an hour, but probably less than 30 minutes, an upperclassman came walking by, and noticed my suave outfit (the toilet kit might have been a clue). Trying desperately not to laugh, he volunteered to walk to the Proctor's office and send me a rescuer. (No, it was not Axel).

Doug was unsure whether to claim this as his best or his worst memory.

Mikk Hinnov writes in a similar vein as he describes how his emotions ranged wildly as he first made his way to the campus.

It may be that my unhappiest moment occurred on the bus ride to Princeton for the start of freshman year. I had packed two suitcases that morning, said goodbye to my mother (my father had already left for work) and my sister, and walked to the end of the our block in Manchester, Conn., to catch a bus to Hartford. There I walked several blocks to catch a train for Grand Central Station. I walked across town to the Port Authority where I boarded the bus to Princeton. When the bus was perhaps five miles from Princeton, going through Kendall Park on Route 27, I had an emotional moment; a moment of terrible sadness, mourning, tears and grief. I realized suddenly that my childhood was over. I was on my own, and whatever I decided and did from that point would determine my future. My parents were powerless to protect or guide me anymore.

The moment passed as quickly as it had come over me. The bus soon arrived at Palmer Square. Getting off that bus, with two suitcases and a campus map in hand, I set off for Laughlin Hall, high in anticipation - my happiest moment at Princeton.

Lance Chilton, from Orinda, Calif., describes himself as a poor western high-school kid lost among all the preppies and classmates with enough cash to import dates.

Don Delisi recalls an incident connected with the Freshman Chapel requirement.

I remember that, during our freshman year, it was mandatory to attend chapel several times each semester. I can't recall exactly how many times were required, but

one particular service is impossible to forget.

That year I had two roommates, and on one Sunday all three of us went to chapel together — one of us for the very first time. As fate would have it, that morning happened to include communion, and our “first-timer” had never experienced it before.

Back then, communion was served with altar boys walking down the aisles, passing plates of wafers and then a chalice of wine along each row. When the plate reached us, two of us calmly took a single wafer and passed it along. When it reached our newcomer, his eyes widened. He grabbed a fistful of wafers and stuffed them all into his mouth. As we struggled to keep from laughing, he leaned over and whispered innocently, “I didn't have time for breakfast this morning.”

Then came the chalice. The two of us dipped our wafers into the wine, but our friend, now waferless, lifted the chalice to his lips and took several hearty gulps. That was more than we could handle. We completely lost it.

To the best of my memory, we never had communion at chapel again after that. I've often wondered if our freshman-year experience had anything to do with the chapel requirement being lifted at the end of our freshman year.

PRANKS AND FOLLIES

Peter Freeman, although he names no perpetrators, reports that several '66ers somehow arranged to move the Firestone Library security guard's desk and hide it in the basement. You may recall that this guard was known affectionately as the White Rabbit. Satisfied that their prank had produced sufficient mayhem and concern, the desk was returned the next day, by the same stealthy and anonymous pranksters.

Bruce Gates and *Staś Maliszewski*, apparently, had sufficient energy after football practice to sneak into the physics lecture auditorium and “tape a couple of Playboy centerfolds on the backside of the professor's rollup blackboard. As he was lecturing and cranking, the centerfolds finally appeared. Only briefly taken aback, the professor turned to the class and said ‘Now let's talk about curves.’” Bruce provided this report, but it has neither been confirmed or denied by Staś.

Tom Yin worked with “Lathrop Johnson to liberate the clapper, to revive the old campus tradition.” I am very pleased that we can include a clapper victory story.

Terry Scherk relates how, for junior-year House



Don Delisi



Mikk Hinnov



Peter Freeman

Parties, “with the inspiration provided by *Ted Tieken*, *David Fischer* ’65, *Sandy Kirkpatrick*, and others, we crafted a plan to have a medieval joust tournament on the field just adjacent to Palmer Stadium. Heraldic shields were created, lances crafted, and most important we ‘rented’ some very tired nags as mounts. If memory serves I was a ‘stretcher bearer.’ It was a great event and a lot of fun until Sandy Stengel ’65 got in the way of a flailing hoof. But all ended well, lubricated by a keg or two.”

SPRING RIOT OF 1963

Many classmates cited this never-explained uprising as something of which they were ashamed. Only *Ken Krosin* seems to have processed his punishment in an appropriate fashion. He was moving with the crowd as Axel Peterson started sorting out several miscreants. Ken doesn’t remember his exact commentary, but it was something with which Axel took exception. He demanded Ken’s I.D. and took some notes. Ken immediately fled back to his dorm, jumped into bed and hid under the covers. *Terry Eakin* was part of the mob pulling down the fence around Prospect.

John Hoerster ranks the riots as a big negative. He was also was disturbed at the practice of spooning (or not) when dates were brought into Commons. I too had spooning on my bad list. *John* contributed the best account of the riot:

During my four years as a Princeton undergrad, there were very few “low” points. What follows describes one of them.

On the evening of May 6, 1963, during my freshman year, I was studying in my South Dod dorm room when I heard loud noises outside my window. As the noises became louder and more frequent, I went downstairs to investigate what was going on in the lawn area adjacent to my dorm, right under my window. Within moments, crowds of students grew, made more noise and began what would soon become a full-fledged riot.

The campus got trashed and then the town, with hundreds of thousands of dollars’ worth of damage being done to private property on campus and in the town. Students tried unsuccessfully to overturn the two-car “Dinky” train operated by the PJ&B Railway. That effort failed only because one group of frenzied students pushed on the first car while another group was pulling on the second car. Had they all pulled in unison, they would have toppled the train.

The rioters grew to an estimated 1,500. There were some skirmishes with police and university proctors. The incident left 644 marks on permanent records, 47



John Hoerster

suspensions, 14 arrests and 13 convictions. I was one of those 47 suspensions.

Days later, sympathy riots unfolded on the campuses of Harvard, Columbia, Brown, Yale, Brandeis, and perhaps other schools. All of these riots were totally without purpose or any rational motivation, other than to “let off steam.” There was no defense made or that could have been made for any of this misbehavior.

I did not participate or join the crowd but followed from a distance to observe and take note “as if” I was a news reporter, which I was not. At one point, while I was standing and watching from a distance, across the street from Miss Fine’s School, a proctor (Axel) tapped me on the shoulder and demanded my U-Store card. I told him I had not done anything, which he did not dispute. He said, simply, “You’re here.” Only then did it dawn on me that rioters cannot effectively riot without an audience — and I was a part of that audience.

At a brief hearing days later in the dean’s office, I again told the inquiring authorities that I did nothing but observe, from a distance. The answer — again — was, “You were there.” They acknowledged that I had not participated in any mayhem, but shared responsibility for being one of the crowd. I was told that mine would be among the lightest of punishments, but I had to take some consequence.

I was therefore told that I was immediately suspended from school and would be required to leave campus within a very short time. That was on a Thursday. The dean advised that I would be re-admitted when I brought back a letter signed by my parents, asking that I be reinstated. Acknowledging that it might take a few days to get that letter, I was told I could return the following Monday — which I did. I was further told that, if I stayed out of future trouble, the notation in my record would be removed at graduation. I did, and it was.

Because my family then happened to be staying at my grandmother’s house about 20 miles away, it took me moments to prepare a letter for my parents to sign and go to my grandmother’s house for the weekend. When I fully explained what had happened, my dad was upset with the action Princeton had taken with me, since I “did nothing wrong.” By then, I fully understood and agreed with the dean’s rationale and with the very light consequence he imposed on me for providing an audience for the misbehavior of more active rioters.

I got my dad to calm down and sign my letter, and I was back in school on Monday. So far as I know, my school record bears no indication of any of the foregoing. My written account of the riot became a paper that I submitted to one of my professors.

Because the university did not want to pay for the damage that students caused on campus and in town, all students were told that each would be assessed a small additional amount — maybe \$200 — to create a fund to pay for all of the property damage, which by then had amounted to several hundred thousand dollars. Students who had no participation were to

submit a written statement — on their honor, so stating -- and they would not be assessed. By not responding, those who were there — including me — accepted the assessment. This process was a true test of Princeton's honor system, as approximately 1,500 of us accepted that expense.

PRINCETON FOREVER

Jon Weiner recalls the Prince-Tiger dance November 1964. Martha and the Vandellas ("Ready for a brand new beat") downstairs and Bo Diddley ("Caught a nanny goat to make his pretty baby a Sunday coat") upstairs.

Russell Willis reveled in a private concert every night as his roommate, Jim, mastered the flamenco guitar. Jim got so good that his teacher stopped charging him for lessons, and they just played and learned together while Russell sat back and enjoyed the show.

Lance Chilton remembers his best memories being his good roommates and Princeton in the fall.

Larry Cromwell reports: "Four of us roomed together freshman year. One of us was asked to take a leave of absence and return with "a renewed sense of purpose" after accumulating several "Fleg Negs" (flagrant neglects). Another roommate dropped out during sophomore year for personal reasons. Princeton was committed to us, however. In my senior year we all roomed together once again: two seniors, one sophomore and one freshman."

Mike Witte says his "worst and best were both academic, and remain firmly in my psyche to this day":

I entered Senior year on academic probation; in my junior year I had been deeply depressed, for a number of seemingly existential reasons, sleeping all day and

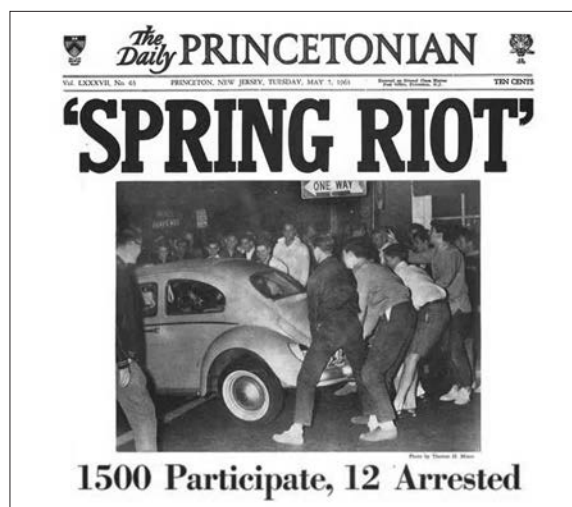
studying all night. Although I had performed well in senior mid-term exams, a predisposition towards procrastination carried me to winter finals well behind in preparation. My roommate and dear friend, *Tom Tureen*, suggested that a prescription for Dexedrine might help. I obtained just that from the Princeton infirmary. In the exam room, after 48 sleepless hours, I opened my Blue Book knowing the answers to all the questions but unable to spell the word "the" consistently. It was a monster Dex crash, and I had flunked out of Princeton in my senior year, easily my worst experience.

Fast forward a couple of years. I was a senior in the class of '68 struggling with both procrastination and a thesis that was already several days late. It was two o'clock in the morning. The campus was deserted, most of the students having departed for Spring Break. The thesis required an additional 120 pages, I calculated. Or maybe, not. Maybe it needed JUST ONE MORE PARAGRAPH. I dispatched that small block of print with enthusiasm. Then, at 3 a.m. I crossed the campus to the lonely eastern athletic fields. A full moon was out, and my heart was full. I was free to become the artist I had learned I was destined to be during my two years away from Princeton. It was the best!

Our only anonymous contributor writes, "Two days stand out to me from my Princeton experience: the day I arrived in the fall of 1962 as a scholarship student and the first in my family going to college, and a day in June 1966 when I graduated, with my family in attendance, and seeing the joy in my parents' eyes. It was a life-changing four years for which I always have and always will be grateful." ■



Mike Witte



The Day After: Daily Princetonian, May 7, 1963

The Senior Year

What Old Age Is Actually For

BY DAVE MARSHAK

One ought to enter old age the way one enters the senior year at a university, in exciting anticipation of consummation. Rich in perspective, experienced in failure, the person advanced in years is capable of shedding prejudices and the fever of vested interests. He does not see anymore in every fellow man a person who stands in his way, and competitiveness may cease to be his way of thinking.

— Abraham Joshua Heschel
*The Insecurity of Freedom:
Essays on Human Existence*

THE STORY WE HAVE BEEN TOLD

The dominant cultural narrative about aging is a story of subtraction. Each decade removes something: physical capacity, professional relevance, social centrality, cognitive sharpness. The future shrinks. The options narrow. What remains is a diminished version of what once was, maintained as long as possible before the final subtraction.

This narrative is so pervasive, so reinforced by advertising and medicine and the general orientation of a youth-obsessed culture, that most people have absorbed it without examination. Even people who consciously reject it often find themselves measuring their later years against an earlier standard — mourning what they can no longer do rather than attending to what they can now do that was not available before.

Abraham Joshua Heschel, one of the 20th century's most penetrating theological and philosophical minds, proposed a different story entirely. Old age, on his account, is not the subtraction of earlier capacities. It is the consummation of a lifetime's work — the arrival of something that could not have existed before, that required everything that came before it to become possible, and that represents not the diminishment of the self but its fullest expression.

He chose his metaphor carefully. The senior year at a university is not the exhausted final lap. It is the year when everything studied and practiced and struggled with begins to cohere. When the courses that seemed disconnected reveal their relationships. When the skills that were acquired separately can be brought to bear together on problems that require their combination. When the student, for the first time, is capable of something genuinely original rather than merely reproductive. The senior year is not the end of education. It is the first moment when education becomes fully usable.

For those of us who have passed eighty, who are alumni of universities that shaped the first chapter of our adult lives and who have been students of existence ever since — this passage deserves to be read not as consolation but as an accurate description of what we actually have.

THE ASSET THAT CANNOT BE PURCHASED

Heschel names perspective first among the gifts of age, and he is right to do so. Perspective is not information. It is not intelligence. It is not even wisdom in the abstract sense. It is something more specific: the capacity to see the current moment in relation to a long sequence of other moments, to know from experience rather than from reading that this crisis is not unprecedented, that this certainty has predecessors that turned out to be wrong, that this generation's discovery was visible to an earlier generation under a different name.

Those of us who have lived eight or more decades have witnessed a succession of emergencies, each of which seemed at the time to be uniquely threatening, uniquely novel, uniquely beyond the capacity of existing frameworks to address. We have seen ideologies that appeared invincible



P-rade, 2023. "A Princeton reunion . . . gathers together people who share the specific formation of a particular institution at a particular historical moment."

collapse within a generation. We have seen problems that seemed intractable yield to approaches that nobody had considered. We have seen the arc of history bend in directions that the most informed observers of an earlier moment could not have predicted.

This does not produce complacency. The person who has seen enough history to know that catastrophe is genuinely possible — who lived through the middle of the twentieth century with any degree of attention — is not naive about what human beings are capable of. But it does produce something that younger people, for all their energy and intelligence, cannot yet have: the knowledge, bone-deep and earned rather than borrowed, that the present moment is not the final word. That what looks like an ending often turns out to be a transition. That the resources available to address a crisis are rarely fully visible at the moment the crisis feels most acute.

This kind of perspective is not merely personally sustaining. It is a social asset of the first order — one that is systematically undervalued in a culture that prizes the speed and novelty that youth provides, and systematically underutilizes in institutions that route their most demanding problems to their youngest and most recently trained participants.

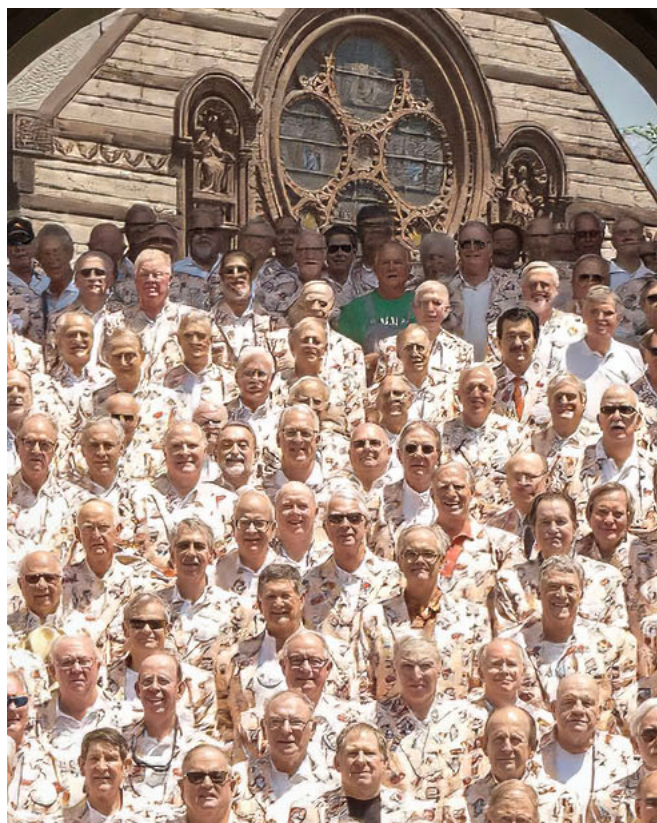
WHAT FAILURE TEACHES

The second gift Heschel names is the most counterintuitive: experience in failure. Not in spite of our failures but because of them, the person advanced in years has access to knowledge that no amount of success can provide.

Consider what significant failure actually teaches. It teaches the difference between what we thought we valued and what we actually value — a difference that is often invisible until the moment when we have lost something we assumed we wanted and discovered, to our surprise, that we are not as devastated as we expected. Or until we have achieved something we were certain we needed and found that it does not deliver what we thought it would.

It teaches the limits of our own judgment — not as an abstract proposition but as a lived reality that we carry with us into every subsequent decision. The person who has been seriously wrong about something important, who has committed to a course of action with full confidence and watched it fail, who has hurt people they cared about through errors they did not see coming — that person has a relationship to their own certainty that is qualitatively different from the relationship available to someone whose confidence has not yet been tested by significant defeat.

It teaches, perhaps most valuably, what the self is



Detail from our 50th reunion photo. “Those of us who are alumni of great universities . . . carry the memory of a time when we were formed — when we encountered ideas and people and ways of thinking that permanently altered the shape of our minds.”

made of under pressure. The person who has been through genuine difficulty and come out the other side — changed, but intact; humbled, but not destroyed — knows something about their own resilience and their own fragility that no amount of comfortable success can reveal. They know which of their convictions held and which collapsed. They know which relationships deepened under stress and which dissolved. They know, in a way that cannot be fully communicated to someone who has not been there, that the worst is survivable.

For those of us who have reached our eighties, the record of failure is not something to be ashamed of or minimized. It is the most important part of the education. The degree conferred at graduation certified that we had learned what our teachers knew. The failures since then have taught us things our teachers could not have known, because they are specific to the particular life each of us has lived. They are the unrepeatable curriculum of our own experience.

The third gift is perhaps the most liberating, and the

one that Heschel articulates with the sharpest precision. The person advanced in years, he writes, does not see anymore in every fellow man a person who stands in his way. Competitiveness may cease to be his way of thinking.

For most of the active decades of a professional life, other people are, to some significant degree, competition. Not necessarily enemies, not even rivals in any hostile sense — but people whose success can diminish our own, whose recognition comes partly at our expense, whose advancement in the fields we share affects our relative position. This is not a moral failing. It is a structural feature of the environments most of us inhabited during our working lives: organizations with limited positions, professions with limited prestige, markets with limited rewards. The competitive orientation was often not chosen. It was the rational response to the incentive structure we were embedded in.

But that structure has changed. The professional contests are largely over. The positions have been filled and vacated. The prestige that was once distributed among peers has settled into something more permanent and less anxious. And in the absence of that structural pressure, something that was never really natural — the perception of other people primarily as competitors — can finally relax.

What becomes possible when it does is remarkable. The person who no longer needs to win, whose ego is not staked on being right or being first, who has nothing significant to lose in any particular exchange — that person can actually hear what the person across the table is saying. Not processing it for advantage, not filtering it through the question of how it reflects on their own position, not preparing their response while the other person is still speaking. Actually listening. Actually engaging with the content of another person's thought rather than with its implications for the competition.

This capacity — genuine listening, genuine intellectual openness, genuine willingness to be changed by an encounter rather than merely to prevail in it — is the foundation of everything that the current moment most urgently needs. It is the prerequisite for the kind of bridge-building across deep difference that divided societies require if they are to remain societies. And it is, Heschel suggests, among the natural gifts of age — not guaranteed, not automatic, but genuinely available to the person who has shed the fever of vested interests and stopped seeing fellow human beings as obstacles.



Abraham Joshua Heschel (1907-1972),
rabbi, theologian, philosopher

USES OF A LIFETIME

There is a particular kind of contribution that only the person with this combination — long perspective, earned wisdom from failure, freedom from competitive thinking — is positioned to make. It is not the contribution of the expert who has mastered the latest developments in a specialized field. It is not the contribution of the innovator who can envision what has never existed. It is something rarer and, at certain historical moments, more urgently needed.

It is the contribution of the person who can hold the room steady when panic is rising. Who can say, from genuine experience rather than borrowed authority, that they have seen this before and that the response

which looks necessary from inside the crisis is not the only response available. Who can hear what the person on the opposite side of a deep divide is actually saying, rather than what they have been told that person says. Who can remember, when everyone around them has forgotten, what the original purpose of the enterprise was before the competitive dynamics and the vested interests had their way with it.

Those of us who are alumni of great universities carry something specific, in addition to the general gifts of age. We carry the memory of a time when we were formed — when we encountered ideas and people and ways of thinking that permanently altered the shape of our minds. We carry the relationships formed in that crucible, which have a character different from the relationships formed in the competitive professional world that followed. And we carry, often, a genuine affection for the institution that formed us and a genuine desire to see it continue to do for others what it did for us.

The senior-year metaphor cuts both ways. Just as Heschel's octogenarian is in the senior year of a life that has prepared them for exactly this moment, so the alumni who return to their universities in the later years of life are returning at the moment when they have the most to contribute — not by re-entering the competitions they have left but by offering to the next generation the perspective, the hard-won wisdom, and the freedom from competitive thinking that the young, for all their extraordinary gifts, cannot yet have.

ANTICIPATION OF CONSUMMATION

Heschel's phrase — exciting anticipation of consummation — deserves to be taken seriously rather than

read as inspirational rhetoric. Consummation is not a comfortable word. It implies completion, fulfillment, the arrival at something toward which everything else has been moving. It implies that the life has a shape — that the earlier chapters were genuinely preparatory, that what has been learned and suffered and accumulated has been accumulating toward something, that there is work still to be done that only this particular person, at this particular moment, with this particular combination of experience and freedom, can do.

This is a demanding claim. It requires us to ask, with some seriousness, what the consummation of our particular life looks like. Not what we have achieved — that is largely behind us — but what we are now positioned to give that we could not have given earlier. What the long perspective enables that we could not have offered at fifty or sixty. What the experience of failure has made possible that success alone could not. What the freedom from competitive thinking opens up that was closed while we were still in the middle of the contest.

These are not easy questions. They require the kind of honest self-examination that is itself one of the gifts of age — the willingness to look at one's own life without the defensive distortions that an earlier need for self-protection made necessary. But they are the right questions for this moment. And the answers, when they come, tend to point outward — toward the people and causes and institutions that need exactly what we now have to give.

A Princeton reunion is one occasion for this reckoning. It gathers together people who share the specific formation of a particular institution at a particular historical moment — who carry the same foundational education, who remember the same teachers and the same arguments, who have been shaped by the same intellectual culture even as their subsequent lives have diverged in every direction. What can people like this, gathered at this moment in their lives, with these specific gifts of age, contribute that nobody else can contribute in quite the same way?

Heschel's answer to the question of what old age is for is not modest. It is not: keep yourself active, stay engaged, contribute where you can. It is: this is the consummation. This is what everything was for. The perspective, the failure-wisdom, the freedom from the fever of vested interests — these are not consolation prizes for the capacities that have been lost. They are



Dave Marshak, Hilton Head, 2023

the capacities that the whole preceding life was building toward. The question is simply whether we will use them.

RESPONSIBILITY OF SENIOR YEAR

There is a passage in the Talmud in which the rabbis discuss the obligation to rise in the presence of an elder. The obligation, they conclude, is not merely ceremonial. It is based on the recognition that the elder has seen what you have not seen, has survived what you have not survived, and carries in their person a form of knowledge that cannot be transmitted through books or lectures — only through the long, patient accumulation of a life fully lived.

The culture we inhabit has largely lost this recognition. It has replaced the wisdom of age with the innovation of youth, the long perspective with the current data, the hard-won freedom from vested interests with the efficient execution of competitive strategy. There are things this trade has gained. There are things it has catastrophically lost.

Those of us who have reached the senior year of a long life are not obligated to accept the cultural story that this is the diminishment phase. We are permitted — Heschel would say required — to take seriously the possibility that this is the consummation phase. That the specific combination of gifts we now carry is not accidental. That the moment we are living through, with its desperate need for perspective and honest reckoning and genuine listening across deep difference, is exactly the moment those gifts are most needed.

The senior year at a university is the year when the student becomes capable of genuine contribution rather than merely capable of absorbing what others have contributed. The senior year of a life is the year — the decade, the chapter — when the same transformation becomes possible at a different scale. Not the transmission of received knowledge but the offering of earned wisdom. Not the execution of the institution's agenda but the honest assessment of what the institution most needs and is least able to see from within.

We entered our universities as students. We return as something the institution needs more than it knows: people who have been outside the competition long enough to see it clearly, who have lived long enough to know what actually matters, and who have nothing left to prove and therefore nothing left to protect. That is not a small thing to bring. That is, as Heschel understood, the whole point. ■

Keeping the Mind Up Front and Active

Positive Musings on a Sobering Prognosis

By JAMIE SPENCER

Here's a chance for me to get a bit personal and in the process reach out to fellow '66ers. I think it's a good hour for that, as we collectively get clearer and sharper views of what's heading our way. Sure, that "what" has been heading our way for nearly eight decades, but my calendar — and what's left of my brain — tell me its grinning maw is leering closer and closer these days. Here's a chance to record, if only for any heirs who share my DNA, a medical prediction and its likely outcomes. It might also be of interest, though probably just collegial, to our steadily diminishing core of classmates.

What occasions it is a recent medical diagnosis of a condition called frontotemporal dementia. (I am writing this in 2023.) That's a pretty heavy term — those eight syllables make it sound serious. It did make me sit up and pay attention. But with time I am finding it a healthful shock. For one thing, the comparatively early discovery means I have the time to deal with it, an opportunity denied me in a car crash, or at the hands of a crazed gunman. If I can survey the opportunities briefly but carefully, the practice may yield some profitable discoveries. ("Carefully" need not preclude some wild imaginative straying.)

Upon learning of the diagnosis, my wonderful wife swung into lively action, unbeknownst to me, and began alerting family and close friends. That meant I began to be showered (well, drizzled anyway) with expressions of concern. I didn't know they knew, so the flow of camaraderie was a special and unexpected bonus. Of course, it was also an occasion for humility — I didn't (and I still don't) feel worthy of all that consideration. Part of me wanted to short-circuit their kind impulses and revert to the old, fallen Jamie they knew and had seemed to tolerate. (Now wait: another blip occurs to me. You won't know if the words you



Jamie and Anna, Kingsville, Tex., Roundup, 2021

are now absorbing are in fact my own or the product of the loving and articulate intervention of my wife, Anna (Smith class of '78). I may well not be (or, in future retrospect, may not have been) in a position to know, much less to object or try to re-edit.)

Another gift is the new leisure. A couple of follow-up visits have confirmed that the disease is in fact terminal, but the doctors have been blessedly vague (professionally unsure may be a kinder term) about its progression. The result? Well, I have time to reexamine my various old and diverse selves and then maybe even reconsider (a) which should be retained but maybe honed? And (b) which of 'em need pitching? The more days that pass and I detect no fundamental changes, the more that desire to rethink and improve gets boosted. I think it would be too arrogantly Lincolnesque to say that what I'm getting might just be, even

this late in the game, the chance for a new birth of freedom. But still the temptation speaks to my special (not unique but special anyway) predicament. It lets my ego breathe freer.

I cannot stint my life-long curiosity and imagination. I made a living from a series of professorships of literature and composition. I trace the spirit of those commitments to two Princeton inspirers — Alan Downer (he brought the wonders of literature alive) and Joseph Strayer (historian extraordinaire). I've also written a romantic contemporary novel (*Modified Raptures*) and produced a substantial volume of religious inquiry into British and American literary traditions (*Fictional Religion: Making the New Testament New*). I argued there that literature can play a vital role in diffusing deeply spiritual or humane messages, in much the way Old Testament prophets elaborated and illuminated the Jewish faith. Well, then. I find I am something of a work-in-

progress. To the extent that I can recall, reconsider and then redefine a new self, I could be like Milton's Adam and Eve after they bade adieu to Eden. With each passing (though admittedly shortening) day, the world will lie before me. That should keep my characteristic arrogance (and lurking optimism) intact.

A sign of the still-vital mental life I find now available is all the reading I can still enjoy. That does indeed lie before me (as do the ideas it still prompts). Just yesterday, I read in *The Economist* about some new explorations astronomers are undertaking. (I learned a new term from the article — "astrobiologist.") Those scientists are getting ever-closer takes on the several gas giants at the farther reaches of the solar system. The Jupiter Icy Moons Project — JUICE — is a mission of the European Space Agency. Its acronym (*JU* for the planet, capitals *I* and *C* as phonetic versions of the targets) challenges and charms the English nerd in me. It also speaks to my mental custom of looking to the larger picture. And as always, here, my goal is not just me or my family, or not simply the tribe. Far larger and wider: It's our species.

Those scientists (our inquiring ambassadors) will travel (via the cameras of our splendid technology) to Ganymede and Callisto. Once there, those cameras will zero in tighter and tighter as they seek to find life. In their provincial but brilliant way, they'll be searching for some unimaginable thing that may in fact, or at least in some fashion, replicate or approximate life as we know it. Such a finding may serve to open our eyes and minds to barely imaginable new forms, new shapes, even new definitions of life: of what we may learn in time to certify as genuine creatures.

For all that visionary ruminating, I cannot help seeing myself a vital part of our times down here. Sure, I'm a lone individual, but all of us millions of lone individuals dwell in a dense and multiplying global culture. I think our era may be unparalleled in the successive avalanches of discovery and reflection we've generated or been shown: not just new and newly scrutinized suns, planets, and moons,



JAMIE SPENCER

Jamie was born on March 2, 1945, in St. Louis, Missouri and was the editor of the literary magazine at St. Louis Country Day School. Jamie also was chairman of the year-book committee and won the Senior English Prize.

King Lear — An Analysis and Relationship to Archetypal Myth was the title of his thesis, written for Mr. Maies of the English Department. 14 Campbell Hall was Jamie's home his senior year, and he ate at Terrace Club. He joined Whig-Clio and the Bridge Club, and

got rich in the refreshment agency. Graduate work in English and an ultimate career in teaching at the college level are in Jamie's future. He may be reached by mail at 4612 Maryland Avenue in St. Louis, Missouri.

Jamie's Nassau Herald entry, 1966

but above all new ideas, and new ways of thinking, that make us wrestle with our takes on the most basic things. People nowadays are even coming to doubt things as basic as their gender — a category into which we have always comfortably slotted ourselves, from the Paleolithic to Biblical eras, from Newtonian to Freudian times.

Always equipped for finding new vocabulary to meet new challenges, our orderly and articulate species has fashioned a noun that describes this new impulse: dysphoria. The last half century or so is getting us to see that what you're born with may not reflect the real you — and it may never even conform to the you that you have come to be certain that you are. So, how about this? In contemplating either the exciting or challenging possibility of multiple selves (behavioral, intellectual, even sexual) I think we can dare to try out some new attitudes. We can try being more positive: we can learn some humility, and we can practice some flexibility. And that means we can cultivate some tolerance. (In what might probably be a more provincial hope, perhaps our version of homo sapiens can achieve out there what our special group of Princetonians once fondly termed "overall class.")

I won't live long enough to see that loving and open communal practice realized. But I can at least whisper some hints to the species that follow our generation's. What I'm attempting here, in my own puerile way, might prove of use to those coming folks — whether those guys busy up there exploring Ganymede (and its purported life forms), or, at home down here, exploring their own female selves. We may even be anticipating some unimaginable biological blend of future species — whether conceived from old and proven biological habits, or somehow from the coming state-of-the-art test-tubes it will be our mission to carry into interstellar space.

Who knows what lunar, Callistan chimeras may be lurking out there, growing more real, perhaps becoming more eager to become new interplanetary pals. Lunar? Interplanetary? On what a wide and wild migratory journey my failing brain has carried us. ■

Short Takes



Bob Mueller, Robin Ross, Tony Schall, Lee Rawls

Four Friends

The death, on March 20, 2026, of former F.B.I. Director Bob Mueller, arguably our most distinguished and widely admired classmate, got me thinking about his connection with three other classmates who like him epitomized Princeton in the nation's service: Robin Ross, Tony Schall, and Lee Rawls.

The four of them were friends as undergraduates and went on to earn law degrees and spend all or most of their careers in the public sector. In 1979, Robin joined the cabinet of Pennsylvania's newly elected governor, Dick Thornburgh. In 1988, when President-Elect George H.W. Bush appointed Thornburgh as U.S. attorney general, Robin became his chief of staff and recruited his three Princeton friends to fill key positions in the new administration as assistant A.G.s: Bob for the Criminal Division, Tony for the Civil Division, and Lee for the Office of Legislative Affairs.

The collective, collegial experience working on Thornburgh's staff proved a formative phase of their careers. Robin eventually rejoined the private sector, forging a successful legal and government-relations practice in Pennsylvania and Washington, D.C.; he died in 2013. Tony was nominated to a seat on the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Federal Circuit in 1992 and easily confirmed by the Senate; he assumed senior status in 2009 and remains active. Bob, of course, became head of the F.B.I. in 2001, just a week before 9/11, and served 12 years in office under George W. Bush and Barack Obama. Lee became chief of staff for Senator Pete Domenichi, Senate Majority Leader Bill Frist '74, and eventually for Bob at the F.B.I. — a role cut short by his untimely death, in 2010, from complications of acute leukemia.

Lee and Robin left us way too early and now, sadly, Bob has joined them. I mourn their passing as friends, as servants of the American people, and as avatars of an old, principled, moderate Republican Party.

— PETER LONGSTRETH

Sensory Deprivation

At least a few classmates may recall the sensory deprivation experiments done in the bowels of the Psych building. I may have been a freshman when I signed up for one. You were paid \$25, equivalent to \$260 today — not bad for an impoverished undergraduate. When you reported in they gave you a brief test to make sure you weren't a practicing lunatic. Then they locked you in this soundproof vault, your home for the next 24 hours. You were told to lie as still as possible on the bed provided. Next to the bed were two tubes; one held water and the other a chocolate-flavored nutrition drink. The vault also had a chemical toilet, but you were told not to use it unless you really had to.

The object of the experiment was to see if sensory deprivation could induce hallucinations. I can tell you that now, but we were sworn to secrecy at the time. Above your head was a microphone. You could use it any time to tell your captors you wanted out early. If you did so, however, you lost your \$25.

You could sleep as much as you liked. Typically, you would put in an all-nighter the previous day so you could sleep as long as possible. If you had any hallucinations you were to report them using the microphone. At the end of your sentence, a voice came over a speaker telling you that shortly you would be freed. After hearing nothing for 24 hours, this was very startling. Once out, they administered a post-test, mostly dealing with any hallucinations you had. I had some screwy dreams but no hallucinations.

Urban legend had it that at least a couple of guys went nuts after just an hour, sure that they had been in there for days and been forgotten. They started banging on the vault door and screaming to be let out. No cash for them.

In senior year I volunteered for another, and in many ways stranger, experiment. I signed up after seeing a notice for it posted in the U-Store. It was conducted by a graduate student (or students) seeking to create a test to replace or augment the S.A.T. I forget some of the other details, such as payment and hours, but vaguely recall the experiment taking place in a morning and afternoon session over two days. All I had to do was sit in a room and take multiple-choice tests. They were nothing like the S.A.T. tests, however. Instead, they involved number and word sequences on a sheet of paper. My task was to absorb as much

as I could, then recall what I'd seen after the paper was removed. I actually sort of enjoyed it. Unlike the sensory deprivation experiment, I don't recall talking to any other participants. And I never got any results or feedback, just a check.

Another day, another dollar. — TERRY SEYMOUR

For Want of a Fig Newton

In 1963, during the summer after our freshman year, I participated as a member of our 4-man Princeton cycling team representing America at the World Championship Cycling Road Race, in Belgium. One of my teammates was John Allis '64, who had just completed his junior year. Instead of returning promptly to campus for his senior year, John decided to stay in Europe for a year, living with his parents in Paris, and to join a bike-racing club there, and train and compete at the much-higher-than American level that the sport enjoyed in Europe. He thus hoped to prepare himself to compete for selection to the U.S. Olympic Team and to perform well at the upcoming Tokyo Olympics, in October 1964.

I respected John as a strong, tenacious, talented, and way-more-experienced cyclist than I was, but I had actually beaten him at the 1963 National Intercollegiate Championships, and a year later I took first place in the 1964 National Intercollegiate Championships. So, I considered myself John's peer, at least, and if he could try to qualify for the Olympic team, why couldn't I?

So in the spring of 1964 I returned from Princeton to my parent's home in Manchester Conn., a two-day bike ride covering some 200 fairly adventurous miles. I got a full-time summer job as an oil burner mechanic's helper, joined a little jazz/dance band playing local gigs for pocket money, and trained as hard as I could, when I could, on the roads of central Connecticut.

Without any training companions or coaching, with no car to get to races around the region, and without other support except food and lodging from my parents, it was probably a futile idea to shoot for the Olympics, but I was young and naïve enough to go for it anyway. I knew that at the level of the sport in America, I was good. The state-level Olympics pre-qualifying races, held before the final country-wide qualifying race, were to take place later in the summer. I was the only racer that I knew of in Connecticut, so the nearest pre-qualifying race for me was to be held in Paramus, N.J.

During the evening of the day before that Paramus race, I had a gig to play with my band, a wedding reception that lasted well into the night. I got home close to midnight, put away my trombone, packed up



Princeton team, 1963, winner of National Intercollegiate Championship. From left, John Allis '64, Leif Thorne-Thomsen '63, Oscar Swan '64, Mikk Hinnov '66.

my racing gear, and rode my bike 10 miles through the night to the train station in Hartford. I caught a wee-hours train to N.Y.C. and tried to get some shut-eye.

The train pulled into Penn Station as dawn was breaking. I put the wheels back on the bike, tossed my bag of gear over my shoulder, and started pedaling for Paramus, some 20 miles to the northwest across the Hudson River. Up Broadway, past Columbia University, to the George Washington Bridge, and across into New Jersey. Very little traffic that early hour. Having had nothing to eat since snatching a few hors d'oeuvres at the wedding party, I started thinking about getting some breakfast, but all I could find open was a little convenience store. It didn't have a great selection of anything calorie-rich and nutritious, so I selected a bag of Fig Newtons. Munching on Newtons, I finally pulled into Paramus Mall, where the race was soon to kick off on its vast surrounding parking lots. It was to be a 35-mile individual time trial, each racer alone against the clock.

It started soon after I arrived, riders going off alone at one-minute intervals, racing around the parking lots, trying to catch the man ahead. I got going, too, and soon settled into a good fast rhythm. Going good; my lap times were among the best.

But . . . my lack of food and, maybe, lack of rest and my 20-mile "warm-up" ride from Penn Station finally caught up with me around mile 25. Suddenly, I had no power. I started trembling and seeing double, feeling nauseous and weak. I could hardly hold my head up. I had "hit the wall" (or as we put it in those days, "blown up"). Classic symptoms of hypoglycemia. I had used up all my stores of sugar that power the muscles. Now I was consuming my own muscles.

All I could do now was wobble my way back to the start/finish line and withdraw from the race. I sat on a

curb in the sun, slowly finished the last of my Fig Newtons, and eventually began to recover a bit. The 20-mile ride back to Penn Station began to seem feasible again, and it was. So ended my quest for a berth on the 1964 Olympic Team. By the time another Olympics came around, I was carrying a rifle in Vietnam.

— MIKK HINNOV

Caught in the Middle

Two experiences with Princeton's Department of History stand out from my undergraduate years. The first involves my first midterm exam in History 201. The exam question was something like, "Looking at this situation, A argues X and B argues Y. What's your point of view? I passionately advocated for A. Professor Frank Craven called me to his office and patiently explained that the essay's purpose was to test critical thinking and that he wanted to see my understanding of the nuance in both positions. I took that to heart and chose history as my major.

Flash forward to the first semester of senior year. I took one course from Professor Joseph Strayer and another from Professor Lawrence Stone, both eminent historians. The courses overlapped. Each had a question on the overlap period, and each had a different point of view on the event in question. I chose to argue Stone to Strayer and Strayer to Stone. When I mentioned this to a friend in Tower Club, he looked aghast and said, "Don't you know those two don't like each other very much?" Neither invited me to his office. I received mediocre grades in both courses.

Looking back, I can laugh at my "sophomoric" approach to 400-level courses. That said, I still see the value of a liberal arts education in terms of critical thinking and writing skills that have sustained me both personally and professionally. I fear that today's graduates may not receive the same benefit. — JEFF MCCOLLUM



Professors Lawrence Stone and Joseph Strayer

Luck Happens

Luck is what happens when preparation meets opportunity — Seneca

The harder you work, the luckier you get — author unknown

The year is 1987. Abernathy MacGregor, our fledgling P.R. firm, is two years old. We are eight people, a few pretty good clients, paying the bills, but not much more. One client is the Bank of New York, for which we do pretty ordinary corporate P.R.

Until one day Jim Abernathy and Jim MacGregor (that's me) are summoned to 48 Wall Street, told to sign some forms, and informed that Bank of New York is about to launch a hostile takeover bid for Irving Trust, and we will be doing the communications. This is a very big deal. BNY and Irving are two of the biggest banks in New York, and there's never been a successful hostile takeover in U.S. banking.

But why us, and not one of the P.R. giants with a thousand employees and a hundred deals under their belts?

We worked awfully hard and learned awfully fast, and after a few months the bankers and lawyers allowed as how we were doing a pretty good job. So late one night I asked the head outside lawyer how we'd gotten hired in the first place. He told me.

BNY had a corporate apartment at 66th and Madison. Two weeks before launch, BNY CEO Carter Bacot met there with the head lawyer and head investment banker on the deal to do a last-minute checklist. At one point, one of them said "Carter, communications will be really important. You need to hire a top PR firm now."

"I already have a P.R. firm."

"Who's that?"

"Abernathy MacGregor!"

"Who?" "What?" "Never heard of them." "What deals have they done?" "You should hire Gershon (Kekst)." "No, hire Dick "(Cheney at Hill & Knowlton)" "No, hire Stan (Sauerhaft of Burson-Marsteller)." Back and forth.

Carter stepped in. "This is my deal and we are using my P.R. firm." End of discussion. But that one sentence changed everything for us.

It took a year and a half but BNY prevailed. By then we knew everyone in the merger and acquisitions world, and suddenly we were a very hot item. In the next ten hostile bank takeover bids, we were one side or the other in every one. And lawyers who liked us got us two clients in a new business just starting up called cellular telephony. We were on our way.

Carter Bacot retired a few years after the merger

was completed. There was a big party. Jim and I were invited. We managed to get Carter aside for a moment. "Carter, we just wanted to say, you are the one who launched our firm. We cannot thank you enough for the faith you showed in us all the way back at the beginning"

Carter gave us a half smile. "Oh, no, it wasn't like that at all. I just needed to show those two that I was in charge. If they had said 'please' and 'thank you'. I'd have hired any damned firm they recommended."

Gulp. Lesson learned. Luck happens.

THE "LUCKY" FRUITS OF LABOR

*Within walls where visions brightly start,
A company thrives with steadfast heart.
With pride, they hold, both bold and true,
Honoring high values in all they do.
Planning charts their destined course,
Guided by wisdom, a steady force.
Blueprints woven with thoughtful care,
Dreams designed with skill and flair.
Perspiration fuels each daunting day,
Hard work paving every winding way.
Through tireless hands and eager strive,
Ambitions flourish, and goals arrive.
Perseverance boldens them strong,
During trials faced, both short and long.
Storms may come, yet they endure,
With grit and courage, ever pure.
Propriety lights their moral duty-guide,
Integrity stands firm in torches' pride.
Respect and honor heartily intertwine,
In every deal, a worthy, held-fast design.
Thus, success and its fortune bloom,
In boardrooms and in electronic Zoom.
With soul and mind in sweet accord,
Their calling blessed, their profit soared.*

— Anon, 2025

The year 2000 ended a fantastic decade for Abernathy MacGregor. Building capabilities. Building connections. Building staff. Building client base. Building reputation. Building profitability. After ten years, we were a completely different place in a very different position.

This did not go unnoticed in our business world. All the big U.S. and U.K. advertising/P.R. shops came around sniffing and flirting and kicking tires and floating out numbers "Just hypothetical, in case you were ever interested" Jim Abernathy was nearly 60. I wasn't far behind. Sooner or later, we knew, there would be a number we couldn't refuse.

"Sooner" turned out to be now. A new British player with a high-flying stock price was buying up hot niche



Jim MacGregor and partner Jim Abernathy, drawn by Al Hirschfeld

players (like us). They offered a nice pile of cash and a veritable mountain of their high-flying stock. We shook hands. Subject to normal bureaucracy, we had a deal.

But: One of the high-flyer Brit poobahs had lunch with the London Sunday Times and announced, "We have a handshake deal to acquire the hottest shop in New York."

"Who's that?"

"Abernathy MacGregor."

The story ran in the next Sunday Times. No one called to say they'd seen the story. But:

Monday, 8:20 a.m. Jim and I are in the office. Ernesto Aguilar, assistant to Abernathy, answers the phone, looks at us. "There is a man who says it is urgent that he speak to one of you immediately. I think he has a French accent."

"Put him on the speaker phone."

"Allo. I am Patrick, calling from Havas in Paris. We read the article in the Sunday Times. If we had known you would consider selling, we would have wanted to speak with you months ago. Is it still possible to have a conversation?"

Abernathy answers for us. "Well, we are very far down the road with our buyer. We would be happy to meet with you. But you would need to be able to make an offer far superior to what is in the table, And you would need to be able to move very quickly."

"Ah, that is what we thought. That is why we flew over from Paris last night. We are at JFK now. May we come to see you now?"

Two hours later, Patrick and friends were in our conference room sipping strong coffee. Patrick said, "As you would say, we know we are coming late to the party. Our proposal will of course be superior to what you have before you. But would it be helpful to you if we were to make it an all-cash offer?"

Jim and I looked at each other. All cash? The tooth

fairy was not just alive; she was sitting at our table. We closed the deal in 22 days. And never looked back.

The deal closing was just a couple of days before our annual holiday party. Everyone had heard the news, of course. But we introduced Patrick ("Our new boss"), who was incredibly gracious.

Then it was our turn: "Some of you will be thinking about whether to stay or to leave. We ask you to give us 90 days before making that decision, so you can see what life will be in this environment. We have told Havas that on day 90, we will distribute 20 percent of the purchase price to all of you who are here today and still here then."

Twenty percent? More than a year's pay for most of them. Stunned silence. Then tentative clapping. Then real applause. Out came the champagne. A lot of people were late to work next day. Havas turned out to be a benign owner, and as time passed a constructive one. The British high-flyer did not survive the Financial Crisis. Jim and I did our contractual duty for five years running AbMac post-closing, then agreed to another five, allowing development of the next generation of management. They were far more attuned to the tech revolution are probably using tech better than Jim and I could have done. Jim passed away a few years ago. Me? I still go into the office most Tuesday mornings, participate in a planning meeting, offer second opinions on my kind of unusual situations, and, to new arrivals, tell stories like this.

— JIM MCGREGOR

How Did I End Up Here?

Of birthday cards and tracking "lost" classmates

In late 2015 Henry Von Kohorn asked me if I wanted to be a class officer, role unspecified, election process unspecified. I should have known those were danger signals, but I said OK. A couple of months later, after zero campaigning, I was elected. Like all other candidates I had run unopposed, and I'm guessing with maybe 30 classmates voting. Landslide.

Incoming President Kit Mill asked if I would be V.P. for communications, specifically to send birthday cards and help with wording of class emails. We already were sending cards, but basically just with a signature on them, and Kit wanted me to try writing some notes on each card.

That's where the trouble started.

I decided to research every classmate and write something truly personal on every card. That first year I spent hundreds of hours on it. Insanity, especially as I was still working at my profession (finding C.E.O.s for technology companies). But it resulted in starting email



Tell-tale envelope with 3-cent Nassau Hall stamp, '66 logo, and S.F. postmark conversations with many guys I didn't know, plus, of course, the ones I did. I loved it.

In about 2017, John Hart and I decided to improve on memorials. Past practice basically had been to take the PAW memorial and post it on the '66 website (an awesome site, thanks to John; you should go there frequently). Part of our concept was to include photos. I started building a '66 photo archive, which now holds more than 8,000 images. We also thought it would be a good idea to include classmate remembrances in each memorial, so I started working on a project that's proven to be akin to the search for the missing link, namely figuring out who was roommates with whom. So we now have that database too, although it's still a work in progress.

We started with 806 classmates. But there have been 923 who have been in '66 along the way: those inherited from earlier classes who graduated with us, transfers in, guys who entered with '67 but graduated in three years, those who entered with us in 1962 but graduated with another class, guys who neither entered with us nor graduated with us but along the way were considered part of '66. Charles Plohn, who has an incomprehensible love of data similar to mine, and maybe a similar nondiagnosed level of O.C.D., was instrumental in all this.

The final portion of this "going down the rabbit hole" story relates to "lost" classmates. We have a whole variety of those. Some truly are lost and we don't even know if they're alive. Some are alive but want nothing to do with us. (Go figure.) Some have officially asked the university not to have any communications from Princeton. Some graduated with later classes and have chosen to affiliate with them, just as some we inherited from earlier classes have chosen to affiliate with us.

So I have appointed myself the finder of lost souls. I did this for Jim Parmentier, whose father was '42 and who became the class secretary for '42 several years ago. The University told him that there were ten surviving classmates. There weren't. I have started doing the same for '66, and we have uncovered classmates who unknown to us were dead, and ones who we guessed might be dead who were alive.

This is a complicated process. As I write this in mid-2025 (at Jim Merritt's request), I just finished spending a bunch of time trying to track down Tom "Ding" Bell, who started with us in 1962 but graduated with '67. This involved finding out who his roommates were and contacting them. One was Rich Thomas, who remembered the name of Tom's wife. They are long divorced, but I tracked her down and she had some 10-year-old contact information. I sent him snail mail and he wrote back. So now we know he's alive.

A closing offer. If you had a roommate or close '66 friend and have lost track of him, send me an email. I promise nothing but will give it some effort.

— JON HOLMAN

Clueless Cadets

I spent my first two years at Princeton as an Army ROTC cadet and was pretty good at it. I was on the rifle team and also the howitzer drill team, since Princeton ROTC was an artillery unit. Jim Merritt, a freshman lacrosse teammate, was also on the howitzer drill team, as were John Hart, Bruce Vanda, Steve Koller, and others.

We drilled with an old 105-mm howitzer and a "deuce-and-a-half" truck (the name, dating from WWII, derived from its 2.5-ton carrying capacity). The truck carried the men and ammo and trailered the howitzer. It had a "crash gear box," meaning that every shift required the driver to double clutch to match engine and transmission speeds. Any shift missed announced itself with an audible crunch.

A typical exercise began when we jolted to a stop and the crew, riding in the back, jumped into action while our forward observer "ranged" a designated, albeit virtual, target. The rest of us then virtually loaded a dummy projectile — designated either high-explosive (HE) or anti-personnel (AP), depending on the target — into the chamber, followed by a powder bag with a reduced charge, enough to produce a flash, bang, and muzzle smoke, but not much more.

The team's big day was a demonstration of our military prowess in sophomore year, at the 1964 Spring Review. It took place in the open space between the old ROTC building and Palmer Stadium. Watching from the reviewing stand was our commanding of-



105-mm howitzer, mainstay of Princeton's ROTC unit

ficer, a gentlemanly colonel whose name escapes me, along with his commanding officer and some lesser dignitaries.

With the howitzer in tow, the deuce-and-a-half rolled onto the field with our team in the back, eager to show off our speed and efficiency at untethering an artillery piece, setting it up, and firing. Our first mishap occurred on the dismount: Jim Merritt, launching from the truck, tripped on the tailgate and went head-over-heels, hitting the ground hard and losing his helmet. We still managed to set up the piece in what felt like record time. But when one of us pulled the firing lanyard the gun's muzzle became a flaming torch — John Hart and Steve Koller had forgotten to remove the canvas cover, which was set ablaze by the blank round. I remember glancing at the review stand and seeing our beloved colonel shrinking under the stare of his C.O.

John recalls that at our next ROTC meeting, we saw that the canvas cover had been stitched back together. It looked like a home repair job. Perhaps ROTC's budget lacked a line item for a new muzzle cover.

At the end of sophomore year, ROTC cadets had to commit to another two years or leave the program. By then I knew I was headed for medical school, which meant a draft deferment; if I then chose to fulfill my military obligation as an Army doctor I would do so as a captain rather than a lieutenant.

John, who also elected not to continue, remembers the firing exercise as "the high point of my military career. The Army didn't loose much, believe me." Following graduation he received an occupational deferment by taking a job with a company that made computers for the Army and NASA. "I spent a lot of time at Redstone Arsenal in Huntsville, Alabama (von Braun terri-

tory), where I worked with numerous lieutenants and captains, as well as an occasional major, so I suppose it was the functional equivalent of actually being in the Army, without the uniform or rank.

“Sad to say,” John adds, “Steve Koller and Bruce Vanda are no longer with us.” They died, respectively, in 1991 and 1995.

Jim Merritt went on to do his military service, but aboard a ship after attending Navy Officer Candidate School, in Newport, R.I., in the fall of 1966. As he told me, “I absolutely hated Army ROTC and was in it at the insistence of my dad, Jim Merritt ’42, who had gone through the program and loved it. I detested the drills and scratchy uniform and everything else about it. I remember the spring review and falling out of the back of the truck but not the muzzle-cover snafu.”

— NELSON HENDLER

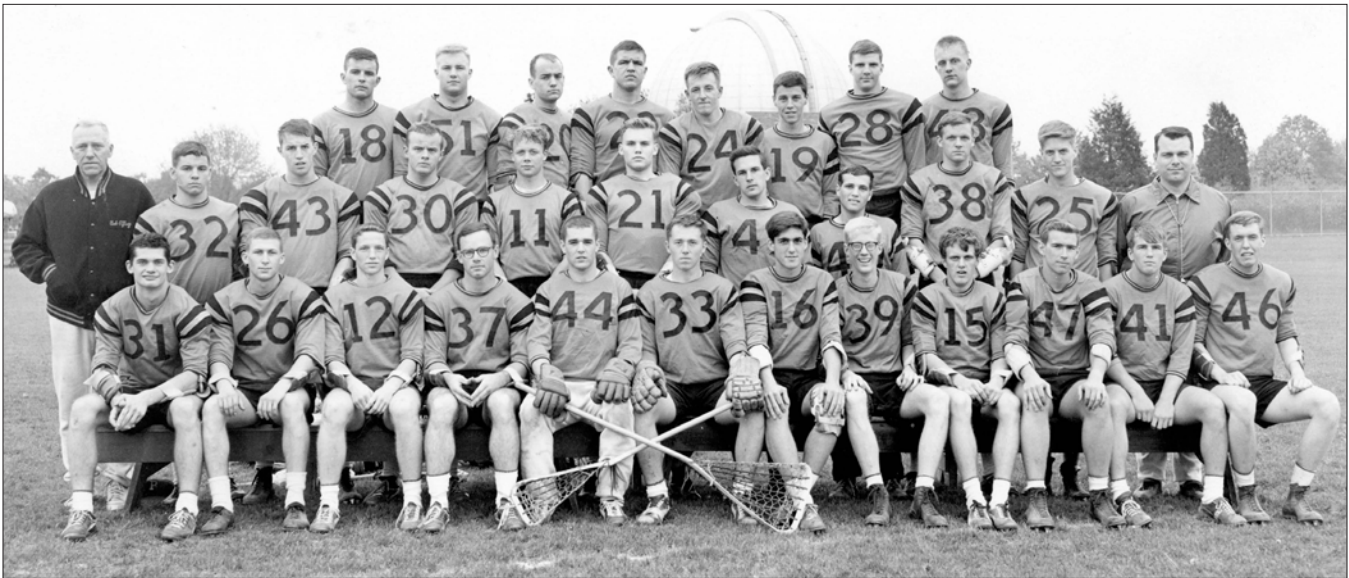
Freshman Teams: End of an Era

Freshman athletic teams were a fixture at Princeton and throughout intercollegiate athletics for most of the 20th century. About a third of our class, roughly 290 of us, played on one or more of them. For recruited athletes, freshman teams were a way station to varsity. For others, it was an opportunity to continue a sport they’d played in high school or to take up a new sport like lacrosse or crew. Bigger teams like football

(66 members), lacrosse (30), and soccer (28) were essentially no-cut squads — anyone who showed up, whatever his experience or talent level, was welcome. The era’s freshman physical-education requirement drove some of the participation, but most of us were out there for the sheer fun of it.

What none of us knew at the time was that this six-decade tradition, going back to the days of Hobey Baker ’14, would be mostly history in another few years. Starting in 1968, the NCAA allowed freshmen to play on varsity teams. Between 1971 and 1973, for reasons relating in part to coeducation and the additional costs of fielding women’s teams, the Ivy League eliminated all its freshman teams except hockey, basketball, football, and crew. Freshman hockey was cut in 1975 and freshman basketball in 1977. Freshman football survived until 1992 and freshman crew until 2011.

I was one of roughly 30 members of the 1963 freshman lacrosse team. I’d taken “fall lacrosse” as a phys-ed option and had learned the rudiments of the sport but had never played it as a team sport. I’m guessing that maybe half the squad had actual playing experience — mainly guys from Baltimore or one of the many Eastern prep schools that fielded teams. Because I was tall and rangy (Walt Stockman dubbed me “Easy Stretch”) I wound up as a crease attackman — the offensive player positioned in front of the goal. I had reasonably good hand-eye coordination



Freshman lacrosse, spring 1963. Top row: Bill Torgerson, Gordy Bjorkman, Dick McGinity, Staś Maliszewski, Tony McEwan, Mike Peterman, Carl Eastwick, George Weiksner. Middle row: Bill Flug (assistant coach), Ed Phelan (graduated 1969), Clint Johnson, Walt Stockman, Bill Bausch, Jon Dawson, Jay Trees, Nelson Hendler, Jim Merritt, Pete Wilson, Bob Casciola '58 (head coach). Bottom row: Mason Young (graduated 1967), Carl Fays, John Nixdorff, Graeme Flanders, Spike Herrick (graduated 1968), Bob Meuller, John Kizer, Dick DeCamp, Terry Beaty, Richie Thomas (graduated 1971), Ed Keeble. Missing: Tom Bell.

so was okay catching and throwing the ball, but my moves and footwork were painfully slow, and on the few occasions when somebody fed me the ball a defenseman invariably knocked it free. I was the third-string crease attack, behind Bill Torgerson and the starter, Bob Mueller, who had great moves and went on to letter all three years on varsity.

Other outstanding players included goalie Graeme Flanders and midfielders John Nixdorff and Spike Herrick (now a member of the Class of 1968).

We were a good team, posting a 5-1 record, beating Hofstra, Penn, Rutgers, Yale, and the N.J. Lacrosse Club by decisive scores before losing our final game to a tough Army plebe team, 3-2.

The Yale game, played in New Haven, was lopsided enough (12-4) that coach Bob Casciola '58 figured he had nothing to lose by subbing me in. I was on the field just long enough to take a pass when a big Yale defenseman flattened me and took off downfield with the ball. The future Senator and Secretary of State John Kerry was a defenseman on Yale's 1963 freshman team. I have long wondered if it was he who spoiled my chance for glory.

After 63 years my recollections of freshman lacrosse amount to a handful of similar vignettes:

We started the season dressing in the vast locker room of Dillon Gym. My locker was next to Dick DeCamp's. Following our return from spring break, I recall asking Dick if he'd done anything of interest. "After a fashion," he said. "I got married." (His girlfriend was pregnant.)

Soon after, along with the varsity and JVs, we moved down campus into the newly completed Caldwell Field House. One of the varsity midfielders was Cosmo Iacavazzi '65, who as an All American fullback later captained the 1964 undefeated football team. One image lodged in my brain is standing behind a towel-draped Cosmo as he stepped onto the scales and watching the needle pause at 199 pounds.

Several teammates dropped out and returned to graduate with other classes. One of them was Tom ("Ivy") Bell, who I never really got to know and lost track of after freshman year. I spent the summer following graduation working and traveling in Europe. Late August found me in Paris. At the Louvre, while admiring Botticelli's "Venus and the Three Graces Presenting Gifts to a Young Woman," a painting I knew from Princeton's course on Italian Renaissance art, I noticed someone vaguely familiar standing next to me. It was Tom. We hung out for the rest of the day and into a mildly debauched night (he introduced me to absinthe). I never laid eyes on him again.

— JIM MERRITT

Tom Reid:

Three Takes on Aging

Tom writes regularly for the "This is 70" and "This is 80" sections of AARP magazine. Here are three of his pieces.

MEMORY

I had a frustrating moment the other day when I just could not remember the name of the British prime minister whom I covered when I was a correspondent in London for The Washington Post. I knew the man pretty well; he invited me twice — or was it three times? — to fancy dinners at No. 10 Downing Street. In my mind, I could see his face and hear his lilting Scots accent. But I couldn't pull up the prime minister's name.

As it happened, this memory problem occurred when I had the radio tuned to the Goldie Oldie station. I heard the Beach Boys intone the words "And the Southern girls, with the way they talk . . ." Without a moment's hesitation, I belted out the next line: "They knock me out when I'm down there."

It was fun to sing along, but this just increased my frustration. My memory could not produce something important like the prime minister's name, but it had no trouble with the lyrics to "California Girls."

For that matter, there are scores — maybe hundreds — of other old songs taking up valuable memory space in my brain. I can even remember a couple of verses of the Japanese pop tune *Watashi no kare wa hidari-kiki* — it means, "My boyfriend is left-handed" — and the name of the cute teenager — Asaoka Megumi — who had a hit with that song around 1974.

My brain is filled with frivolous stuff, but it can't seem to find the P.M.'s name. Frustrating!

The vagaries of memory as we grow older can be funny or frightening. Was my lapse on that politician's name just a passing "senior moment" — or was it a harbinger of the severe memory loss and dementia that plague the lives of many people my age?

Psychologists have found that older people sometimes have better recall of distant memories than of more recent events. I encountered that phenomenon vividly in 1980, when I was a reporter covering Senator Edward M. Kennedy's campaign for president.

The candidate's mother, Rose Fitzgerald Kennedy, sometimes traveled with the campaign, and I enjoyed chatting with her. Rose Kennedy was 90 years old then, and she admitted that she was a bit hazy about which of her sons was running for president this time. But then she told me the names of the two horses that pulled her father's carriage when he was inaugurated as mayor of Boston in 1906.



One way Tom has kept age at bay is by continuing to write following his retirement from *The Washington Post*. He contributes regularly to *AARP Magazine*. This is an illustration from a 2025 piece he wrote about veterans' benefits. The caption reads, "From burgers to haircuts, author T.R. Reid takes advantage of as many freebies and discounts as he can on Veterans Day."

I've had the same issue. I can recite my family's home phone number from the distant era before area codes — LOgan 3-7089 — but I can't remember where I put my cell phone when I came in the house two hours ago. I know the name of the Washington Senators' slugger from the early 1970s — Frank Howard, of course — but I keep forgetting the name of the best hitter on my home team this season.

One saving grace is that these senior memory problems often turn out to be temporary. Some name, date, or number that I absolutely could not remember yesterday will suddenly flash into my mind when I'm least expect —

Gordon Brown!

Of course! The politician with the lilting Scots accent was Gordon Brown. Now it all comes back. He was chancellor of the Exchequer when I got to know him. He succeeded Tony Blair as P.M., and then lost the next election to the Conservative David Cameron. Gordon was replaced as Labour Party leader by Ed Miliband.

All that serious information was still in my head, just resisting recall for a while.

Why, then, was I so frustrated? What was I worried about? My memory is working just fine. I remember Gordon Brown's name. I can even remember where I left my cell phone.

So I can proudly state that I have no memory problem. But, wait — what was the name of that Beach Boys song?

BEATING THE BLUES

I first realized that we had a serious problem on a fine spring day when my wife, Peggy, was driving home from her sister's house. It was an easy five-mile

trip, one she had made hundreds of times. But that day, Peggy got lost. In panic, she called me from her car: "I can't remember the way! Where do I turn?"

There followed a descent — gradual, then rapid — into severe memory loss and dementia. I've read that some victims of this disease revert to a mindless, child-like state. Poor Peggy went a different direction. Her last years were marked by fear, frustration, and fiery rants, often aimed at me. She moved forlornly through a series of memory-care facilities. When she died, at 73, our children and I agreed it was a blessing.

But this "blessing" left me shattered and bereft. With our kids scattered around the country, I was all alone in the big house Peggy and I had shared for years. My life felt like a country-western ballad: "Lonely and Blue." Of course I knew I wasn't the only 70-something suffering this way, but that didn't provide much comfort. Things got so bad that a nurse from Kaiser Permanente started calling weekly to ask "How many times in the past seven days have you contemplated suicide?"

A psychologist prescribed anti-depression pills, which didn't help much. What did help — what provided, over time, a miracle cure — was a more traditional source of solace: an outpouring of support from my children and my friends. It took a while, but they prompted me to move past sorrow and start living again.

Just days after they lost their mother, my kids came up with a genius idea: We all went off to a luxurious stay at the Broadmoor Resort in Colorado Springs, a place Peggy had loved. For the moment, at least, this replaced the sad present with splendid memories of past vacations; it girded us to move on. Not long after that, the kids planned an elaborate family celebration for my 74th birthday, which gave us all something to look forward to.

Old friends stepped up to help as well. My pal Marc, whom I first met in the summer of 1965, called me nearly every day for a year and chatted away about any topic he could think of other than Peggy. I learned that a number of my Princeton classmates had seen their wives succumb to dementia or other illnesses, and we formed a mutually supportive widowers' caucus. My long-time skiing partners Dick and Joe — since we're all well over 65, we call ourselves the "Medicare Ski Team" — arranged trips around the Rocky Mountain West. In the winter, we skied; in the summer, we pursued our own version of the Modern Pentathlon: golf, bike riding, billiards, eating, and drinking.

And then I made a crucial discovery: Single men in their 70s are in great demand.

As word got around that I was alone, something amazing occurred. Women started calling me! Women

asked me out! This kind of thing had not happened before. One evening, an attractive, 60-ish public health official, recently divorced, invited me over for a home-cooked meal. When dinner was over, she gave me an evocative smile — and suggested I spend the night. That kind of thing had definitely never happened before.

My friends and my children repeatedly urged me to get out of the house and find ways to keep busy, so as not to spend my days mourning the past. And I did.

I had been involved in volunteer work in my city for some years, but now I stepped up my charity efforts. When the board chair at the Colorado Coalition for the Homeless stepped down, I agreed to take over. I helped every way I could as the Coalition grew to a \$100 million operation serving thousands of families. It was time-consuming, but totally rewarding. Beyond that, I became the regular *Emmu She* — that's the Japanese pronunciation of the English term "M.C." — of the Japan Cup, a competition for Japanese-language students at schools and colleges in Colorado and Wyoming.

A group of people I vaguely knew from the city we Coloradans call "The People's Republic of Boulder" asked me to work with them on a ballot initiative to guarantee health care for everyone in our state. I brushed this off as hopeless lefty idealism: "It takes 94,000 signatures to get on the ballot in this state," I scoffed. "You guys don't have a chance." Three months later, those same hopeless idealists came back to me and said, "We got 154,000 signatures. It's on the ballot. Now, can you help?"

So I went to work on the initiative campaign, speaking, debating, and giving media interviews in some 50 counties around our big state. An exhausting effort, it kept me on the go for months and left minimal opportunity to brood about my sorrows. In the end, the initiative lost; the health insurance and hospital indus-



Tom Reid, keeping fit as the self-described "world's oldest snowboarder," on the slopes at Breckenridge, Colo., March 26, 2026.

tries spent millions to defeat our plan. But the health-care campaign proved to be powerful medicine for a formerly lonely guy. It felt great to work for a cause I believed in, and I made new friends east and west.

Without Peggy around to police my diet, I realized that my waistline was bulging. So I went to work on that, too. I hiked high mountain summits. I bought an expensive new bicycle, and an awesome new snowboard. In the midst of all this, I took up with a charming, generous woman of Medicare age, and we've become An Item.

So today, the dark days are mostly in the past — although it was difficult when my youngest daughter got married and her mother wasn't there. Yes, times were tough for a while, but now I'd say my life feels like a different country tune: "Bye Bye Blues."

FREQUENT FAREWELLS

Not many people attended the funeral of my co-worker Margaret, but I did see my pal Dennis Gallagher there; Dennis and I had a pleasant time exchanging nostalgic stories about our late friend.

A few weeks later, I went to the funeral of a colleague on a charity board — and once again, I ran into Dennis Gallagher. Maybe two weeks after that, another funeral. Dennis was at that one, too.

As we were shaking hands, I made a lame joke: "Dennis," I said with a chuckle, "we can't keep meeting this way."

His reply was immediate — and accurate. "Oh, we're going to keep meeting this way," Dennis insisted. "At our advanced age, the funerals of our friends are becoming a regular part of life."

How right he was! Like other 80-somethings, I've found that the funerals of friends, classmates, and professional acquaintances have become standard calendar items.

And to my surprise, I find that I enjoy them. Most of the friends being buried had long, fruitful lives, so these occasions are not particularly gloomy. And often, in the quiet church or synagogue, I find myself conversing in my mind with friends and relatives who have passed: my mom and dad, my sister Dede, my wife Peggy, college buddies, even my Navy commanding officer, Admiral Hyman G. Rickover, a guy who had a big influence on my life.

In some cases, these ceremonies involve nothing more than the standard funeral liturgy. But the better ones offer a look back at a life; sometimes there are slide shows and movies to remind us of what the deceased achieved in a lifetime.

The best life story I've heard came at the funeral of my friend Bob Sakata. In 1942, when Bob was a high

school junior, the Sakata family was taken away from their California farm and locked up in an internment camp, because Bob's parents were immigrants from Japan. Bob, an American born and bred — he'd never even been to Japan — was furious at this treatment. To get out, he finagled a job as a farmhand in Brighton, Colorado. The farmer assigned Bob to work 40 acres along the South Platte River. By the time of his death, 79 years later, Bob had 4,000 acres along that river, and Sakata Farms was one of the biggest growers of sweet corn, cabbage, and onions in the Rocky Mountain West. As we left the church in Brighton after Bob's funeral, his grandchildren handed out packets of corn seeds; I've planted four rows in my garden.

Occasions like that make me think about what should happen at my own funeral, which is probably not so far into the future. I guess I could show clips from my PBS documentaries (except they might bore people to death). Many of my books were total flops in the market, and I have boxes of unsold copies in the basement. Should we give them away at my funeral?

Some of the funerals I've attended lately have included a military color guard, with a uniformed bugler playing Taps. As a former Naval person, I want that! The Veterans' Administration tells me I can make the arrangements at www.va.gov/burials-memorials.

Since I'm no longer attending many balls or banquets, funerals have become an element of my social life. When a friend or a colleague dies, the memorial ceremony is an opportunity to mingle with people I don't see that often anymore.

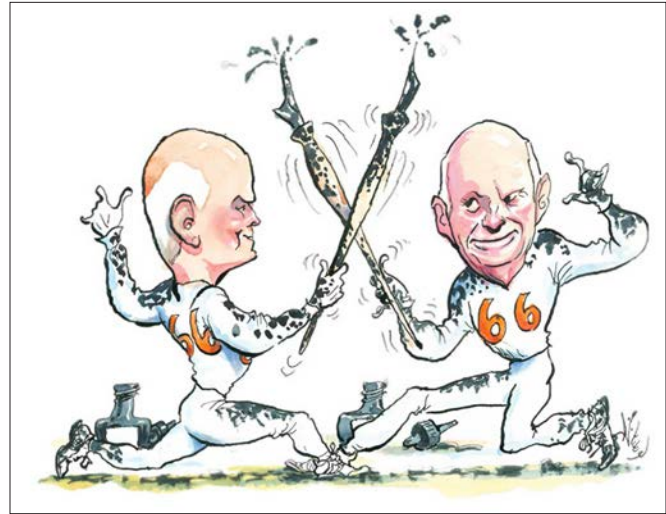
In fact, one major social occasion not long ago was the funeral of none other than my pal Dennis Gallagher, who died at the age of 82. Dennis was a popular local politician; he served as a state legislator and Denver's city auditor. His funeral drew hundreds, including present and former mayors and governors. As I walked down the church aisle to take Communion, I put my hand on the deceased's coffin and bade him farewell. "Yeah, Dennis, you were right," I whispered. "We are going to keep meeting this way." ■

Norm Tabler:

Scribbling Rivalry

As the younger of two brothers, I know a little something about rivalry. Maybe that's why I've been so amused to observe the development of a certain rivalry with a Princeton classmate over the years.

I met Henry Von Kohorn my first week at Princeton, 63 years ago, when we were assigned rooms on the same floor of the same entry of Dod Hall. Henry was



Mike Witte's illustration of the dueling scribes, drawn for Norm's piece in the online PAW on January 29, 2025.

from Greenwich, Connecticut, and the Hotchkiss School. I was from Floyds Knobs (no kidding), Indiana, and the local public high school.

We became friends and eventually roomed in the same Hamilton Hall suite. Unlike most college friendships, ours strengthened after graduation, even though Henry lives in Princeton, and I live in Indiana (but not Floyds Knobs). We keep in close touch — closer in fact, as the years go by, thanks to email and FaceTime.

At Princeton I hated writing and dreaded term papers and essays. I haven't asked him, but I'll bet Henry was the same. That's why it's so surprising that, starting around age 60 or so, we both began devoting significant leisure time to writing.

Henry is more disciplined in his writing than I am. He keeps a daily journal, has written three privately published books, and writes a detailed report on every Princeton football game (sad work last season).

I regularly contribute to two American Bar Association publications, and irregularly to a few others. Usually, my submissions are intended to be humorous.

But in a few areas, our writing interests coincide. That's where a friendly but (until now) unspoken rivalry has arisen.

It started with entries to *The New Yorker* cartoon caption contest. I wasn't conscious of a rivalry, but I did feel a sense of relief when I was the first to be named as one of three finalists. (I didn't win.)

I began to suspect a rivalry when Henry actually won the contest, and *The New Yorker* published his name and caption for the world to see. My envy was made worse by a conviction that my own submission was superior.

I eventually won the contest. Fortuitously, it happened the month before our 50th reunion, enabling me to feign modesty as a few classmates offered congratulations.

As I said, it was Henry's success, and my twinge of envy, that made me suspect a rivalry. It was my own, later win that confirmed it. There must be a rivalry. Otherwise, why do I remember the day Henry won as so gray and the day I won as so sunny?

Then there's *The New York Times*. As bona fide grouchy old men, we share the habit of submitting letters to the editor, and we're both surprisingly successful at seeing them in print.

One difference is that I also submit letters to the *Times Book Review*. Henry doesn't. I don't even know if he reads it. His typical acknowledgement of my letters is, "Meredith [his wife] saw your letter in the *Book Review*."

When he added, "But those don't count as much as letters to the editor, do they?" my suspicion was confirmed: He was keeping score!

Henry had an item in the Metropolitan Diary column of the Sunday *Times*. I'm not jealous. Really, I'm not. Not a bit. After all, Henry has an apartment in New York, and I don't. If the *Times* had a Rust Belt Diary column, I'd be a shoo-in.

How close is our *Times* race? One Thursday in August 2024, the *Times* published my letter to the editor. I was still accepting congratulations when the following



Mike Witte's illustration for Henry Von Kohorn's article in the September 2024 PAW, "To Build a Better Bonfire, Say Farewell to the Big Three."

Saturday's *Times* featured a letter from — you guessed it — Henry! True to our individual styles, Henry's was serious, mine was snarky.

The rivalry has even spilled over to PAW. I tried not to care about Henry's two online pieces. But how could I ignore his Big Three bonfire essay in the September 2024 print issue, illustrated in living color by our own Mike Witte? I couldn't rest until I saw my own essay in print.

I have every confidence that once he sees this essay, Henry will respond with another of his own.

This article was originally published January 29, 2025, in the online pages of the Princeton Alumni Weekly.

HONORARY CLASSMATES

Living:

Christopher L. Eisgruber '83

Milbrey Southerland Mara

Margaret M. Miller '80

Andrew Moravcsik

Harold T. Shapiro *64

Anne-Marie Slaughter '80

William Tierney

Shirley M. Tilghman

Dorothy R. (Dottie) Werner

Deceased:

Robert F. Goheen '40*48 1919-2008

Fred A. Hargadon 1934-2014

Ronald A. Rogerson 1943-1987

Class Officers, 1966 – 2031

1966-1971

President: Anthony P. Grassi
 Vice President: John M. McDonough
 Treasurer: Stephen R. Harwood
 Secretary: Charles C. Emmons, Jr.

1971-1976

President: Robert H. Rawson, Jr.
 Vice President: Stuart G. Steingold
 Treasurer: Joseph M. Luongo
 Secretary: Daniel F. Adams

1976-1981

President: Richard G. Morgan
 Vice President: Walter Smedley III
 Treasurer: William R. Leahy, Jr.
 Secretary: William J. Bethune

1981-1986

President: John H. Thacher, Jr.
 Vice President: William R. Leahy, Jr.
 Treasurer: Charles J. Plohn, Jr.
 Secretary:
 Thomas R. Reid III
 Jeffrey N. McCollum *

1986-1991

President: John H. Thacher, Jr.
 Vice Presidents:
 Richard G. Morgan
 Charles J. Plohn, Jr.
 Treasurer: John A. Edie
 Secretary: Jeffrey N. McCollum

1991-1996

President: Robert E. Nahas
 Vice Presidents:
 Carl E. Eastwick
 John A. Edie
 Treasurer: Bernard J. D'Avella, Jr.
 Secretary: Jeffrey N. McCollum

1996-2001

President: Bernard J. D'Avella, Jr.
 Vice Presidents:
 Carl E. Eastwick
 Stanislaw Maliszewski
 Treasurer: John J. Nagorniak
 Secretary: James L. Parmentier

2001-2006

President: Carl E. Eastwick
 Vice Presidents:
 Michael L. Barrett
 Brian H. Breuel
 Treasurer: John J. Nagorniak
 Secretary: James L. Parmentier

2006-2011

President: Brian H. Breuel
 Vice Presidents:
 Michael L. Barrett
 Christopher A. Mill
 Treasurer:
 John J. Nagorniak
 David M. Kinard *
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2011-2016

President: Charles J. Plohn, Jr.
 Vice Presidents:
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 Henry Von Kohorn
 Treasurer: David M. Kinard
 J. David Stitzer *
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President: Christopher A. Mill
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 William R. Leahy, Jr.
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 Asst. Treasurer: Dennis B. Davis
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 Asst. Secretary: Norman G. Tabler, Jr.

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 Vice Presidents:
 Johnson M. Hart
 Stephen R. Harwood
 Guilbert C. Hentschke
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List includes all officers elected by the class as well as those appointed by the Executive Committee (indicated with an asterisk) following the resignation of an elected officer.



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