Princeton University
Class of 1971

Telling the Stories of Our Lives

50th Reunion
2021

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Our Class Members (to come in the print version)

Welcome from Our Class President

What a year … on so many levels. Global pandemic, presidential election, the other side of 70, and, most important, the 50th anniversary of our graduation, which we would normally celebrate in grand style on campus at the end of May at Princeton's unparalleled Reunions.

Unfortunately, the University reluctantly determined that even with vaccines it is still not safe to gather in large groups and has canceled all in-person Reunion celebrations again this year, as also happened in 2020. We are not alone in being deeply disappointed.

Our Reunions Committee has worked very hard to make this momentous Reunion truly special, so this is a huge blow to them --- and for all of us who were looking forward to spending this special time together. That disappointment notwithstanding, your Executive Team and Reunions Committee are busy exploring ways to gather virtually. Stay tuned.

And let's not forget how much we still have to celebrate: 50 years of friendships and lifelong memories, long and rewarding careers, expanding families, lives well-lived. Princeton launched each of us in myriad ways, and we are exceptionally fortunate to have benefited from its top-notch education and the richness of our college experiences.

This Yearbook has been a true labor of love and we owe huge thanks and a strong locomotive to our editors-in-chief, **Chris Connell** and **Ray Ollwerther**. They have given countless hours to this task, aided by a crew of hard-working editorial volunteers, and have created a fantastic book of memories, profiles, articles and pictures.

We must also recognize and thank Reunion Co-Chairs **Jack and Veronnie Hittson** and Vice Chair Stu Rickerson and their Reunion Committee. Our 50th has been in the planning stages for well over a year. It has been a fulltime job for Jack, Veronnie, Stu and their committee, and has entailed endless meetings, calls, emails and Executive Committee support. We remain indebted to them for their energy and passion for our great Class.

Most of all, as you will see in the pages of this Yearbook, there are so many memories to cherish and to make us smile. We are unique, accomplished in many different arenas, and have made important contributions to the world at large as well as to the life of this University. We have also lost too many great friends, teammates, singing partners, carrel mates, and roommates along the way, all of whom are remembered in this book.

So have fun reading this compendium of memories and life stories. Let the celebration begin in our hearts and, yes, even on Zooms. Take this opportunity to reengage with your Classmates and enjoy friendships that, with time, have become even more precious. Stay healthy and we look forward to seeing all of you, in one way or another, in this special year.

With thanks and best wishes,

Podie Lynch

Greetings from the Reunion Chairs

On behalf of the 50th Reunion Committee, we offer a spirited welcome to everyone – classmates, spouses, partners, widows/widowers, children, grandchildren and friends – to the celebration of the 50th Anniversary of the Great Class of 1971's graduation.

While the pandemic has played havoc with on-campus Reunions and the P-rade this spring, we are determined to celebrate our milestone year with gusto, starting with this magnificent Yearbook but also with gatherings, both virtual and soon we hope in person. We are still mapping those plans so stay tuned.

Princeton Reunions are special and ours are extra special (Smokey, Darlene, the Beach tBoys – need we say more?). Despite a once-in-a-century calamity, we will strive to outdo ourselves this year.

Jack and Ronnie

This Yearbook will carry you back in time to the Princeton of our day, but also catch you up on the lives of friends you haven't seen in a great while and introduce you to new ones.

In these nearly 600 pages you'll find feature stories penned by more than two dozen classmates, essays from 400 – an extraordinary number – and, most fittingly, beautiful memorials thanks to Class Secretary Mark Swanson's unstinting work.

Even before the P-rade was canceled, your Class Officers felt it was paramount to get this Yearbook into everyone's hands, so we are sending it free not only every classmate but to surviving spouses and partners. It's no mere coffee table book. We are certain many will read it cover to cover, and not just us but our children and their children for years to come.

As you know, it takes a ton of teamwork and dozens of enthusiastic volunteers to prepare for an occasion as momentous as our 50th Reunion. The Reunion Steering Committee comprised of Class President **Podie Lynch**, **Alan Usas**, **Howard Zien**, **Stu Rickerson** and your co-chairs **(Jack and Ronnie**) has spared no effort to make this a year to remember, despite the pandemic. The full listing of 50th Reunion Committee members is on the Class Leadership page. And join us in a hearty locomotive for our Yearbook editors, **Chris Connell** and **Ray Ollwerther**.

And get into the swing of things right now by ordering the newest addition to the Class wardrobe, a beautiful, Hawaiian-style 1971 50th Reunion Flower shirt suitable for the whole family. It will make '71ers stand out at every Reunion and Class event for years to come.

So WELCOME BACK to "The Best Damn Place of All."

Roaringly,
Jack and Ronnie Hittson

A Note of Thanks from the Yearbook Editors

Dear Classmates: It is with pride (and relief) that we present the Class of 1971 50th Reunion Yearbook, the handiwork of not just the editors and writers who contributed to this beautiful volume, but yourselves. The colorful photographs are arresting, but it is the words – your words – that Tell the Story of Our Lives.

A yearbook is a window into our past, collectively and individually. Thanks to the devotion of Class Secretary and memorialist Mark Swanson, we set out to tell the stories of all these lives, including the 100 classmates we have lost. Mark made it his mission to write tributes for the dozens from earlier decades who were never memorialized in the Princeton Alumni Weekly. The Yearbook provided room to expand the PAW memorials and add touching remembrances. The memorials appear not apart but with the Class Profiles. We are still one.

A yearbook also looks at our dreams for the future. Needless to say, we all look forward to that day when COVID-19 is vanquished and we can gather again at "the best damn place of all." The Yearbook lets the celebration begin of this golden – or perhaps black-and-orange – anniversary.

More than 400 of us contributed personal essays and submitted photos – more photos than there were room for, but all grace the Profiles on our Class website, princeton71.org. Hundreds also responded to the intriguing Class Poll. The website also offers additional "bonus" material from the survey.

The more than two dozen feature stories run the gamut from protests and issues of race and religion to club life, parties, sports and much in between. Our favorite professors are here, as well as memorable campus jobs. **Ken Hall** starts us off by digging into the results of the Class Poll, followed by **Robbie Wyper Shell**'s searching examination of how the women of 1971 experienced coeducation. Our quill of contributors includes **Luther Munford, Podie Lynch, Scott Berg, Gene Lowe, Greg Conderacci, Jim Lieber, Howard Zien, Rick Ostrow, Jon Cieslak, Scott Rogers, Nick Hammond, Bob Prichard, Bill Zwecker, Geoff Smith, Stu Rickerson, Dick Balfour, Gary Walsh, Jim Browning** and **Terry Plaumer,** who also enlisted faculty titan **John Fleming *63 h71** to write his "love letter" to the denizens of Wilson College. Our book ends with excerpts from the late **Alan Brinkley**'s lyrical reminiscence for our 40th Reunion.

We owe a special debt to **Alan Usas**, Class Technology Chair and webmaster, who used his tech superpowers to keep us on course and problem solve for scores of classmates. Credit for the beauty and elegance of this Yearbook goes to Hugh Wachter '68, the indefatigable proprietor of Reunion Press, who designed it as he has done for a shelf of Princeton 50th Reunion yearbooks. Marianne Nelson, PAW's art director, created the Yearbook's striking cover and title page designs. Jack Wilmer '70, editor of his class's sumptuous 50th Yearbook, was generous with his wise counsel.

And plaudits to the team who pitched in with copy editing, proofreading and selecting photos: **Robbie Shell, Ryan Petty, Alan Rosenthal, Doug Pike, Greg Conderacci, Tom Henderson, Jeff Marshall** and **Richard Neill. Terry Pflaumer** and **Rich Hollingsworth** shared photos from our campus days and early reunions. Invaluable in the search for old photos were Iris Rubenstein of the University's Office of Communications, April Armstrong *14 and Christa Cleeton of Mudd Manuscript Library, and Marianne Nelson.

Now sit back, pour a glass, and enjoy your Yearbook journey through our lives and times.

Chris Connell and Ray Ollwerther

Class Leadership

Class Officers

President:	Podie Lynch
Vice president:	Gary Walsh
Secretary:	Mark Swanson
Treasurer:	Howard Zien
Class agents:	Rob Slocum, Kathy Molony
Reunions/historian:	Jack Hittson
1746 Society:	Bill Zwecker
SWLF chair:	Stu Rickerson
Technology chair:	Alan Usas

Reunion Committee

Co-chairs:	Jack and Ronnie Hittson
Vice chair:	Stu Rickerson
Treasurer/finance:	Howard Zien
Entertainment:	Stu Rickerson
Registration/housing:	Bill McCarter
Beverages:	Art Lowenstein
Food/meals:	Jack and Ronnie Hittson
Uniforms:	Laird Hayes/Stu Rickerson
HQ site:	Peter Charapko
Memorial service:	The Rev. Dennis Macaleer Father Gregory Winsky
Yearbook/survey:	Chris Connell/Ray Ollwerther
Alumni-faculty forums:	Jeff Hammond
Community service:	John Mavros
Special events:	Jamie Pitney/Ginger Davis
Activity-based recruitment:	Scott Rogers

PRINCETON
UNIVERSITY

President's Room
Nassau Hall
Princeton, New Jersey 08544-0015

Dear Members of the Class of 1971:

On behalf of our alma mater, allow me to extend to you and your families my warmest congratulations on your 50th Reunion, which, I am pleased to note, coincides with the 275th anniversary of Princeton's founding. It is my honor to be able to celebrate this wonderful Class and University milestone with you.

Your reunion arrives in the midst of extraordinary times. In the past year, we have endured a deadly pandemic and its attendant economic and social upheavals, faced a reckoning with the persistence of racial injustice in the United States, and grappled with one of the most contentious and bitter elections in our nation's history. These grave challenges have affected our own campus as well, requiring us to develop innovative modes of research, teaching, and learning so that we could pursue our mission amidst the pandemic, and inviting additional measures to ensure that students, faculty, and staff from all backgrounds can flourish fully on our campus.

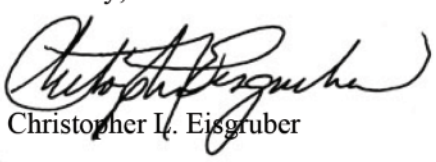
You, the Class of 1971, are no strangers to the challenge of living through extraordinary times. Indeed, your undergraduate years coincided with events that shook the world. Civil rights marches, the war in Vietnam, the moon landing, Woodstock, the first Earth Day, Kent State, and the invasion of Cambodia: these and other deeply consequential episodes shaped your Princeton experience and moved many of you to political action. As America and the world evolved, so, too, did Princeton. Reforms to Bicker, the establishment of Stevenson Hall, the opening of the University's first official residential college, and the formation of new, more broadly representative University governance committees all occurred during your time at Old Nassau. And, of course, you witnessed, and participated in, a change that would transform Princeton forever: the groundbreaking decision to embrace coeducation.

Fifty years on, Princeton continues both to honor its founding ideals and also to evolve in response to the critical concerns of our day and the needs of new generations of scholars and students. We have added important fields of study, and we remain committed to sustaining academic excellence in the liberal arts and offering students an immersive residential experience filled with challenges and meaning. Through the generosity of our alumni and friends, we have been able to expand access to this distinctive education and ensure that talented individuals from all backgrounds and all parts of the world can participate in our vibrant learning community.

In his letter to you in your 25th Reunion yearbook, President Robert F. Goheen observed, "We went through some turbulent times together," but expressed hope that nonetheless you had retained fond memories of your time on campus and a recognition of the value of the "rich, personalized educational experience" Princeton offered. In the past five decades, you have shown your gratitude for this education in remarkable ways. Through direct service as trustees, annual giving volunteers, schools committee interviewers, or members of the administration and faculty, and by countless individual acts of generosity, you have helped Princeton become the place we know and love today. And your characteristic "Cool" has helped us *celebrate* this place with distinctive elan and panache!

Thank you again for all you have done—and continue to do—for our beloved alma mater. On the occasion of your 50th Reunion, I salute the great Class of 1971!

Sincerely,



Christopher L. Eisgruber

We Present Our Illustrious
Honorary Classmates

Marvin Bressler, sociology professor and academic fellow to the men's basketball team, remembered as brilliant and provocative (died in 2010)

h'71

Peter Charapko (father of classmate Peter), living 20 minutes away in Bucks County, Pa., hosted many classmates during their Princeton years (died in 1981)

h'71

Irving Dilliard, editorial page editor of the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, who taught a popular expository writing course (died in 2002)

h'71

Lawrence Dupraz, who ran The Daily Princetonian's printing operation and taught generations of Prince editors the fundamentals of printing – and life (died in 2006)

h'71

John V. Fleming *63 p'87, English professor and second master of Wilson College, who "read Chaucer like playing a fine musical instrument"

h'71

Jeffrey Graydon p'05, senior associate director of athletics, whose oversight of sports facilities projects has included Rickerson Field and the tennis center's Lynch Viewing Deck

h'71

Kenneth Grayson, a supervisor in the University's electric/elevator shop who has been instrumental in providing the power for lights and music for the Class's Big Act shows at Reunions

h'71

William Hardt '63 p'95, longtime Annual Giving leader, mentored our class agents who set a record for a 10th-reunion clash**'71**

Patricia (Cahill) Hess p'05 p'08 and **Wallace Hess**, wife and brother of our late classmate Jack, for their inspirational support of Jack, bringing him to Reunions, football games, and other class gatherings during his decade-long battle with ALS

h'71

Veronnie (Hilles) Hittson p'03 p'05, wife and constant partner of classmate Jack as he co-chaired our 40th Reunion, chaired our 45th, and they are both co-chairing our 50th

h'71

David D. Livingston '72, matriculated with '71, graduated with '72, but wanted to remain part of our class

h'71

Darlene (Wright) Love, future Rock & Roll Hall of Famer and entertainment headliner at our 35th Reunion, who waited out a thunderstorm to perform 90 minutes late

h'71

Mike Love, who brought the sounds of the Beach Boys to our 40th Reunion and two years later told Stu Rickerson that he "swore on the Honor Code that we'll play at 1971's next Reunion," which they did at our 45th

h'71

William "Smokey" Robinson, Rock & Roll Hall of Famer whose legendary performance at our 25th Reunion is still a favorite of many classmates

h'71

Dorothy "Dottie" Werner, Princeton's Class Affairs coordinator, the Class's go-to person on matters involving the Alumni Council and other University offices

In Memoriam

Marc L. Abrams	November 26, 1978
Andrew J. Achman	July 17, 2002
David P. Ackerman p05	March 12, 2016
Allan C. Barnes Jr.	October 19, 2009
Robert Logan Beeler	October 22, 2010
Reid Alan Beitrusten	December 2, 1983
David Peter Blakey	September 14, 2009
Samuel P. Boehm II	July 16, 2011
Stephen W. Bradley Jr.	November 23, 1996
Marvin Bressler h68 h71 h82	July 7, 2010
Alan Brinkley	June 16, 2019
David R. Brown p99	October 23, 1998
Leonard G. Brown	July 2, 2020
Robert M. Browne	April 11, 2020
James C. Carmichael	July 30, 2020
John W. Chambers Jr.	May 28, 2004
Robert G. Chambers	October 18, 2011
Peter Charapko p71 h71	September 24, 1981
John A. M. Chitty s72	February 28, 2019
J. Randall Choun	2012
Michael D. Collins	February 10, 2003
Daniel P. Cunningham	March 31, 2019
Anthony W. Davenport	January 6, 2004
Joseph A. Dehais	January 10, 2018
Irving Dilliard h71	October 9, 2002
Fredrick L. Dixon p*00	September 19, 2003
Charles R. Dressel	January 22, 2018
Lawrence L. Dupraz h71 h00	December 24, 2006
Deedee E. Eisenberg	June 7, 2010
William R. Elfers p18	November 28, 2020
Michael B. Epstein s73	January 6, 2011
Victor D. Feeney	March 2, 1980
Clark A. Feldman	May 2, 2009
Oscar Fruchtman	March 28, 2009
Donald S. Gerber	June 5, 2003
Pandelis M. Glavanis	September 1, 2017
J. Murray Goff	October 3, 2020
Joseph H. Grasser Jr.	March 11, 1981
Kenneth J. Griffin	August 6, 1989
John E. Grimmer	January 23, 2018
Doris Stickney Hardy s71	March 20, 2005
P.J. Murphey Harmon s85	December 15, 2019
James W. Harris	September 25, 1999
Peter Heath p06	November 12, 2014
James E. Henderson	February 21, 2017
John C. Hess p05 p08	April 11, 2016
James A. Higgins	May 29, 2007
Jack Alvin Hines	April 29, 1980
John E. Irby III	November 4, 1991
William F. James	May 4, 2016
W. Lawrence Joachim	April 22, 2021
Arlene G. Julius	November 8, 2019

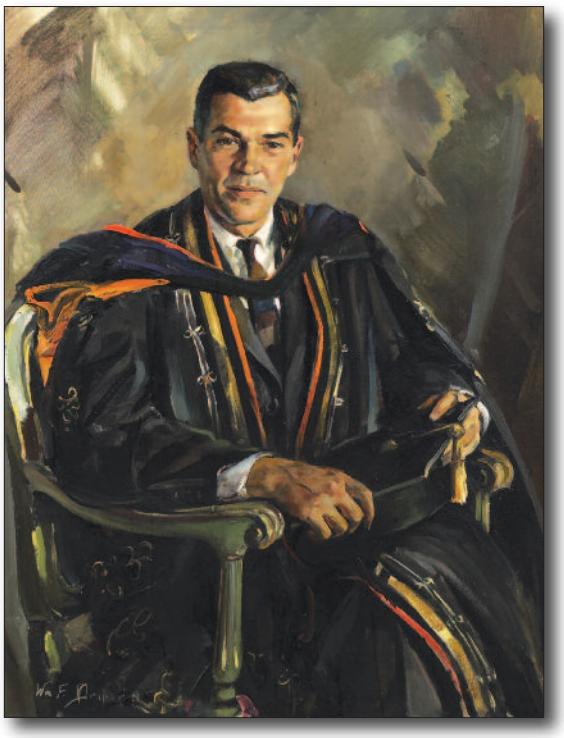
Donald N. Kapsch	May 5, 2003
David R. Keller	August 3, 2019
James C. Krieg	Feb. 10, 2021
Richard L. Lindsey Jr.	August 8, 2019
Samuel L. Lipsman	June 13, 2013
Michael B. Macko	January 24, 2010
Richard G. Marquis	October 16, 2002
Donald J. Mathison	March 3, 1996
Robert G. Maxwell	June 1975
Louis Harkey Mayo Jr.	August 13, 2020
Vincent B. McGinnis	November 4, 2019
Roy D. Meredith s73	October 22, 1998
Roberta R. Miller	February 11, 1995
Edward J. Milne Jr.	May 6, 1995
James L. Montgomery Jr.	May 26, 2005
Alan G. Moore	May 24, 2019
John K. Moore	August 26, 2012
William P. Mullin	May 16, 2011
John M. Olson	July 10, 2014
Michael F. O'Toole	August 15, 1988
Raymond S. Page III	August 17, 1992
Richard L. Popiel	May 13, 2010
Stephen J. Powers	August 17, 2001
Emmett Haines Pritchard	December 10, 1994
Michael S. Proko	May 21, 2002
W. Keith Rabe	March 31, 2014
Bruce Taylor Reese	April 4, 2019
Joseph C. Reidy Jr.	March 3, 2012
David C. Richardson	May 5, 2019
Michael L. Roberts	November 5, 2014
John M. Rooney	October 17, 2018
Ronald W. Scharff	May 6, 1999
Robert A. Schiffner Jr.	October 27, 2015
Jon L. Selden	April 10, 1991
Jerome B. Simandle	July 11, 2019
Stephen F. Sipos Jr.	June 3, 2005
Richard Sobel	March 2, 2020
William H. Spencer	March 23, 1969
Charles R. Stiller	May 11, 1995
Jonathan C. K. Stobie	September 16, 2004
Richard D. Stockbridge	November 10, 2013
James B. Thompson	April 23, 1986
Robert M. Thompson III	February 6, 2014
Geoffrey G. Trego	March 25, 2012
F. Wayne Van Saun	October 11, 2013
Jon T. Wagenknecht	May 21, 2012
McNeill Watkins II	September 28, 2016
Richard T. Wharton Jr.	March 15, 2013
Richard S. Williamson	December 8, 2013
Mark P. Wine	April 20, 2019
Anthony R. Wofford	June 7, 2015
James R. Zarfoss Jr.	September 18, 2010

Robert Francis Goheen '40 *48
A Leader Who Listened

By Christopher Connell

When Harvard undergraduate Stephen Goheen brought two classmates home to Princeton at the height of antiwar protests that rocked that Cambridge, Mass., campus, his father, Princeton University President Robert Goheen, took the trio out to lunch. Stephen, later to perform alternative service as a conscientious objector, recalled that his father asked all manner of questions. Afterward it dawned on him that the elder Goheen had been "conducting research. He was trying to learn what we were thinking."

That was Robert Francis Goheen, always listening.



This oil on canvas portrait of Robert F. Goheen (1919-2008), Class of 1940, Ph.D. 1948, and President of Princeton (1957–72), was commissioned by the Trustees of Princeton University. It was painted circa 1962 by American artist William F. Draper (1912–2003), measures 34 inches by 44 inches and is now displayed in Nassau Hall. President Goheen is wearing the presidential robe of the University.

After the death in 2008 at age 88 of Princeton's 16th president, many commented on that ability to listen to other points of view and, as in the case of coeducation, to change his mind. "I have never known anyone with so little ego investment in winning an argument. Quite simply, he wanted to do right," said Marvin Bressler, professor emeritus of sociology. "In a community in which many people confuse self-interest with principle, he led through the exercise of moral force."

The young classics scholar with those half-glasses transformed Princeton during his 15 years in Nassau Hall, beginning in 1957. After expanding the faculty, facilities, and research capacity during what he called "the halcyon days" of his first decade, he made strategic moves over the next five years that made Princeton better and stronger, from creating the provost's job and lining up economist William Bowen *58 as heir apparent to forcing the trustees' hands on coeducation. He hired a young assistant professor from Harvard, Neil Rudenstine '56, as dean of students when he realized how little his team understood this new generation of students. The hiring of Carl A. Fields, the first black administrator in the Ivy League, signaled Princeton's determination to attract minority students. At the height of Vietnam war protests, Goheen gave the faculty and even students a say in University governance. However aloof he may have seemed, he engineered these changes not by dictate, but consensus.

Goheen was born in India, where his parents were serving as Presbyterian medical missionaries. He won the Pyne Prize, graduated summa cum laude and served in World War II as an Army intelligence officer who reached the rank of lieutenant colonel, married Margaret

Goheen was the kind of person "with whom one could sit comfortably in silence," recalled author, psychologist and former Princeton trustee Marsha Levy-Warren '73. "People don't realize how difficult it is to listen — and he did it naturally."

Skelly during the war and afterward wrote his Ph.D. dissertation on the imagery in Sophocles' Antigone. He was junior to the presidents of America's other leading colleges when the trustees selected him at age 37 to succeed Harold Dodds *1914. An onlooker remembered the dashing figure that Goheen cut at his class's 20th reunion in 1960: "Through '79 Arch with Woodrow Wilson's flag flying overhead swung the band; then, there, at the top of the steps in full 20th-reunion uniform, was the young president! Unforgettable."

When police hauled away 30 students who tried to block the doors of the controversial Institute for Defense Analyses in 1967, a Prince reporter overheard Goheen say, "This isn't Princeton." Yet Peter Kaminsky '69, then-Undergraduate Assembly president and a leader of Students for a Democratic Society, wrote upon Goheen's death, the president was never inquisitorial or "too disapproving, even when politics divided us."

In the 2002 P-rade

The University did not call the police when the Association of Black Collegians occupied New South, an administration building, for 11 hours in March 1969 over the issue of divesting from stocks in companies that did business in South Africa.

Brent L. Henry '69, an ABC member who became the first graduating senior elected to the Board of Trustees, said that in those meetings, it was clear Goheen "was the agent of change in that room."

President Jimmy Carter's appointment of Goheen as ambassador to India in 1977 was a grace note to a career of service. Upon returning from New Delhi, he became a senior scholar at the Woodrow Wilson School and played a role in preserving downtown Princeton.

To the end, he embraced progress and adaptability. When Reunions marshals groused that the aged Class of 1940 was slowing down the P-rade, Goheen exhorted classmates to use canes, as he did, saying, "This is no time to be proud."

Goheen was the kind of person "with whom one could sit comfortably in silence," recalled author, psychologist and former Princeton trustee Marsha Levy-Warren '73. An exchange student in India before entering Princeton, she and Goheen sometimes would reminisce about the food, the music, the smells and colors of that land, then sit without speaking.

"He was a quiet and calming leader," Levy-Warren said. "People don't realize how difficult it is to listen – and he did it naturally."

That was Robert Francis Goheen.

Adapted from an article in the April 30, 2008, Princeton Alumni Weekly

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The Class Poll:

By Ken Hall

Fifty years after college, we can say this about the Princeton Class of 1971: Most of us septuagenarians are healthy, with a few extra pounds; quite liberal; prosperous and to varying degrees accomplished.

Almost half the Class completed the 50th Reunion Class Poll. The results, often predictable but sometimes surprising, are available in full on the Class website, but here's the big picture.

Only 18 of the 367 who responded in time never married. We've raised on average 2.2 children; one classmate has a dozen. Our progeny in turn have given us 2.6 grandchildren, although one classmate with 23 grandkids pulled up that average. (When it comes to grandchildren, as one classmate told us, "Only two numbers matter: zero and any number other than

Taking the Pulse of '71

zero.") Four are great-grandparents, with 10 great-grandchildren among them.

Given our education and professions, it is not surprising that 200 or 56 percent of those who responded consider themselves upper middle income and 104 more self-identify as wealthy. One in seven say they are middle-income and 1 in 100 low-income. But 53 classmates say they have experienced poverty, mostly while growing up.

Three-quarters of us are retired or semi-retired, having pulled their parachutes over a wide span of years, from age 39 to 72. Almost 90 percent of the retirees are happy with their decision, some of two minds and just one — you know who you are but we don't because the survey was anonymous — rues it. One in four is working full time and half of those insist they will never retire.

We have several captains of industry; 17 once had more than 1,000 employees working

for them. At one time or another, 130 pulled stints in government at various levels including the military, the Peace Corps, and city, state and federal departments. Advanced degrees? Almost too many to count, including 64 Ph.Ds.

Thirty-three worked for 10 or more companies since graduation, Forty percent never changed careers. Sixty percent switched once, twice, thrice or more times.

Since my son was in the Class of 2005 and PAW letter-writers seem so consumed about legacy admissions, I was surprised to learn that only half of us had children apply to Princeton. Half were admitted – much better odds than non-legacies – and almost all (93 percent) went.

Health and wealth

Almost 90 percent report being in good or excellent health despite many of the challenges of reaching the 70s, especially high blood pressure, hearing problems, arthritis, depression and lots of body parts replaced, mostly knees and hips. One in seven reported prostate cancer; one in five another type of cancer, including breast cancer. Smokers have mostly given up that noxious habit, and most own up to only moderate drinking, with wine by far the beverage of choice.

As if we needed to be reminded, use of illegal drugs was widespread in college, and not so much afterward. Still, whether from nostalgia or a 50-year itch, most of us favor legalizing marijuana.

Seven in 10 still have an active sex life, although frequency varies, with a third reporting once a week or more, another third once or twice a month, and the rest occasionally.

Fewer than two in five describe their health as poor or just fair. Perhaps naps help keep us healthy, since two-thirds report doing it regularly. Notwithstanding the claims of good health, almost half weigh more or a lot more than they did in 1971. Ninety percent hope to live to be 90, but a majority (54 percent) have no interest in becoming centenarians.

Our above-average incomes are reflected in net worth, with 140 reporting $1 million to $5 million and 116 claiming $5 million or more. Seventy-five percent own their homes; 35 percent own two or more. Only 20 are renters. More than a third are still paying off mortgages.

Just 10 – under 3 percent – live in retirement communities. An impressive 15 percent donate 10 percent of their income or more to charities annually, and 221 devote almost five hours a week on average to community service.

How we spend our time

We're wired. Forty-four percent spend more than 20 hours a week on their computer or smartphone. Most — 69 percent — still have a landline (which as we tell our kids comes in handy in power outages when cell towers go on the fritz).

We get information from everywhere, reading an average of 1.7 newspapers, 2.8 magazines and 3.1 online news sites regularly. Newspapers remain the preferred method for getting news. We watch an average of 2.4 hours of television a day and read 18.5 books and see 26 movies a year. (Not clear whether binge-watching Netflix during the pandemic has boosted that TV time.) We spend 4.2 hours a week cooking, although 66 say they never do. (Another 50 say they abstain from any cleaning.)

Most of us exercise regularly. While only 19 classmates say they do not, that's better than the 44 who confessed to being couch potatoes a quarter-century ago. Likewise, the count of those who exercise every day has risen from 53 to 77 since our 25th Reunion.

About 40 percent of us own pets, preferring dogs to cats 2-to-1. Before the pandemic, 65 percent ate out once or twice a week.

Retirement means more time to travel and we have done so extensively. Twenty-eight have visited all 50 states and 154 journeyed to 20 countries or more. Since turning 65, travel has been a major activity, with 193 reporting four or more trips abroad.

Paul Mickey and Chris Diamond wed at a social distance Jan. 2, 2021

Upended By the Pandemic

COVID-19 took the life of Robby Browne just weeks into the pandemic, but his was the only death from the disease of which we were aware as the yearbook went to press.

Still, none of our lives went untouched, as evidenced by responses to the Class Poll, which was completed in November 2020. To that point only 10 classmates reported contracting COVID-19, while 27 said their spouse or another family member had gotten the virus. Sixty-five – almost one in six – had lost family or friends.

We missed being able to see children and grandchildren. Lucky ones could retreat to vacation homes, sometimes with their children and grands.

The responses betrayed few signs of economic distress. While age alone puts us in a risk group, most are retired so we had no jobs to lose. Social Security payments, pensions and retirement savings still came through. We worried far more about our children than ourselves.

"Retirement was a great prep for the lockdown," said one classmate. Some still in the work force pined for the office. "Working from home has been a bummer!" wrote another. A third confessed to faring "poorly – as my 'profession' is international it has locked me down, so need to fight the uncomfortable feeling that Life has retired me."

The pandemic gave us lots of time to think.

"It's reminded us of the fragility of life and the extent to which we take simple activities for granted. Not anymore!" one wrote. Another discovered "the best place to quarantine is on a sailboat, which I just happen to have acquired three years ago." And there was this wry observation: "It's less difficult to isolate if you are a little anti-social to start with."

Divisions in the nation showed up in the survey, with one classmate noting "a lot of anger – or perhaps 'righteous indignation' – at how our government has mismanaged the situation." From a different perspective, a second was "very skeptical about the extent of the measures taken and the reported extent and virulence of the disease."

Several went out of their way to avoid complaining, seeing the importance, as one put it, of "remembering how truly fortunate I am."

"I used to travel five days a week. Now I have been home for eight months. I am still married :) " one noted. Another lamented the abrupt changes in our everyday lives but put this in perspective: "Going a little stir crazy. Miss theater, opera, symphony, having nice dinners. But compared to the deaths and financial devastation, these are insignificant."

– Ken Hall

Very, very few of those surveyed – 10 – had contracted COVID-19 as of Fall 2020, but almost everybody complained the virus has played havoc with their travel plans.

Beliefs and opinions

When we began college, almost half opposed the Vietnam war; a quarter supported it and the rest were undecided. By graduation, 309 of us opposed the war and only 23 were supporters. Thirty-nine were drafted, 33 enlisted and six served in Vietnam.

While two-thirds joined an antiwar demonstration during our college days, more than 80 percent now say the movement did not change the path they followed after graduation.

But our protest days are not over. More than 40 percent say they have taken part in protests since graduation, including 46 for the #BlackLivesMatter movement against police brutality and racism.

Changes in our beliefs and opinions pre- and post-college show up clearly. Although 90 percent were raised in a faith tradition, only 43 percent now practice a religion.

A third believe there is a God and a quarter answer yes but harbor doubts. The rest (43 percent) are self-professed agnostics or atheists. Believers or no, people are evenly split on whether there is an afterlife.

There is no such division when it comes to two other subjects. Almost 85 percent believe in global warming and 92 percent consider themselves ecology-minded. Support for gay marriage has only grown stronger, with 73 percent saying that they never opposed it and 90 percent saying they support it today.

There is not as much certainty about the social atmosphere when we were in college, with almost half saying they were unsure if Princeton was homophobic, 22 percent certain it was and 29 percent sure it was not. Eight individuals who answered the survey said they identify as gay; four said they were gay back in college.

Fifty-eight percent were raised in Republican homes, yet only 17 percent are Republicans

Favorite Books, Movies, Musicals and Dramas

The survey asked classmates to list their favorite books, plays and movies. In calculating the winners, we've taken the liberty of combining works by the same author, including two of Princeton's best-known Scotts.

(The complete tabulation can be found on the class website.)

Novels: F. Scott Fitzgerald 1917 for *The Great Gatsby* and *This Side of Paradise*; *Moby-Dick*; *To Kill a Mockingbird*; and Patrick O'Brian's sea novels.

Non-fiction books: Scott Berg '71's biographies of Charles Lindbergh, Woodrow Wilson, and Maxwell Perkins led this category. Next was Robert A. Caro '57's multi-volume *Years of Lyndon Johnson*, followed by a group that included Caro's book on Robert Moses, *The Power Broker;* the Bible; Ron Chernow's biography of Alexander Hamilton; and Jared Diamond's *Guns, Germs and Steel*. History professor James McPherson's *Battle Cry of Freedom* and *Sapiens* by Yuval Noah Harari tied for the next spot on the list.

Plays: *Hamlet* and *Death of a Salesman* tied for the top spot, followed by *Long Day's Journey into Night* and *Macbeth*.

Musicals: *Hamilton* led the field by a wide margin, followed by *Les Misérables, Phantom of the Opera, West Side Story*, and *My Fair Lady*.

Films: *Casablanca*, in a runaway; followed by *The Godfather* series, the *Star Wars* series, and *Lawrence of Arabia*.

Children's books: *Goodnight Moon* had three times as many votes as *Where the Wild Things Are* and *Winnie the Pooh*, followed by the Harry Potter series.

now. The majority describe themselves as moderates or liberals. More say they have moved left than have moved right, but almost 200 say their position on the political spectrum is unchanged. Despite strong political opinions, only 23 ever ran for office.

Nearly 80 percent supported Joe Biden for president, and Donald Trump remained as unpopular in 2020 with our class as he was in 2016. One in seven said they voted for Trump in 2016 and/or planned to do so in 2020.

We're pretty sure that race relations have worsened in recent years, and even more certain that there have been substantial gains for women's rights and equality. Princeton's decision to remove Woodrow Wilson's name from the public policy school and a residential college met with approval from 62 percent of the class and disapproval by 38 percent.

Of course, not all the beliefs the survey plumbed are serious. We like the Beatles twice as much as the Stones, Judy Collins much more than Joni Mitchell, and the Temptations more than the Four Tops or our own – think 25th Reunion – Smokey Robinson.

And the survey does not contain all the answers. I'd love to know why 59 were arrested and 18 incarcerated. Maybe they'll tell us at Reunions.

Diversity and coeducation

While there was no consensus on whether increased diversity at Princeton over these decades has had a lasting, positive impact, one classmate echoed the comments of many others in saying that the change has been good "in a small way because it has opened opportunity for a number of people who have … more chances to help the cause of racial equality. It has also exposed people of all backgrounds to others who are not exactly like them."

Why did we end up at Princeton? For most, the quality of the education was the most important factor, but when you cast the question in terms of choosing an all-male school, the reactions vary widely. Some say that made no difference to their 17-year-old selves. "I was too clueless to think through this important question at that stage of my life," one observed. Another anticipated "attending an all-male college would allow me to focus on academics during the week, and I could enjoy socializing on the weekend." He was happy with his lot despite dateless weekends; many others were not. So it comes as no surprise that the decision to admit women was wildly popular, with only 27 classmates saying they opposed it back then.

Because only a dozen of the 40 women of '71 responded to the survey, it's hard to draw definitive conclusions about their views. But their open-ended comments capture the variety of responses. "I had a wonderful experience at Princeton: fellow students, faculty members, courses, work-study job cataloguing original Renaissance prints, Stevenson Hall, WPRB, even the anti-war demonstrations in the spring of 1970," said one.

But another was rueful, remarking, "I was under the mistaken impression that 3,000 men were preferable to 2,500 women."

Campus memories

College memories were not all pleasant ones. Many classmates mentioned the dual challenges of alcohol and struggling to fit in when asked if there was anything they wish they had not experienced, recalling "drinking too much on several occasions" and "being independent and having no place to eat on dark winter days was no fun."

While it seemed back in the day that the most famous names on the faculty were also our favorites, there are many, many names on the list of favorite professors you may never have heard about. No single name was there by acclamation; some professors familiar to all such as sociologist and honorary classmate Marvin Bressler showed up only a few more times than do others. If anything, this eclectic list shows what a strong faculty Princeton had when we were there — lots of favorites in every department.

The list of majors we thought we would choose is as lengthy and diverse as the list that

we ended up choosing, with many drawn to a new field and just as many driven from their original choice after uncomfortable confrontations with math, chemistry and especially physics.

Most of the best memories came outside of class:

"Years and years buried in the basement of Holder at WPRB."

"Long hours at the computer center, and 3 a.m. trips out to the Princetonian (diner)."

"Taking my first legal drink of alcohol. And my second."

"Lightweight crew. Winning races."

"Playing basketball in the Gauss Suite."

"Three and a half years at 48 University Place (the Prince)."

"Acting on stage at Theatre Intime, the best classes in the English Department."

"Nassoons singing in the Arch on a snowy Saturday night coming back from a party at the Club."

"The Brown Hall raid freshman year."

[Your yearbook lacks the space to do justice to the Brown Hall riot, which culminated with towering Proctor Herbert "Axel" Peterson dressing down miscreants in the courtyard while one stole a proctor's car.]

You can find the overwhelming choice, the one activity most mentioned in various ways and sometimes in the same words, in two categories – the favorite memory from our undergraduate years, and from Reunions: "Hanging with my roommates."

There is no doubt that the years at Princeton have had a lifelong impact, captured best by those who reflected on the difference it made in them as people:

"It instilled in me the expectation that we should go out in the world and do more than just make a living."

"I used to think in terms of right and wrong. Princeton taught me that life and ideas were more complicated than that."

For many, Princeton lives in us every day: "It taught me I am the equal of any person. I do not bow my head to any social class, and I do not judge any man by where he comes from or how much money he has, how he talks or looks or what clothes he wears."

Looking back

In the end, 93 percent said they would attend Princeton if they had it all to do over again. The reasons ranged from the simple yet eternal sentiment "Because I hate Yale" to the more comprehensive realization that Princeton "gave me a solid base on which to build my adult life and career. Met wonderful people who became lifelong friends. Inspired by several professors."

Some look back with a regret that captures the difference between those in their early 20s and those in their early 70s: "I would love to attend Princeton again, to finally take advantage of the really cool shit it had to offer."

We have kept up with our classmates as reflected not only in statistics on Reunions, with 148 having marched in one to five P-Rades and half having attended one or more class events, but also in the people we see away from campus. More than a hundred reported having four to 10 close friends from their days at Princeton.

On the list of proudest achievements were memorable events such as batting in the nets at Lords, running eight Boston Marathons and "commanding a battalion of young Marines and sailors in combat. We helped liberate Kuwait."

One celebrated retiring at 39. Another was proud to be the first person in the family to attend college. Most often, however, classmates thought of family, some in unique ways: "Staying married to wife No. 3" contrasted nicely with another who celebrated a "50-year marriage to the same woman I met at a Smith College mixer in 1968." And more than one mentioned challenges, most notably "taking care of my son through 12 years of mental and physical illness until his death at the age of 31."

Looking ahead

Between our 50th and 55th reunions, the topics on most minds are clear. Stay healthy, spend time with grandchildren, stay healthy and spend time with grandchildren, repeat as often as necessary.

Beyond that, many said they hoped to get back on the road once the pandemic has subsided, often to exotic destinations. Others mentioned lowering their golf score, if not shooting their age. And still others had more lofty expectations, including a trip around the Earth on the International Space Station.

One has a definite plan: "After I win the lottery, set up a self-sustaining group of in-community housing options for the mentally ill, with separate facilities for the drug-addicted, especially pregnant drug-addicted women."

At our age, the concept of final words takes on added and perhaps unintentional meaning. Let's end with three thoughts from the section asking if there was anything you'd like to tell classmates anonymously.

One is comforting: "Most of you were great. I was lucky to be there with you."

One is inspiring: "We are the luckiest people ever to have lived on the Earth. Ours was the Golden Age."

And one contains both the perspective of history and the notion that there is more to come: "Fifty years ago, we said that we wanted to change the world for the better. We largely failed. Can we try harder to do that in the next decade?"

Ken Hall, a WPRB veteran, was a reporter and editor at community newspapers in Vermont, upstate New York and Northern Michigan before becoming vice president for news at the Dow Jones Local Media Group.

Forty 'Pioneers'
Redefined Princeton Their Way

Women of '71, along with President Shirley Tilghman, at a Reunions breakfast: (1) Rande Brown, (2) Christine Stansell, (3) Ellen Higgins, (4) Deedee Eisenberg, (5) Carla Wilson, (6) Tina Sung, (7) Jane Samuels Herbst, (8) Margret Schwartz Magid, (9) Bettina McAdoo, (10) Linda Carroll, (11) Susan Hill, (12) Deborah Tegarden, (13) Missy Silverman Lipsett, (14) Barbara Croken, (15) President Tilghman, (16) Pamela Oelschlaeger Mushen, (17) Linda Bell Blackburn, (18) Kathy Molony, (19) Susan Glimcher, (20) Deborah Mangham, (21) Phebe Miller Olcay, (22) Barbara Westlake Walker, (23) Rose Peabody Lynch, (24) Roberta Wyper Shell, (25) Mary Livingston Azoy (Photo: Frank Wojciechowski, Diagram: Steven Veach)

By Robbie Wyper Shell

When 40 coed transfer and Critical Language students arrived at Princeton in September 1969 to join a class of 800 men, we found a place unprepared for the beginning of a seismic change in Ivy League education.

The women who checked into Pyne Hall – the dorm converted into all-coed housing complete with locks on the doors and newly renovated bathrooms – were a diverse group: We were White, Asian and Black; we had transferred from all-girl colleges and coed ones; we were from public high schools and private boarding schools; we were from the East Coast, West Coast and points in between; we were scholarship students; we were the daughters and sisters of alumni and current students.

What we had in common was our status as "pioneers" – a term used at our 35th reunion in 2006 by then-President Shirley Tilghman when she offered 24 members of our class a warm welcome over breakfast at Prospect House.

Pioneers? It was a word I had never associated with my two years at Princeton. For many of us, it was a matter of just trying to keep our heads above water while navigating what we would soon realize was an "experiment" in coeducation. We were the test subjects in a laboratory whose administrators had not done very much to prepare us for the experience.

Although President Robert Goheen '40 *48 had said in 2017 coeducation was "inevitable," the decision to actually start admitting women was made quickly in the spring of 1969 following a similar move by Yale. Several months later, both of these centuries-old, all-male Ivy League institutions admitted their first female undergraduates.

Debbie Tegarden, Barbara Croken, Carla Wilson

It wasn't just competition with Yale that led to our arrival on campus. Nancy Weiss Malkiel, professor emeritus of history and dean of the college from 1987 to 2011, chronicled the sea change in her 2016 book, *Keep the Damned Women Out: The Struggle for Coeducation*. She told the *Princeton Alumni Weekly* that "the real motivation for places like Princeton and Yale … was the changing face of admissions." It turns out that many of the strongest male college applicants were no longer interested in all-male schools. So how do you keep them applying to Princeton? Admit women.

To the extent that women were part of the conversation about going coed, it was mainly in terms of how their presence would be good for Princeton, Malkiel added. Women and their needs were largely left out of the equation, "which is partly why it was so tough for the first women students."

TOUGH, YES. It's hard to forget the silliness of some male classmates who greeted our arrival with sayings scribbled on the walls of our shower stalls and dormitory doors (remember "Princeton women are here for the service of Princeton men"?). Or the difficulty that some professors and teaching assistants had dealing with the sudden appearance of a woman (usually just one) in their precepts and lectures. Some continued to address students as "gentlemen" at the same time they asked us for "the female perspective" on a given topic.

"We all sensed in those early years that we were perceived as being somewhat out of place," one classmate wrote in a questionnaire I sent last summer to the women of '71 (eliciting responses from more than a third). Another added: "It was lonely and hard, especially in the beginning. We had to navigate breaking the vaunted tradition of an all-male institution."

From the start, we felt the administration provided little support in ways that could have

The Daily PRINCETONIAN

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Trustees approve coeducation; implementation plans uncertain

By WILLIAM H. PAUL

Princeton University, which in its 222-year history has admitted only males to its undergraduate body, Saturday entered upon a new era: the era of coeducation.

In what it called "the largest single decision that has faced Princeton in this century," the board of trustees approved, "in principle," the education of women at the undergraduate level and asked the administration to present plans to that effect at either the April or the June trustee meetings.

The final vote of the board, recorded behind closed doors in Nassau Hall, was 24-8, with four trustees absent.

James F. Oates '21, chairman of the trustees' executive committee, cautioned in a news conference Sunday that the board had approved only the university's commitment to coeducation in the near future. "We don't mean the announcement to mean anything other than that we'll go ahead," Oates said.

"The way is now open for detailed study of the difficult practical considerations," echoed President Goheen.

The president said he would place one administrator, not yet chosen, in charge of that study. "A consulting group of female educators" will be established to provide "a feminine point of view," he said.

No specifics

Pressed for a specific date for the arrival of girls, Goheen said, "I'll be better able to answer that in April."

He noted that the admission of women in 1969 "is certainly not likely, given the number of problems of facilities and finances."

The president added, however, that it was "quite possible to make recommendations in part" to the trustees in April and declined to rule out a September arrival date.

Thomas P. Root, director of dormitories and food services, told

Photo by D. Martin Nagy

THE TRUSTEES' COMMITMENT TO COEDUCATION, "in principle" was announced at a press conference yesterday afternoon. Answering questions from the press are trustees Oates, Goheen and Helm.

Four Semesters of Monastic Life

Classes are remembered for their firsts, but the Classes of 1971 and 1972 can claim a significant last: The last subjected to all-male Princeton.

It can be said without fear of contradiction that for the men, improving their own social life was a more paramount concern than advancing educational opportunity for women.

Although *The Daily Princetonian* was staunchly in favor of coeducation, its coverage, in hindsight, looks chauvinistic. The women who came for Coed Week in the winter of 1969 were "distaff Ivy Leaguers." A Critical Language student – i.e., a "Critter" – was "an attractive brunette' and another who joined the *Prince* staff was a "blonde."

Headlines (in bold) and stories from the *Prince* tell the story of those two lonely years.

• • •

June 1967: The "Official Princeton Dictionary" in the Prince's Freshman Issue includes entries for "cattle drive" and "pig party."

Sept. 28, 1967: PU coeds number fifteen; Ratio steadies at 214 to 1 (The 15 were Critical Language students.)

Nov. 21, 1967: Editorial on Vassar's rejection of a merger with Yale: "It teaches a would-be suitor like Princeton some lessons. Merger isn't the blissful honeymoon it sounded like …. (Princeton) was wise not to tie itself down prematurely to one restrictive romance."

April 22, 1968: The Board of Trustees rejected student demands to end parietals but liberalized the hours boys could have girls in their rooms to 2 a.m. on Friday and Saturday and 10 p.m. weeknights. The *Prince* denounced this "travesty."

May 6, 1968: A small notice announced the end of swimming in the buff at Dillon:

"Starting today there will be coeducational swimming in Dillon Pool from 11:30 to 1:30. Any ordinary swimming attire is acceptable."

May 20, 1968: Critical Language students summed up their nine months on campus: "In precepts, you discover both students and teachers ill-at-ease …. If the preceptor called on you to speak, most of the guys treated it as a joke …. In (big) lectures, there was a ring of empty seats around d (us)."

Nov. 15, 1968: Yale To Accept 500 Coeds In '69; Plan Sparks Student Resistance

Nov. 18, 1968: Coeducation: Women Might Start Next Fall. A *Prince* editorial rapped Nassau Hall for fiddling while Yale moved ahead: "It's a shame."

Nov. 20, 1968: Old Tigers Speak: Alumni Opinion In Meetings And Mail Continues To Run Against Coeducation

Jan. 13, 1969: TRUSTEES APPROVE COEDUCATION; IMPLEMENTATION PLANS UNCERTAIN. The vote was 24-8 in favor, with timing still up in the air. President Goheen formed an implementation committee with female consultants to provide "a feminine point of view."

Feb. 10-14, 1969: Undergraduates gave up their rooms for a week for 800 women invited – with Nassau Hall's blessing — for the first and last Coed Week. The women arrive in a blizzard to take part in a whirlwind of academic and extracurricular activities and parties. The experiment is widely viewed as a resounding success.

Feb. 11, 1969: Princeton Fails To Attract Top Freshmen Princeton lost 56 percent of its top-rated applicants, mostly to Harvard and Yale, with the admissions director blaming the absence of coeducation and poor social atmosphere as the principal causes.

Feb. 12, 1969: Jumping the gun, the University began sending out applications to women even though the Trustees had not yet decided on a start date.

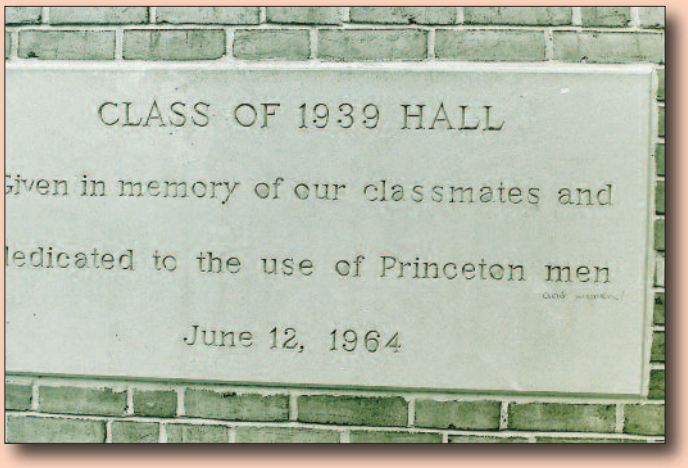
April 21, 1969: TRUSTEES OKAY ADMINISTRATION COED PLAN / UNDERGRADUATE WOMEN TO ENROLL IN FALL / 130 FEMALES ADMITTED

May 5, 1969: Princeton hired its first female proctor to work regular shifts but also "be on call for delicate situations at all times," said Dean of Students Neil Rudenstine '56. The coeds in Pyne Hall would have the same parietal hours as men, but also a sign-out system. "We've found that women usually want this. Women are far more subject to frantic calls from their parents than men," Rudenstine said.

May 25, 1969: Autumn Coed Total Rises To 170 As 59 Female Transfers Admitted

Sept. 8, 1969: *Prince* editorial: **Welcome to Paradise**

Sept. 8, 1969: *New York Times* Page 1: **Tigers Purr as 171 Women Enroll at Princeton**



'39 Hall was dedicated to Princeton men on its opening in 1964. The "and women" was added by Wilson College women in 1970

eased our transition into campus life – formal counseling sessions, for example, or routine support meetings where we could share common experiences about feeling like "foreigners."

Such meetings might have helped head off one of our contingent's biggest disappointments: regret at never really getting to know many of the other women in '71, a feeling emphasized several times during the lunch with President Tilghman. "It wasn't easy to make friends with the women in our class," one of us wrote. "They were, simply, hard to find. There was no vehicle to pull us together." Not everyone agreed: "I found it easy to make friends with the other women who arrived that year," another classmate said. "We understood that sharing was an important way to make the most of it."

The bronze tigers – one male, one female – installed between Whig and Clio Halls in 1969 became symbols of coeducation

One uniformly positive comment was praise for the administration's appointment as assistant dean of students of psychologist Halcy Bohen, whose guidance and care for our well-being are remembered to this day. We could have used more such counselors. Heartfelt kudos to her, 52 years after the fact.

Classmates also point to numerous reasons that made the Princeton experience a rewarding, indeed, at times, even an exhilarating, one: top-notch academics, excellent teachers, abundant extracurricular activities, and the social life that came from being, for better or worse, such a prominent minority.

The academic side of Princeton in particular is remembered as perhaps one of the greatest gifts of our two years there. At the very least, as one classmate noted, academics served "as a kind of refuge from the somewhat chaotic nature of social life." We studied subjects we could never have studied in other institutions, and we had excellent resources to support our work, including Firestone Library, the art museum and the orchestra. "Princeton helped me embark on a lifelong love of learning. I discovered a passion for science and technology which has remained with me to this day," one wrote. Added another: "At Princeton, I learned that I was smart. And I met other smart women who made me realize I could have a career and be successful."

Despite a few memories of "both hostile professors and students," the faculty in general – and the individual attention they gave us – earned high marks. "As one of only four seniors in my department, I was often the only student in a class …. It was ideal," one classmate remembered. "The coincidence of my gender played no role, and I was able to benefit from one-on-one training from the excellent faculty."

A **NUMBER OF CLASSMATES** wished they had taken more advantage of Princeton's academic side. "When I went back for our 35th reunion, I realized how much more I could have learned, how many more people I could have met, and how many more experiences I could have had," one wrote. Another regretted that we had not been able to spend the full four years at Princeton: "I always tell people that if someone would pay my tuition, I would go back for the rest of my life."

And whether we realized it at the time or not, we were, in fact, on the cutting edge of a significant change in the educational world. "We were there when the administration was trying to figure [it all] out with no model to follow and precious little advance preparation," one noted. "It was a first step, a beginning. ... From what I've seen from occasional visits back [to

see a high school friend who lives nearby], things are better now." Another remembered how different the atmosphere was when she returned to campus six years after we graduated – coeds were no longer a rarity, and their presence was accepted in a way that hadn't existed for us.

Looking back, we shared vivid memories of our two years, including some that resulted from the growing politicization of the campus and its involvement in the civil rights movement, feminism and opposition to the Vietnam war. Some of us protested the April 1970 invasion of Cambodia and pushed for an end to Princeton's relationship with the Institute for Defense Analyses. We remember the tense December 1969 night when our male classmates tuned in to the lottery that decided who would be drafted (low numbers) and who most likely would not (high numbers).

Linda Carroll in front of Pyne Hall in Fall 1969

Other memories are more personal and speak to our unique experience as the first class with a sizable number of coeds: "Trekking across campus to find a women's bathroom … eating alone 95 percent of the time … cheerleading at the football games and having to do pushups with the guys after every touchdown … being able, for the first time, to have men as friends, not just as dates … meeting a classmate at the Grateful Dead concert senior year whom I would marry seven years later … trying to hide from a professor after he asked about the sexual relations I was having with my boyfriend … being quizzed by a clueless male classmate about why my roommate and I were interested in the Woodrow Wilson School since, after all, it concerned *world* affairs."

The cascade of memories continues: "Passing the test for a third-class radio operator license and being one of the first women to host a music hour on WPRB … tearing down Playboy posters in the dorm room of one of our male classmates … always singing forte in the Glee Club because there were so few soprano voices … missing out on dating life because our classmates saw us as 'just one of the guys' ... the welcoming atmosphere at Stevenson Hall and Wilson College … sewing ape costumes for the Triangle Club … graduating in a dress, not a cap and gown, because I thought the women in our class wouldn't be noticed otherwise."

Kathy Molony and Jane Samuels Herbst on graduation day

In the years since graduation, we became doctors, lawyers, professors, journalists, psychologists, CEOs, sex therapists, consultants, computer programmers, leaders in the nonprofit world, mothers, authors and senior government officials, among other pursuits. Some of us are retired, others still working in their fields. Some are grandmothers.

The experience at Princeton laid the groundwork for much of it. What we learned during our two years, said one classmate, was to "hold our own with really smart people … in ways that have enabled us to bridge different worlds and cultures and bring people together."

It was a daunting journey, taken at a time when, as Malkiel said, Princeton and other previously all-male universities "had no experience in educating women and they didn't know how to do it." Our class showed Princeton how to do it. Maybe we were pioneers after all, in the truest sense: the first to settle in a new territory, paving the way for the many women who would follow in our footsteps.

When Coeducation Was *Just Around the Corner*

By Luther Munford

For more than 220 years before our arrival, Princeton University had admitted only men. That "monastic" era, as President Robert Goheen '40 *48 called it, ended midway through our college years, dooming dubious customs such as "spooning" and requiring Princeton men, undergraduates and the nearly all-male faculty alike, to acknowledge women as equals.

Goheen in the spring that our admission letters went out had pronounced coeducation inevitable. The reason, simply put, was that Princeton was losing the battle for the brightest young men to rivals, especially Harvard. Historian and former Dean of the College Nancy Weiss Malkiel noted in her book, *Keep the Damned Women Out*, that in 1960, among those admitted to both Princeton and Harvard, there was an even split on where they went. By 1965, however, the so-called yield had tilted heavily in Harvard's favor. Yale's announcement in December 1968 that it would take the leap to coeducation made Goheen even more anxious. Talks were held about a marriage with Sarah Lawrence College, even to the point of discussing building a new home alongside Lake Carnegie for it. But the Bronxville, N.Y., school left Princeton at the altar and went coed on its own.

A November 1967 survey found overwhelming (82 percent) student support for coeducation. Ominously, most upperclassmen said they would not advise a brother to attend Princeton. Our class, not yet having spent a winter in isolation, was far happier with their lot, with three-quarters of us saying they would encourage a brother to apply.

The women's movement was changing societal attitudes far beyond Princeton's gates. Other forces were at work, too. Until the 1960s, Princeton was the preserve of mostly graduates of all-boy prep schools and other private schools. That changed rapidly after Goheen became president in 1957. By the mid-'60s, a majority came from public schools. For them, coeducation was a fact of life. The long-distance dating rituals at same-sex schools were alien to them.

So the 18- and 19-year-olds in our Class made do for a social life like generations of Princetonians before us. We set out to meet girls at mixers, asked faculty daughters and nieces as well as roommates' sisters for dates, and traveled to distant campuses to crash with hometown friends in search of better social opportunities. We rented beds in the attics of houses in Princeton for girls who came to visit. The *Prince* still sold its chauvinistic but popular 1965 guide to women's schools, *Where The Girls Are*. One school that felt it had been treated unfairly retaliated with a publication that suggested that, if a Princeton gentleman and his date passed in front of a mirror, the man would be first to reach for a comb.

In sophomore year, foreshadowing Facebook, the *Prince* published *Who The Girls Are*, a compendium of nearly 1,500 photos of women from the Seven Sisters and other women's colleges.

What those women thought of this was something the men could only guess, if they gave it any thought. The phenomenon of "spooning" bears mention.

As underclassmen, we ate family style in the Commons dining halls. At mealtime, we trooped in and filled tables in sequence until a hall was full and the meal was served. That is the way many of us met each other. It was a social connector that disappeared when cafeterias took over. Men could bring dates to Commons, but it was sufficiently uncommon that when the couple finished eating and walked out, guys would bang their spoons on their plates to applaud the visitor's good looks, let out their own social frustrations or both.

Bob Prichard tells this story of one memorable weekend lunch:

Princeton was losing the battle for the brightest young men to rivals . . . . Most upperclassmen said they would not advise a brother to attend Princeton.

On a gloomy day in winter, among the first to arrive and finish were a young man and his strikingly attractive date. She wore a long fur or fabric coat that she kept on throughout the meal. But preparing to depart, she rose, removed the coat, and handed it to her date, revealing only a bikini underneath. The pair strolled out of the Commons with the confident glamour of celebrities at the Academy Awards.

Bob abandoned the food on his plate and joined an exodus before the place erupted in a food fight.

Of course, the Ivy League was coed long before latecomers Princeton and Yale made the shift. Cornell admitted women in 1870 and Penn began awarding bachelor's degrees in education to women in 1914. Harvard and Columbia had their coordinate colleges, Radcliffe and Barnard, with some cross-enrollment privileges. It took our Trustees until January 1969 to greenlight coeducation and three months longer to decide when.

WHILE YALE HAD BEEN IN A HURRY to coeducate, Princeton had taken a more deliberate approach, commissioning a 10-member panel led by economics professor Gardner Patterson to conduct a year-long study of the pros and cons. Its landmark, nearly 40,000-word report on "The Education of Women at Princeton," published in September 1968, came down squarely in favor, with a single dissent. Director of Development Andrew Horton '42 feared it would strain University resources and, furthermore, he argued Princeton shouldn't go this route just because "everyone else is doing it."

But Patterson's airtight report made opposition futile. Admitting 1,000 to 1,200 women would make Princeton "a better university," his panel concluded. Its careful reasoning helped blow open doors across the country. Colgate, Johns Hopkins, Williams and the University of Virginia admitted women in 1970, Brown followed suit in 1971, and Duke, Dartmouth and others joined the parade in 1972. (Vassar and Sarah Lawrence went coed in 1969.) Yale encountered early difficulties, including a strike by dissatisfied Eli freshman, and virulent opposition at Dartmouth provided the "damned women" title for Dean Malkiel's book.

The arrival of women in the fall of our junior year changed many things. Social opportunities expanded. The University added more creative arts classes. Women joined Stevenson Hall and some clubs. The Triangle Club kickline was no longer all men outfitted with coconuts and brassieres.

Still, the 40 women in our class were a small minority and the going was not easy. The paths they broke ran through thickets of roses and thorns. Some Princeton men were, in fact, not gentlemen. And in an era when the trumpet of women's liberation had only recently sounded, and dates were still exclusively initiated by men, many men failed to do so because they wrongly assumed the women's social calendars were fully booked.

It did not take long for any doubts about coeducation to be answered with a resounding and enthusiastic "yes." Several classmates wound up marrying classmates. Others began friendships that have now lasted more than 50 years. Many have sent daughters to Princeton. Phebe Miller Olcay '71 and I still joke about the Princeton Club of New York's unthinking offer to all Princeton women of a free drink in the all-male Tiger Bar. In a spirit of mischief, she accepted the invitation and I dutifully "covered" the event for *The Daily Princetonian*. And, best of all, a number of us have sent daughters and even granddaughters to Old Nassau. It makes one wonder: Why did it take so long?

Tennis Led the Way
For Tiger Women's Sports

By Podie Lynch

I didn't think much about what Princeton would be like when I was on my way to the University in September 1969. All I could think about was the astonishment of the woman who read me my acceptance telegram over the lobby operator's phone at my prior college (yes, my acceptance came as a phone-delivered telegram). She asked me, mid-reading, "Are you a girl?" When I answered yes, she exclaimed, "Wow!" That was virtually everyone's reaction. *The New York Times* greeted our arrival with a big article in the Metro section.

None of us could imagine what being a coed at Princeton would be like.

Aside from being one of only 40 women and all the other challenges greeting us that fall, I assumed there would be some opportunity for exercise. I had grown up playing sports. With only brothers at home and mostly boys in my "hood," I grew up in the thick of their games – baseball, touch football, ice hockey on the frozen ponds of Concord, Mass. In high school my favorite parts of the day were gym class and varsity practice and matches: field hockey, basketball, softball, lacrosse and tennis – I played them all.

At college prior to Princeton, I captained the field hockey team and co-captained the tennis team. I also played varsity basketball one year, and volleyball the next.

It was discouraging to discover that the University had not considered recreational or other sports activities for us in their plan for coeducation.

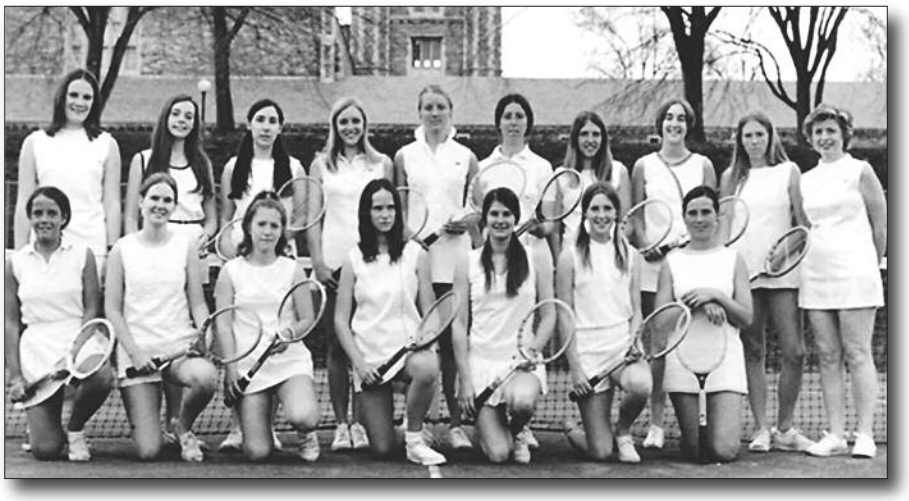
I found out about and went down to Poe Field for a field hockey session with Betty Constable, soon to become the first women's squash coach and responsible for years of championship squash teams. (Her maiden name was Howe – of the Howe Cup Squash tournament.) In any event, there weren't enough of us to fill one side of a field hockey scrimmage, so we puttered around. I asked Betty if there was a local women's team in town and wound up joining her in playing on that team a few times that fall. That was it for sports opportunities.

A year later – our senior year – Merrily Dean Baker was hired to oversee a 100-page, five-year plan for women's sports. She had no budget, no money and a small office in Dillon Gym. The plan assumed two to three years to get women's "recreational" sports up and running, and another two to three years for "varsity competition." Even after Title IX, the federal statute enacted in 1972 requiring colleges and universities to provide equal athletic opportunities to women, the women rowers from the Class of '75 had to find and pay for their own transportation to regattas. Princeton took a long time to figure what to do with us athletes, although we were early Ivy champions and even Olympic rowers. Only the sheer force of talented women athletes forced Princeton to adjust.

That same fall, Margie Gengler '73 and Helena Novakova '72 (both of whom had just transferred to Princeton) went to Merrily and asked if they could play in the Eastern Collegiate Tennis Championships on Oct. 17, 1970, in New Paltz, N.Y. Merrily immediately said yes and asked Eve Kraft (not then affiliated with Princeton, but living locally) to accompany them. Margie won the singles championship, and Helena came in second in doubles.

Suddenly, thought was given to starting a tennis team.

During Reading Period in January 1971, there were signs posted somewhere about tryouts for a women's tennis team in Jadwin Gym. I went enthusiastically. After two weeks of tryouts, we had a team. There were about 12 of us. Merrily recruited Eve Kraft to coach. We practiced indoors through February and March, until it was warm enough to hit the outdoor courts. We shared those courts (where Whitman College is now) with the men's tennis team,



Podie Lynch (top row, fifth from left)
and teammates on the first women's tennis team, 1971

and John Conroy and Bill Summers often came over to our courts to watch and coach. Frequently we had spectators on the hill alongside the courts, curious about our level of play.

On April 12, the Penn women's tennis team arrived on campus for our first match. They walked onto the courts in full regalia – tennis bags, warmup jackets and pants in Penn's red-and-blue colors. It was overwhelming to see them all dressed up. We, on the other hand, had no uniforms, no bags, no nothing. Eve Kraft spent her own money to buy us pairs of golf socks, one with black pom-poms and the other with orange pom-poms. We split the pairs so that we could wear one orange and one black pom-pom on each foot. We also had orange-and-black wool pigtail ties in our hair. I didn't have the money to buy my own dress, so my tennis dress was one of Margie's hand-me-downs (she was dating my brother Vinnie '72 and we were good friends).

We killed Penn. Most of our matches – against Penn and other opponents – were 6-0, 6-0. It's too long ago to remember the exact scores. What I do remember, with all our matches, was how strong a team we were. In fact, we won every single match we played after Penn just as decisively. The crowd on the hill grew larger.

Given the fact that our team had no money for a bus, the one away match we played was at Yale. We went to New Haven on the men's bus, only because there was enough room for us and we could get up and back in one day.

Our team ended the 1971 season undefeated, the only undefeated Tiger varsity team in any sport that entire year. I still have my Undefeated Medal. It is a small token, but felt huge when we earned it.

After the season was done, the conversation began around whether we had earned letter sweaters. It was a controversial topic among both the undergrads and alumni. The University, however, realized we all had earned them, and Margie Gengler wore her white letter sweater, as our captain, proudly.

In this, the 50th anniversary year of women's sports, it has been wonderful to think about and reconnect with some of those long-ago moments. While I feel so fortunate to have been one of the very first and the first to graduate, I look at all the developments in women's sports –alongside the training afforded Princeton women and men athletes on an equal footing – and often wish I had had the opportunity to play later.

Princeton women have won 211 Ivy League championships (out of the 500 Princeton has won in total), and 22 individual championships. We count among us 35 Olympians, four Rhodes Scholars and numerous other individual awards and titles.

Pretty cool ...

The Faculty Room of Nassau Hall, where the Board of Trustees meets

The Board: *A Primer*

By A. Scott Berg

Upon graduation I followed the example of so many alumni and joined Princeton's massive volunteer army – currently 14,000-strong; working with the Alumni Schools Committee in Los Angeles, I interviewed prospective students. I also helped organize regional alumni events. In 1981 the Princeton Triangle Club came to town on its Christmas tour, and I was charged with securing the attendance of James Stewart '32, whom I knew. It wasn't a tough sell. (Nice story: I called his wife the day of the performance to confirm that I had two tickets for them in the fourth row, dead center; she asked if I could move them to the aisle – "so that everybody can see that Jimmy Stewart showed up." The old trouper even attended the cast party and was one of the last to leave.) In the late Eighties, the University began asking me to deliver talks (about the book I had developed from my senior thesis on Maxwell Perkins) on campus and at alumni clubs in secondary cities that University representatives didn't often visit. I pulled together a lecture with film clips called "Princeton in the Nation's Cinema" and took that on the road as well. And I joined the Advisory Committee of the Department of English.

In 1992 a member of the Committee to Nominate Alumni Trustees (I had no idea such a division of the volunteer army even existed) asked if I'd be interested in standing for election to the Princeton Board. I said yes, though I hardly knew a thing about its governance. I promptly learned that Princeton Trustees, which can number between 23 and 40, fall into three categories: Alumni Trustees are voted upon by all alumni (with a Young Alumni Trustee elected from each graduating class) and hold a third of the seats for four years; Term and Charter Trustees are elected by the Board itself for four and eight years, respectively. The University president and the New Jersey governor serve *ex officio*.

Months passed and then many more weeks passed after my CTNAT interview, during which my examiner kept testing my interest by reiterating the commitment involved in serving – five or six meetings on campus every year, each with a considerable amount of preparatory

reading. He told me months more would pass before I'd hear anything; and even then, he suggested, I probably would not find a place on the three-person ballot, as the committee would be culling candidates from a long list of alumni in its quest to duplicate the passion and diversity that the Office of Admission sought. (At least I didn't have to retake my SAT.) I made the cut, but my heart sank the minute I learned that the University hires an outside "neutral" writer to interview the candidates and prepare the biographies that accompany the ballots, thus removing the one professional advantage I had banked on. I was certainly prepared to lose to the former congressman who had recently run for the U.S. Senate but not to the doctor whom I thought didn't stand a chance because of his surname. Alas, the seat went to one Hewes Agnew '58.

Several people at the University assured me that some candidates occasionally got asked to run for election a second time … but hinted that I shouldn't wait by the phone. Six years later, the call came, and I found myself up against a future president of the Puerto Rican Senate and a U.S. District Court judge. Benefiting, I believe, from having a highly publicized book that year, I won a four-year term.

I was not the first member of our Class to become a Trustee, though I'm probably the last. Eugene Lowe was elected right after we graduated and promptly transitioned into a Charter Trusteeship, serving a total of twelve years. Toward the end of his run, Jerome Davis joined him when he was elected as an Alumni Trustee for four years. At the start of the 1990s, Philip Bobbitt became an Alumni Trustee; and in 2007, Frank Moss won his Alumni Trustee election as well.

My term (1999-2003) passed even faster than our undergraduate years. To my surprise and delight, the Board Chair called in 2011 and asked if I would like to return as a Charter Trustee. Because the Board had experimented with a few ten-year terms but was about to revert to eight, I was offered a choice. "I came to play, Coach," I told him. "Put me in for ten." Suddenly, my calendar had dates blocked off through June 30, 2021.

Scott Berg and Oprah Winfrey at Commencement 2002, when she received an honorary degree

The Princeton Board meets every September, November, January, April and for Commencement – which is, technically, an open meeting of the Board. Some committees hold additional meetings. Except when pandemics force Zoom upon us, Trustees generally arrive in town on a Thursday night, in time to attend a dinner that is built around some aspect of campus life, a gathering that might include a selection of undergraduates involved in student government, newly tenured faculty, or graduate students. The dinners provide a great opportunity for staying current with University trends. I've recently come to realize that our time at Princeton is now as far in the past for today's students as Woodrow Wilson's second term in the White House was for us.

Starting early, Fridays are spent entirely in committee meetings – usually at Prospect, with the smaller committees of ten people in the rooms upstairs and the larger groups in the dining room or library. Sessions run two hours and provide the grist for the Board's work, the opportunity for Trustees and administrators to exchange information and opinions. A dozen standing committees and a few ad hoc committees cover every pertinent topic, from financial matters to grounds and buildings to public affairs. I have always sat on the same three standing committees: Academic Affairs, Honorary Degrees, and Alumni Affairs. (That last committee has just been folded into a new one called Advancement, and I'm trying to convince myself that my chairing it had nothing to do with its being made redundant.) The last meeting on Friday is the Committee of the Whole – all hands on deck, usually in a large bowl in Aaron Burr Hall (Green Hall Annex in our day). There we discuss the most pressing issues before the University – sometimes a current crisis, other times planning for generations hence. In these meet-

ings, a visionary president – three of whom I've been fortunate enough to observe in action – has the most room to unveil large plans for Princeton's future.

No matter which committee was convening, I always marveled at the breadth and depth of the Board as it considered any issue. In every year of my service, we had among us at least one member of Congress, a dean or former president and a couple of professors from other colleges, several physicians, a representative from the media, some nonprofit foundation heads, and a raft of corporate titans, financial executives and venture capitalists; we've also embraced the occasional member of the military, the clergy and the judiciary. Except for a few years, I have been the only full-time writer – or artist of any kind, for that matter. With Trustees ranging in age from 21 to 71, we've benefited from the wisdom of people at all stages of life and career. Virtually every color of the political spectrum is represented, as are at least a half-dozen religions, ethnicities and races. Every section of the country has a delegate, and I'm hard-pressed to remember a year without Trustees' flying in from Australia, Asia, and Europe. Seldom does a Trustee miss a meeting; and all seem to have read all those reams (more recently, megabytes) of homework that had been promised.

Between meetings on Friday, people grab lunch from a buffet table; at night, after a brief cocktail reception, a dinner in the Garden Room of Prospect always features a speaker – usually a distinguished faculty member, periodically Princeton's most recent winner of a Nobel Prize. Most Trustees gather for a nightcap at the upstairs bar at the Nassau Inn, but few stay late because of another Committee of the Whole meeting at eight in the morning, which precedes the formal meeting a little after nine.

The Board officially convenes in the historic Faculty Room of Nassau Hall, surrounded by 250 years of portraiture, including a Charles Willson Peale rendering of George Washington. The meetings open and close with a Trustee offering a benediction: Some provide religious blessings; I always opted for a piece of Princeton history meant to inspire. In between these reflections, the formal business gets conducted, and the committees report to the entire Board and Cabinet. Upon adjournment, the Trustees alone remain for an Executive Session, a chance to spitball and otherwise informally discuss the performance of the University officers. We try to finish by noon.

EVERY TRUSTEE DEFINES the position for himself – or herself (not counting the ex officio Trustees, alumnae currently outnumber alumni by one). Because the Board exists to oversee, not manage, I came to consider it the tempering agent of the University's steel, there both to harden and supple University policy by studying, challenging, criticizing, refining and, ultimately, supporting the administration's decisions. I like to think that support gives administrators the freedom to think big and bold, knowing the Trustees have got their backs.

During the COVID-19 pandemic, for example, the University had among its resources an epidemiologist, a major hospital executive and a medical school dean on the Board to provide expertise. I have always stepped up a little more during discussions of the Princeton Writing Program, the Lewis Center for the Arts … and wouldn't you know that the very moment Woodrow Wilson's place on campus was getting reassessed, Princeton had one of his biographers on the Board?

Here's a small sample of some other questions that have risen during my 14 years on the Board: Can Princeton afford to admit more students without changing the basic nature of the University? Can it afford not to? If Princeton doesn't expand, will it become Williams College? If Princeton expands too much, will it become New Jersey State College? Beyond the case of Woodrow Wilson, what are the criteria for naming (and un-naming) buildings on campus? Should there be more golf carts ferrying alumni at Reunions? Should an admired public figure with a questionable private life or controversial political views receive an honorary degree? With so few openings each year, how can the University even attempt to diversify its senior ranks with underrepresented minorities? Should a new residential college be designed in Collegiate Gothic or a contemporary style? Should Princeton's calendar be more like those of most

colleges, with exams before Christmas? What could a Wintersession look like? Why does diversity matter? Should Princeton be tuition-free? Are conservatives on campus discriminated against? In a world that emphasizes Science, Technology, Engineering, and Mathematics – with the number of English and History majors dwindling – how do we galvanize the Arts and turn STEM into STEAM? What more can we do to promote graduate students to first-class citizenship on campus? Questions related to mental health, sexuality, alcohol, the Honor Code, academic freedom and the costs of everything forever persist; and most recently, issues of systemic racial inequality and the pandemic have consumed our colloquies.

Five presidents have served Princeton since our undergraduate days, and when a vacancy occurs, the Chair of the Board leads an ad hoc committee in the Trustees' most consequential task – finding a successor. I have witnessed two of these transitions, but from afar. The last search committee – composed of nine Trustees and a few representatives from the faculty, the administration and the student body – considered scores of candidates through a winnowing process that involved dozens of interviews over the course of six months. It worked in extreme secrecy, reporting only general progress until it was ready to present its candidate to the full Board. A discussion and final vote ensued, followed by that electric moment of welcoming the new president into the Faculty Room … as white smoke billowed from the chimney of Nassau Hall. (OK, I made up that last part.)

Board service has its perks, especially for those of us who live far from campus and always look forward to going back. The University covers travel expenses and usually lodges us at the Nassau Inn; a few Trustees get accommodations at Palmer House, the University guest house at the corner of Nassau Street and Bayard Lane. The greatest benefit – especially for me, as I spend most of my time working alone – is in fraternizing with three dozen highly accomplished people who are absolutely devoted to Princeton. Our meetings mark the few times during the year that I get to rub shoulders with leaders in business and industry and government … and even some Republicans.

In the end, two back-to-back dinners between Reunions and Commencement highlight the academic year. On Baccalaureate Sunday night, a dinner at Forbes College (the Princeton Inn, if you haven't been on campus since senior year) honors the retiring Trustees, who are given a few minutes each to reflect upon their experiences and dispense any advice for those they're leaving behind. And the next night – after our final committee meetings – a dinner is thrown at Prospect for that year's recipients of honorary degrees. It's an utterly joyous occasion – all about excellence – at which each honoree gets to say a few words, allowing us to hear some wisdom and gratitude from the likes of Mario Vargas Llosa, Madeleine Albright, Frank Gehry, Aretha Franklin, Francis Collins and Kareem Abdul-Jabbar.

Commencement begins at 11 the next morning, with all the Trustees gathering in the Faculty Room at 10 to robe and fall in line. Then, in our academic regalia, we follow the faculty, arrayed in a rainbow of hoods and caps and gowns, as the procession snakes its way from the side of Nassau Hall, out to the street, and through the FitzRandolph Gate, past thousands of people – townspeople on the sidewalk, families and friends in bleachers, and all the radiant graduates sitting beneath the old elms and ash trees on the front lawn.

Most years I've been asked to escort one of the honorees. In 2002 I felt the need to issue a warning to my procession partner. As we exited the building, I turned to her and said, "Oprah, I feel I should prepare you for something. (*Dramatic pause*.) I'm extremely well-known on this campus. And the moment we walk outside this building, people will immediately recognize me, and they will go crazy. They will start cheering and whistling and screaming. And you must simply try to ignore it all and just keep marching. Otherwise, we'll never make it to the stage." The ovation was even greater than I had predicted, as it broke in waves the entire way. Just as we found our seats in the front row on the platform, Oprah Winfrey turned to me and said, "Scott, I had no idea you were *that* famous!"

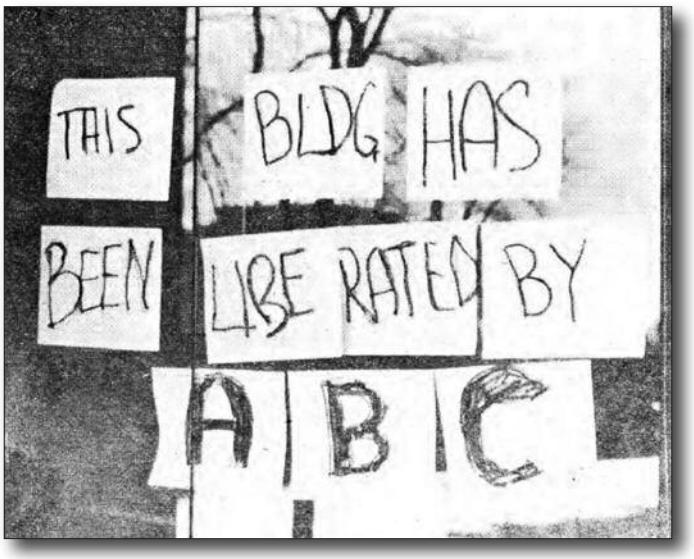
Serving on the Princeton Board of Trustees has been one of the greatest pleasures and honors of my life. I'll miss it.

As America Reckoned with Race, *So Did Princeton*

By Eugene Y. Lowe Jr.

The 1960s were a time of upheaval and advance far beyond the FitzRandolph Gate. As we headed off to college in 1967, the country had just gone through a summer of race riots in more than 150 cities. Protests against the war in Vietnam were mounting. More dark days lay ahead; the Rev. Martin Luther King Jr. was assassinated in April 1968 and Robert F. Kennedy Jr. two months later. Now, as the country and world grapple with the worst pandemic in a century, the public health calamity has been joined by a crisis over racial injustice, catalyzed by police-inflicted violence against Blacks in Minneapolis, Louisville, Kenosha and other places. In a nation traumatized by a lethal virus, the historical wounds of racism and inequality have reemerged in painful and vivid patterns. There are now vaccines to fight the virus. The racial reckoning we face requires a different kind of healing, and an engagement with our history.

President Lyndon Johnson, who had muscled the Civil Rights Act of 1964 and the Voting Rights Act of 1965 through Congress and appointed Thurgood Marshall to the Supreme Court, named a National Advisory Commission on Civil Disorders – the Kerner Commission – to examine the cause of the riots and recommend solutions. Against this backdrop, Princeton had adjusted its admission priorities and conception of what constituted a "well-rounded" student body. The color barrier at Princeton had been broken in 1942 when several Black U.S. Navy trainees in the V-12 program attended classes, including three who earned Princeton undergraduate degrees in 1947. Thirty years later, the numbers of Black students were still minuscule



The Association of Black Collegians occupied New South in March 1969 to protest corporate investment in South Africa (Daily Princetonian photo)

and progress was slow. Our Class included 16 Black students, actually fewer than the year before, and that brought the total number to 56 in an undergraduate population of 3,250. During orientation we started to learn the lore, the shape and the boundaries of our idyllic campus.

We explored Nassau Street, and wondered about the exclusive eating clubs on Prospect Avenue or, more familiarly, the "Street." We did many things together, but something else was going on that also shaped my experience as a young Princeton student who happened to be Black. It was something I later came to recognize as "double-consciousness" in which race never entirely disappears a frame of reference. I am not suggesting that this issue had not come up earlier in my life, but as my college education began, the recognition sharpened.

ABC head Len Brown co-founded Community House in 1969 (1971 Bric-a-Brac)

First, there was the question itself of whether I should self-identify as Black (always lower case until very recently) or as Negro. This probing was a function of the times, reflecting and reacting to powerful currents in the Black cultural and political environment. Princeton's institutional embrace of Negro students under President Robert Goheen '40 *48 was welcoming. At the same time, Confederate flags were visible in a few dormitory windows, a reminder of Princeton's deep Southern roots and the quadrant of the country that continued to resist implementation of civil rights laws.

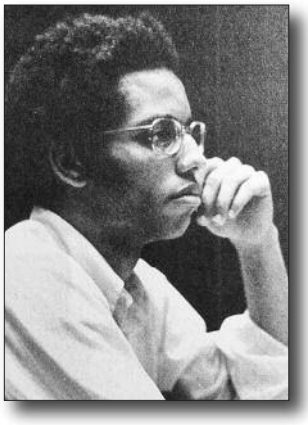
Linda Blackburn '71, granddaughter Samantha Johnson '23, and daughter Akira Bell '95 are believed to be Princeton's first all-female three-generation family

Princeton took other steps to help Black students transition into the University. One was the family sponsor program, which connected Black students with families in the local Princeton community. The goal (I learned later) was to facilitate a sense of cultural and social belonging, to help find lodging if needed for a date, or maybe to let you know where to get a haircut. The University had written us over the summer about the program, describing its goals in general terms, without noting that it was solely for Black students. When I arrived and moved into a double in the New-New Quad, my family sponsor was there waiting. My roommate, a friend from high school who is White, had no family sponsor waiting for him. Talking about this later, we recognized that we were both being welcomed but that we were also being treated differently. While this was complicated, and I felt singled out because of my race, the family sponsor program got me thinking about the wider Princeton community and how three streets – Witherspoon Street beyond Princeton Cemetery, where much of Princeton's Black community has lived for generations; Nassau Street

and Prospect "Street" – demarcated three different worlds.

In addition, this sense of "double-consciousness" was regularly activated by Princeton's public focus on increasing the numbers of Black students on the campus. The Association of Black Collegians, established at Princeton the year before our arrival, had begun to work closely with the admissions office to engage and encourage minority applicants to apply. This collaboration over the time we were undergraduates resulted in increasing the number of Black students, and also forged important mentoring relationships for those Black students who worked with the admissions office. A year after our arrival, the Class of 1972 included 44 Black students. In 1969, 66 Black freshmen – men and women – were admitted to the Class of 1973, and four other Black women transferred into our Class. In 1971 the University converted the old Osborn Field House on the corner of Prospect Avenue and Olden Street into the Third World Center, primarily for use of minority students. In 2002 the facility was renamed the Carl A. Fields Center for Equality and Cultural Understanding after Princeton's first Black administrator.

While the numbers of Black students grew, other questions arose about University culture, campus life and curriculum, questions with which Princeton would continue to struggle.



Gene Lowe later served as Princeton's dean of students (PAW)

During freshman year, the Negro "problem" on campus and in the country as a whole was discussed and explored regularly. In November 1967, a *Newsweek* magazine cover story posed the question, "The Negro in America: What Must Be Done." In February 1968, the Kerner Commission identified white racism as a prime cause of the problems leading to riots the previous summer. After Dr. King's assassination in Memphis, large gatherings in the University Chapel and in other locations brought together shocked and grieving members of the whole Princeton community. But it took a late-night convergence and intervention by the Association for Black Collegians outside the home of President Goheen to convince him to reverse his decision to hold classes as usual on the day of King's funeral. "I didn't realize that the cancellation of classes was that significant a symbol," he told *The Daily Princetonian*. "I didn't realize the intense concern the ABC felt." The broad campus conversations following MLK's death focused on the persistence of white racism, and the need for more concerted and proactive efforts on campus.

It was clear that student activism was on the rise at Princeton. We did not know just how prominently protests would shape campus life in the years to come. The presidential campaign of 1968 and the election focused on the war in Southeast Asia and the restoration of law and order. In a three-way contest, George Wallace, a once unabashed segregationist and former governor of Alabama, garnered 13.5 percent of the vote and won the Electoral College votes of five Deep South states.

IN MARCH 1969, a group of Black students, myself among them, took over the New South administration building in protest of Princeton and corporate investments in South Africa, then still under the apartheid regime. After self-reporting to the Office of the Dean of Students about my participation as an act of civil disobedience, I was placed on disciplinary probation by the Student-Faculty Committee on Discipline for the remainder of our sophomore spring semester. The University's engagement with this issue led to the formation of the Resources Committee of the Council of the Princeton University Community in 1970. (A personal footnote: When I returned to the campus as Dean of Students in 1983, my duties included chairing the Student-Faculty Committee on Discipline and administering University policies on protests.)

In Fall 1969, the Community House program was founded on Witherspoon Street, where a small group of students would live and provide outreach and community development for the town's Black community. The curriculum of the University began to expand. That semester I discovered in a course in Afro-American History that the idea of double-consciousness is

rooted in the W.E.B. DuBois' 1903 classic, *The Souls of Black Folk*. The University established an Afro-American Studies program – now the Department of African American Studies – that would rise to the national and international prominence.

Not all events signaled progress. After the 1968 football season, four Black football players including three from our Class alleged they were treated unfairly by coaches. An ad hoc University panel reviewed the complaint and found no overt discrimination. The students were not invited back to the team and for them the dispute remained unresolved. At that time, only one Black athlete had ever played football all four years.

The April 30, 1970, Cambodia "incursion" and the subsequent killings of four students at Kent State University brought all regular campus activities to a standstill. For many of us, that spring was a time of transformation and growth. For others, it is still remembered as a time when we lost our way. Junior year was defined by that extraordinary spring. Our senior year was also unusual. Most of us had catching up to do, and then had to plunge quickly into writing theses and other normal work.

Senior spring included another protest, this time a "study-in" at Firestone Library in which a newly formed Third World coalition stayed past closing time in the Reference Room to protest financial aid policies for low-income students. A very genteel demonstration.

Jerome Davis '71 (center), with brothers Allan '74 (left) and Legrome '73 from the first Black family with three Princeton graduates

Gerry Spahn, a Georgetown University law professor who majored in psychology and joined Terrace Club, told me he "never felt comfortable at the University. I cannot say that I regret coming, but I am not sure." This mix of appreciation and apprehension is important for all of us to understand, and it reflects the legacy of being part of a racial group that others in the University defined as a problem.

Lennie Coleman remembers feeling "no need" for the family sponsorship program. Coleman, the first Black player to score a touchdown in the football team's history, was among those who complained about the coaches. He stayed on the baseball squad, played semiprofessional ball years later, headed a New Jersey state agency and then became president of the National League. Lennie, a history major who joined Ivy Club, told me that while his football experience was not a happy one, "Princeton opened a lot of doors" in his multi-faceted career.

Carla Wilson, who joined our class as a junior in 1969, had a different experience as a Black woman. The Chicago-born attorney told me that she is both grateful for the chance meeting she had with a Princeton admissions officer, and the "fool's luck" of a successful admissions application. The philosophy major remembers feeling "unseen" in some of her classes. Still, like Spahn, she felt a part of the Princeton community. She also says, with pride, "I cherish my Princeton degree."

We Black students at Princeton had different experiences and struggles. We had the benefits of coming of age and consciousness during the time of change and a time of hope. One of our late classmates, Emmet Pritchard, wrote in the 1971 *Nassau Herald* that Princeton had been for him "four years of growing into blackness." The paradigm was shifting and a different time had begun.

The Princeton we left in 1971 was different from the Princeton we entered in 1967. Already there were many more Black students and women in large and growing numbers. We had begun a racial reckoning about the impact of history, bias and cultural practices on contemporary race relations. The numbers were, however, just the beginning – the precondition – of a confrontation with the impact of Princeton's complicated legacies that continues to this day.

A Locomotive for *Our Favorite Faculty*

By Greg Conderacci

Do we really still remember – *half a century later* – what faculty said and did (when we can't even remember where we put our glasses)?

Yes: because these wise scholars, entertaining educators, mentors and friends left indelible memories on our lives – and maybe even transformed them.

Glenn Stover recalls how sociologist **Suzanne Keller**, Princeton's first female full professor, went "to bat for me" when the Wilson School resisted both the topic and the format of his thesis. Thanks to her efforts, "Sex-Role Stereotypes in the Work of Contemporary Female Vocalists" was accepted – entirely on reel-to-reel tape.

"It was a life-changing experience and played a major role in my emerging understanding of myself as an incipient gay man. In fact, it has colored all my subsequent relationships, enriching them immensely," says a grateful Stover, notwithstanding that "she only gave me a B+."

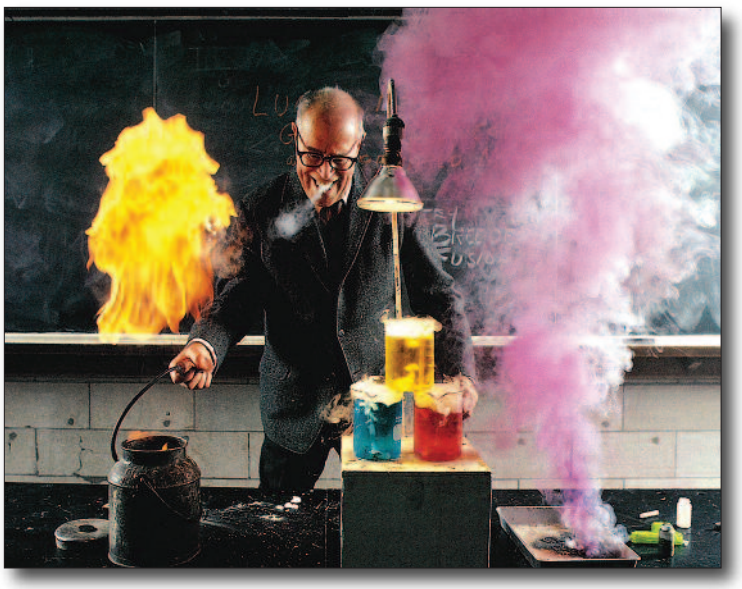
There was a lot of emerging understanding back then. Pam Mushen's favorite was politics professor **Kay Boals**, and not just because Boals was her thesis adviser.

"She, along with us, had to deal with the atmosphere of Princeton during that first year of coeducation," Pam says. "The class I took from her was 'The Politics of Male and Female Relations.' The student comments she collected at semester's end included:

"I didn't believe anything you were lecturing about until I read it in one of the books on our syllabus."

"My girlfriend is getting her masters at Rutgers and we are living together. After taking this class, I realize I should help out more like maybe doing the dishes."

Pam observes, "I have thought of Professor Boals' response to that student numerous times during my life: 'I had hoped for more.' "



Chemistry professor Hubert Alyea 1924 *1928: known as "Dr. Boom" for his classroom demonstrations (Princeton Chemistry Department)

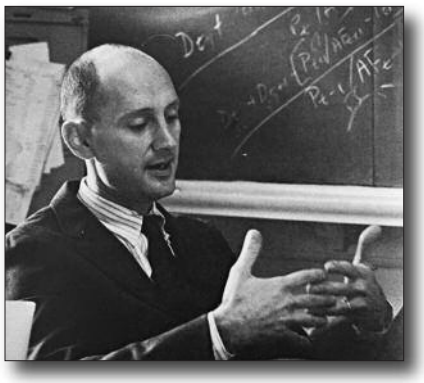
Another female classmate chose **Gary Watson**, a grad-student philosophy tutor, because "he treated me like a human person with a brain." "I don't remember things he said," she says, but "Gary was the best part of my Princeton educational experience."

Coeducation wasn't the only transformation for Princeton – and for us – back then. Princeton had begun began admitting more African American students who, like the women, represented a tiny fraction of the student body.

Bob Collins remembers **Carl A. Fields,** the first black administrator in the Ivy League,

Religion professor Malcolm Diamond, first master of Stevenson Hall (1969 Bric-a-Brac)

Sociology professor Marvin Bressler h'71: "interested in us as people"



*Economics professor Burton Malkiel *64: "humble and approachable" (1969 Bric-a-Brac)*

"helping the University prepare a reasonably welcoming environment for its new African-American population." Fields connected Black students with Black families in town "so the students could get some relief from the well-established Princeton traditions of elitism and exclusion," Bob says. "He was a mentor, a source for consultation."

"He inspired me to use any talents that I acquired in life to assist those coming after me," Bob says. "His work at Princeton also inspired me to assess the structural settings I would encounter on my life's journey and make them more inviting for others."

One classmate recalled the most searing moment of our freshman year, the assassination of the Rev. Martin Luther King Jr., and the central roles that Fields, who knew Dr. King, and the Black students played as Princeton struggled to overcome its own history of discrimination. Another recalled religion professor **Malcolm Diamond**, in tears, making the announcement from the lectern and canceling class.

Faculty rebuilt perspectives for many students in many ways.

Jim Browning credits political scientist **Stanley Kelley**'s "ideas on how activists can most effectively influence elections" as the inspiration for Jim and others to found the Movement for a New Congress in the wake of the Cambodian invasion in spring 1970. That fall, they worked for congressional candidates around the country in the first "fall break" at Princeton. Kelley chaired the Committee on the Structure of the University from 1968 to 1970, leading to many key changes in University governance.

"**Tom Roche** changed my life," Dick Balfour writes about the Renaissance poetry legend. Wrestling with a choice of major, Dick dropped in to Professor Roche's office. After a long and thoughtful conversation, English won out over the Woodrow Wilson School.

"This was one of the best decisions I have ever made," Dick says. "Trained by an outstanding faculty, including Tom, to read great works of literature, it has remained a major part of my life." [Note from Greg: "I remember Professor Roche, too. Not only was he my thesis adviser; his last advisee at Princeton was my daughter Lee '04 – 33 years later."]

Yet my own favorite remains the great **John Fleming *63,** professor of English and our honorary classmate, whose wit and wisdom shined through his humility and low-key style both in the classroom (where he read Chaucer like playing a fine musical instrument) and at Wilson College (where he was the second Master). John later recalled that "some of the most vivid memories" of his career happened during our years at Princeton, especially Spring 1970.

His fond memories from that spring do not include my junior paper, which was creative, experimental ... and terrible. "I guess we'll have to give you some low high grade," my patient adviser sighed.

Humility was but one of several reasons Bob Douthitt singles out economics giant **Burton Malkiel *64.** "First, he showed up in a coat and tie, like he was going to work at a traditional job. That was so unique and out of place that it was almost distracting – I found myself pon-

dering his necktie choice when I should have been memorizing some formula.

"Second, he was humble, or at least acted it. He told a story of when he had to decide whether to go to Princeton (for his Ph.D.) as if it were the same choice we had each made three years earlier. Third, he wrote in a clear, simple, direct style that set a great example for all of us young Econ Acolytes.

"Finally, he was eminently approachable. He could easily get into a give-and-take in his office, and if a student (i.e., me) made some sort of inane verbal blunder, he never let on. Instead, he always conveyed feelings of respect and comradeship, so that you could feel almost like a peer, working jointly on some problem."

Recalling another luminary and honorary classmate of ours, sociologist **Marvin Bressler**, Ed Berenson writes, "My main memory is the ardent conversations in his office. He was not only *willing* to talk to us but *eager* to. He genuinely wanted to know what we thought about whatever was going on — the war, the strike, coeducation, pass-fail grading, you name it.

"Bressler was also interested in us as people," Ed says. "He figured I would become an academic and predicted a Mr. Chips future for me at a small liberal arts college — Macalester, he always said. (I ended up at two huge institutions, UCLA and NYU, instead.)

"I learned a vast amount from these conversations and found Bressler's liberalism a challenging counterpoint to the radicalism of historian **Arno Mayer**, the other professor I admired above his peers," Ed concludes.

SOMETIMES THE RELATIONSHIP extended beyond college days. One classmate remembers, as **a** young political officer in Jerusalem, escorting "**Walter Kaufmann**, my former philosophy professor, several times on excursions around East Jerusalem and the West Bank as he researched books on religion and philosophy. After publication, he graciously sent me an inscribed copy. Nice to give back!"

Peter Charapko recalls an early assignment that got a "terse but not unkind assessment" by architecture professor **Michael Graves**. Undaunted and intrigued, the sociology major would ultimately get his master's in architecture from Princeton, interning with Professor Graves. "He took me to New Jersey project sites, introduced me to cappuccino, and later as a graduate preceptor in his 400-level course I had the honor of delivering a lecture on 'windows' (as in fenestration!)," Peter says.

Peter also credits the school's first dean, **Robert Geddes**, with a "profound" impact on his career. Peter precepted Geddes' Architecture 101 course at Princeton and later served as a lecturer in Geddes' introductory course at NYU from 1988 to 1999.

Faculty inspiration didn't always lead to a major or a career, however. Tom Henderson recalls, "Freshman physics was exciting. Coming to Princeton, hoping to major in physics, I walked to the lectures past a picture of Albert Einstein.

"One day, **Aaron Lemonick** gave a guest lecture on Tycho Brahe, Johannes Kepler, Isaac Newton and the three laws of motion. Never, before or since, have I been as inspired about the human path to discovery and enlightenment as I was by the tapestry Lemonick wove. It feeds my optimism still," Tom says.

But, he adds, "Thank goodness I figured out I was not smart enough to major in physics. Leaving Firestone to walk down to Palmer for my last physics final, I bumped into Professor Lemonick, who would become dean of the faculty and provost. He companionably took the time to walk his bicycle with me to the exam. I told him my decision to leave physics. He said, 'That sounds sensible to me.' "

In a similar vein, Chris Connell recalls the sensible advice his adviser, the austere Anglo-American novelist and critic Wilfred Sheed, gave after Chris submitted a comic novel about a campus uprising for his English thesis. He asked Sheed if he should try to get it published. "Not this one, or the next one, or the next one, or the next one, but the one after that," came the reply.

In the midst of intellectual inspiration there was often a spiritual quality. "I arrived as a

Marvin Bressler genuinely wanted to know what we thought about whatever was going on — the war, the strike, coeducation, pass-fail grading, you name it.

fervent Southern Baptist disciple," writes one classmate. "Professor **Jeremy Davies**, teaching Religion 101 – 'In Search of the Historical Jesus' – only needed a few lectures to collapse my Baptist House of Cards. He taught me to see Jesus for what he was – perhaps the greatest teacher, and human, to ever walk the Earth."

Many classmates single out **Hubert Alyea** and his famous annual "explosion-a-minute" Houseparties Weekend chemistry lecture. Another offers a different insight into "Dr. Boom." "One Thanksgiving weekend I was the only student who attended chemistry lab," the classmate remembers. "And the grad student that usually handled the lab was away, so Professor Alyea oversaw just me! He managed to get a reluctant chemistry student completely fired up and excited about the experiment that week, and instead of writing my usual desultory half page of notes, I wrote 10 pages. He was terrific."

Professor Alyea wasn't the only showman in the chemistry department. A classmate remembers **John Turkevich**, a Dartmouth grad with a Princeton Ph.D., who also served as Orthodox chaplain at Princeton for 24 years. "This world-renowned scientist, with an unshakable belief in God, proved to be self-deprecating when he changed a beaker of Dartmouth green liquid into orange and then black."

Religion professor **Horton Davies** taught "a wonderful course in Christianity and art history," says another classmate. "He was the consummate Welsh, Congregationalist don. When he heard my thesis defense, he brought in an Anglican nun for the 'woman's side' of the story. He wrote a book called *Christian Deviations* in which he included the church I was raised in (daughter and granddaughter of Unitarian ministers.)"

Classmates also chose the Wilson School's **Edward Tufte**, who made political data come alive.

"Tufte opened my eyes to the use and misuse of data," says one classmate. "He discussed a *New York Times* article about a Gallup poll on George Wallace's support in Alabama. The poll indicated that one-third of Jewish people in Alabama supported Wallace. Tufte couldn't believe this. He looked up the sampling details and discovered that, because the Jewish population of Alabama was small, the poll had interviewed a total of three Jewish voters. One supported Wallace. The result was an insignificant fluke."

"Tufte loved the saying, 'One of the biggest mistakes people make with data is to use it the way a drunk uses a lamp post – for support rather than illumination.' This determination to question and analyze, which of course was characteristic of so many of our great professors, was one of the most important things I learned at Princeton," the classmate says.

Sometimes, our memories of favorite profs might be a bit hazy – for reasons other than age. Recalling economics professor **Wallace Oates**, one classmate remarks, "Freshman year, invite to Wally's home for something or other. Some weed appeared."

There were many, many other favorites, including: **Blanchard Bates, David Billington, Michael Capek, Stephen Cohen, Stanley Corngold, Howard Curtis, Gerald Garvey, Irving Glassman, Clark Glymour, Eric Goldman, Sheldon Hackney, Frederick Harbison, Gilbert Harman, Robert Hollander, Armand Hoog, Marius Jansen, Walter Kaufmann, Steve Klineberg, Martin Koch, Harold Kuhn, A. Walton Litz, Albert Marckwardt, Myron McClellan, James McPherson, Henry Miller, Walter Murphy, Ben Ray, Uwe Reinhardt, Durant Robertson, Eric Rogers, Paul Schleyer, Dan Seltzer, Stanley Stein, Arthur Szathmary, Michael Teitelman, H.H. Wilson, and Hans Winterkorn.**

Protesters on the way to an IDA demonstration

Four Years Haunted
By a Distant War

By Jim Lieber

In Memoriam: Sam Lipsman 1949-2013

It was nearly a lifetime ago, and a moment ago. A murky, lethal situation emerged in Asia. Leaders lied and untold thousands died. Civil unrest ensued, complicated by racial injustice. Images of a grisly assassination looped on the news. Young people were on the front lines. Police were vilified. Conspiracy theories abounded.

Most of us initially weren't "political." Fifty-four percent of Princeton undergraduates polled in October 1967 felt that U.S. involvement in Vietnam was justified. But a chapter of the Students for a Democratic Society (SDS) awaited us at Princeton and weeks later it organized the first sit-in at the entrance to the headquarters of the Institute for Defense Analyses, which conducted military research including on weapons systems from a campus building leased from the University. Thirty-one were arrested as President Robert Goheen '40 *48 looked on. A *Prince* reporter overheard Goheen say, "This isn't Princeton."

Given the high level of secrecy, IDA's specific relationship to the war was opaque. Nearby Fort Dix's was far clearer and Princeton students joined several protests at the base, a major infantry training center notorious for having a replica of a Vietnamese village that troops could attack. The base was open, but tear gas kept us at a distance.

Ironically, although against the war, I'd considered joining ROTC for the scholarship so as not to burden my family. I also believed military obligations should be shared equally. However, my father, a moderate Republican and World War II veteran, regarded the war as senseless and refused to sign the papers.

Pressure was building at campuses nationwide to eliminate ROTC. The ROTC debate at Princeton was twofold: Get rid of it, or eliminate it as an academic department. A measure of goodwill existed between the antiwar students and ROTC cadets, with a much-heralded touch

football game between the two sides before Thanksgiving 1967, supposedly with the promise that the loser would "disband its unit." SDS won but neither disbanded.

There was fun in the movement, but also sexism and stupid rifts between hard-liners who wanted to "smash the state" and idolized Lenin, Trotsky, Che Guevara and Fidel Castro, and a less radical faction.

Fellow travelers like me wanted an end to the war and a government that wouldn't lie. Our relations with the hard-core, committed SDS members were amicable, at arm's length. There were often discussions of "direct action," but I never heard anyone at Princeton pushing anything dangerous. Civil disobedience had its place, but violence was abjured.

Nineteen sixty-eight, start to end, was a terrible year. In late January, when our military still boasted of winning the "hearts and minds" of the Vietnamese, the Tet (Lunar New Year) offensive by the Viet Cong and North Vietnamese Army brought the war to Saigon and dozens of provincial capitals.

Tet made a committed radical out of Bob Barber, from Shaker Heights, Ohio, son of a liberal Wellesley graduate and conservative father, an automotive executive. A stellar athlete who turned down Harvard and Yale, Bob came to Princeton mildly pro-war, but liberal on race. Square-jawed, honest, and open-minded, Bob foresaw majoring in the Wilson School and going on to a Foreign Service post on the front lines of the Cold War.

BOB MET SAM LIPSMAN, the already leftist son of a salesman from Davenport, Iowa, in Russian 101. A quick-witted high school debater, the dark, intense Iowan hardly fit the Princeton mold. Like many in the New Left, Sam and Bob wound up majoring in sociology, drawn by numerous courses addressing war, poverty, racism and the myriad ills plaguing society.

In the movement we spent many evenings at Terrace Club, Wilson College or a dorm room or common space watching the news, usually Walter Cronkite, following the battles and bombings, and agonizing over the escalation. Someone would suggest pertinent reading and we'd think about the next step: demonstration, protest march, leaflet or article. It was remarkably easy to hold a protest in a courtyard, quad or at Mather Sundial. The proctors would come in suits, ties and fedoras, but didn't care as long as we didn't break anything. On campus we never had to deal with police, permits or "hard hats."

At 9 p.m. on Sunday, March 31, 1968, President Lyndon Johnson addressed the nation, announcing a partial bombing halt of the North and holding out the possibility of a full stop if Hanoi came to the table. Then a bombshell: To focus on ending the war, "I shall not seek and will not accept the nomination of my party for another term as your president."

LBJ's weary words electrified the nation and our campus. Mullioned windows were thrown open to roars of joy. Spontaneous gatherings occurred on the lawns. For a moment it seemed that peace might break out.

Jubilation and optimism gave way to despair on April 5, 1968, when an ex-con's bullet felled Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. in Memphis. Riots erupted in over 100 cities including Trenton. King had opposed the war since 1965. We were just beginning to fathom the connections between war and race, peace and non-violence when we lost him.

At Columbia, during a King memorial, charismatic SDS leader Mark Rudd seized the lectern and demanded the school sever ties with its IDA and stop erecting a gym on the edge of Harlem. SDS occupied five buildings, held a dean hostage for 23 hours, and ransacked President Grayson Kirk's Low Library office. Hundreds of athletes, frat members and other conservative-minded students ringed the library and demanded punishment for the radicals. After five days, the police dragged students out in the middle of the night and arrested 900, with 180 injured, including 36 police.

At Princeton we watched Columbia closely. The *Prince* sent reporters and provided full coverage. But no one wanted to see Columbia duplicated here with students battling students and police sweeping the campus. Exams took place as normal. Yet the country's torment wasn't

over. On a somber Reunions weekend, crowds lined the Princeton Junction tracks as Robert F. Kennedy's funeral train rolled slowly by.

The presidential election polarized the nation and hardened hearts. Richard Nixon triumphed after waging a law-and-order campaign and promising a secret plan to end the war. That was a fiction. He widened the war instead and antiwar protests intensified.

Jim Lieber with bullhorn at antiwar protest

On Election Day 1968, SDS demonstrated against the draft in front of the Newark Federal Building, home to an induction center. SDS leader Jimmy Tarlau '70 suffered scalp lacerations. Tarlau, later a union organizer and Maryland legislator, said his goal was "radicalizing the University."

In fact, the University already had become radicalized, with antiwar activists rising in student government. Peter Kaminsky '69, an SDS leader with a rapier wit, became UGA president, followed by Jerome Davis, leader of the Association of Black Collegians (ABC), which mounted anti-apartheid demonstrations. I ran for Junior Class president and won on a platform to spend funds bringing in political speakers instead of staging a prom.

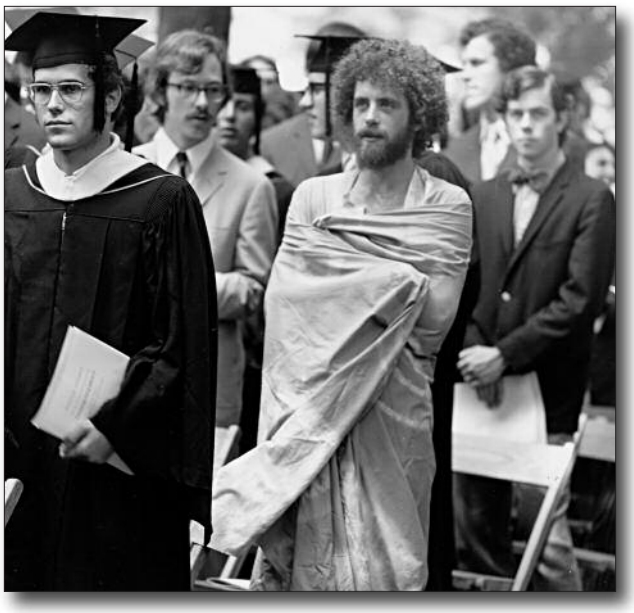
A half-million people descended on Washington on Nov. 15, 1969, for the National Moratorium March to End the War in Vietnam. Bob Barber charted 19 buses to carry a 1,000-strong Princeton contingent to the capital. Holding candles, we marched silently past the White House and deposited placards with the names of fallen troops and Vietnamese villagers into caskets.

On a Sunday night two weeks later, the Selective Service System held the first draft lottery since 1942. I elected not to watch the opening of the 366 clear blue, plastic capsules and went out to study instead. On returning I thought I heard my roommates say I was number 31, so I headed out to get drunk. The bars on Nassau Street were full of commiserating students with low numbers and raucous partiers with high ones. Ned Scudder, who drew number 366, told the *Prince*, "I'm jumping up and down. I've been buying people hotdogs and drinks." Returning to my room, I learned my number actually was 231, which likely meant I wouldn't be drafted. Before then, my draft strategy was to go to medical school, which would extend the student deferment another four years. But now I could and did jettison science courses in favor of more "relevant" ones.

OTHER WAR OPPONENTS who didn't "lottery out" spoke of going to prison or Canada (although none from our class apparently did either). Several became conscientious objectors. Some got into the National Guard hoping not to be deployed, others sought 4-F medical or psychiatric deferments.

None of the names on the memorial wall inside Nassau Hall of the 24 Princetonians killed in Vietnam is from our class. Ray Palmer, however, was a combat veteran. Ray, a Californian who started in the Class of 1967 and favored Goldwater over LBJ, left college after two years to fight with the 101st Airborne Division, rising to sergeant. Honorable discharge in hand, he returned in Fall 1969 deeply opposed to the war. His baggage included alcohol addiction and post-traumatic stress disorder (PTSD). He fell in with SDS activists but had little patience with their Marxist rants. He walked out of a teach-in after hearing not "a single notion that vaguely connected with the Vietnam that I had seen," and headed to the Annex, a dark, subterranean joint with checkered tablecloths. He sipped beers and "wrote out the names of the boys and men that I knew who were killed in the war. There were 50."

Bruce Wasser, a rare junior-year Phi Beta Kappa, had come to Princeton mildly pro-war,



Bobby Baron wore a tie-dyed white sheet to graduation in protest of the war and other issues

but Tet and discussions with a former teacher back home turned him against it. The King and Kennedy assassinations committed him to nonviolence and pacifism. He gained conscientious objector status while still at Princeton after giving up his deferment, as did Ben Tousley, who did two years' alternative service as an orderly in a psychiatric hospital.

With support from the ABC and Whig-Clio, our class's speaking invitation to Black Panther David Hilliard had morphed into a "Repression Teach-In" including Leonard Weinglass, the Chicago 7 defense attorney, and Felipe Luciano of the Young Lords, a Puerto Rican radical group. There was a controversy beforehand over the Black Panthers' demand to search people for weapons at the door. They ended up not doing that.

For once, we had marketed to Black communities in Princeton and Trenton. The crowd of 3,000 that packed Dillon Gym on Feb. 26, 1970, was perhaps the most diverse ever gathered on campus. Hilliard's stem-winder is a reminder of how much more radical that time was than now. When the beret-clad Hilliard raised his fist and declared, "All power to the people," the audience lustily repeated the words. "Yes, we're subversives. Yes, we do intend to overthrow the United States Government," declared Hilliard. The Dillon crowd was roused but orderly; it was a discussion of revolution, but not an incitement to riot. It was the First Amendment writ large. It was what Justices Holmes, Brandeis and Douglas taught was permissible and necessary in an open, democratic society. In Princeton, that night, it seemed to work.

THE FIRST AMENDMENT was further tested on March 5, 1970, when 2,000 people filled Jadwin Cage to hear Walter J. Hickel, Nixon's Secretary of the Interior, speak about environmental protection. As Hickel rose, 75 SDS members dressed as Indians with headdresses and face paint began whooping and shouting slogans: "Oink, Oink, Oink," "Today's Pig is Tomorrow's Bacon / Nixon and Hickel Better Start Shakin'," and "Ho, Ho, Ho Chi Minh, NLF is Gonna Win." Many in the crowd yelled, "Let him speak," but after a quarter-hour, Hickel gave up and got a standing ovation from those who had wanted to listen. President Goheen apologized to Hickel and declared, "I will see that University discipline will be exercised."

The campus was riven by a debate over free speech. The administration charged 13 SDS members with disciplinary violations, while 1,400 students signed a letter of apology to Hickel. The five days of hearings in packed McCosh 50 were a circus and political theatre. Graduate student Michael Teitelman, for the defense team, took on racism, repression, "suppression of women," and all the institutions in America that support imperialism, "and that means IDA here in Princeton." In the end, the University suspended three students, placed nine on disciplinary probation, and dropped the case against another. On appeal, Provost William Bowen lifted the suspensions and converted them to probation.

On Thursday night, April 30, less than an hour after Nixon announced the invasion of Cambodia, 2,500 students and faculty packed the Chapel at a meeting hastily called by antiwar activists of all stripes. Sam Lipsman drew cheers when he declared, "When Nixon moves into action, it's time for Princeton University to get off its ass and move into action." Someone moved for a strike against the war, the assemblage rose almost as one and Princeton became

A Jadwin assembly strongly endorsed withdrawing U.S. forces from Vietnam

the first of 400 colleges and universities to strike. For the first time since World War II, Houseparties were canceled. Some athletic teams canceled competitions. About 80 percent of students cut classes. I was on the 13-member Princeton chapter of the National Student Strike Committee. It held twice daily meetings that balmy spring mainly to spread news of what was going on at other schools to stop the war. The *Prince* said "a Woodstock atmosphere" prevailed. You could get your T-shirt, armband, or forehead stenciled in red with "On Strike." Guitars strummed; Theatre Intime put on a free performance of *Marat/Sade*. Wine and pot abounded. The proctors let it be.

But on Saturday, two Princeton students and two others were caught firebombing the ROTC offices. The damage, mainly burned furniture, came to $15,000. That afternoon Ed Berenson, a member of the Strike Committee, gave a calming speech. At another Chapel gathering on Saturday evening, Dean Ernest Gordon invited students to "place your draft cards on the altar as a gift to God." About 200 did.

ON MONDAY, MAY 4, the day of the Kent State killings (though we didn't know it at the time), 4,000 convened in Jadwin at a seven-hour marathon meeting to go forward with or end the strike.

A faculty proposal would have had the University as an institution oppose "the Cambodian invasion, American foreign policy and domestic oppression," and explore cutting ties with ROTC. The student proposal that I spoke for went farther, demanding Princeton curtail contracts with the Defense Department and take a stand against "repression" and the killing and jailing of the Black Panthers and others by police. Economics Professor Harold Kuhn lashed into the student proposal, claiming it would destroy Princeton.

Speaking against the strike was Mark Mazo, a Wilson School major and ROTC member. During the strike he attended classes and finished his exams on time. Deeply patriotic and fiercely anti-communist, he found his ROTC instructors thoughtful and stimulating. His ancestors were Jews from Eastern Europe who, had they not immigrated, would have perished in the Holocaust. Instead, they thrived as merchants and professionals in South Carolina. His father served twice in World War II, first as a bombardier over Germany and then as an infantryman.

Mark couched his speech in legal terms. Princeton was a chartered institution, a creation

of the government. Only individuals could strike. "We're part of the government. The government can't strike against the government," he said, but his argument fell on deaf ears. The assemblage backed the faculty proposal by 2,066 votes to 1,522 for the student motion and 181 against the strike.

The University allowed students to forgo exams and even junior theses, or make work up later. Organizations sprang up. The New Congress Movement with 500 signees would work for antiwar candidates. The Union for Draft Opposition (UNDO) attracted 1,000 to oppose the Selective Service System.

On Monday, after a memorial in the Chapel for the "four dead in O-HI-O," 1,000 protesters marched to the IDA and encircled the building. The police came briefly to get protesters off the roof, but made no arrests. Students settled in for a five-day siege in a festival atmosphere.

Morning was the only tense time when some IDA employees showed up to work. We lined the steps three deep, with bigger guys including me up front. One crew-cut, muscular employee clearly wanted to bull his way through. Dean of Students Neil Rudenstine, a slight Renaissance scholar, got between the employees and the line of students. The IDA worker punched him in the face and the dean went down. The next day a UPI Wirephoto captured the future Harvard president sprawled on the ground; I'm in the background with fists raised. The caption read "Dean Decked at Princeton." My parents, paying for me to cut class, weren't pleased. Finally, on May 12, sheriff's deputies came with an injunction to clear us out. We complied. What had we achieved? Goheen asked IDA to leave before its lease ran out in 1975. A freshman who lit fires at IDA and in the basement of Nassau Hall received a six-month sentence.

AS THE SCHOOL YEAR wound down, some of us on the Strike Committee got an unusual invitation. The brother of Henry Kissinger, Nixon's national security adviser, was an engineering professor at Princeton. He conveyed to Arno Mayer, the polymath professor of European history, that Kissinger couldn't fathom the national strike and wanted to hear about it directly from students.

I drove to D.C. with Sam Lipsman and Herrick Chapman, both future historians, and Heidi Rendall, a future physician. During the ride we read aloud passages from Kissinger's dense tomes: The U.S. and the USSR were locked in a perpetual global conflict; in order for the Cold War not to become hot, there had to be regional conflicts to let off steam. Hence, Vietnam; hence, Cambodia.

At the White House we were ushered into the windowless, draped Situation Room, seated around a conference table with students from UCLA. Suddenly the great man entered, tanned, portly and expensively tailored. The session was respectful, and we pressed Kissinger for over an hour on why his theory of a binary world permanently on edge didn't account for China, or for nationalists such as the Vietnamese who didn't want to be anyone's proxy. At one point he showed pique, saying that "somebody has to be the world's policeman," and asking us to give Vietnamization a chance. We hadn't changed Kissinger and he hadn't changed us.

The fall return to Princeton was deflating. All the energy from the Movement had drained. As seniors we were making plans for work, grad school, and the "real" world beyond our edenic bubble.

Some kept the faith. Bob Barber wrote a series of long pieces in the *Prince* about the evolution of colonialism and war in Indochina. Mark Mazo campaigned for a legislative candidate during the new, two-week fall break for the elections; few others did. The New Congress Movement was financially broke, as was the Strike Committee.

After graduation, Barber moved to California and became an advocacy journalist, writing for the *Guardian* and editing the United Farm Workers newspaper. An early user of personal computers, he started teaching computer skills at a community college in Oregon, joined the faculty and taught for many years.

Rendall moved to Northern California, worked at a Catholic orphanage, and ultimately went to medical school at Berkeley. Afterward she set up a family practice in rural Washington. Gay and independent, she had to battle with the local medical establishment. At 65, once the law changed, she married her partner.

Stanford Law School refused to defer Bruce Wasser's admission during his two years of national service as a C.O. He acid-washed test tubes at a VA hospital, then taught American history to generations of high school students in a California town.

The Army made clear to Mark Mazo that West Point provided all the second lieutenants it needed. That cleared the way for him to go to Harvard Law School. He joined a Washington law firm, practiced international law, and supported conservative causes, veterans, and civil rights as well as Princeton, which all four Mazo children would attend.

After Princeton, I went straight to law school but took a leave of absence a year later to work as a United Farm Workers organizer in San Jose. There I was tried and acquitted for a minor, nonviolent act. Doing the research for the law firm that defended the farm workers rekindled my interest in law, and I returned to school.

Almost as much as Ray Palmer hated the waste of human life in Vietnam, he despised the waste of energy in our economy. He studied at Harvard's Kennedy School of Government, got an MBA, and joined the Federal Energy Regulatory Commission (FERC). In retirement, he's reworking an unpublished novel about Vietnam and Princeton into the searing memoir it always should have been. Ray has been sober for 44 years.

Sam Lipsman went to history grad school at Yale and won a Fulbright to study in Germany, but he was restive. Sam dropped out of grad school, came out as gay, and became the editor and senior writer of *The Vietnam Experience*, a 25-volume illustrated history that sold 11 million books and was called by *The New York Times* "the definitive source on the Vietnam War." Sam was the glue of the New Left at Princeton during college and afterward, when we held small retreats every few years where we talked of everything except the war. Sam won his battle against AIDS, but lost another to cancer in 2013. We were lucky to have him. He was our Diderot.

Navigating a Tightrope on McCosh Walk

By Howard Zien

It was our junior spring. The Vietnam conflict had established itself as an unmistakable and unwelcome daily presence in all of our lives. The underlying fear was that when we graduated, many of us would walk off campus in jeans and T-shirts and step onto a military base and into military fatigues. This anxiety expressed itself in campus unrest throughout the country. At many universities, including Princeton, classes and final exams were suspended. Semester grades were replaced with Pass-Fail notations.

On one sunny, beautiful morning that May, as I headed down the diagonal McCosh Walk to class, I ran a gauntlet of students shaking their fists, displaying signs, jeering and shouting, "Traitor, how dare you go to class? We are on strike." The jeers were intermixed with chants of "Hey, hey, LBJ, how many kids did you kill today?"

I often think back to the sounds and images of those mornings. I remember thinking "Hey, guys, I'm with you, I agree with you, but I also need to go to class." But it was not possible to both strike and attend class. Each of us had to make a choice. Far from feeling

Protesters gather at Mather Sundial in Spring 1970

animosity, I experienced a sense of shame because I didn't have the conviction or courage to be on the other side of that sidewalk and committed to stopping an unjust war.

Not surprisingly, I've never forgotten this experience. In today's world there are constant reminders, at home and abroad, of people taking stands on global issues from racism and injustice to climate change and authoritarian rule. Some are peaceful, as they were at Princeton; some are not, as happened at Kent State.

Fifty years later, each time I see a video clip on the internet or TV or when I read a newspaper, it is 1970 all over again. I am reminded how quickly a simple local skirmish can escalate into a life-and-death conflict. Someone goes to work to feed his or her family and runs into demonstrators bent on violence or fighting with police. Bad things can and often do happen.

In 1970, the military draft was not simply an abstract idea, but a looming reality. But in some ways it served an important purpose, steeling the country's resolve to bring the war in Vietnam to an end. It took eight years. But today in Afghanistan and the Middle East, the post-9/11 global war on terror has dragged on for two decades. If we had the draft today, I'm certain that we would have disengaged long ago.

At the many campus events I've attended since graduation, I always try to strike up conversations with students, often as they make their way up and down McCosh Walk, and I think they have no idea what that walk was like in the spring of 1970.

An Activist's Second Thoughts

By Rick Ostrow

We were a War Class after all. Not like the 86 Princeton students and alumni who fought and died on the battlefields of Antietam, Shiloh and Gettysburg, nor those called to fight World War I, World War II, Korea and, before and during our college years, Vietnam.

With rare exceptions, we ourselves did not wind up in that tragic, misguided war in Southeast Asia, but that war nonetheless permeated the air we breathed at Princeton, shaped the choices we made and the friendships we formed, dominated the news and shaped the conversations whenever concepts such as "future" and "career" and "right and wrong" were discussed.

I welcomed those debates and thrust myself into the Movement at Princeton to stop the war. The Movement kept me in constant motion: demonstrations and teach-ins to organize and attend, agendas to argue and define, leaflets to write, mimeograph and post, new ideas to grasp, fellow classmates to radicalize. And the ideology I learned was so facile and so fluid: Marx on political economy and alienation; Lenin on leadership; Marcuse on false consciousness; Merleau-Ponty on literature, Chomsky on idea formation, Mills on sociology. Precepts were suddenly easy; you could now explain everything even when you hadn't had time to do the assigned reading, only what you chose to read instead.

Rick Ostrow at demonstration outside Nassau Hall

So the Movement came to define my life at Princeton, and if it severely limited my exposure to all the other people and experiences that lay outside it, so be it. I was sufficiently full of myself at 19 to believe that I had no real options, that the times had placed me there, that no one with a brain and social conscience could decide otherwise. After all, there were enough of us so that I was not without good friends, even women activists, both before and after co-education. The radical life was hardly a monastic one.

After Henry Barkhorn enlisted me before our 25th to take a turn as class secretary, I learned that the classmates I had never bothered to know were great guys, thoughtful and caring, often even thanking me years later for some of the stands I had taken back in the days when they had chosen not to. "You were right back then," was what I often heard. "No, I really wasn't," I'd usually reply, and meant it.

I had limited my options, not LBJ; I had circumscribed my Princeton experience, not Nixon. Maybe I had jumped to the wrong conclusion. But ours being a War Class shaped my life. Years later, when my post-college friend Murphey Harmon was arranging a group photo at an alumni event just months before his sudden death, Murph quipped, "Wait, let's shoot this one again. All my life I've wanted to stand to Ostrow's left." I'm glad he got the chance. We War Class veterans are on the same side now.

From ROTC to the *Cold War's Front Line*

Editor's note: As World War I ended, the War Department created Reserve Officer Training Corps programs at 125 colleges, including the Princeton University Field Artillery Battalion. Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff Mark A. Milley '80 is among the Tiger Battalion's most distinguished graduates. At a 100th anniversary celebration on Veterans Day in 2019, President Christopher Eisgruber said, "ROTC training, and the education of military leaders more broadly, are profoundly valuable parts of Princeton's academic and public service missions." Not all were convinced 50 years ago, when antiwar protesters at campuses nationwide were demanding that ROTC be shut down. Princeton's faculty cut off academic credits for military courses, but the University did not expel ROTC as Harvard did. With his commission, Jon Cieslak embarked on a 23-year career in the Army and retired as a lieutenant colonel. The St. Louis Park, Minn., native recounts that journey.

By Jon Cieslak

My father died when I was young and my mother suffered a lengthy illness. Princeton would have been beyond my reach without the Army ROTC scholarship. ROTC was full to the brim with undergraduates hedging against the draft. After they drew their lottery numbers and realized they weren't vulnerable, the unit contracted substantially, from 130 cadets to maybe 30.

You heard of ROTC students at Harvard, Yale and MIT not wearing uniforms on campus because they were taunted and made to feel uncomfortable. That was never the case at Princeton in my experience. We always wore our uniforms to ROTC activities. I was never confronted by anyone. It was on the whole a respectful relationship with others in the student body.

Cadet Cieslak

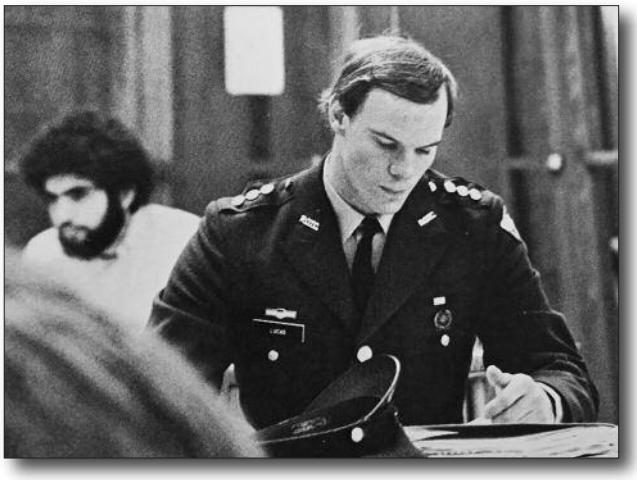
Lt. Col. Cieslak

Edward Cox '68, who later married Tricia Nixon, was our cadet battalion commander. He was outstanding. Supreme Court Justice Samuel Alito Jr. was in the class behind ours. Princeton ROTC in our years was transitioning from training cadets solely for the Field Service and combat arms to being commissioned, starting in 1971, in any branch of the military. Both freshman and senior year I received the Lt. Col. John U.D. Page Award – the battalion's top academic honor – named for the Princeton Class of 1926 graduate and artillery officer who posthumously received the Medal of Honor in 1957 for gallantry in the Korean War during the withdrawal from the Chosin Reservoir. Page was from St. Paul, Minn., near my home. Ties run deep among the Princetonians from ROTC. Maj. Gen. John "Jack" Guthrie '42 administered the oath at our commissioning ceremony, went on to earn four stars and later chaired Princeton's ROTC Advisory Council, on which I was honored to serve.

I don't remember the IDA protests being violent. I felt you could have your opinion. I was certainly affected [by the May 1970 strike that shut down classes], but I didn't offer up my draft card to be collected and ceremoniously burned in the Chapel. My lottery number was so high – 301 — I would not have been drafted, but I felt it was up to someone to serve and this was my lot.

I committed to serve four years after graduation, and I took that commitment very seriously. My attitude was largely shaped by my training. Soldiers, sailors and airmen were instruments of American foreign policy. We didn't make foreign policy, and we didn't criticize it. That wasn't our role. We had our private opinions. Depending on the issue, that wasn't necessarily a consistent point of view.

The Armory, a big building that used to be a stable when the artillery was horse-drawn, was firebombed while we were there. It did some damage, although not a total loss. I was upset that someone had done this; it was wanton and inappropriate and unlawful. [He took comfort that some of those arrested were not Princeton students.]



Charlie Lucas served on active duty from 1971 to 1974 (1971 Bric-a-Brac)

Ann and I married the month after graduation. I reported to Field Artillery School in Fort Sill, Okla. We expected to deploy to Vietnam, but when our orders came, all of the regular Army officers were assigned to the U.S. Army Europe. I served with the 7th Corps Artillery in Wertheim in the Federal Republic of Germany, and later in the free city of Berlin, then still under Allied occupation.

How many people can say that they lived and worked in Berlin, the Presidio in San Francisco and elsewhere? It was fabulous. And they gave me challenging assignments, hard work that I felt was important. I found a lot of kindred spirits among the officer corps. At some point the Army becomes your family and your hometown. You move from post to post and even though your geographic location has changed, you're very likely to encounter people you've served with before. It's a moveable feast. I took leave to attend law school, then returned to active duty as a judge advocate. We returned to St. Paul for my last assignment on the staff of the Adjutant General of Minnesota, the military's senior adviser to the governor.

After retiring in 1994, I practiced law and later became vice president for the Minnesota Zoo, where I spent seven terrific years and led the Zoo's first successful capital campaign. That was serendipitous. My father was a University of Minnesota biology professor with a degree in zoology. Growing up we had animals everywhere, including a pet goat and boa constrictor. It was so much fun to go back to an environment where kids are open-eyed and mesmerized by their encounter with lesser-known members of the animal family. The Army gave us the financial security that allowed me to undertake these other challenges.

In retrospect, Princeton means more to me than it ever did. Two of our five kids are Princeton grads, Classes of '94 and '99. I try to attend all our major Reunions and theirs as well. Has anyone ever apologized to me for opposing ROTC? No, and in my mind there was no reason to do so. I knew classmates who were outspoken in their opposition to the war, but to my knowledge they didn't direct that animus against me or the other cadets. We were all in it together, one way or another.

Working Our Way *Through Princeton*

By Scott Rogers

Campus jobs kept the wolf at bay for many of us. The financial aid packages that 48 percent of us received customarily came with an assigned job. Others took jobs for spending money. Commons was a big employer, and the fortunate had those plum Reference Desk jobs in the library where you could actually study.

Then there were the Grinder Man and the 'Za Man alleviating late-night hunger attacks; Blakely Laundry and rival the Student Laundry Agency; the Student Refrigerator Agency; the ticket-window jobs at Dillon Gym, Palmer Stadium and McCarter; and a raft of Student Agencies selling sweaters, magazines, stationery, Class rings, Christmas cards (really) and more. Some extracurriculars also provided remuneration, including the Press Club and *Princeton Business Today*.

They all evoke memories. Here are just a few, edited for space reasons:

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Jay Solis: "Sophomore year, my roommate, the irrepressible **Steve Powers,** and I worked a concession stand at Palmer Stadium. We worked our tails off and always tried to make the experience enjoyable for our customers. We sang and drew crowds as we hustled to fill their orders. Our uptight student manager disapproved. He thought we were clowning around too much, which, of course, only inspired us to crank it up a notch. Eventually, he fired us. What had been his most successful Palmer Stadium concession stand was no longer the draw it had been. We were asked to come back to work, but the thrill was gone."

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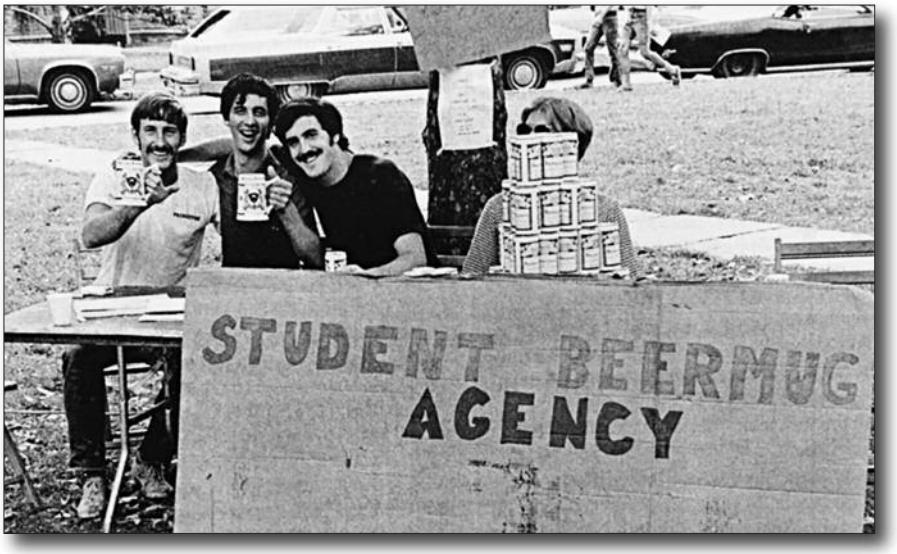
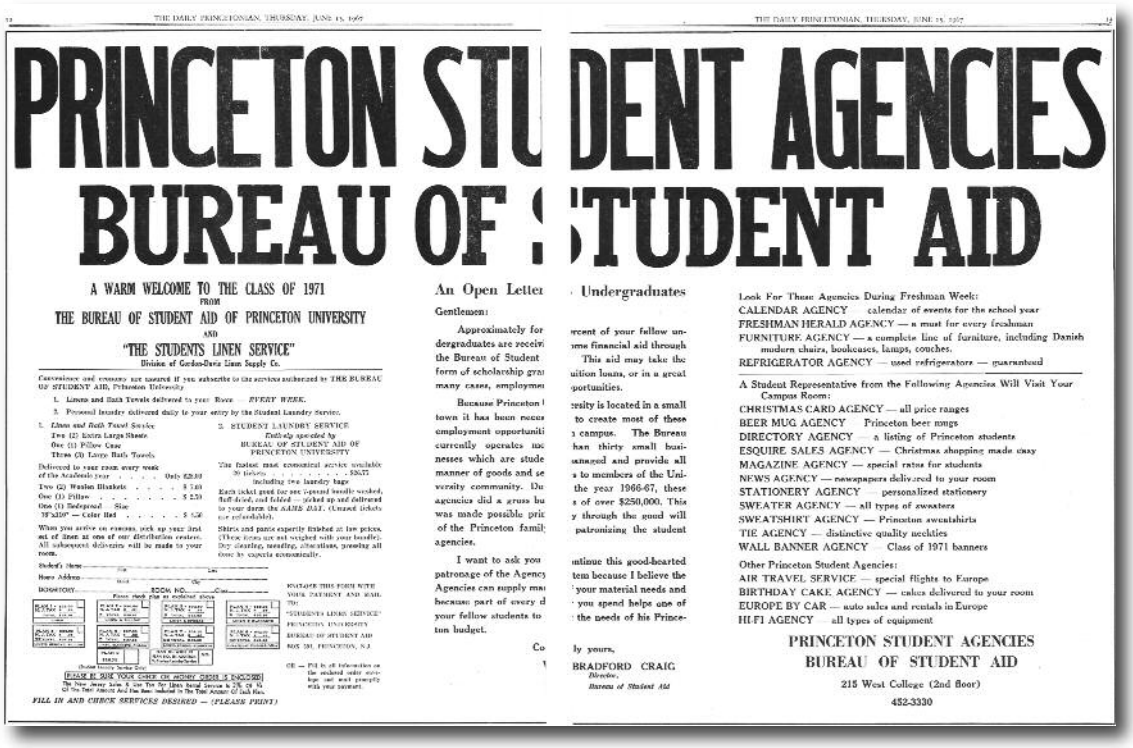
Sinsh Sinsheimer: "My favorite assignment at Wilcox was washing dishes. One worker put dirty dishes into a behemoth, old machine and the second took the clean ones off the other end. A third washed pots. The guy washing pots had a big, flexible overhead water. Sometimes when you least expected it you were getting soaked. One night someone retaliated and pretty



Members of the Student Beer Mug Agency, popular in the '70s



PRINCETON STU DENT AGENCIES

BUREAU OF S TUDENT AID

A WARM WELCOME TO THE CLASS OF 1971
FROM
THE BUREAU OF STUDENT AID OF PRINCETON UNIVERSITY
AND
"THE STUDENTS LINEN SERVICE"
Division of Gordon-Davis Linen Supply Co.

An Open Letter

Undergraduates

Look For These Agencies During Freshman Week:
CALENDAR AGENCY — calendar of events for the school year
FRESHMAN HERALD AGENCY — a must for every freshman
FURNITURE AGENCY — a complete line of furniture, including Danish modern chairs, bookcases, lamps, couches.
REFRIGERATOR AGENCY — used refrigerators — guaranteed

A Student Representative from the Following Agencies Will Visit Your Campus Room:
CHRISTMAS CARD AGENCY — all price ranges
BEER MUG AGENCY — Princeton beer mugs
DIRECTORY AGENCY — a listing of Princeton students
ESQUIRE SALES AGENCY — Christmas shopping made easy
MAGAZINE AGENCY — special rates for students
NEWS AGENCY — newspapers delivered to your room
STATIONERY AGENCY — personalized stationery
SWEATER AGENCY — all types of sweaters
SWEATSHIRT AGENCY — Princeton sweatshirts
TIE AGENCY — distinctive quality neckties
WALL BANNER AGENCY — Class of 1971 banners

Other Princeton Student Agencies:
AIR TRAVEL SERVICE — special flights to Europe
BIRTHDAY CAKE AGENCY — cakes delivered to your room
EUROPE BY CAR — auto sales and rentals in Europe
HI-FI AGENCY — all types of equipment

PRINCETON STUDENT AGENCIES
BUREAU OF STUDENT AID
215 West College (2nd floor)
452-3330

June 15, 1967 issue of **The Prince**

soon it was a food fight. It doesn't take long to make a mess that way. But we had all the equipment for cleaning up our mess. We never saw a supervisor so five minutes later, the floors and the walls were clean. But the three of us were still soaking wet and dirty. We eyed the dishwashing machine. The plates went in wet and dirty; they came out clean and dry. We stripped to our underwear and fed our clothes into the machine and waited at the other end. I don't recommend it. The problem was the first rinse was done with recycled water containing all kinds of little bits of food. Our clothes came out damp with string beans and pasta stuck to them. And it was freezing out. But acting like an idiot was so much fun when everything else tended to be so serious."

• • •

Henry Lerner: "Senior year, I was Walter Kaufmann's research assistant. Kaufmann was a brilliant philosopher, teacher and a warm, wonderful human being. But I was also research assistant for a junior faculty member, Michael Sukali, a young, very German philosopher writing a book on the early existentialist Edmund Husserl. Husserl's writings were important, profound and – for the average college student – totally incomprehensible. My job was to 'edit' and make more readable Sukali's badly fractured English. Ever try to read a 200-page manuscript for grammar and fluidity of expression about a subject you cannot even vaguely understand? It was a challenge. But it taught me a valuable lesson: I had no interest whatsoever in 20th-century Continental philosophy."

• • •

Linda Carroll: "Arriving at Princeton after a year's study in Florence (Italy) with emphasis on art history and Italian language and literature, I was impressed and delighted to learn that there was a work-study job cataloguing original prints in the Graphic Arts Department of Firestone Library. One series I worked on was Jacques Callot's fanciful Carnival figures and another was by Michelangelo the Younger, the nephew of the famed artist. This wonderful experience was capped off by the job I had the summer after graduation, arranged by Professor Blanchard Bates. He wanted to make sure that Firestone had an adequate basic collection of books on Italian Renaissance literature and had me check the holdings against a basic bibliog-

Nick Hammond played Lt. John Truly in **Conduct Unbecoming** *on Broadway in senior year*

Broadway, the Dinky and Me

By Nick Hammond

In senior year, with an English thesis to write and a full schedule of classes, I was cast in a Broadway play, *Conduct Unbecoming*, a drama set in India about a scandal in a British regiment in the 1880s. The fact that it was a relatively small part (plus understudying the lead) convinced me I could handle both the schoolwork and work on stage. When I informed my thesis adviser, the revered Carlos Baker, wreathed in a cloud of pipe smoke in his small, book-lined office, his long silences made clear he had his doubts. In theory the plan was workable. My earliest class started at 8 a.m. and I was done by 5 p.m. I caught the Dinky to Princeton Junction and was at Penn Station by 7:10 p.m. A fast jog up Eighth Avenue, in those days populated by Ladies of the Night who cheerfully called out greetings once I became a regular fixture, got me to the stage door of the Barrymore Theater by 7:25 p.m., 35 minutes before curtain. No problem! I caught the 11:05 p.m. train back, worked on the train on my thesis on "The Great Odes of Keats," and was in my bed in Patton Hall by 12:30 a.m. This worked fine for the first couple of months but then the wheels fell off, literally.

On a Wednesday matinee day when the Dinky wasn't running, I took an early Suburban Transit bus to the city. The orange-and-black bus broke down on the New Jersey Turnpike, and in those pre-cellphone days I had no way of letting the theater know where I was. By the time I finally arrived at the stage door the show was about to start, I had four minutes to put on my moustache, period British Army uniform and run on. The lead actor was Paul Jones, a pop singer in a hugely popular Brit band, Manfred Mann. After two months of eight shows a week Paul took a fall, hurt his back, and it was his excuse for gracefully withdrawing. So now I was on the second draft of my thesis, still meeting in Baker's smoke-filled office once a week, taking the other lectures, but also playing the leading role on Broadway eight times a week. The things we do at 20.

Anyway, it all ended well. Otto Preminger saw me in the play and offered me the lead in his next film (which never got made), Carlos Baker liked my thesis and gave me an A-, and the play closed in time for me to play my other role, marching in my first P-rade as a proud member of the Class of 1971. A footnote: You can still catch on TV the 1975 film of *Conduct Unbecoming* with Christopher Plummer – my Von Trapp family father in *The Sound of Music* – playing a nasty major.

raphy. It was great preparation for the graduate work in Italian literature and linguistics that I was about to embark on. I will always be grateful to Princeton for such amazing work-study jobs."

• • •

Chip Trieshmann: "My most memorable job was selling Christmas wreaths from the handlebars of my roommate's bike. One cold, snowy night on Witherspoon Street, a car emerged from an alley and I smashed head first into the passenger door, ruining the front wheel and my wreaths! I was not injured, but my earnings went to fixing the bike."

• • •

Jamieson Halfnight: "In freshman year, after trying and failing at several irregular jobs (e.g. Christmas gift salesman – I think I sold one cheesy wine carafe!), I got lucky and grabbed a private help-wanted notice off the University's job bulletin board. Turned out it was to act as an evening home-companion for a wealthy, partly-disabled, Class of 1921 alum whose wife wanted her evenings off but didn't want to leave him alone. The main tasks were to keep him updated on Princeton happenings (a big sports fan), play chess and checkers, and chat while watching TV. We clicked. I spent two summers chauffeuring him on Martha's Vineyard, with my own apartment at his beautiful summer home, fed by his cook staff and afternoons for the beach and late evenings off. The first summer he found my hometown girlfriend a job at one of the main island hotels, and the second summer, I met my future wife on the Vineyard."

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Ed Berenson: "My best job was cleaning bathrooms in the Princeton Inn annex. A partner and I sloshed toilets and scrubbed sinks and floors in the wee hours every night. It paid well and didn't take very long. Of course, it meant that my own private bathroom at the Inn never got cleaned the entire senior year. Scouring *that* bathroom would have been one too many."

• • •

Dan Masys: "As a freshman Commons worker, I was dutifully attired in my white Commons T-shirt and assigned to Lower Cloister Hall on a football Saturday lunch in the fall of 1967. Once the hall was nearly filled and ready for the family-style serving of food, the sound of spooning began. **Court Miner** was escorting his blonde, bombshell date, attired in a long fur coat, down the aisle. At the end of the meal, with nobody leaving so all could watch and spoon the exit, Miss Dream Girl removed her fur coat and walked out to reveal a **bikini**. The roar that ensued was beyond deafening. Soon food began flying. Everyone in a Commons T-shirt that day was drafted into a Lower Commons cleanup brigade for long after the hall had cleared. We swabbed and mopped, but some of the mashed potatoes remained stuck on the ceiling rafters for weeks."

Keeping the Faith
At Princeton

Chapel in snow (Photo courtesy of Miftahul Jannat Rasna GS)

By Robert W. Prichard

Like most Americans of the baby boom generation — and particularly those in the South — I grew up going to church. My father was senior warden at the nearby Episcopal Church. We weren't the only ones in the pews each week. Ninety-five percent of folks in our town, surveyed in the late 1950s, said they attended church or synagogue regularly.

I assumed that most Princeton students would, too. After attending a University Chapel service, visiting the campus Episcopal ministry and going to Trinity Episcopal Church in town, I was soon disabused of that notion. In fact, worship by students had lagged for decades. A December 1950 *Princeton Alumni Weekly* article decried "Princeton's spiritual vacuum." The college excused upperclassmen from mandatory chapel in 1935, sophomores in 1960 and freshmen in 1964. Former Dean of the Chapel Fred Borsch '57 in *Keeping the Faith at Princeton* estimated three-quarters of students in the Eisenhower years were active or nominal Protestants, with smaller numbers of Roman Catholics and Jews. (Princeton's Hillel chapter opened in 1948.) There was a smattering of other denominations, but not the panoply of faiths represented in today's student body. The University's Office of Religious Life currently lists 18 chaplaincies: 13 Christian, two Jewish, and ones for Hindu, Muslim, and Unitarian-Universalist students.

One imperfect measure of the religious life of a college cohort is the number of graduates who enter ministry. A century before us, a third of the Class of 1871 became ministers. Our class contains seven ordained clergy: two Presbyterians, two Episcopalians, one Congregationalist, one Roman Catholic, and one Russian Orthodox. An eighth is a full-time hospital chaplain and a ninth a minister from a Quaker tradition.

For Dennis Macaleer and Dave Moessner, their pathway to ordination in the Presbyterian

Church U.S.A. began in a Bible study group they formed in sophomore year with Ted Swisher, a layman who after graduation joined Koinonia Farm, a Christian community in Americus, Ga., then became a career-long Habitat for Humanity executive.

Bible study led by faculty had once been a basic element in a Princeton education. When Woodrow Wilson became president in 1902 – the first non-clergyman in that post – he abolished the prayer groups as part of his campaign to change a Presbyterian college into a modern, secular institution.

The Rev. Robert W. Prichard

Macaleer, an engineering student, took three courses at Princeton Seminary and spent a summer working at a Presbyterian Church-sponsored homeless shelter and coffeehouse in Washington's Georgetown section. The Rev. Richard Halverson, later chaplain of the U.S. Senate, swayed him to become a minister instead of an engineer. Macaleer, ordained in 1975, mixed parish ministry with academic appointments after writing his Ph.D. dissertation at Duquesne University on *Basic Christian Ethics* by Paul Ramsey, one of his Princeton professors.

Moessner, who majored in religion, volunteered at that same Georgetown shelter after graduation before earning a divinity degree at Princeton Seminary, a theology degree from Oxford and a doctorate from the University of Basel, Switzerland. Ordained in 1984, he taught at Yale Divinity School and other seminaries and is now the A.A. Bradford Chair of Religion at Texas Christian University.

Gene Lowe, another Religion major, participated in the early-morning Episcopalian worship services led by chaplains Rowland Cox and John Snow in Marquand Chapel and later during evenings at the Procter Center. Gene knew he wanted to seek ordination and set his sights on Union Seminary in New York, but Union first required seminarians to undertake service in the "real world." For Gene, that meant working in a residential home for neglected children and later in the Social Responsibility Division of Chase-Manhattan Bank while completing his studies. He later returned to Union for a Ph.D.

Dean of the Chapel
Ernest Gordon

He credits his election as a Young Alumni Trustee with opening the door to a career in academic administration. After ordination in 1978 and several years of parish ministry, he spent a decade as dean of students at Princeton, two years at the Mellon Foundation, and the last quarter century at Northwestern University, where he is assistant to the president and also holds a faculty appointment.

My religious life had been shaped by Princeton: the rhythm of regular worship in the Episcopal Chaplaincy, Malcolm Diamond's energetic lectures, Dean Ernest Gordon's thrusting the Chapel into a central role in the antiwar movement, John Snow's interest in liturgy (a subject I would later teach), and the Romance Language Department's love of language.

The events of late April and early May 1970 stand out in my memory as key in my own path toward ordained ministry. The Princeton strike vote after President Nixon's Cambodia invasion took place in a standing-room-only meeting in the Chapel, and Dean Gordon later collected draft cards there at a "Rite of Protest" service. For one wrestling with a vocational struggle between community activism and ordination, it seemed one did not need to choose. Ministry did not only mean serving conservative, white middle-class congregations. After graduation, I headed to New Haven, where Yale Divinity School had allied itself with Berkeley Divinity School to offer innovative fieldwork placements. I worked as an inter-

preter in a legal aid office linked with a course on law and justice. After Yale I became a deacon in 1974, then delayed ordination to the priesthood for 2½ years waiting for the Episcopal Church to judge women as suitable candidates for the priesthood. After seven years in parish ministry, including initiating the first Spanish-language Episcopal worship service in Virginia and three years at a rural African-American congregation, I received my Ph.D. at Emory and joined the faculty of the Virginia Theological Seminary, teaching church history and other subjects from 1983 to 2019.

RODNEY "DARD" ALLER, great-grandson of a Congregational pastor in Salisbury, Conn., took multiple courses in the Religion Department while majoring in English, but only recalls twice attending worship services at Princeton. One was the Rite of Protest service, where he handed in his draft card and considered moving to Canada. He went to Hartford Seminary instead and received a M.Div. in 1975. His ministerial career has ranged far afield, including a turn in a kibbutz in Israel where he met the first of his three wives; the founding of a congregation in Vermont, and finally in Kona, Hawaii, where for 33 years he's been a Congregational minister, proprietor of a beach wedding business and Kona coffee farmer.

Eric Hollas knew early on he was drawn to life within a scholarly monastic community. He describes his time at Princeton as spent almost entirely on study, an experience that gave him a keen interest in ecumenism. He wrote his senior history thesis on Edward VI and the Reformation in England, with Horton Davies of the Religion Department as his adviser. It was Davies who pointed Eric in the direction of St. John's University, Collegeville, Minn., where he entered the Order of St. Benedict at St. John's Abbey and was ordained a Roman Catholic priest. After earning a Ph.D. in Medieval Studies at Yale, he return to St. John's to teach theology, direct its world-famed Hill Monastic Manuscript Library and later serve as a deputy to the university president.

Greg Winsky, grandson of a Russian Orthodox priest, came to Princeton as an engineering student with no thoughts of priesthood but participated in the Orthodox Christian Fellowship led by John Turkevich, a chemistry professor and son of a Metropolitan, or chief bishop, of the Russian Orthodox Church in America. After college, Greg joined the Navy, attended the University of Pennsylvania law school, and settled into a career in intellectual property law. At the turn of century, however, he responded to a request by his parish priest to become a deacon so that he might assist in the liturgy. His bishop further encouraged him to enter the priesthood, and he was ordained in 2003 in his 50s, as his mentor, Turkevich, had been. He has since served two parishes in the Philadelphia area.

John Benson also entered ministry in mid-life. He graduated with the Class of 1972 but formed such lasting friendships with friends in '71 that he later gained permission to join the class for reunions. John was raised in a branch of Quakerism that has no paid pastors or clergy and practices silent worship broken only by those moved to speak. For a decade during and after college he did not attend church, but in his late 20s returned to the Wilton (Conn.) Quaker Meeting. After a Columbia MBA and a career in business, he earned a master's at Yale Divinity School in 2005, joined the Stillwater Monthly Meeting in Barnesville, Ohio, and became a Recorded Minister of the Christian Gospel and board-certified chaplain at St. Mary's Medical Center in Huntington, W.Va.

There are other classmates for whom a religious faith has been of central importance. Ben Tousley has a master's degree at Harvard Divinity School and has devoted much of his life to faith-based ministry, without the benefit and burden of ordination. He's been a hospice chaplain, counselor, teacher, writer and performer of poetry and songs — he finds music "inherently spiritual" — in greater Boston. Ben, who was a conscientious objector, still feels in Dean Gordon's debt for his spiritual support during Ben's two years of grinding work as an orderly in a New Jersey asylum.

Undoubtedly, the faith of many others in our Class was nurtured and challenged at Princeton.

How '71 Blew
The Lid Off Reunions

By Bill Zwecker

How did one Princeton Class – ours – land Rock & Roll Hall of Famers to play at every major Reunion since the 25th? What impresario masterminded this? Who was our secret weapon?

Well, actually not a secret. Everyone knows the credit belongs to Stu Rickerson and all those he put the arm on for his wildly successful Save the Wild Life Fund.

Yes, we had fun and solid musical talent at our 5th, 10th, 15th and 20th Reunions, but the 25th was the game-changer. In preparation for that auspicious gathering, then-Class President Steve Powers enlisted Stu to reprise his role from the 10th as Reunion "czar" — not only overall chair, but also in charge of booking the entertainment. Stu's ambition was to land a group that would connect with classmates and rival the iconic musical talent that earlier classes danced to at their big reunions — bands led by the likes of Count Basie, Duke Ellington, Artie Shaw and Lionel Hampton.

When Stu explained the level of talent he was considering, the late, great Steve, a guy who not only loved music, but also knew how to party hearty, simply told him, "Not good enough" and asked, "What would it take to get a 'real' band?"

"I pulled a number out of the blue," Stu recalls. "It was something in the neighborhood of an extra $50,000. Without hesitation, Steve said, 'Give me 48 hours.' "

The impresario: Stu Rickerson

Two days later Stu got the call. "You have the money," Steve said. "Now, don't mess up." To this day, Rickerson doesn't know if Powers ponied all the funds up himself or if other unsung classmates were involved. The important fact: The Save the Wild Life Fund propelled us permanently to the head of the class in throwing Reunions parties.

A special shoutout goes to Tom Kleh, who created the wonderful Tiger cartoon for our Reunions (originally standing next to a 10-unit ruler for our 10th, later adapted to add "units" to mark our ongoing years post-graduation).

Thanks to the Wild Life donors, Stu said, "We are able to hire musical acts that otherwise would have overwhelmed a regular entertainment budget." None of the money for the big acts comes from registration fees; it's all those free-will, Wild Life "offerings." Almost one in five classmates has contributed, many each and every year.

Of course, the first "big act" was the incomparable Smokey Robinson. For Stu, finalizing that booking was a nail-biter: "It was less than two weeks before Reunions weekend when Robinson's team finally inked the deal."

Smokey and his 12-piece band and backup singers performed for an astonishing two hours and

Smokey Robinson at our 25th Reunion was '71's first big musical act

Mike Love h71 brought the sounds of the Beach Boys to our 40th and 45th Reunions

20 minutes (the contract required just 75 minutes), supplemented by a 16-piece string section Stu was able to bring in from the Philadelphia Academy of Music. The size 42-long '71 Class blazer that Smokey sported as he jumped on stage to perform was icing on the cake.

A quarter-century later, classmates are still raving. A question in our 50th Reunion Class Poll about favorite Reunion band and memories evoked these replies:

"An unannounced Smokey Robinson singing for over 2 hours before 6,000 people."

"The 25th was a total blast! How can we forget Smokey Robinson for that amazing concert!"

"Dancing with my wife to Smokey."

"Dancing to Smokey in the crowded tent, before it was opened up to other classes."

"Smokey Robinson shaking hands with our oldest daughter at our 25th Reunion; she entered Princeton's Class of 2003 three years later."

"The 25th: Smokey Robinson; a nonstop party for four days, with a lot of good music, good food, good times."

"The 25th. We were surprised by Smokey Robinson and the Miracles … just fabulous!"

"There's a reason that our 25th Reunion is widely known as 'The Greatest Reunion in Princeton History.' "

No one had more fun than Chuck and Jill Brodbeck, and Jill has the proof. Near the end of his set, Smokey invited kids up to sit on the stage and then backstage when the music ended. "Well, I was NOT not going to go, too," said Jill with a laugh recently.

Darlene Love h71 was joined onstage by Lucy Rickerson '21 at our 35th

"As he was getting into his limousine, I got the idea that I should get him to sign something. Suddenly it hit me. I had a Sharpie in my pocket, so I asked him to sign the back of my (Reunion) vest. He was very nice and signed it. But he drove away without giving me back the Sharpie, so he still owes me that," she joked.

Jill was not to be denied at our 35th when Darlene Love added her signature to the vest, nor at the 40th when Mike Love added his John Hancock. Creedence Clearwater is there, too, from our 45th.

Landing Darlene Love was a masterstroke on Stu's part. While every music fan in America recognized her voice – and some recognized for her smash performances each December of "Christmas (Baby Please Come Home)" on David Letterman's show – her name was not as well known then as it is now, despite her stature as the "original backup singer to the stars," including Sam Cooke, Elvis Presley, Dionne Warwick, the Beach Boys, Tom Jones, Sonny & Cher and others.

Jill Brodbeck s71 with her much-autographed vest

It was a few years after her bravura Princeton performance that Love took a star turn in *20 Feet from Stardom*, the 2013 film that showcased her career and won the Oscar at the 86th Annual Academy Awards for best documentary. Two years later, Love was inducted into the Rock & Roll Hall of Fame.

The weather gods almost played havoc with that epic shindig for the 35th. A huge thunderstorm struck just before Love was scheduled to hit the stage. "We had to vacate the tent. Many of us sat in the stairwell of Cuyler Hall," Stu recalled.

Fortunately, only moments before the contractual deadline that would have led to the departure of Love and her own backup singers and band, Public Safety gave its blessings to let the parties resume. While the drum setup was rearranged — so rainwater would not stream down the drummer's back – the show went on and created another smash '71 evening.

For our 40th and 45th Reunions, we rocked out to Mike Love and the Beach Boys — adding more great memories for classmates in 2011 and 2016.

As a side note, Mitch Daniels, then the governor of Indiana, had announced just before the 40th that he would not seek the Republican nomination for president. After being repeatedly buttonholed by classmates, the Guv happily found a bit of refuge, joining Stu on the back of the stage for the best spot in the house – er, tent – to witness the concert.

By coincidence, Stu and Mike Love – like Smokey and Darlene an honorary '71 classmate – happened to be on the same flight not long before Love was due back to perform at our 45th, although the contract had not yet been signed. To Stu's surprise, Love asked him how Princeton's Honor Code worked, then told Stu that, like Princeton's Honor Code, his word was his bond and the group would definitely appear at our 45th.

The 45th set the high-water mark for the Thursday night party that draws the earliest Tigers to Reunions. They were rewarded with a performance by Creedence Clearwater, including original members of the group. It was a choice popular not only with us, but young alums as well. "I felt that Holder Courtyard was about to levitate," said Rickerson. "I was amazed that the hundreds of members of the Class of 2016 who joined us knew every word to every Creedence song."

Whenever — and maybe wherever — our rollicking 50th Reunion occurs, one thing is certain: Stu Rickerson and his jolly band of "Save The Wild Life" teammates will make every effort to match or top these earlier entertainment triumphs and create more memories to last a lifetime. And who knows? Maybe Jill will get another Hall of Famer's autograph for that celebrated vest.

My First Night *of College*

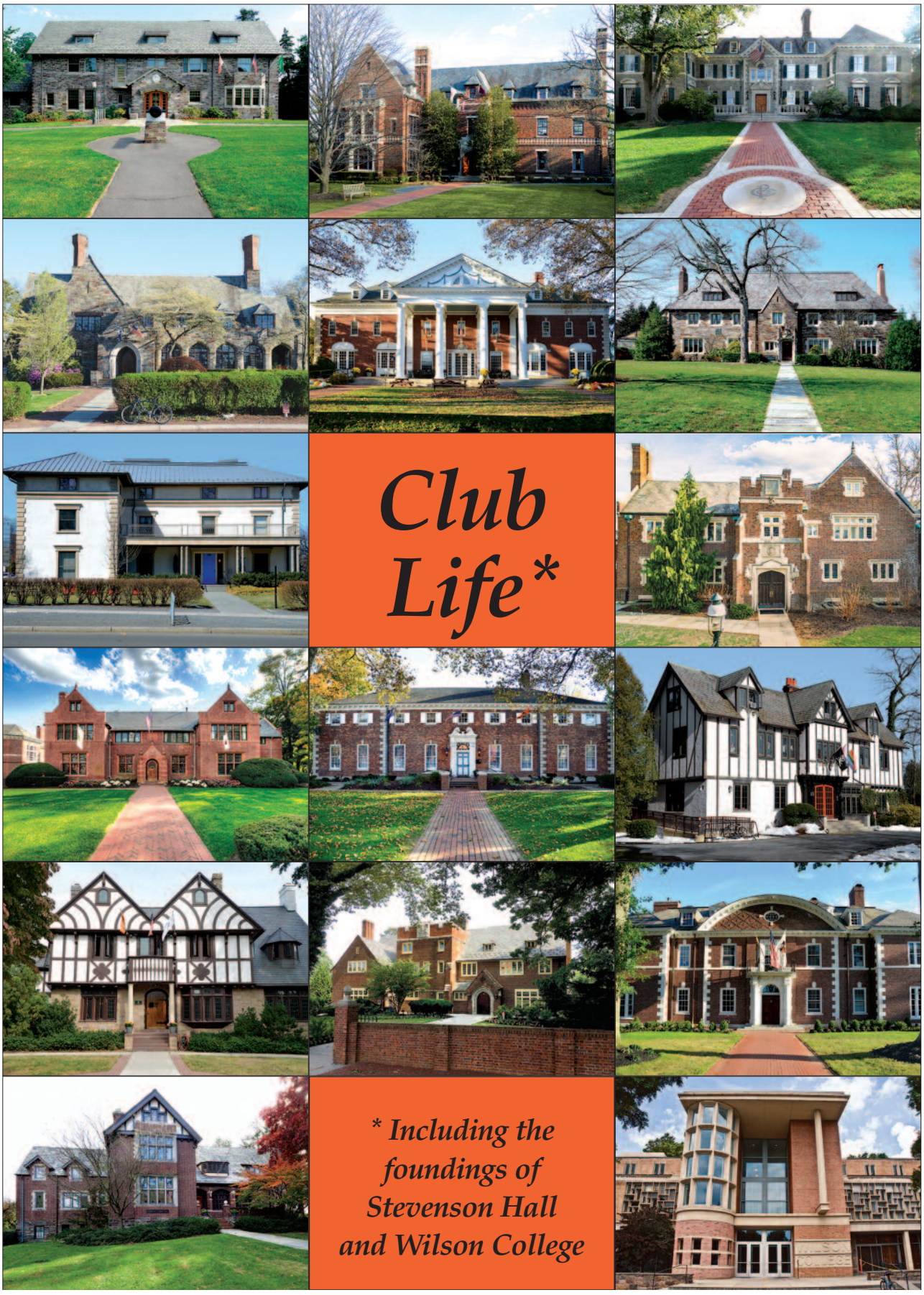
By Geoff Smith

Growing up in San Diego, I only applied to Princeton to please my grandfather, a New Jersey school superintendent the next county over. So I landed at JFK, retrieved two big suitcases, clambered into a taxi and asked the driver to take me to Port Authority. It was a killer hot day and it was still rush hour.

Rivers of people coursed through the cavernous bus terminal, as I tried to swim upstream against the current with those monstrous suitcases in tow. I finally made it to the right bus, where I found I had to stand for the entire trip. After a long hour, the bus rolled to a stop at the corner of Nassau Street and Witherspoon. It was dark. The bus blocked my view of Nassau Hall. I picked up the suitcases and began walking in the opposite direction down Witherspoon. Behind me a friendly female voice called out, "I think you want to go this way." I turned and espied an attractive young woman with short, blonde hair and a bemused expression on her face. As the bus moved on, Nassau Hall was revealed. She asked what dorm I was looking for and when I said Witherspoon, nodded and guided me straight to the entry door.

After finding a key at the Proctors' office and dropping off those Brontosaurus-sized suitcases, we walked back to Nassau Street and got something to eat where Faith mentioned she had no place to stay that night. Since my roommate had obviously not yet arrived, I gentlemanly offered her his bunk bed, but she instead chose to join me in mine. After a long, amorous night, in the morning she gave me a tour of the campus, a hug, a kiss and her phone number in New York City.

I leaned against the low wall in front of Witherspoon watching a few parents moving their sons into the dorm. Princeton had morphed from an unknown black hole to a teen's fantasy come true. Little did I realize then how rare such an occurrence would be during the monastic existence that ensued. But it sure was a heckuva first night.


Club Life*
* Including the foundings of Stevenson Hall and Wilson College

The Street

Where We Ate
Made Memories — and a Difference

Editors' note: In This Side of Paradise, *F. Scott Fitzgerald (1917) anthropomorphized Princeton's eating clubs ("Ivy, detached and breathlessly aristocratic; Cottage, an impressive mélange of brilliant adventurers and well-dressed philanderers; Tiger Inn, broad-shouldered and athletic.") President Woodrow Wilson (1879) tried without success to dismantle them and require students to live and dine in four-year residential colleges instead. Faculty periodically inveighed against Bicker, the clubs' method of inclusion and exclusion. But today the clubs still line Prospect Avenue, beckoning new generations. After a 12-year legal fight, all are coeducational and a majority still reject some would-be members. Selective or open to all, they remain where most juniors and seniors take their meals, socialize, and often forge their deepest bonds of friendship. We offer this look at the clubs by* ***Stu Rickerson****, a Tiger Inn stalwart, and at the two principal alternatives in our day – Stevenson Hall, saluted by* ***Dick Balfour,*** *and Wilson College, recalled fondly by* ***Terry Pflaumer*** *and by former Master* ***John Fleming *63 h'71****.*

The eating club photographs opposite are from the cover of *The Princeton Eating Clubs* by Clifford W. Zink (Princeton Prospect Foundation, 2017) and are reproduced courtesy of the author. The photograph of Campus Club is by Berge Parigian. The photograph of Wilson College is by Richard Trenner '70. The photographs of Ivy Club and Tower Club were provided by those eating clubs. All other eating club photographs are by Clifford W. Zink.

On the Street
the Clubs Adapt and Endure

By Stuart Rickerson

Had it not been for Princeton's famed eating clubs, I would never have gone to Old Nassau. As a New Jersey high school senior, I stayed with members of the Tiger Inn on a November overnight football recruiting visit. They invited me back to parties that spring, and got me and my date tickets when Simon & Garfunkel played in Dillon Gym on Houseparties weekend in 1967. One guy even tipped me off that I'd been accepted a week before the Admissions Office sent out acceptance letters.

Once numbering 25, there were 14 eating clubs in our day, and just 11 remain. Most occupy baronial mansions on "the Street," set off by lawns, walls or hedges. Inside, mahogany paneling, well-worn chairs, tarnished plaques and faded photos provide a glimpse of earlier eras and legendary members. Originally intended for 30 members per "Section," some clubs now boast three or four times that per class. Although social and dining alternatives have multiplied – including the residential colleges that eliminated the "Commons" dining experience for freshmen and sophomores we knew – the eating clubs remain a vibrant part of Princeton's social life.

The first clubhouses were built in the 1880s, with "TI" the oldest still in use. Five eating clubs are nonselective, choosing members by lottery or sign-in (Cloister, Colonial, Quad, Terrace, and Charter, though Charter plans to resume selectivity when students return to campus). A half dozen – Tiger Inn, Ivy, Cottage, Cap & Gown, Tower and Cannon – conduct interviews and extend "bids" to the chosen through the process called Bicker, a joy for some, an ordeal for others. All the clubs co-exist with a fledgling Greek system, banned from 1855 until 1980s, something we never experienced.

In our day, we got to know many classmates superficially queuing up for "family-style" meals at rectangular tables the first two years in Commons; at a club, we got to know a smaller group intensely. A year after the University's Committee on Undergraduate Life called the clubs "intellectually and socially stifling," leaders of the Class of 1969 struck a blow against the club system by sitting out Bicker, and more did so the next year.

As we approached "Bicker Week" in February 1969, Class President Elliott Moorman and 45 percent of our Class passed up Bicker, "the most ever" according to the *Prince* – a resolute opponent of Bicker over the years. The result was many small sections and financial distress at some clubs.

One outgrowth of low participation was Dial Lodge's closure; the former clubhouse is now the Bendheim Center for Finance, an interdisciplinary academic hub. Elm shut down and later became the home of the Carl Fields Center for Equality and Cultural Understanding, successor to the Third World Center. Cloister was shuttered in the 1970s before its revival; others closed permanently (Key & Seal and Court Club became Stevenson Hall; Arch and Arbor Inn closed earlier).

With club membership (and revenues) low in the 1970s, meals were hit and miss, sometimes supplemented with a trip to the King's Inn or Conte's or the midnight call across campus of "Hoagie Man." Since the club fee is mostly for food, many '71 athletes with training tables at the nearby Osborn Field House (since demolished) resigned. Training tables are another relic of an earlier time.

Princeton created new dining options, the residential colleges (six now with two more on the way, south of Poe/Pardee fields, each with room for 500 students). Clubs merged

Tower Club members, 1971 (1971 Bric-a-Brac)

(Dial/Elm/Cannon became "DEC," then failed again). Cannon's clubhouse closed in 1998 and the University, apparently without irony, converted it for its Office of Reproductive Research. In 2011, alums resuscitated and reopened "The Gun," now just called Cannon. The storied clubhouse – where Bo Diddley and Fats Domino once rocked and Vassar's Jane Fonda was rumored to have swung in the buff on the Great Room chandelier (sadly well before our time, though we could see her in *Barbarella* at The Garden movie theater freshman year) – roared back to life and is one of the most popular clubs on the Street.

Our bare majority in joining a club was the nadir in club popularity. Soon their fortunes were on the upswing. Fifty years on, clubs attract more than 75 percent of Tiger juniors and seniors to dine, study, watch television, play pool or cards and party. With 1,300 undergraduates per class instead of 800, the University seems resigned to the clubs' existence, absent building more dining halls and affording better social opportunities.

FOR MANY IN OUR CLASS, the clubs were an indelible, treasured part of their undergraduate years. John Arigoni's experience is typical: "My most memorable Princeton experiences and most enduring friendships were spawned at Charter, where I lived senior year as an officer. The club will be my first stop following our 50th P-rade." Scott Rogers recalls: "Our Cottage section was unusually small. We had a mix of scholars and athletes, and many pretended to be both. We still attracted big, fun crowds and got to hear Scott Berg play the piano, sing songs, tell stories – what a treat." Len Coleman says his club experience "was a highlight of my Princeton years. The friends I made at Ivy Club have lasted a lifetime. My affection for the club inspired me to serve on its graduate board for two decades. We have a Section dinner Thursday night of each major Reunion." Geoff Smith says that as a resident "California surfer

dude" at Tiger Inn, "my clothes were different, my hair and mustache were longer. Yet, everything was accepted. It was an incredibly fun group with whom to share experiences, explore friendships and just hang out."

Podie Lynch made lifelong friends at Cap & Gown soon after arriving at Princeton, and always felt welcome: "When Cap became the first selective club to admit women in the first year of co-education in February 1970, Robbie Wyper, Tina McAdoo and I were invited to join. The original invitation is framed and hangs in the stairwell going down to Cap's basement. To this day, I count those I knew at Cap as good friends."

Lex Kelso gave his take on his club experience: "We were the first Terrace class that didn't go through Bicker, and we felt like we were making a statement. I remember thinking that Stevenson Hall was for aspiring Democratic politicians, while we at Terrace were the intellectual radicals. After lunch a group of us usually played bridge; after dinner, we watched the CBS News and the NBC News (with Alan Brinkley's father anchoring) sequentially every night. The TV room is also where we watched the draft lottery on Dec. 1, 1969, and saw the despair or relief of those whose numbers were low and high."

IN THE 50TH REUNION Class Poll, dozens waxed nostalgic: *Dancing to Oldies in Tower Club's basement ... Playing pool at Terrace Club … All the parties at TI and the kindness of all my classmates and clubmates … The Charter Club years clearly the highlight … The camaraderie at Cloister … Quadrangle (and) friends, friends, friends … Hanging out at Colonial Club with all the other 'artsy-fartsy' types … Being carried up and down the stairs at Tower Club when I signed in late (because of a track meet). It was the one moment I felt I had a shot at being something more than a dweeb.*

What's mostly the same, and what's very different, at the eating clubs these days?

As in our day, club members are still taken for who they are, whether it's Bezos '86 (Quad) playing beer pong, or Shields '87 and Superman Cain '88 (Cap) standing in the rain around a keg on the lawn.

From the Street, most clubs look much as they did in our day, even as most have expanded to accommodate more members. Back then, the clubs would open their taps just 14 times a year. Tell that to a current undergrad, and they'll stare in shocked disbelief. If they recover their poise, they may reply, "That's how many times we were on tap in the last two weeks!" But then in our day, most clubs had spacious suites in the dorms where socializing took place during the week: Rockefeller Suite, Hamilton Heights, Lockhart's Lair, Blair Tower. Those suites no longer exist, having been broken into smaller rooms to squeeze in more students.

We also had the Student Beer Agency freshman and sophomore year, when most of us were still underage. Call the number on the poster, place your order and in a while an upperclassman delivered to your room, for a small cash "upcharge." No "carding" whatever your age. Maybe an inspiration for services like DoorDash or Grubhub? The student pub in the rotunda at Chancellor Green, opened right after our graduation when the drinking age briefly dropped to 18, is long gone, so students can't repair to a cozy snug inside the "Orange Bubble" – or charge pub pitchers to U-Store cards for parents to see only as an entry for $1.50 to "Chancellor Green Library." Apart from the clubs, it was one of the few affordable spots within walking distance to imbibe. With no pubs in the residential colleges, today's students need fake IDs until they're 21 and have only the commercial pubs in town, a costly option.

As a sophomore, my roommates and I put on sports coats and ties to await visits by packs of club members who crammed into our dorm rooms to conduct the interviews. Now, the roles are reversed: Candidates journey to the Street and decide which selective clubs to focus their time on, or join an open club. These days sophomores use a website run by the Interclub Council to rank at least four clubs in order of preference, and 93 percent of sophomores join their first or second choice club. Sophomores who only want to join with friends are able to sign into an open club as a group, or take a chance and let the selective club know that they'll sign-in only as an "iron-clad" group, which was also done occasionally in our day.

Today, the clubs boast abundant, diverse menus. A member of one club can eat at another almost anytime, and the cost is remitted back to their own club. To some tastes, Cannon sets the epicurean standard. In the early '70s, bands stopped playing at 2 a.m., when busses back to area women's colleges would line up on Prospect and depart, not infrequently missing a few passengers. Today, parties generally don't start until 11 p.m. and continue until "quite late." I'm told students travel to the Street in packs of six or 10, and it seems less like a "date" and more like a gathering of friends. "Road trips" to or from far-away colleges are almost unknown. Blue jeans predominated on men and women in our day, even at parties. By contrast, several times a year, today's clubs hold formal dances (yes, with tuxedos and gowns). "Lawn-parties" close Prospect Avenue twice a year with live music for all, replacing the "Prince-Tiger Weekend" and various "proms" in Dillon of our day.

Future spouses Tom and Ellen Leuner at a Cloister Casino Night

As for the charge of elitism, this public-school son of a no-collar, no-college worker on hefty financial aid never felt it. TI's small Section, from many backgrounds, regions and ethnicities, grew close and stayed in touch over the decades, most recently at a '71 mini-Reunion right before the pandemic. All of us contributed to the renovation of what is now "The Class of 1971 Library" and made sure the Deed of Gift stipulated that 1971 has first call on the space, especially after home football games. Many members of "The Wild Life Class," regardless of where they once took their meals, now make that trip each year to the 1971 Library.

The biggest challenge for clubs today is not a paucity of members, but how to squeeze in everyone who wants to join. My TI Section consisted of just 27 members; total membership was under 100. Today the average Section size is 85 and several top 100 per class before the first guest is welcomed. Many clubs have upgraded and expanded their physical plants, but not enough for this doubling or trebling of demand. Most have little room to expand their footprint. What's really needed is for a few generous alums to buy land and build a few new eating clubs on or near the Street before our 75th reunion, though this probably is a pipe dream. If it *were* to happen, maybe we can have Old Guard luncheons at one of them!

Occasionally at odds with eating clubs over the years, the University seems to have entered a period of peaceful co-existence, recognizing they are a large part of the lives of its students. At the beginning of the pandemic, it made six-figure cash grants to each club to tide them over when students could not return.

Will the clubs rebound from this period of forced inactivity and still exhibit their distinctive "club culture" Fitzgerald described so vividly in *This Side of Paradise*? At this writing, it's anyone's guess. Time will tell, but I'm rooting for their renaissance.

All Were Welcome
At Stevenson

By Richard Balfour

A *Daily Princetonian* editorial in Thanksgiving week of sophomore year exhorted our Class to reject "the conformist and constricting values" underlying selective clubs, boycott Bicker and embrace the alternatives instead.

The Classes of 1969 and 1970 had both already made the break. In February 1968, we witnessed 40 percent of the Class of 1970 forgo Bicker. Our Class went farther. More than half snubbed selective clubs.

The failure of Court Club had created a vacancy on Prospect Avenue that afforded room for Stevenson Hall near the end of the row of student mansions. The University also purchased vacant Key and Seal, allowing Stevenson to open with more than 100 juniors. (Nassau Hall reportedly discouraged student leaders from naming it for the late presidential candidate and UN Ambassador Adlai Stevenson 1922 because it was considering other ways to honor Stevenson; the students stuck to their guns.)

So from the first, Stevenson's distinctive, egalitarian course had been charted. As religion professor Malcolm Diamond, Stevenson's first Master, had said, "If you want to set up an alternative to a country club, you don't burn down the country club building. Rather, you build another kind of club somewhere else."

Eighty of us chose Stevenson. What were we looking for and what did we find there?

Why Stevenson

John Lawrie clearly speaks for most Stevensonians when he recently remembered, "At the time and to this day, I have found the ideas implicit in the Bicker process unpalatable. I was and am offended by the elitist vibe. ... But I did want to have a social base and Stevenson was a warm, safe, social harbor."

Phebe Miller and Tina Sung, who came to Princeton as Critical Languages students in Fall 1969 and then joined our class, had practical reasons for choosing Stevenson: It took women, and they also had meal-time student jobs there. Stevenson "was very much open to us," recalled Sung.

I personally think, though, that my roommate Mike Davis had the best reason for going to Stevenson. He recently told me that he did it "based entirely" on my advice.

Davis probably had the most extensive Stevenson experience of any of us since he stayed a member for an additional two years as he worked on his Ph.D. in mathematics at Princeton, avoiding the tedious walk to the Graduate College. "In retrospect, I don't believe I would have fit in with the eating club scene," he said.

Nor would I – and I didn't want to. I thought that selective clubs with such social dominance were inconsistent with the ideals of the University and thus that it was imperative for me to make a choice like the egalitarian, inclusive Stevenson.

Diversity

Lawrie and Davis, looking back, both cite the "incredible diversity" of Stevenson members, as does Jeff Liebmann. That was a Stevenson goal, and achieving it was one of its successes. In addition to women, Stevenson from the beginning welcomed married

Stevenson Hall members, 1971 (1971 Bric-a-Brac)

undergraduates, graduate students and faculty members. The 15 or so faculty fellows at Stevenson each year in our time and their spouses regularly pulled up chairs at the round tables in the dining room, engaging in conversations otherwise largely unavailable to students.

Miller is still enthusiastic about the "extraordinary range of people with a great variety of interests and backgrounds" with whom she could easily mingle. Sung remembers getting to know "the *Prince* people and the math people" who joined in numbers from our class, along with engineers from the nearby E-Quad. For Liebmann, one of those math people, "Stevenson was relaxed, never pretentious … I felt free there, delightfully free."

A St. Bernard and *Star Trek*

At most meals, there was an attraction of an entirely different sort. Our junior year, John Arbogast '70 brought to the club Jude, a St. Bernard, who grew up from a puppy as doting Stevensonians eagerly sought to help raise him.

And after dinner, the focus of many members' attention was on lighter fare – the revival of *Star Trek*, then in the process of becoming a cult classic. The television room was packed for every broadcast, with "Trekkies" reciting the most famous lines.

Intellectual Integration

In addition to a Master, Stevenson had a residential faculty fellow, assistant professor of history (and future president of Oberlin College) S. Frederick Starr *68, who with his wife moved into an apartment in the fall of 1968. Their presence reflected the core goal of integrating academic and social life at Stevenson. As Professor Starr said at the time, "Students and faculty never get together outside classes. There is so much that they can learn from one another." Here again, much was attempted and achieved.

Stevenson was built with two libraries (one with 50 current periodicals), student carrels and rooms for precepts and seminars. Professor Diamond held precepts at Stevenson and in 1969-70, 14 courses held section meetings there.

In spring semester of junior year, Stevenson hosted seven credit and two non-credit seminars on topics including "Sexual Themes in American Novels of the 1960s," taught by a literary couple, English and Elaine Showalter – husband and wife, then a Princeton and Rutgers team although Elaine, the feminist literary critic, is now a professor emerita in Princeton's English department – and "The Vietnam War and Its Origins." Some of these innovative seminars were student-initiated; the length varied, with 12 weeks of one or more seminars necessary to fulfill a single course requirement.

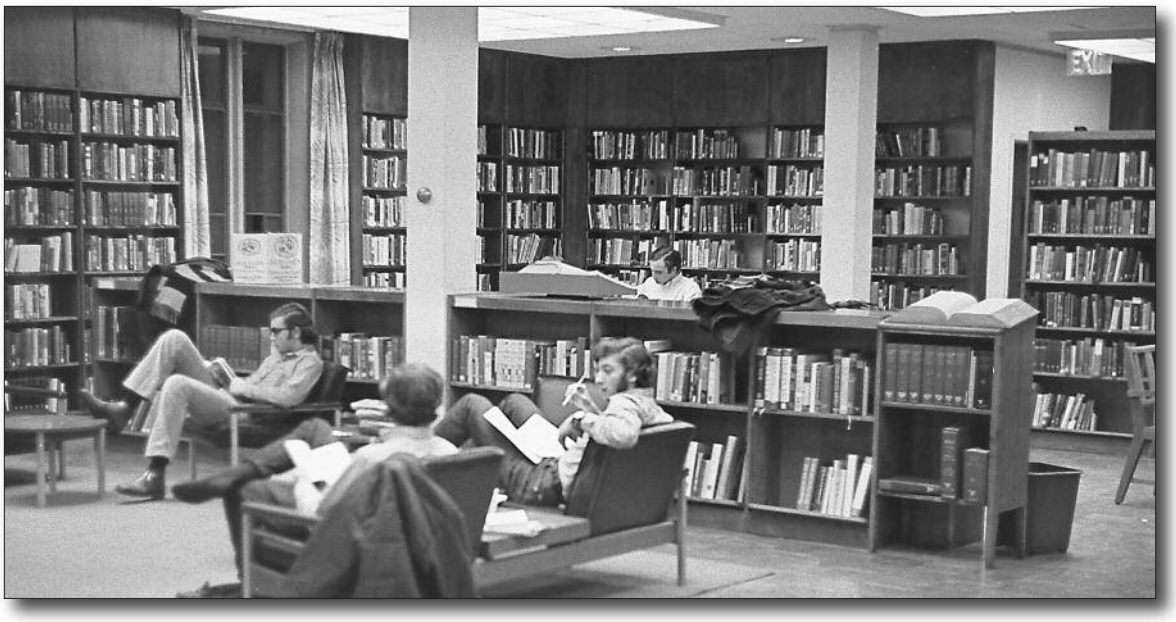
In addition, there were informal talks almost every week by prominent academics and distinguished guests from other walks of life, preceded by cocktails and dinner.

The Aftermath

Stevenson did not last, although arguably it had a lasting impact as an agent of change. My own speculation is that the successful development of the residential colleges is the likely explanation for its demise, but that story is of a time other than ours. And for those of us who have not forgotten it, Miller is trying to arrange for a Stevenson gathering at our 50th Class Reunion.

(With contributions from numerous Prince reporters 1968-1971, including the author.)

Stevenson Hall (Clifford W. Zink)



The Wilson College library

Marching to a *Different Drum at Wilson*

By Terry Pflaumer

Wilson College – now First College, with pride of place among Princeton's burgeoning cluster of residential colleges – didn't start with us. But it was perfectly suited for our generation, a magnet for campus radicals, artists, intellectuals, free spirits, and the women who joined our class midway. Its roots lay in Woodrow Wilson Lodge created in the late 1950s to allow men opposed to Bicker – including Jewish students passed over in the infamous "dirty Bicker" of 1958 – a social gathering place in Madison Hall of Commons. That changed into the Wilson Society in the 1960s and then became a full-blown, free-spirited College on our watch. Terry Pflaumer tells the story.

I joined Wilson College both because I opposed Bicker – an arcane institution that did not align with how many of us saw the world in 1969 – and because a residential college sounded more like the kind of living situation I wanted. Other attractions were the brighter, more modern dorms at "our" end of the campus and, for the engineers among us, the convenience of living and dining at a place convenient to the E-Quad. I remember walking around the Old New Quad and Wilcox, and thinking how much better the living would be than in our digs in Holder. Hank Barkhorn, Jim Lieber, Ricky Ostrow, Robert Sandfield and I managed to finagle room draw to get a four-bedroom suite in 1939 Hall with its own bathroom and shower and an enormous living room that was so big that, at Ricky's invitation, SDS later used it for planning meetings.

The process of turning the somewhat amorphous institution of the Wilson Society into a proper residential college was going on throughout our sophomore year, mostly energized by psychology professor Julian Jaynes, then Wilson's leader and guiding light. Wilson turned out

Wilson College (Richard Trenner '70)

to be a vibrant place. There was always a lot going on, with films, plays, crazy contests, auto mechanics classes, wine and cheese events, as well as the usual parties. English professor John Fleming *63 h71 (the self-described world's leading expert on "asyntactic paradaxis") had succeeded Jaynes as Master in Fall 1969, and quickly became the moral and cultural leader of the College community along with his delightful British spouse Joan, later an Episcopal priest. Several classmates recall the Wilson College Obscene Limerick contest, for which Professor Fleming provided a possible first two lines: "A physics professor named Sneath / Had erogenous zones in his teeth . . ." I understand from Doug Miller that the winning entry (perhaps from Mike Kozma) was: "Last night we had dinner at 'Cox / It was served by a waitress with pox . . ." John, attired in an Uncle Sam costume, also played the role of God as he directed and performed in Wilson's production of medieval plays, all somehow connected to Earth Day in 1970.

Another advantage of life in Wilson and the Old New Quad was the absence of the "Great Green Chain" which the killjoy groundskeepers deployed every spring on most other open spaces on campus. Frisbee players could practice unimpeded, requiring the rest of us to mind the flying objects. The Wilcox volleyball court was another center of athletic life, with games every evening as long as weather permitted. Rich Hollingsworth described "the fabulous cross-section of people" who took part, as well as an afternoon when Joe Lettiere, demonstrating amazing "skill, strength, coordination and guts," managed to use the tall, narrow windows to scale the Wilcox wall and retrieve an errant ball.

Then there was 211 Gauss Suite. Doubtless the architects did not have a basketball hoop in mind when they designed its two-story living room and high glass windows. Many remember walking by on a winter's evening and seeing a spirited game under way. Rich and Bob Good even recall Geoff Petrie and John Hummer, Princeton's varsity stars and future NBA players, stopping by and playing a bit. Thanks to a rim somewhat below the regulation 10 feet, even those far less athletic than Petrie and Hummer could dunk.

As for cultural life, Alan Gilbert remembers readings by Beat poets Allen Ginsberg and Gary Snyder in Wilcox Hall in December of junior year. Ginsberg (Columbia '48) wrote a poem

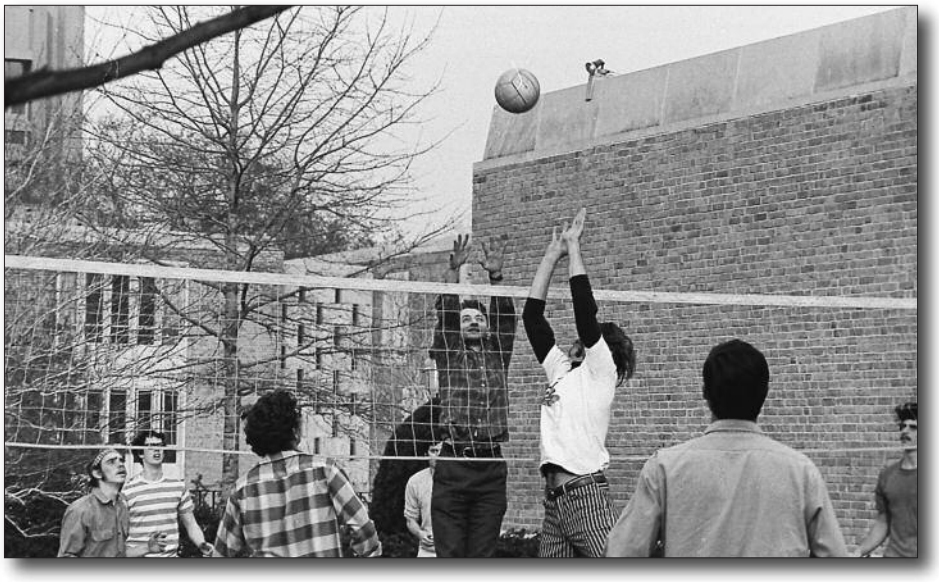
describing his visit, including the sight of dungareed-and-beaded students sitting "lotus-postured" on the floor. "Fitzgerald himself'd weep to see / those celestial student faces, long-haired angelic Beings . . . (in) Woody Woo's mad lounge," he wrote.

One striking aspect of life in Wilson was the considerably larger percentage of women there, as compared with the rest of the campus. Phil Bratnober described the meeting with then-Dean Neil Rudenstine where the dean was pressed to ensure the fullest possible complement of women in the College. Many women at Princeton in the Critical Language Program already had opted for Wilson, and the University's decision to put a large number of the incoming freshmen and transfer women there gave the place a much more "normal" feel than anywhere else on campus. To quote Kathy Molony: "The College was a welcoming place for those pioneer women, and, not surprisingly, a relatively large number joined in 1969 and 1970. Wilson College was a politically active place, and the early women, by choosing to go to Princeton and to live and learn in an environment that was overwhelmingly male, were naturally political themselves. We were particularly fortunate back then, during a time of political and social unrest, to have John Fleming there to provide support and stability."

Political awareness, and sometimes political action, were definitely part of the atmosphere at Wilson. We were occupied not with chasing the opposite sex or following sports but more with engaging in long, serious discussions about the war, social injustice and Richard Nixon. I know we were far from alone on campus in being moved by the political upheavals of 1969-71, but it certainly seemed to us that Wilson and Wilcox Hall were the locus of much of what was happening. Crowding into the TV room to watch Walter Cronkite try to make sense of the upheavals happening around us was a nightly ritual. A lot of us got tear-gassed at Fort Dix, marched on Washington, supported The Strike, and got involved in political campaigns that year.

Through all the craziness, John and Joan Fleming were a presence of calm and sanity, helping us not to be totally over the top on what was going on around us, not too full of ourselves, and reminding us to have a bit of fun every once in a while. We were, of course, pretty young back then.

With thanks to Phil Bratnober, Greg Troll, Bill Foucher, Alan Gilbert, Doug Miller, Kathy Molony, Rich Hollingsworth, and Bob Good. – TP



Taking a break for volleyball

A Love Letter *from the Master*

By John Fleming *63 h71

The Iron Law of Golden Ages is that the true golden age of any institution ended 10 years before you got there. But if my own career is anything to judge by, the Class of 1971 happily fell outside that sad rule. You were right in the middle of Princeton's Great Decade, roughly 1965 to 1975. Giants trod the earth in those days; things were really hopping and happening. Wilson College was among them. Although Wilsonians constituted but a small proportion of the Class, they punched far above their weight. More importantly, perhaps, it was life in the Wilson of your time that eventually convinced the Trustees to adopt the universal college system for all underclassmen. We hear a lot about role models: you *were* one.

In 2010, on the 50th Anniversary of the founding of Wilson's forerunner, Eduardo Cadava, then the master, organized a celebratory conference at which pioneers reappeared from various parts of the national woodwork. I was among the speakers. It was a very Wilsonian event in that there was no absolute agreement among the founders present as to who they were or when, exactly, they founded what. The contenders were numerous and persuasive. What was the relationship between the antecedent W. W. *Society* and the *College*? Who was the first master? The answer has to be James Ward Smith, war hero and Professor of Philosophy, who actually already had a small on-campus residence when I joined the faculty in 1965. But his successor Julian Jaynes, research psychologist and author of the once famous *Origin of Consciousness in the Breakdown of the Bicameral Mind*, always claimed to be the first master of the College (as opposed to the Society) since he also claimed to have founded the College. Who am I to arbitrate among such great ones? However many others there may have been, I was content to be No. 3; it took no more than 15 minutes in residence to grasp that a plurality of firmly held and usually conflicting opinions on most matters was the specialty of the place. Wilson College was a kind of anti-club organized by and for people who disdained clubs. These folks were not big on the hierarchical principle. Being its alleged master would therefore be something like holding the position of the honorary second vice-presidency of the Association of Anarchists. And what a trip it was!

There is no reason for most of you to know that, after a substantial hiatus following your graduation, I returned to Wilson for a second mastership in the 1980s. According to the *Prince*, this experience made me "the Grover Cleveland of the Princeton college system," by then adopted as the universal regime of the underclass years.

It was gratifying to know that, after a few false starts and disappointments, the concept of collegiate life that we had pioneered in the late 1960s and early 1970s had convinced the Trustees of its educational worth. A pioneering spirit is rare in any institution or enterprise, and you were bursting with it from 1967 to 1971.

It's hard to imagine what a college reunion is good for if not reminiscence. Should it be staggering to you to realize that we are speaking of the life of half a century ago, imagine if you will how the same events play out in my own consciousness. This was the period of the true beginning of your youth, but for me it was youth's end. Every stage of life has been full of surprises, but genuine old age — next up for you — is the very Age of Surprises. The good news is that some of the surprises are pleasant.

It turns out that being the Grover Cleveland of the Princeton college system was safer than being its Woodrow Wilson. A local expression of our continuing national racial trauma was the erasure of Wilson's name from the School of International Affairs and from our resi-

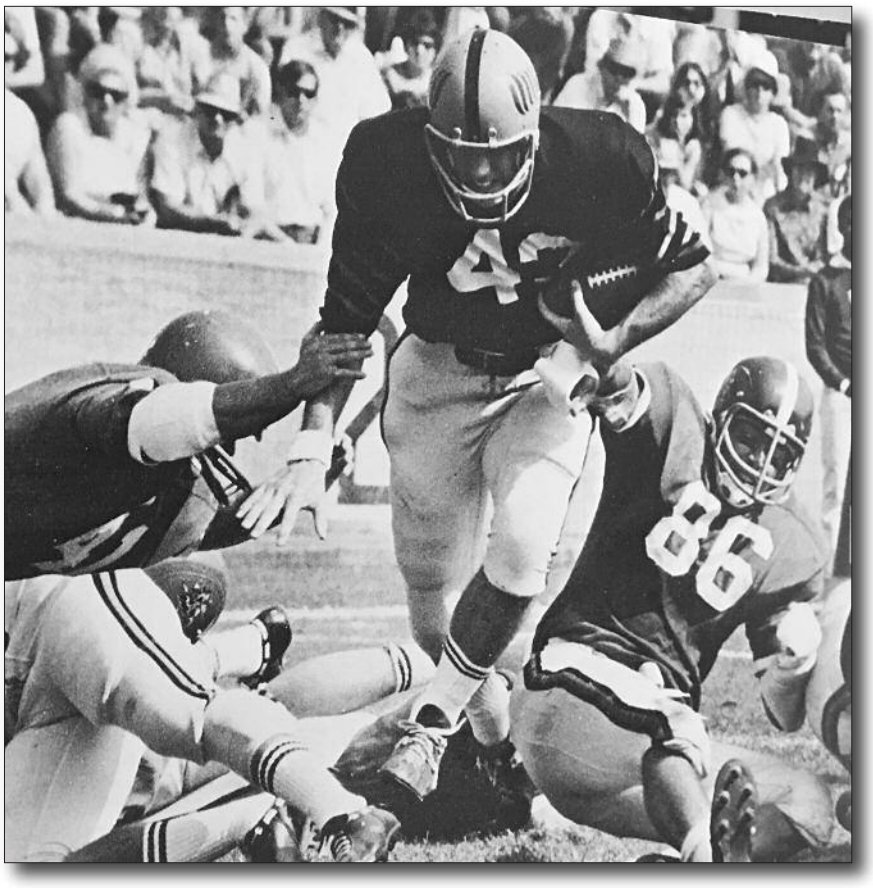
dential college. This process of unpersoning the 13th President of Princeton was a protracted business. At first I opposed it — not that I was in any way consulted — but national emergencies and inflamed passions provide little context for subtle academic debate. I believe that the Trustees, who have the legal right and responsibility to act on such important matters, made a proper and necessary decision, and one clearly consistent with the college's aspirations of racial justice. Your old Princeton residence is now, as you know, First College. Comparatively few undergraduates will be subjected to the banality of that name, since it is not long for this world. Like Carthage it will soon be torn down stone from stone, but not, I hope, plowed to salt. It will be removed to a new site and renamed.

The student founders of the Society — still today sometimes described with woeful inadequacy as simply being "anti-Bicker" — rightly saw in it a baby step toward a fairer, less snobby, more egalitarian student body and a more intellectually vibrant educational vision in which learning and social life would not forever be compartments excluded the one from the other. That vision, considerably evolved, was articulate in the membership and the programs of the College of your day. You unquestionably provided impetus and leadership for worthy efforts in the increasing democratization of the campus, in the valuation of serious intellectual and cultural life, and, perhaps especially, in efforts to further race relations and gender equity. For that I was proud of you then, and am still proud of you today.

WILSON WAS EGALITARIAN to its soul. The cutting edge technology deployed by the Wilson College office included an IBM Selectric typewriter — a typewriter being, as some will recall, a primitive hand-printing device. The great leap forward made by the IBM Selectric was that, instead of employing individual keys for each letter, numeral, or symbol, it had a single, spinning metal globe from the face of which all the available types rose in perfect profile. The steel typeface hit the platen with amazing exactitude and made a noise that was more machine gun than old clackety-clack. One April night, in the senior thesis panic period, there was a late-night event in the College. Before leaving for home about midnight I went back to the office to pick something up. I there discovered to my horror that the IBM Selectric was gone. I could not have been more shocked had I discovered the corpse of Colonel Mustard with a bloody candlestick lying by his side. A call to the Proctors' Office elicited a suggestion to report the problem again "in the morning." I was in no mood to wait and set off on my own 1:30 a.m. patrol of the main quadrangle. Everybody in the college was still up, as a cacophony of bad music from a couple dozen scattered stereos and fragmentary noises from 1939 Hall suggestive of drinking and love-making, par for the course in Wilson, suggested. Then I heard *it* — a staccato machine-gun burst. Soon was at the door of Mr. J—- L—- , who was turning out the final version of his senior thesis in the Selectric's elegant format and at the impressive rate of four pages an hour. A subsequent thorough investigation revealed that the office's prize machine rarely spent a night at home, at least during thesis season. It had an impressive record, garnering honors in three departments and high honors in two others. Since everybody and her sister had a key to the office, the only hard part was getting the thing back to its desk after an all-nighter. That was Wilson College, 1971: the execution of Princeton's best educational traditions in sometimes unconventional fashion.

As I write this I have no more idea than anyone else whether there will be an actual reunion or only some pallid cybernetic simulacrum of one. Being an honorary member of your great class has been, well, quite an honor; and I do hope that circumstances will allow us to greet each other one more time in our all too corporeal reality. Regardless, I send you my warm greetings, my congratulations upon the achievement of so august a milestone, and my thanks for all you have done to enrich the life of our shared institution, and my life in particular.

Princeton against Dartmouth, November 3, 2018



Brian McCullough scoring against Rutgers, 1970

Tales of *the Sporting Life*

Few colleges field more NCAA Division I athletic teams or have achieved greater success than Princeton. Almost one in five undergraduates is a student-athlete on one or more of the 37 men's and women's varsity teams. After 50 years, what stands out most are not won-lost records but the hijinks, camaraderie and coaches. Players share some favorite memories.

Football

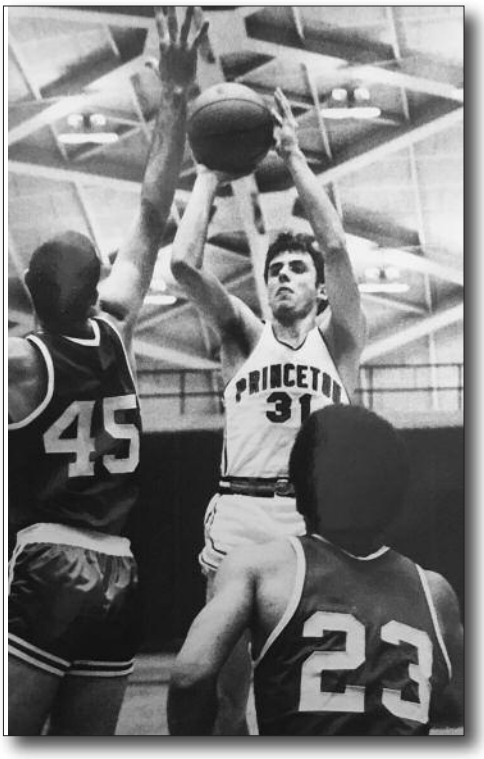
Brian McCullough: "Many of us started the journey as freshmen; far fewer finished as seniors. All were highly touted and many widely recruited at national and regional levels. The relationships built and the hard lessons learned were, I suspect, among the most enduring parts of our Princeton experience. I think the deeper story for many of us who played during those years is how the football program was a metaphor for all of the changes going on in our society during those tumultuous times – changes that continue to shape our lives today. The Princeton we knew as freshmen was certainly not the Princeton we left as graduating seniors. The same was true in many ways of the football program. Our Class was on the cusp of all of those monumental changes that affected every aspect of our Princeton experience."

Dennis Burns: "My first start was sophomore year in the Yale Bowl, where I got to experience the Brian Dowling/Calvin Hill machine at its best. Jake McCandless meant a lot to me at Princeton and afterward. He was a terrific motivator and had the fortitude to abandon the single-wing formation after taking over from Dick Colman our junior year. We were still struggling to learn the new offense by our first game, which unfortunately was the 100th anniversary of college football versus Rutgers. We got beat 29-0. To Jake's credit, by season's end we defeated heavily favored Dartmouth and became co-Ivy champions."

Soccer

Tjarda Clagett: "In 1967 soccer was a relatively low-priority sport at Princeton. Although born in Washington, D.C., I was familiar with European football from an early age. (My mother is Dutch.) I was definitely a walk-on. Played defensive back for four years. Practice took away some academic time, but the road trips were the real killers — and also the most fun. We played a lot of tough opponents – Harvard, Brown and Penn were NCAA tournament regulars – and while I don't remember ever getting blown away, I do remember losing a lot of low-scoring games."

Basketball

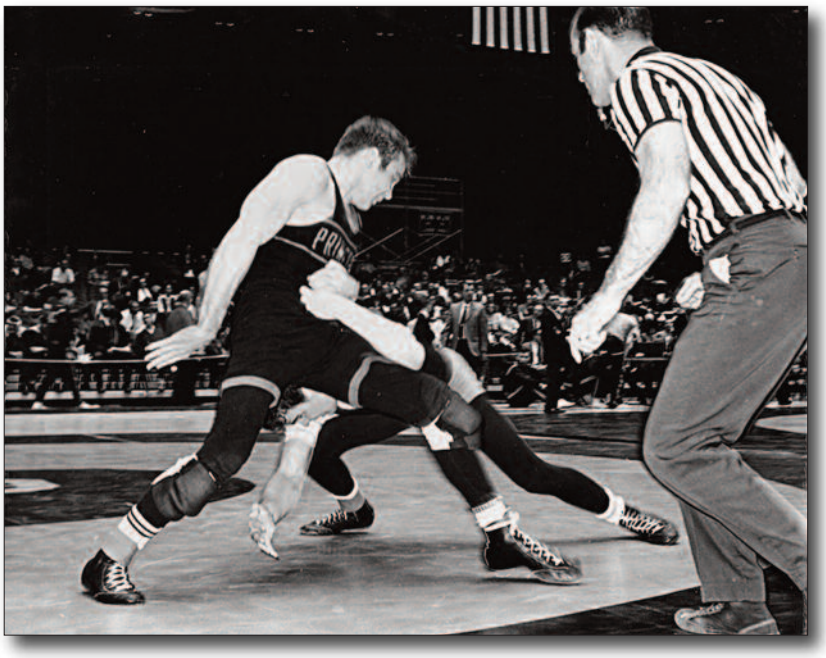


Bill Sickler, captain of the 1970-71 basketball team

Bill Sickler: "In the late '60s Princeton ranked periodically in the top 10 nationally and was two years removed from the Bill Bradley team that reached the Final Four. Ours was the last class that Butch van Breda Kolff '45 recruited before heading off to coach the Los Angeles Lakers. Our recruiting class was not nearly as well-regarded as Penn's freshmen, but we beat them at the Palestra as **Scott Early** scored 28 points and outplayed his highly touted counterpart. Five of us sophomores – **Jim Bright, Eric Neuman, Ed Stanczak**, Scott and me – made the varsity team that became the first to go undefeated in the Ivy League." **Scott Early:** "Being a Division I athlete at Princeton in the late '60s was akin to being a Young Republican at an SDS rally – a rarity. Why did we work 30 to 40 hours a week to compete with UCLA, North Carolina, Villanova, Indiana, Davidson et al., not to mention Penn and Columbia? For me, it was the challenge, love of the game and the unique, irreplaceable bond with teammates. Having grown up in a small, Midwestern, conservative religious community, being an athlete at Princeton in the midst of the '60s social and political upheavals was my first experience as an outsider. I learned great life lessons that shaped the rest of my life."

Hockey

Jack McNab: "In freshman year I found the brand and style of hockey less challenging than that to which I had been exposed in the junior leagues in Canada. In addition, I found the academic requirements, be it term papers or junior and senior theses, a hindrance to my athletic endeavors. By senior year under Bill Quackenbush, a consummate gentleman and NHL Hockey Hall of Famer, I finally came to the realization that my teammates were an extraordinary group of individuals from whom I learned how to act and behave in the face of athletic adversity."



Ted Swsher in wrestling action (Alan Gilbert photo)

Wrestling

Randy Meadows: "Coach John K. Johnston, 'Johnny' to all of us, was the architect of a golden era of Princeton wrestling. He had been a three-time Easterns champ at Penn State, and won the national championship at 130 pounds in 1957. He arrived at Princeton in 1963, won an Ivy title by 1966 and recaptured it our junior and senior years with undefeated 6-0 seasons. His grip strength and flexibility were legendary. In practice, he regularly wrestled live on the mat with team members up to 30 pounds heavier."

Allen Uyeda: "A significant focus for wrestlers – except the heavyweights — was making weight. We knew how much we would lose each hour we slept and how much we could lose running. After the season was over, Johnny would treat the team to a buffet dinner at Princeton Inn. The irony was our stomachs had shrunk so we couldn't eat much of the great food."

Swimming

Dale Neuburger: "The 27 of us who joined Princeton Swimming in 1967 were the largest freshman contingent in a storied history. Head Coach Bob Clotworthy was the gold medalist in 3-meter diving at the 1956 Olympics in Melbourne, and Diving Coach Bob Webster took home gold in platform diving from Rome in 1960 and Tokyo in 1964. We went undefeated as freshmen and beat Yale for the first time in … forever. We toppled them again at Easterns senior year. That's a favorite memory, along with the training table meals in Commons before home meets – steak! Truth be told, I was an average swimmer (backstroke) … but swimming became my life: president of USA Swimming; U.S. Olympic Committee board member; director of several U.S. Olympic swim trials. And it all began in the Dillon Gym pool."

Vaughan Howard: "We practiced 90 minutes in the early a.m. before class and 90 minutes more in the late afternoon. I remember going to New Haven, where we set Princeton records in the first four or five events and still lost the meet, 30-3. We managed to beat Yale senior year, but still got second as Penn won the Ivy title. Swimming at Princeton taught me the value of hard work, goal-setting and time management. Years later I had the opportunity to serve as a team physician for U.S. Swimming at competitions in Brazil, Holland, Germany and France."

Fencing

Roy Torbert: "Fencing at Princeton was a bracing experience for me, especially because of the great Stan Sieja, a World War II aviator who coached for 36 years, won the NCAA title in 1964, and is in the Fencing Hall of Fame. In freshman year, playing squash with some tennis chums, I wandered up to the balcony of Dillon Gym to watch the very loud fencing practice. Stan noticed and came over to probe my interest. I was immediately captivated by his enthusiasm and signed up on the spot. Coaching young men with too many distractions and perhaps too little talent, he pushed them to give the sport more than they thought they had within them."

Lacrosse

Peter Milhaupt: "As a walk-on, I recall being excited and daunted at the prospect of playing for an athletic team with such a storied past as well as being coached by Ferris Thomsen, who had 10 Ivy League championships during his 19-year tenure. Our team was a fun, hard-working, cohesive group that had to scrap just to get an even won/lost record; sadly, we didn't even come close to that senior year (welcome to the world of novice head coach Art Robinson: 'Drop and give me 50' or 'Milhaupt, you really need a haircut')."

Rugby

Stu Rickerson: **"**After joining TI, a senior urged me to come out to 'just one' practice at Poe Field. Princeton Rugby has been part of my life ever since. My first position was 'wing,' where speed substitutes for technique needed elsewhere. Three weeks later, I started in the first Ivy League Tournament in the cold and mud that was (always) Brown's rugby pitch. Playing grueling 'knockout' games over two days (no subs allowed), we swept all three and will always be the '1st Ivy Champs.' Quite an initiation. We won a second Ivy title in a glorious,

The 1971 Ivy League rugby champions (1971 (Bric-a-Brac photo)

15-1 senior spring when I was captain. Rugby friendships last a lifetime, and true of us with **John Moore, Mick McGinnis** (who both left us too soon), **Bob Fox, Mike Twomey** (also awesome wings), **Tom Mueller, John Drummond, Eddy Perraut, Gary Schmitt, Bob Duncan, Tom Leuner, Peter Hauck, Jeff Hammond, Charley Ade, Brian McCullough** and **Dennis Burns** (gridders turned ruggers post-college)."

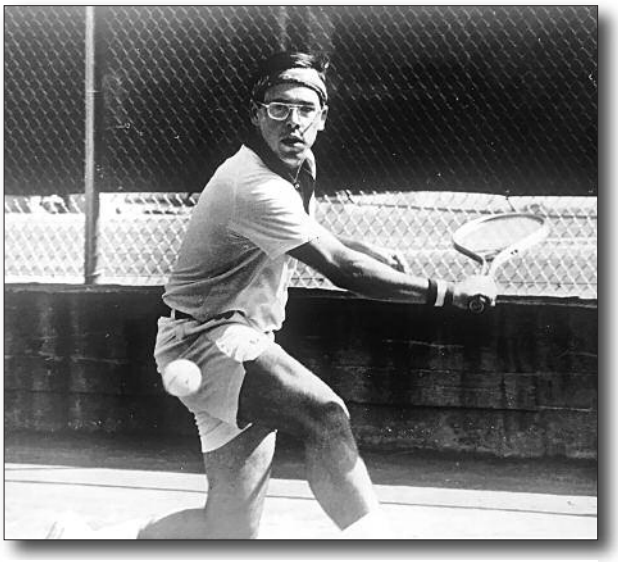
Baseball

Laird Hayes: "The night before a game against Harvard in Cambridge, a lady friend came by the hotel and took me back to her school. I had every intention of returning that night, but ... When we pulled into the hotel parking lot the next morning, I was late for the team breakfast. I figured I could tell E.D. [Eddie Donovan, whose Princeton coaching career spanned 55 years and multiple sports] I'd overslept. Well, that idea was foiled when my date insisted on coming in to grab a cup of coffee. I looked into the dining room, saw no sign of E.D. and thought I was off the hook until I heard him say in his deep New England accent, `Good morning, Lad.' That's how he pronounced Laird. 'Good morning, Coach,' I replied, and started walking toward the breakfast table. 'Lad, aren't you going to introduce me to the young lady?" E.D. said. I did, we proceeded to the table, sat down, she had her cup of coffee, I ate my pancakes and eggs, and E.D. never said another word."

Jack Hittson: "Our dugout was made of concrete. E.D. wore steel cleats and when he got agitated, he would kick the floor. That's fine on dirt floors but on concrete sparks would fly, endangering our manager Chris Nicholas who always sat next to him. We solved the problem when the team chipped in and bought E.D. soft-soled coaching shoes."

Tennis

Scott Rogers: "I'm not sure I expected tennis to be my most memorable experience at Princeton, but it was. We had five freshmen absolutely equal in ability – **Jim Bright, John Kayser, Rick Weir, Richard Neill** and me. They were and are the best friends I've had for my entire life. Beating Harvard junior year was a highlight, as our class really contributed after two teammates were upset in singles. Somehow the coach let me play in the NCAA event at Princeton in the spring of 1969; I got to the third round of singles, and Win Irwin and I played a somewhat competitive doubles match against USC's Mexican Davis Cup duo of Marcelo Lara and Joaquin Loyo-Mayo in front of a huge crowd on the hill."



Scott Rogers eyes a backhand

John Kayser: "Spring trips to the University of Miami were a favorite memory. I drove there all three years in the 'Yellow Bird,' my '65 American Motors Rambler. We were the only people studying in the University of Miami library. Junior year, we'd already beaten Harvard and Penn and locked up the Ivy League, but went on strike and gave the title away."

– compiled by Chris Connell

On the Road Again

Some college memories are indelible: that first assembly in Alexander Hall, the 100th-anniversary football game with Rutgers (that debacle), the draft lottery, Earth Day 1970, the night in the Chapel after the Cambodia invasion, Commencement.

But what if you had a record of every single day?

Class secretary Mark Swanson does. Mark kept a journal all four years, compiling 175,000 words in 961 daily entries, from the memorable to the mundane. The Aurora, Colo., native chronicled his many road trips, including the caffeine-fueled, 1,800-mile car pools to Princeton and back, as well as bare-budget travel to broadcast Tiger football and basketball games for WPRB. Here are excerpts.

Mark Swanson at WPRB

Dec. 10, 1969: Left for home about 9:30 a.m. Mike Phelps, Court Miner and Dorothy Hansen were passengers. … Ran out of gas in Kansas City (Kan.) about 4 a.m. Phelps and I walked a half-mile to an all-night service station; really cold. … We got to Denver at 1 p.m. Elapsed time was 29½ hours. Cost me $15.

March 20, 1970: Left for Denver at 5:15 a.m. with Stacy Mackie and Rick Houck. Had a flat about 6:30 a.m. near Philly. … Made good time in Stacy's VW. … Just about ran out of gas at 5 a.m. in Oakley, Kan.

March 17, 1971: OJ (Mike O'Grady '72), Ernie Field and I left at 6 p.m. in OJ's mother's Toyota Corolla. ... All went well until we ran into a blizzard just past Salina (Kan.). OJ had his glasses blown off in 80 mph winds. Engine was wet so we had to wait. Stalled again in the height of the storm. Finally, we limped into Russell about 6 p.m. … Got to Aurora about 12:30 a.m. Pretty tired.

Saturday, March 27, 1971: Left Aurora in the Corolla at 4:10 p.m. with OJ, Ernie Field and Jim Higgins. OJ got warning from cop for speeding in Kansas. We made it to Kansas City in a record eight hours. … Total time to Princeton: 25 hours, 5 minutes with 10 minutes lost for a tire blowout. [*The Corolla was never the same after that.*]

• • •

Sports broadcasting on WPRB was a dynamic, joyful, low-budget experience. As Sports Director for two years, I broadcast nine football and 25 basketball games each year. Home games were easy; road games were more challenging on WPRB's skeleton budget (gas and $5 meal money). Bunked on friends' sofas and in sleeping bags. One memorable WPRB road trip was to Brown and Yale in Greg Petsko's ('70) car:

Friday Feb. 20, 1970: Had trouble getting the "Petsko-mobile" started. Ed Labowitz '70, Bob Klatskin '73 (*engineer)*, Bruce Elwell '72 and Jeff Collier '72, a *Prince* writer, were riders. … Got to Providence about 6 p.m., settled at Delta Tau Delta, jock frat at Brown. … We won 59-50. I did play-by-play in second half. After the game, Klatskin, Labo and I went to Grad Center Bar and had two pitchers of beer at one dollar a pitcher.

Saturday, Feb. 21, 1970: A little car trouble on way to New Haven. Muffler got loose. … Went to get pizza at Pepe's but had such a long wait that … we had to scramble to get on the air at 7:45 p.m. Lost 65-58. First loss to Yale since 1963. On way back, we couldn't find Esso station to take [the WPRB] card. Left rear tire blew on Connecticut Turnpike. Crawled into a gas station. Changed tire. Got part of exhaust system tied down which had caused blowout. Got back to Princeton at 2 a.m. Next day, haggled with Ollwerther about *Prince*'s portion of trip costs. *[Note: Your Yearbook editor disputes this.]*

A Helping Hand to *a New Tiger Generation*

By Gary Walsh

When we received our diplomas, the Class Notes in the *Princeton Alumni Weekly* stretched back to the Class of 1899. Today, the eldest active secretary chronicles the activities of the Class of 1946. In a quarter century, at our 75th Reunion, we may well lead off that section. But we will also be celebrating our special relationship with the Princeton Class of 2021 at its 25th.

That relationship has existed since the dawn of their undergraduate years in September 2017 when several of our number hoisted a **1971 – 2021** banner as the freshmen marched through campus in the "Pre-rade," a new Princeton tradition. We are what is called their "Grandparent Class."

Podie Lynch addressing the Class of 2021, our "grandkid" class

From that auspicious morning, we've gotten to know our "Grandkid Class" at our Alumni Day gatherings, Homecoming football games, off-year Reunions and other occasions.

During summers, WILD Life classmates have hosted and arranged social and networking opportunities for students who were interning or working nearby. Classmates who live in the Princeton area invited them over for dinners during the school year, including Jared Keiling and wife Nancy k'31.

The Keilings got to know Phoebe Park '21 and Claudia Popescu '21 when they invited the students over for vegetarian lasagna a few nights before Thanksgiving in 2019. Phoebe is a crew coxswain and civil engineering major from Willow Grove, Pa. Claudia is a physics and computer science major from Bucharest, Romania. They regaled the Keilings with "revealing observations about campus politics and social life, issues their generation is concerned about, and their personal backgrounds and ambitious plans for the future," Jared said. The young women were also very curious about "the un-coeducated Princeton of 50 years ago and had thought-provoking questions for us."

That same month we initiated a forum with aspiring doctors in '21 on the future of the medical profession. That was planned as a prototype for additional forums in spring 2020 on other career fields, until the pandemic put everything on hold. We still hope to provide helpful advice, perhaps by Zoom forums and also by "If-I-Knew-Then-What-I-Know-Now" letters.

In the words of Sanjana Duggirala '21, vice president of her class: "We are so lucky to be paired with a class that from day one has been committed to seeing us grow and thrive. Through '71's commitment to bettering our Princeton experience, almost 50 years after being in our shoes, they welcomed us into the Princeton family. They have shown us that our four years here are just the beginning of a lifetime of bleeding the very orange and black that ties Princetonians together."

As we celebrate our 50th, let's give a loud Locomotive to the Class of 2021 as they join that long, proud line of Tiger alumni, now 94,000 strong.

Princeton Then *and Now*

By E. S. (Jim) Browning

Imagine you were arriving at Princeton as a freshman today. You would find the place vastly changed — and yet in some ways just as we left it.

Blair Arch is still there, gazing regally down on the walkways below. McCosh 50 still packs in the lecture crowds, though its interior is getting a heavy face-lift. A few eating clubs are gone. Several still rely on Bicker to select members and Charter Club, which hadn't bickered since the 1970s, is bringing it back. The Grinder Man and the 'Za Man are, alas, gone. The number of tenure-track faculty has tripled to 814 from 259. Tuition also has tripled — even after adjusting for inflation. The endowment has leapt even more, to $26 billion, 24 times the inflation-adjusted 1967 level. Forty-five Princeton alumni, faculty and researchers now have won Nobel Prizes, up from nine when we were there. And people are pursuing courses of study we wouldn't recognize. Princeton's first black valedictorian, Nicholas Johnson '20, majored in Operations Research & Financial Engineering. Princeton says it is the first university to create such a department.

The biggest change if we started afresh today, however, would be none of these. It would be … us. Upon arrival, most of us would need to be gently told that we hadn't been admitted at all. Most of us, in other words, wouldn't get into Princeton today.

Don't scoff. Our entering class was all male and overwhelmingly white. Even with the addition of female classmates who transferred in 1969, our class was still shy on diversity by gender, race and ethnicity.

The change has been immense. The Class of 2023 is more than half female. It is one-quarter Asian-American, 11 percent Hispanic/Latino, 7.3 percent African-American and 5.8 percent multiracial. Although much larger than ours, the Class of 2023 has roughly 300 white men —

less than one-quarter of the class. The math is simple: Most of us white guys who arrived in 1967 would find no room today.

Competition for admission has taken a quantum leap. Even some of our standouts, of any race or gender, could have trouble getting in. Our average SAT score was 1337. The Class of 2023's median is 1515. Thousands of gifted men and women in the U.S. and worldwide who wouldn't have dreamed of applying in our day are clamoring for admission. Many come from disadvantaged backgrounds. In our class, 44 percent received financial aid. Today 62 percent do, and Princeton's aid today is all grants, no loans.

Alumni children still have an edge. Legacies were 15 percent of our class; they are still 14 percent of the Class of 2023. One-third of alumni children who apply are admitted, according to *The Daily Princetonian*. That's five to six times higher than the overall admission rate.

Still, some alumni may question whether the diversity has gone too far. They would prefer more students with backgrounds like their own. It is worth recalling, though, that in the 1960s some alumni thought our class was already too diverse. Some opposed coeducation.

With so many brilliant applicants, Princeton must turn away far more qualified people than before. That is too bad, but it is also a sign of strength. From its Nobel Prizes to its course offerings to the breadth of its student body, Princeton has spread its wings.

Sure, SAT tests have changed and aren't fully comparable to the ones we took. Maybe, if we had been offered as many advanced-placement courses, high-school activities and test-prep classes as today's applicants, we would have shone as brightly. But let's get real. In 1967, when most of us applied, Princeton accepted 22 percent of 5,675 applicants. For the Class of 2023 it got 32,804 applications and accepted only 5.8 percent.

Competition and broader inclusion have strengthened the student body, the faculty and Princeton as an institution. The change has been good for the University community and for the many stellar students who would not have considered applying in the old days. That is something we can applaud. And to its credit, Princeton knows it isn't perfect and keeps looking for ways to improve.

Princeton was the best damn place of all when we were there. I submit that it is an even better damn place today.

Special Class of 1971 Issue

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Few Regulations Limit Undergraduate Activity

By MARC MILLER

"All students are expected to conduct themselves in a manner becoming scholars and gentlemen" stands as the golden rule of Princeton's undergraduate regulations.

The pivotal word is "expected," for on the basis of unstated agreements, Princeton students enjoy a freedom unusual to most college campuses.

Undergraduates are not burdened with a few blanket provisions which apply to all areas of student life, nor are they plagued with a plethora of petty limitations.

Instead, the administration has assumed a standard of conduct from all students and has augmented this assumption with a few specific limitations.

The second major proposition under student-administration disciplinary relations is that of "in loco parentis."

Through this assumption, the university is responsible for the actions of the student while he is in the township and will act on his behalf in the absence of his parents.

In practice, the university is a permissive parent, putting its foot down only when propriety or integrity are at stake.

And what's more, not only are the existing rules liberal, but they are becoming more so every year. This trend on the part of the administration has been slow, but steady, despite undergraduate insistence to the contrary.

Four years ago, the Trustees, who give the final ruling on all re-

President Goheen

visions, reduced from 30 to eight miles the radius inside of which students can operate automobiles.

Three years ago they agreed to abolish entirely the rule requiring all freshmen to attend church at least half the Sundays of their first school year at Princeton.

Then there are a set of minor restrictive measures. For instance, in regard to absences, a student may take unlimited cuts in any course, although missing the first

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Admissions Office Reports 817 to Enter Class of 1971

By CHARLES R. RAGAN

A total of 817 students have accepted membership in the Class of 1971, out of the 1,255 admitted, Director of Admission John T. Osander '57 announced at the close of the academic year.

The number of fee-paid applicants was the second highest in the history of the university (5,675—or 17 less than for the Class of 1970). Because the Admission Office expected only a yield of 64 per cent on the first 1,248 admitted and received a 65 per cent yield—or 810 affirmative responses—only seven students were admitted from a waiting list of 283.

On the evidence of past years, Mr. Osander predicted that seven men would withdraw from the class during the summer, bringing the number down to 810—the figure the Admission Office fixed as its target for the Class of 1971.

Approximately 351 students, about 43.5 per cent, will be on some form of financial aid, reported W. Bradford Craig '38, director of the bureau of student aid.

"Engineering is the only area in which Princeton has something resembling a quota," Mr. Osander commented. "We aim for about 20 per cent of the class, and this year we got a little more." This year, 190 freshmen will enter the B.S.E. program, accounting for 23 per cent of the class.

Approximately 50 per cent (157 of 310) of the alumni sons applying were admitted—but only 127—or 15.5 per cent of the class—accepted. This increase in the percentage of acceptance of alumni sons over last year's 47 per cent, is because the number of applications was down this year, the admissions director explained.

Mr. Osander stated that, from all indices available to him at the end of the year, the figures on the number of public and prep school graduates were approximately similar to those of recent years: 60 per cent public, 40 per cent prep.

The number of University Scholarships offered to students when they begin their matriculation at Princeton was drastically reduced for the second straight year. Last year, 15 were offered, instead of the 35 offered to candidates for the Class of 1969. This year, only seven University Scholarships were offered to members of the admitted class, and only two of those students decided to matriculate at Princeton.

The faculty originally proposed limiting the number of University Scholarships available to entering freshmen. They felt that students entering the program after matriculating at Princeton for a period derived more from being University Scholars.

Of the members of the Class of 1971, 36 are National Merit Scholarship winners and 17 are Navy Reserve Officer Training Corps Scholars.

Of the 438 students who declined to matriculate at Princeton, the

Admissions Director Osander

vast majority went to either Harvard or Yale. Harvard stole 149 Princeton hopefuls, while Yale garnered 110. The list then slipped sharply to Stanford, with 21 thefts of Princeton prospects.

But competition for students was not solely intra-Ivy League this year. Princeton and the Ivy League in general admitted a wider diversity of secondary school seniors and

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Princeton's 220th Became a Year of Change

Beginning of another year, of a new class

By BOB DURKEE

Princeton's 220th year was one of extensive change. The forces of tradition skirmished with the forces of innovation in 1966-7—and regardless of the eventual outcome, Old Nassau will never be quite the same.

A modernizing Princeton was baptized by total immersion into an age characterized throughout the nation by campus unrest, protest and skepticism.

The Princeton community, after too many years of complacency, nestled quietly in the gothic towers overlooking Lake Carnegie, was impregnated with concern about the structure and purpose of the university, about the education and the environment at Woodrow Wilson's alma mater.

New answers were conceived to new questions and old problems—and yet, to a larger extent, 1966-7 was a gestation period for major changes at Princeton, a period of preparation for still greater things to come.

The curriculum and academic requirements, the social situation and Bicker, questions of athletic scholarships and drug usage, issues outside Princeton and the men who have made those issues—all came under the scrutiny of students, faculty and administration.

Princetonians argued that freedom in course determination is good; that the principle of selectivity underlying Bicker is bad.

That exposure to differing points of view is healthy; that lack of normal exposure to the female personality is unhealthy.

That Princeton should catch up with the times; that Princeton should not, however, sacrifice all that is unique in its tradition.

The Experimental College

The undercurrents of pressure for change did not take long to manifest themselves. On the first day of the fall semester, a group of students in the Woodrow Wilson Society announced that it was forming an "Experimental College."

This informal institution was designed "to create a small area of relative intellectual freedom within the larger area of restricted academics at Princeton."

Theoretically, it was to remove tensions and grades from the learning experience. Unfortunately, it didn't work.

Student interest waned. Although its founders have not surrendered, the College in its original form seems relegated to the position of appendix in the Princeton organism.

But the faculty, too, was concerned with Princeton's course requirements and academic opportunities. In November, they approved a major overhaul of procedures and penalties connected with academic probation and course deficiencies and then, a week later, called for a re-examination of the precept system.

It was the faculty meeting in January, however, which ratified fundamental changes in Princeton's academic complexion.

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