

'71 Remembers

Those We've Lost
Since the 50th Reunion



Acknowledgments

Many hands contributed to this book of tributes to the memories of the 145 members of the Class of 1971 who have died and especially to the 43 who have passed since our 50th Reunion and one who died earlier. Their stories are told in these pages thanks to the unstinting work and vision of Class memorialist Mark Swanson, who has not only written all the Princeton Alumni Weekly tributes for the past 15 years, but has gone back to fill in gaps from earlier decades. While the complete 55th-Reunion Yearbook is digital, Mark received enthusiastic support from the Class leadership and help from Yearbook editors Ray Ollwerther and Chris Connell to provide a fuller picture in this book of the lives of those we've lost. These tributes are supplemented by dozens of personal remembrances from Classmates, and many family members shared their photos and recollections. The Princeton Alumni Weekly gave permission to include profiles of two Classmates featured in PAW. Iris Rubenstein, curator of the Princeton University Photo Library, provided access to the campus images in this book.

The '71 Executive Committee, led by Class President Jamie Pitney, provided the resources to make this book possible, and Reunions chair Jeff Hammond helped ensure that these tributes would be part of the Class's 55th-Reunion observance. Class technology chair Alan Usas was an invaluable technical resource. Special thanks go to John and Cary Bruestle '78, the proprietors of Reunion Technologies and honorary members of our Class, who oversaw the book's design, production, and distribution. Ray Ollwerther was the book's editor.



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Class Stone in front of Nassau Hall

MEMORIAL BOOK PROLOGUE

Published for the Occasion of
The 55th Reunion
of the
Princeton University Class of 1971

Dear Classmates and Friends,

As we approach the 55th anniversary of the graduation of the Class of 1971 from Princeton, we share with you in the following pages our memories of your loved ones and their connections to the Class, especially those who have died in the five short years since our 50th reunion. These memorials recall their accomplishments and the passions that animated their lives. We extend our deepest condolences to the spouses, partners, families, friends, colleagues and all those touched by these Classmates.

We are profoundly grateful for all they contributed to the world around them and are gifted with the memories they left behind. These memorials capture how each in their own way made a difference as spouses, partners, parents, siblings, aunts, uncles and friends in their communities and with their wit, affection, appreciation, congratulations, gestures and other expressions of their love.

In this volume we can also read the moving homily of our Classmate, Rev. Dr. R. Dennis Macaleer, at the remembrance service in the Princeton University Chapel on the occasion of the 45th reunion of the Princeton University of Class of 1971 on May 27, 2016. Let me end by recalling his final words:

“Our desire is that these Classmates, while they may be gone, are not forgotten. We remember the person, the things that made each one special and unique. We appreciate the impact, the ways in which we have been changed by our interactions with them. We continue the legacy so that the paths they carved out of the cultural wilderness shall not be overgrown, but endlessly trod by those of us who knew them and loved them.”

Sincerely,

James C. Pitney Jr.
President
Princeton University Class of 1971

LETTER FROM THE CLASS MEMORIALIST

As Class Memorialist for the last 15 years, it has been both a privilege and weighty responsibility to tell the stories of those who have left us. We paid tribute in the 50th-Reunion Yearbook to all 100 classmates who died in those five decades since our college days. This special book of memorials honors those who have died in these past four years and one who died earlier. Our Class was recognized by the *Princeton Alumni Weekly* editors as the only one that has prepared a PAW memorial (in print and/or online) for every deceased Classmate.

To continue this proud tradition, it may be helpful to explain how we gather the material that goes into these tributes.

The University Alumni Records office notifies us of 1971 deaths, but more often we learn first from Classmates who share the news. For the PAW memorials, now limited to just 200 words in the printed issues, I draw from the family obituary, biographies from company and other websites, and the Classmate's own entries from the 5th to 50th Reunion yearbooks. I express our condolences and share the draft memorials with the spouse or partner and children and invite them to add edits and suggestions, and circulate the draft as well to Classmates (roommates, teammates, club mates, members of other organizations), requesting edits and anecdotes. If we learn of an upcoming memorial service, we try to have a Class representative present.

We go beyond that written remembrance. We request photos for the Class website from the families, and most are only too happy to provide them. Two Classmates who are experienced grief counselors, Greg Winsky and Ben Tousley, also send a personal note to the family to extend sympathy and keep them informed about upcoming events, such as the next Homecoming, Alumni Day and Reunions, where we will gather and recall those we've lost. Tina Sung and Linda Blackburn host visiting families for on-campus events. Jim Hart sends an annual email to widows and families expressing support from the Class and asking for updates about the Classmate's children. Every six months we send a brief summary of the most recent deaths in the Class.

Because PAW's word limit on memorials is so short, I also write longer versions for the Class website, princeton71.org. With assistance from Chris Connell and Ray Ollwerther, we have expanded them further for this special 55th-Reunion yearbook supplement. Honorary Classmates John and Cary Bruestle of Reunion Technologies are our most helpful yearbook producers and a third honorary classmate, Amy Hepler, has redesigned the look of our website. Alan Usas provides wonderful, unfailing technical assistance.

At our upcoming 55th Reunion, we will gather for a memorial service in the Princeton Chapel at 9 a.m. on Saturday, May 23. The Rev. Dr. Dennis Macaleer and Fr. Greg Winsky will officiate. I will supply music on the organ; Ben Tousley with vocals and guitar. Jim Hart and other Classmates will read the names of those we have lost since our last Chapel service at the 45th.

Some departed Classmates have also been honored in the annual *Lives Lived and Lost* edition of PAW. I submit nominations to PAW, but only a dozen are selected from the approximately 600 alumni deaths each year. Class members Alan Brinkley, Len Brown, Robby Browne and Jay Pottenger were recognized in recent years; Rande Brown was among those whose life stories are featured in PAW's February 2026 issue.

As you read this special publication, we invite you to reflect on your memories of these Classmates. We look forward to seeing you and sharing more stories at the 55th Reunion on campus May 22-25.

Mark Swanson
Class Memorialist



REMEMBERING IS HONORING

When the Rev. Dr. R. Dennis Macaleer '71 delivered this moving memorial at a remembrance service in the University Chapel on the occasion of our 45th reunion in 2016, there were 72 Classmates who had died. Now there are 145. His words honor them all.



R. Dennis Macaleer '71

Our classmates come from a variety of religious traditions: Christian, Jewish, Muslim, Hindu, or no particular religious philosophy at all. However, one thing we all have in common is the need to remember as we grieve the loss of people we knew. Every religious tradition allows for a period of mourning where mourners can talk about the one who passed away. When we grieve, we remember.

WE REMEMBER THE PERSON

We remember the person, not just the accomplishments. We all read those memorials in the PAW, secretly glad that none of our classmates are listed in that issue. Those memorials, like obituaries in the newspaper, often describe what a person accomplished. He was the CEO of a large company. She taught at this college for 30 years. He earned two doctorates. Yet those are not the things that we talk about when we gather together to remember a friend, a relative, a colleague, or a classmate who has died.

We remember the person. We tell stories, some poignant, some profound, some funny. We recall the person's values, his or her priorities in life, and what was important to the one who died. We talk about the things that made him or her a person of value in our lives. We remember the person.

We remember Bob Schiffner, a humble guy who excelled in baseball but never talked about how good he was. Further back we remember Don Matheson's bringing back the salutatory address at graduation, when he opined about "the ignorance and barbarity of the Dark Ages." I think he was referring to the medieval times, but he might have been talking about our four years at Princeton, I don't know. We recall Steve Powers, whose sharp wit was only exceeded by his keen mind. He dubbed me the "Class Vicar" one time, a title I wore with honor. We remember the person.

WE APPRECIATE THE IMPACT

We all showed up in the fall of 1967, over eight hundred strong, knowing no one or very few of our new classmates. Yet each of those eight hundred has had an impact upon us. Some made a significant impact on us, some less so. I would not have survived freshman physics without Alan Usas' notes from his high school physics class, which used the same book we had as freshmen at Princeton. We took classes with these classmates who have passed away. We studied with them, partied with them, we protested with them, and sometimes protested against them.

Since those days many of us have continued to feel the positive effect from our classmates. This effect upon us did not stop at graduation. One of the things we remember when we think about a person who has passed away is the impact on us. I often tell people at funerals for their elderly parents that they are probably more like their parents than they want to admit. Many want to deny it, but when they find themselves saying the same things to their children their parents said to them, it seems too real. I go around my house turning off lights that were left on in part because when I was growing up my dad would go around our house turning off lights that were left on.

The names on this list are names of people who have had an impact upon us and in remembering them we remember the impact. We remember what changed in us in a positive way because we knew those people. Did we adopt a better work ethic? Did this classmate help us sort out our career goals? Did we learn more about compassion and care for people just by being around him or her? Did we admire this person's dogged determination and choose to adopt the same? There are as many stories like that as there are classmate relationships. I was privileged to be able to attend the memorial service for Jack Hess. We all knew Jack as a gifted classmate and a real friend. I did not know until that service the significant positive impact he had on so many people as one after another shared about the difference Jack Hess made in their lives.

We honor those who have died by appreciating the impact they have had upon us. I hope during our few days together here when one of those names surfaces, we can recall with integrity the impact these classmates have had upon us.

WE REMEMBER THE LEGACY

Anyone who follows sports hears sports journalists often waxing eloquent about what an athlete's legacy might be. These always seem to be premature arguments since these athletes are still fairly young and active in their sports. The people in our class who have passed away have led lives of significance and relevance to those around them. They have left a legacy. They have left behind ideas, values, concepts, and programs that affect people long after they have died. My oldest brother Jim passed away last fall at the age of 81. He made a ton of money in the health-care information field, but after he retired he spent his time giving it away. His philanthropy has become a model for all who knew him. His legacy does include co-founding what became a \$2 billion company, but his real legacy is how he gave it away.

All of those classmates who have died have left us with something significant. We may not know what that is for each of our classmates who passed away, but we do know what it is for some of them. Rich Williamson demonstrated integrity in politics in a way that our nation desperately needs. How different would this election cycle be if there was still a Rich Williamson in politics? Keith Rabe took his engineering and MBA degrees and spent a lot of time helping out Native American tribes in the West. That is a legacy worth talking about.

We remember the legacy that our classmates have left for us.

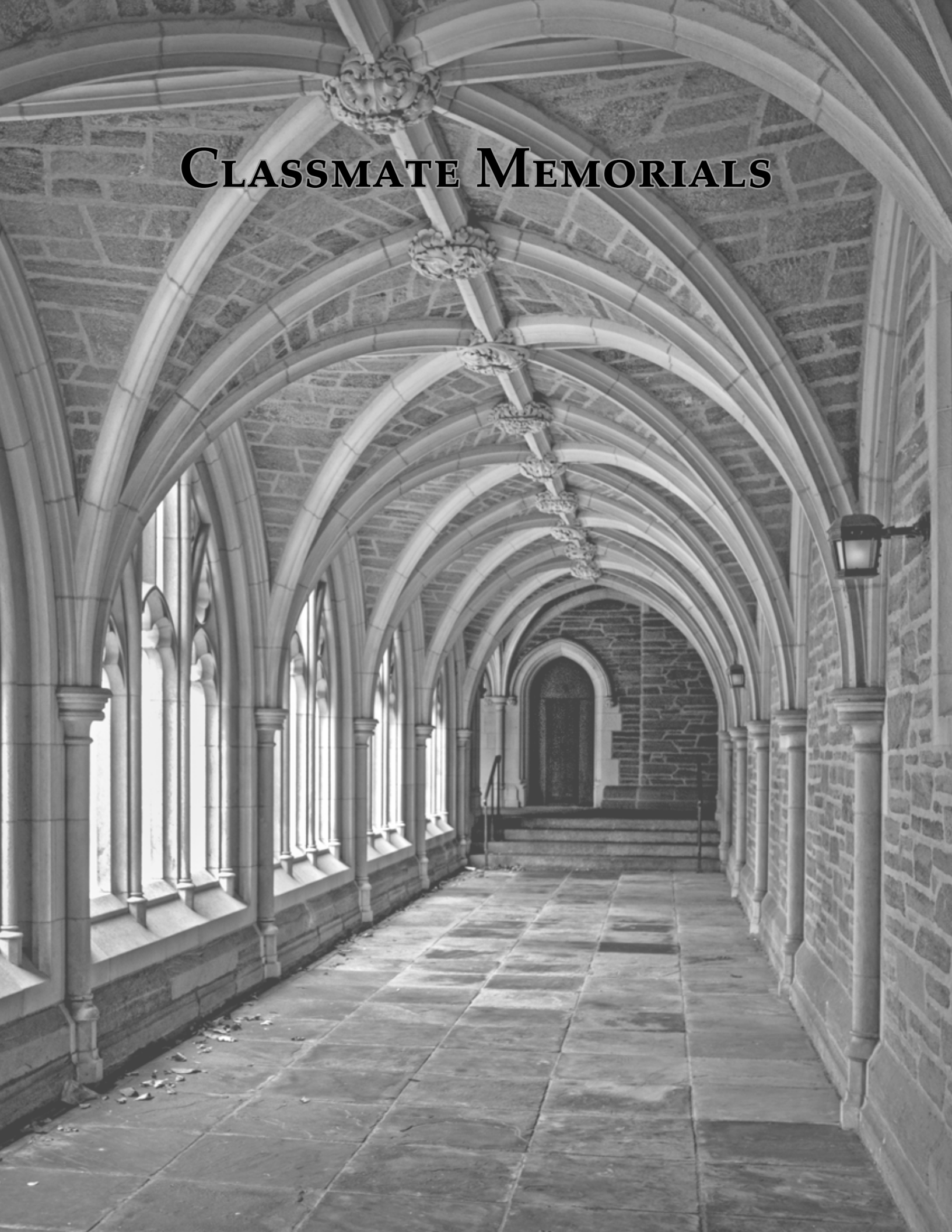
CONCLUSION

Our desire is that these classmates, while they may be gone, are not forgotten. We remember the person, the things that made each one special and unique. We appreciate the impact, the ways in which we have been changed by our interactions with them. We continue the legacy so that the paths they carved out of the cultural wilderness shall not be overgrown, but endlessly trod by those of us who knew them and loved them.

We say with authenticity, thank God that these classmates were a part of our lives.



CLASSMATE MEMORIALS



HERBERT H. BECK II

SKIP



Died July 6, 2023

DEGREE: A.B., Sociology
ACTIVITIES: Cannon Club,
Charter Club

WIDOW: Juliann Papini
Beck
2386 Heron Lane
Wauconda, IL 60084-5093
(847) 367-5125



*Skip and Julie with son J.B. and daughter Katie
(2018)*

Herbert H. "Skip" Beck III grew up in Wilmette, Ill., and was part of our proud, eight-strong contingent from New Trier High School on Chicago's North Shore. He answered Princeton's call to service by devoting his career to women's health after graduating from Northwestern University's School of Medicine and completing an OB/GYN residency with a fellowship in the then new field of gynecologic oncology. "It has been (and still is) a privilege to do this job," he wrote in our 50th yearbook. He recalled his father's advice before college that his life's work "should be something that you are anxious to get out of bed for I feel very lucky that this job found me and provided me with that purpose." He provided life-saving, affirming care for nearly 40 years to this vulnerable group of cancer patients, first at Evanston-Northwestern Health and later at Cancer Treatment Centers of America and, although he wouldn't tell you, was repeatedly named a top Chicago area doctor. What he did acknowledge was that he found peak experiences every week, often even daily, in the help he was able to give to his patients. "If cure is not

possible, then the goal is to prolong people's lives for as long as possible with a good quality of life," he wrote.

Skip was a diver freshman year, belonged to Charter, majored in sociology and roomed with Kuenzel, Eichner, Gill, Zarfoss, Floden, Sovatsky and Wood in Henry junior and senior years. They recall his quiet but engaging manner, warmth, humor, modesty, dedication, and unfailing loyalty.

Skip's other priority was his family: his wife, Julie (née Papini) of 39 years, children Katie (born in 1985) and J.B. (1988) and two grandchildren. He enjoyed reading, hiking with his dogs, vacationing in Tahoe, and keeping up with high school and Princeton mates Kuenzel and Eichner, and other '71ers. "I will be forever grateful to Princeton for teaching me ... (that) instead of thinking only about oneself, the Princetonian should pursue a career that also strives to improve the quality of life of others," he said in the yearbook essay. Skip died on July 6, 2023, of stomach cancer.



*Skip (left) with Rob Eichner
and his partner Gloria*



*Skip, left, with Mark Swanson and Bob Kuenzel at
our 42nd reunion in 2013*

Varel Freeman remembers:

Skip was a happy fellow with a somewhat irreverent sense of humor. He was a great companion and loyal friend. I owe him a big debt — he arranged a blind date for me with Mary Barton (Hood '71) who became my wife and partner for

over 40 years. He correctly figured out that there would be great chemistry between us. In 2012, when Mary was diagnosed with a nasty cancer while we were living in England, Skip came to our aid with expert advice and guidance which eased our worries and which I am certain prolonged her life. His kind compassion and knowledge gave her confidence in her fight and comforted us as we confronted the scary unknown.

Over his career, I can imagine there were hundreds of women and families who benefited from his expertise, dedication, and commitment to compassionate care.

Well done, my friend. My profound thanks for how you enriched my life. You have certainly lived up to your aspiration to demonstrate "Princeton in the nation's service."

John Sollis remembers:

Skip was a terrific guy, a widely respected and admired high school and college classmate. He devoted his life to the service of others. Rest in Peace, old friend.



Doug Blair, Bob Kuenzel, Skip, Rob Eichner, Jim Zarfoss, Rick Sobel, Stu Sovatsky and Ken Gill

Robert Kuenzel remembers:

I remember Skip. . .

Apparently on the quiet side, but warm and richly engaging, Skip often showed more than one part. Never much of a joke teller, he had a great sense of humor, and could tell a tale that left those of us around him laughing so hard it hurt. He was much more than just smart, but often denigrating how he even got into a place like Princeton (which he loved very much) or a world-class med school. His daughter calls him "the humblest person [she's] ever known," which kinda fits.

His recognition as a leader in his field was clear from surveys of other docs, ratings, etc., but he'd never say anything about that. It was wonderful, at

his celebration of life, to hear distinguished practitioners praise his skill and contributions to the field. Surgical nurses came to say that "if you had Dr. Beck for a case, you just always knew it would go well – and calmly, respectfully," with, of course, appropriate moments of levity.

Skip was sometimes careful, but also more than a little adventurous. A number of times, e.g., we went off to ski in the West. Once was at Alta. As you look up the mountain there, Alf's High Rustler stares you in the face. It's frightening from the bottom, requires a long and challenging traverse to get to, and is long and very, very steep. Some of our classmates are great skiers, and might say, "No worries." But Skip



Stu Sovatsky, Rob Eichner, Skip, and Bob Kuenzel at our 51st

wasn't much better than I was, and this was definitely not "no worries" – and it sure didn't look like "no worries" for us. But that didn't slow Skip down; he was doing it. And, I guess, so was I. We survived, and even went more than once. That was Skip.

Having grown up in the Chicago suburbs where Skip practiced, we regularly encountered people we knew who learned we knew Skip, and couldn't stop raving about how amazing his care and counsel were to them, their wives, their mothers. Skip underscored the depth of his caring in a conversation in his last year. We talked about how often we'd had "peak experiences" at work over the years. Skip's answer: Pretty much every day, he left the operating rooms and clinics literally thrilled to know that he'd been able to help the patients who trusted him.

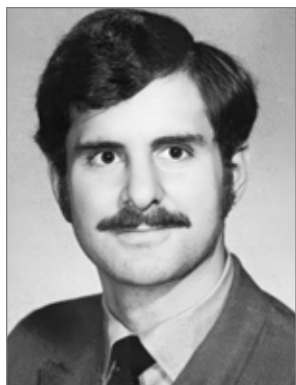
His loyalty was unparalleled. If you were his friend, or part of his family, that love and commitment wasn't going anywhere – no matter what. (Lucky for some of us friends ...)

A life well lived, for sure.

Stuart Sovatsky remembers:

Hi Skip, I hear your voice, clear and warm, as if you are at our dinner table for the last reunion we shared.

R. BRUCE BECKNER



Died March 21, 2022

DEGREE: A.B., English

ACTIVITIES: Crew-Heavyweight, Colonial Club, The Daily Princetonian, Bric-a-Brac / Nassau Herald

WIDOW: Sallie Reynolds Beckner

Apartment 1508
1111 19th Street N
Arlington, VA 22209-1716

Tall and athletic, Richard Bruce Beckner came to Princeton from Washington-Lee HS in Arlington, Va., as a highly-recruited rower and was stroke on our great freshman crew. He shifted his interests to writing and photography, spurred by roommates Lutz and Ladra. A stint with The Daily Princetonian led to editing Bric-a-Brac senior year. Bruce majored in English, lived in Blair with Lutz, Ladra and Paris, and enjoyed his Colonial Club friendships.



70th birthday at the house with Bruce's three daughters, Amanda, Laura and Helen

Classmates remember him for his gentle sense of humor and for being adventurous. After a master's in creative writing at Johns Hopkins, he became a reporter with the Houston Chronicle where Princeton classmates Rabe, Harmon, Keating and Cook introduced him to Texas life and, most happily, to his future wife, Sallie, on a blind date on the sailboat of Murphey's dad. They married in 1974 and had three talented daughters. Bruce went on to graduate from UVA Law School in 1978. A self-described hard-charging attorney, he spent his 37-year career in Washington area with three legal firms (Dow, Lohnes

& Albertson, Fleischman & Walsh, and Garvey Schubert Barer).

Devoted to his family, Bruce loved to sail the Chesapeake Bay with Sallie and his girls, Laura, Amanda and Helen, and took them on bareboat chartered sailboats in the Caribbean and the Mediterranean, as well as expeditions in their Airstream RV.



Bruce and Sallie in Monument Valley, Ariz. (2016)

Following retirement, he and Sallie sold their home in Washington and explored more national parks across the U.S. with his beloved golden retriever, Clark Kent. They eventually settled on Grace Creek outside St. Michaels, Md., a perfect spot for someone who so loved being out on the water.



Freshman crew, Bruce on far right

Bruce especially enjoyed the 20-plus years of reunions with his freshman crew mates and rowing again in senior competitions. Photo albums from our

major reunions always showed them at their oars by the boathouse on Lake Carnegie. He was a member of the Potomac Boat Club. Bruce died on March 21, 2022, after a 13-year battle with prostate cancer that he bore with grace and determination. He was survived by Sally, daughters Laura, Amanda and Helen, and grandchildren Nathaniel and Eliza.



Bruce and grandson Nate (2020)

Osman Bengur remembers:

Bruce was a freshman crew mate and was a neighbor, on Grace Creek in Bozman, MD. Bruce was a gentle guy who faced his illness with grace and courage who became a boating and fishing buddy in the last years of his life.



Taken in 2018 with Bruce's truck and his faithful dog, Clark Kent

Jay Paris remembers:

Bruce was a dear friend, fellow oarsman, and roommate whose counsel and kindness I valued from the time we met freshman year until his death.

Beyond his considerable skills as a writer, lawyer and rower, he claimed a bevy of less known talents

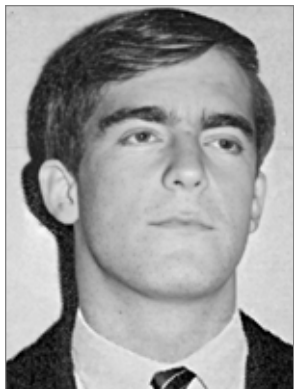
that he engaged throughout his life. He loved photography and was good at it. His work peppered our first yearbook. Later, the images he shared of his family and travels were always beautifully composed and emotionally revealing.

He also was a car aficionado, favoring anything that was fast and had a manual gearbox. I first recognized that interest on a winter day in 1969 when one of the spoked wheels of the well-worn Triumph TR4 I was driving collapsed on the George Washington Bridge. Bruce obviously had changed many a tire, could gracefully turn a wrench and was unfazed by the barrage of traffic that bore down on us. His calmness under pressure was a trait that made him welcome on any adventure, of which we had many. I recall our first was an all night drive from Princeton to the top of Cadillac Mountain on Mt. Desert Island in Maine so we would be the first two people in the United States to see the sun come up. Not long after that, we drove to Manhattan, only to discover that we had lost reverse. Bruce's driving skills and strategic planning were tested under pressure but, as always, he was unfazed.

When Bruce learned he had advanced prostate cancer, we didn't think he would live long. But he did, with admirable vigor. He continued to row, travel and practice law. For the next 13 years, I never heard a single complaint or witnessed an ounce of self-pity, even when we knew he was in considerable pain. Through it all, he was loyal, game, inspiring and bighearted. I feel very lucky to have known him.



MONTAGUE BLUNDON III *TAD*



Died October 5, 2024

DEGREE: Biology

WIDOW: Nita Blundon
7610 Thanksgiving Road
Easton, MD 21601-7914
(301) 661-7897

Montague "Tad" Blundon III was an orthopedic surgeon and, in the words of one of his grateful patients, "a noble healer." Tad was the son of Lucy and Montague "Monty" Blundon Jr. '42, who served as a gunnery officer on the destroyer USS Henry A. Wiley that participated in the landings on Iwo Jima and Okinawa in World War II. He followed the path of his father from Woodberry Forest School to Princeton, where he majored in biology. He ate at Colonial and independently and was close friends with John Lawrie.

Following two years of cancer research, he entered Georgetown University Medical School and received his white coat in 1977. After completing a residency in orthopedic surgery, he practiced in the Washington area and met his future wife, Nita, a nurse, in the recovery room at Suburban Hospital. They married in 1988, spent their honeymoon golfing across

Ireland, and continued to share many joyful days on golf courses over the next 37 years. They welcomed daughter Lucy in 1992.

Tad was a sportsman, riding horses and water skiing in addition to golfing at Chevy Chase Club (an eagle on the tough 10th hole was the high point) and Bonita Bay Club in Florida. The family fondly remembers their adventures together — ski trips in the Rocky Mountains, summers in Wyoming, and time spent at their home in Easton, Md., where Tad taught countless children to water ski. He had three 180-pound English mastiffs, affectionately dubbed his "love dogs," and passed on his passion for horses to Lucy.

A man of great intellect, Tad delighted in sharing his knowledge of history and often entertained his family with math problems and riddles. He served Princeton as Alumni Schools Committee interviewer and 1971 as special gifts chair and solicitor. Tad dealt with Parkinson's disease for 16 years, exhibiting remarkable strength, resilience, love, and a sense of humor, even on the



Tad at our 45th

most difficult days. He passed away on Oct. 5, 2024, leaving Nita, Lucy, son-in-law Charles Aaron Schoenthaler, and grandsons Brooks and Beau Schoenthaler.

Thomas Crocker remembers:

I knew Tad Blundon only passingly at Princeton, but we grew closer not long thereafter. He visited me in Portugal when I was with the American Embassy there in 1978. We spent several days driving through the remotest parts of the Gerês National Park and the upper Douro in northern Portugal, a journey back into the 16th century. Later, when we both returned to Washington, DC and he started his medical practice, we became near neighbors and good

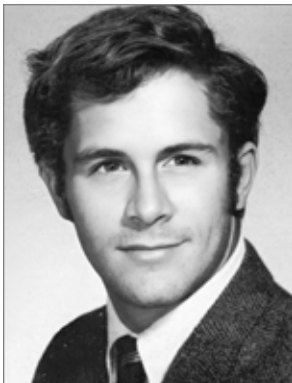


L-R: Beth and Tom Crocker, Mauro and Susan Lapetina, Tad and Nina, and Bruce Beckner

friends in the Chevy Chase/DC area. We spent many evenings over dinner at one another's homes and vacationed together as families in Canada. In many respects we had much in common, as well as parallels in life's joys and vicissitudes, even though he was a doctor and I was a lawyer. We both met and married wonderful spouses about the same time, and his daughter Lucy was born just before my older son Edward. We played golf together regularly, although he was far better than I — and more persistent. I got to know well his parents and siblings. We enjoyed each other's company and conversations. Tad and I shared a love of history, and we had many heated dinner table debates about English history, each of us trying to show off his superior knowledge. Tad was a very cerebral person and a real competitor. He loved riddles and other feats of mental gymnastics. We always attended reunions together as families and ate and marched in the P-rade together. He was a dear, lifelong friend, and I miss him.

WILLIAM J. BOSTIAN

BILL



Died November 6, 2023

DEGREE: Biology

ACTIVITIES: Swimming and Diving, Wilson College

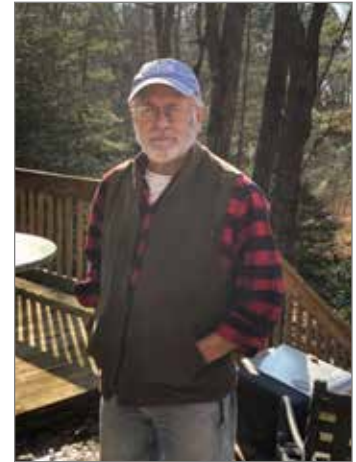
WIDOW: Sally Denison Adkins

12423 SW Ames Lane
Portland, OR 97224-2823

The apex of William Jolliffe "Bill" Bostian's life was his indefatigable work to save the Chesapeake Bay and its watershed, home to more than 3,000 migratory and resident wildlife species. Majoring in biology helped set the course for that work. His training in the law prepared him for decades of efforts to protect the environment on the bay and beyond. Born in Morristown, N.J., Bill came to Princeton from Phillips Academy Andover like his father, Logan '44 *49. He was a varsity swimmer for three years, and lived with Pardew, D. Garretson '72, Ewing '72, and Fledderjohn '72 in Walker senior year. He earned a law degree from the University of Maryland and married fellow law alumna Sally Denison Adkins (later an appeals court judge) in 1977. Bill spent a decade as a project manager for the Nature Conservancy of MD/DC. His duties included

stewardship of Nassawango Creek Nature Preserve, where he often led canoe trips. It is one of the last true pieces of wilderness on the East Coast. He worked earlier as a biologist with Environmental Concern Inc., on the shore of the bay in St. Michaels, Md., and alongside his father-in-law in the law firm of E.S. Adkins and Hubert Wright in Salisbury, Md.

Bill served as an original member of the groundbreaking Chesapeake Bay Critical Areas Commission, starting in 1984. The purpose of the commission was to develop guidelines for land use for the 1000-foot strip of land surrounding the Chesapeake in Maryland. In his words: "It was an incredible experience. I imagine sort of like the Constitutional



Bill on the back deck in Salisbury, Md.

Convention. The discussions and disagreements were exhilarating. The Commission was made up of the secretaries of the relevant state agencies and individuals and local government people representing the jurisdictions adjacent to the bay. Debates were broad in scope, in depth and extensive, sometimes while seemingly never-ending, incredibly lively. Not without controversy, the guidelines were finally approved by the Commission and then the Legislature after two years of wrangling."

Other community activities included: Lower Shore Land Trust, Lower Shore Tributary Team, Transfer Development Rights Implementation Committee, Leadership Maryland, Greater Salisbury Committee, and Eastern Shore Symphony Society. He served Princeton as an Alumni Schools Committee interviewer. He wrote in our 50th yearbook, "I am lucky to be a proud Tiger!" Bill was an avid hiker, swimmer, tennis player, sports fan, fisherman, reader, traveler, art and map connoisseur, and dog lover. He was a chef-level cook, connoisseur of fine foods and a dedicated gardener. Most importantly, he enthusiastically supported Sally, his wife of 46 years, and children Emily and Patrick in all ways possible. Emily owns Jolliffe's, a thrift and consignment store in Beaverton, Ore. In a photo she posted online of Bill as a young boy with his father, she wrote, "The shop is named for my dad, a lifelong environmentalist who

also had excellent taste in food, cars, art, and clothing. I think he would be proud of what we've built here." Its slogan is "Earth-Conscious Choices for Your Life." Bill died Nov. 6, 2023, in Portland, Ore.

Robert Sinsheimer remembers:

I remember a story from our senior year. The swim team was driving to North Palm Beach, Florida to work out over Christmas. Bill had a two-seater MG and he knew I drove a stick shift, so he asked me to share the driving. In those days it was a 21-hour drive and in prior years, we always left around 8 pm so that we would get to our host family at a good hour like 5 pm. But Bill's girlfriend's parents, whose name I will not mention, insisted we leave at 6 AM because they thought that was the time long trips should always start. Deep into Florida around midnight, 18 hours after starting our drive, we both were too sleepy. We literally changed drivers every 10 minutes for 3 hours, never finding a rest area. Finally around 3 PM we arrived at the pool where we were to learn the address of our assigned host family. We fell asleep on the grass near the locked entrance to the pool, where the team found us when they reported to practice at 8 AM. It was Bill's nature to respect the wishes of his GF's parents. I remember Bill as a solid friend and I always felt good being around him.

RANDE BROWN



Died October 13, 2025

DEGREE: East Asian Studies

After an eclectic lifetime of bringing East and West closer together through writing, translating and psychotherapy, the remarkable classmate Rande Brown died of esophageal cancer in New York City on Oct. 13, 2025.

Rande joined the class in 1969 after two years at American University, rooming with Tina Sung and majoring in East Asian studies. In the 1970s, more compelled by Buddhist practice than theory, she worked at a unique institution in Tokyo that was

performing research into the nature of the mind/body relationship. While there, she published her first major translation on consciousness, maintained a rigorous meditation practice and began to explore her own history with respect to karma and reincarnation.

Rande moved back to NYC in 1981 and started East-West Communications, a company that produced scores of cultural events in the performing and visual arts, highlighting interactions between the two hemispheres. She then co-founded Tricycle, America's leading Buddhist magazine, developing programs aimed at transmitting Buddhist ideas and the techniques of meditation and mindfulness to the general population. She continued to translate and write on contemporary



Rande

Buddhist thought and Japanese culture. In 2002 she co-authored with Mineko Iwasaki the New York Times bestseller "Geisha, A Life," a memoir about Iwasaki's quarter-century as a celebrated practitioner of the Japanese performance art. Later in life, Rande completed a Buddhist chaplaincy training program, earned an MSW from New York University and became a licensed psychotherapist, focusing on the intersection of Buddhism, spirituality and psychology. Rande's last book will be published in June 2026. It's called "Live, Die, Repeat."



At the 35th Reunion in 2006, from left: Jane Samuels Herbst, Robbie Shell, Mary Azoy, and Rande

PAW “LIVES LOST” STORY, FEB. 2026:

Achieving enlightenment was the guiding force behind much of Rande Brown '71's life. The daughter of a Jewish lawyer and a homemaker, Brown was the oldest of four children and grew up in Westfield, N.J. She was smart and developed interests in Japanese culture and Buddhist philosophy at an early age.

Those passions bloomed throughout her teenage years as she learned more and traveled to Kyoto, Japan, with her grandmother. By that point, Brown was certain she had experienced Japan in a previous life and dedicated the rest of this life to understanding consciousness, both for herself and for others.

Brown first attended American University but transferred to Princeton in 1969 as an East Asian studies major, joining one of the first classes of women to graduate from the University. She explained to PAW in 2006 why she chose Princeton: “I was trying to legitimize my quest for enlightenment to my family,” she said. “It would have been totally weird if I'd dropped out and gone right to a monastery in Japan.”

She said she enjoyed her time at Princeton and formed close bonds with her roommate Tina Sung '71, Arthur Thornhill '74, and professor Karen Brazell, who became a mentor to Brown. “I had never experienced anybody like Rande,” says Sung, noting her boundless energy.



Rande on a teaching video

After Princeton, Brown spent the next decade in Japan studying Zen Buddhism and working for the Institute of Religion and Psychology, where she helped research the relationship between the mind and the body. She completed her first translation — the book “Science and the Evolution of Consciousness” — and would go on to become a prominent translator, publishing several other works. Most notably, she also co-authored “Geisha, A Life” with Mineko Iwasaki in 2002. While in Japan, she was also briefly married.

These threads continued to shape her life when she returned to the U.S. In the 1980s, she founded East West Communications to promote a cultural exchange between the U.S. and Japan and worked

with many artists, including Philip Glass, Laurie Anderson, and Cindy Sherman, to host events in Japan. She also helped found the magazine Tricycle: The Buddhist Review, volunteered in the pastoral care department of Beth Israel Medical Center, and went back to school in 2009 to study social work and psychoanalysis.

“I had always been interested in ways that Buddhist practice can be used to alleviate suffering in the real world,” Brown wrote, explaining her choice to become a therapist.

“Her spiritual life was important to her,” Brown’s sister, Sharon Gamsby, says. Brown continued to write and educate about Buddhism, karma, consciousness, and related topics up until she died from complications of esophageal cancer.

Her connection to Princeton over the years was limited, but she attended lunches, starting with her 35th reunion, hosted by Sung. Though frail from her illness, she was in attendance in May, and classmates recall her vibrancy.



At our 54th Reunion, May 2025: Rande in center of bottom row between Linda Blackburn (L) and Tina Sung; top row from left Kathy Molony, Barbara Croken, and Maria DiFede

Brown’s final book, “Live, Die, Repeat: One Woman’s Wild Ride on the Cycle of Life and Death,” is scheduled to be published in the summer. It explores what she learned throughout several lifetimes about reincarnation, karma, and finding peace with death.

“Her years of meditation really were so evident in the way that she died,” says Gamsby, who spent Brown’s final month with her in the hospital. “I really feel she’s free.”

STEVEN L. BUENNING



Died June 25, 2021

DEGREE: A.B., History

ACTIVITIES: Theatre Intime, Stevenson Hall, Orange Key Society, ROTC-Army

WIDOW: Elizabeth

Buening
5101 42nd Ave.
Hyattsville, MD 20781-2014

If a teacher affects eternity, as Henry Adams wrote, then Steven L. Buening influenced the lives of the more than 12,000 high school students to whom he taught world history over 41 years in Palatine, Ill. He and Betty, his wife of 47 years, were devoted educators, she as both a school librarian and teacher. They met after college while he was stationed at Fort Hood in Texas, where he was a U.S. Army lieutenant in the Ordnance Corps ("courtesy of ROTC," as he put it.) Classmate and close friend Jean W. Knoll was godmother to their children, Amy and Mark. He and Betty married in 1974, a year after his Army discharge.

Steve earned a Master's in Teaching at the University of Chicago in 1975 before embarking on his career in the front of classrooms in two suburban Chicago high schools. Drawing on his Theatre Intime experience, he made history come alive for his students with elaborate use of costumes, props, kazoos and theatrics. Teaching "was a profoundly challenging yet joyful, deeply rewarding professional experience," he wrote in our 50th yearbook.

Steve, who was born in Schenectady, N.Y., and attended Darien High School in Connecticut, remembered Princeton in 1967 as "a strange place. All-male, almost totally white, generally Protestant or Catholic, skewed toward those who didn't have to worry where their next meal was going to come from.



Betty and Steve on their 40th-anniversary Alaska cruise (2014)

Today it's hard to imagine that a university like that still exists. From what I read, Princeton today is a much healthier place to learn to be human." He applauded Princeton's examining "its own history of racism and sexism ... to enhance awareness of these societal curses," and recalled how oblivious he was as an Orange Key guide to "Woodrow Wilson's role in perpetuating systemic racism." But he concluded his essay on a positive note, writing, "Maybe Princeton is not just 'the best old place of all' — maybe it's the best new place, too." Steve wrote that he "definitely enjoyed the many campus tours I gave And who could forget cheering our heads off at Tiger basketball games?" He added: "Especially happy memories came from ping pong games with Dave Keller at Stevenson Hall ... and Thursday night games of hearts with Keller, Balfour, Mackay, Bergey, Abrams, Denicola, etc."



With daughter Amy, son-in-law Kevin, granddaughters Emma and Meg

He was Stevenson's social vice president. Roommates included Keller, Marengo, Mackay, Bergey, Denicola, Klacsmann, Dave Marshall and Randy Watkins. "Majoring in History and participating in the American Studies program made an indelible impression on me, both professionally and personally I became equally fascinated by the histories of European and non-European peoples and, especially, of African-Americans." In Palatine, he moderated the Model United Nations Club. He delighted in news from his former students, staying in touch with them as often as possible. The Buennings were active members of St. Mary's Episcopal Church in Crystal Lake, Ill., and St. Andrew's in College Park, Md. He volunteered for

years teaching Vacation Bible School and working for Habitat for Humanity on the Episcopal Mission in Rosebud, S.D. He and his spouse were themselves lifelong learners, visiting countless museums and historic homes across the U.S. and internationally. He traveled as often as he could, always stopping to read historical markers aloud to Betty and the children. Although he only got back to campus once, he served as an interviewer with the Princeton Schools Committee of Chicago for over 20 years. In retirement the Buennings moved to Maryland to be close to Amy's family. Steve died at Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore on June 25, 2021, after a long battle with pulmonary fibrosis.

David Marshall remembers:

We were high school classmates at Niskayuna High before Steve moved to Darien. We were the odd couple as roommates sophomore year, with Steve having the Felix Unger part, neat, clean, orderly, organized and punctual, contrasting with my slovenly behavior.



With Betty, granddaughter Meg, and Jean Knoll '71

John Watkins remembers:

I remember Steve graciously welcoming me as his "new" roommate partway through the fall semester of our freshman year and being an extremely considerate roommate. And Steve's Orange Key Tours were always extremely thorough and informative for his audiences, no matter their age group.

STEVEN C. CHAREN



Died July 4, 2021

DEGREE: A.B., Woodrow Wilson School

ACTIVITIES: Princeton Inn College, Wilson College, Hillel, American Whig-Clonsophic Society

Steven C. Charen was a leader of the Princeton Vietnam Moratorium Committee that organized an antiwar teach-in and mass rallies in Dillon Gym and outside Nassau Hall in October 1969 as part of nationwide protests. His was a strong but moderating voice in what was Princeton's largest protest before the strike that curtailed our junior year after President Nixon ordered the bombing of Cambodia in May 1970. An elected member of the Undergraduate Assembly and a leader of the New Jersey College Young Democrats, Steve graduated with high honors from the then-Wilson School, now the School of Public and International Affairs (SPIA), and earned a master's degree there as well in 1974, followed by a law degree at New York University.

Steve was a graduate of Belleville High School in a blue- and white-collar suburb outside Newark that sent few students to the Ivy League. He co-edited the *Spotlight*, the high school paper, and wrote a sports column for the weekly newspaper in Nutley. (Even then he was a fanatic New York Yankees fan who later as a lawyer in the City had season tickets.)

Steve lived with Ackerman, Emery, Hamilton, James, Robson, Sonenshein and Tiryak in Dodge-Osborn and ate at Wilson College and the Princeton Inn. Politics was in his blood, and Steve went on to work after college for the McGovern campaign. But first he spent the summer of 1971 helping Adrian Robson on a quixotic effort to build by hand a split-level house near the ocean in Vancouver in British Columbia, Canada. Robson, who is Canadian, convinced Steve and another roommate to journey out to help. One left after a week, but Steve stayed the summer and joined Robson on drives in his Ford Pinto to pick up hippy hitchhikers on the highway who might be enticed to join the volunteer work crew while staying in a house Robson rented. "We were clever, with a mix of girls and boys to keep everybody happy," said Robson, who supported

what became a three-year project by working for Xerox, then starting his own construction company and later launching a successful accounting software business.

Steve returned to Princeton for his master's degree and after law school embarked on a career as a civil litigator at Patterson, Belknap, Webb & Tyler. He became a successful solo practitioner after 14 years while living in the same Greenwich Village apartment he first rented as a law student. Historian and author Alvin Felzenberg *78 met Steve on the first day Felzenberg moved into the Graduate College to begin his studies toward a Ph.D. in politics, and they became friends for life. "We bonded right away over politics and our experiences growing up in northern New Jersey," said Felzenberg, a 1971 Rutgers alumnus. "In his summers before and during graduate school, Steve worked for the Vera Institute of Criminal Justice in New York City and for the U.S. Supreme Court, reporting to Mark Sullivan, chief of staff to Chief Justice Warren Burger. At NYU, he was admitted to its Root-Tilden Program, an honors program for students who demonstrated exceptional leadership."

Steve, described by Robson as "a bit of a workaholic," nonetheless found time to escape to destinations around the world including sailing in the South Pacific off Fiji, and around Cape Horn and exploring Tierra del Fuego, Chile. There were stamps in his passport, too, from China, Indonesia, Malaysia, Singapore, Thailand and destinations in Europe, several times with Felzenberg. On two-days' notice, he once accepted Robson's invitation to join him in Israel, where the entrepreneur was on a trip for his business. They spent 10 days traveling the country, swimming in the Dead Sea and visiting Masada, the fortress where Jewish rebels took their lives rather than surrender to the Romans. Steve had not been an observant Jew, "but he made a connection to his Jewish past and ancestors," said Robson. Felzenberg, who worked for New Jersey governors and was the spokesman for the 911 Commission, said Steve was a theater buff and ardent supporter of New York's Public Theater, and "he could talk people under the table about baseball." Felzenberg knew not to call when there was a Yankees game on television.

Steve underwent treatment at Memorial Sloan Kettering Cancer Center for throat cancer, but it claimed his life on July 4, 2021.

JON C. CIESLAK



Died October 11, 2021

DEGREE: A.B., History
ACTIVITIES: Triangle Club, Charter Club, Glee Club, ROTC-Army

WIDOW: Ann Donlevy Cieslak
Unit 205
715 Linden Street
St. Paul, MN 55118-1171
(651) 290-9149

Jon Chester Cieslak wore his wedding band and Princeton class ring together to the end of his days, through his 50-year marriage to Ann, almost a quarter-century in the U.S. Army and a half-dozen years as chief fund-raiser for the Minnesota Zoo (where he joked his true calling was "to feed the tigers").

He was an attorney, a mainstay on the boards of community organizations across the Twin Cities. He was a consummate cook – he delighted in preparing the traditional 12-course Polish "Wigilia" feast on Christmas Eve – and a lover of choral music, which is how he and Ann Donlevy met as officers of the Princeton and Manhattanville glee clubs that performed the Brahms Requiem together in spring 1970. They wed weeks after graduation.

He'd spent early childhood on an Eden Prairie farm, then dwelled in St. Louis Park, graduating from the Christian Brothers' Benilde High School in 1967. (It later merged with the St. Margaret's Academy for girls.) Reading copies of the Princeton Alumni Weekly that an alumni interviewer gave him, Jon was impressed to read the stories of alums who epitomized "Princeton in the nation's service." He came to Princeton on an Army ROTC scholarship. Without it, "Princeton would have been beyond my reach," wrote Jon, whose father, a University of Minnesota biology professor, died when he was



Jon (2018)

young. He majored in history, belonged to Charter, twice won the Tiger Battalion's top academic honor, and was designated a Distinguished Military Graduate upon graduation and his commissioning as a 2nd Lieutenant.



Lt. Col. Cieslak

In an essay for our 50th yearbook, he wrote thoughtfully about the experience of wearing the uniform on campus in a time of fervid antiwar sentiment. "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," he recalled. "I was never

confronted by anyone. It was on the whole a respectful relationship." He reported to Field Artillery School in Fort Sill, Okla, expecting to deploy to Vietnam, but instead all the new regular Army officers were assigned to U.S. Army Europe. He was posted to Wertheim and later the Allied sector of Berlin.

He and Ann raised their five children (two Princeton grads) there and in San Francisco while he served at the Presidio; they then moved to Oregon while he earned his J.D. at Lewis and Clark Law

School and was appointed to the Judge Advocate General's Corps. The capstone of his Army career came with a return to Minnesota as legal counsel to the Adjutant General of Minnesota.

The Cieslak homes were always filled with music. He celebrated his Polish heritage through those food and holiday observances and flyfished in the Rockies and as far east as the Catskills at every opportunity.

Spellbound as a child by television shows and novels of the Old West, his five grandchildren called him "Hoppy" after Hopalong Cassidy.



2LT Jon Cieslak, June 1971

Jon served his alma mater as a past president of the Princeton Club of Minnesota as well as a Class Agent and member of the ROTC Advisory Council. William McDermott, who lived across from Jon in Witherspoon freshman year, recalls him as "especially gregarious" but serious and a devoted Catholic. "Ann was the woman for Jon, and he the man for her. They shared not only a passion for music, but also an enduring faith," Bill wrote in a tribute. Jon died on Oct. 11, 2021, of complications following spinal surgery in Minneapolis, four months after he and Ann celebrated their golden anniversary.



Cieslak family, standing from left: Daughters Kathryn, Madeline, Jennifer '94, spouse Ann, daughter Marian, daughter-in-law Valerie Torres '99. Seated from left: son-in-law Jake Ganfield holding Beatrice and Roland, Jon holding Josephine and David, Jon F. '99 holding Conrad

William Glasgow remembers:

Here are some things I recall about Jon's personality and character:

- His reverence for the natural world. He was an accomplished fly fisherman.
- His lifelong interest in land use law. His senior thesis dealt with land use conflicts in the pioneer West. He collaborated in Minnesota land use legal situations during his time as an Army attorney.
- His integrity. Hard to find anyone with a stronger moral compass. He served his country, his state and the University with distinction.
- His love of classical music, as evidenced not only by his Glee Club experience, but also by his support of

the St. Paul Chamber Orchestra.

- His ability to find humor in all things.
- His steadfastness as a friend.

James Hart remembers:

1) Jon served on the board of Interfaith Action of St. Paul. This is a network of churches that provide a range of social services. Jon was particularly concerned that black churches be pulled into this network, which has happened over time.

2) Jon and I were members of the St. Paul Rotary Club. Rotary was ideal for Jon in that he was concerned about both global and local issues.

3) Finally, in my card to Ann and the family, I said, “Jon was the kind of friend who when he asked you how you were doing, he would actually wait for an answer and expect an honest response.”

Allan Curlee remembers:

I met Jon as an undergraduate, but didn’t get to know him well then. We met again when our military careers intersected in the late ‘80s. Jon was a beacon of light: His personal presence illuminated both the room he was in and the issue he was seeking to resolve. When he retired from the Army National Guard and went to the Minnesota Zoo, he sounded delighted. His objective was simple and wonderful: Save the Tigers. Jon will be missed.

Robert Sinsheimer remembers:

As I write this remembrance, I have in front of me a handwritten Princeton note card from Jon to me dated May 4, 2021. He wrote that he was delighted to have had our telephone conversation the day before and to have reminisced about “our time on the campus and at Charter.” He thanked me for considering a special gift in celebration of our 50th Reunion. He concluded by sending warm regards to me and my wife from him and his wife Ann.

In our telephone conversation, I asked Jon about the meaning of his last name. He replied that it was of Polish derivation and meant worker in wood, i.e., a carpenter.

Jon was always personable and gracious. He made you feel good about yourself. But I know who the good person really was, and it wasn’t me – it was Jon! He had a way about him that was endearing and praiseworthy. When a conversation with Jon was ended, you went away feeling elevated and inspired.

I miss him dearly.

PHILIP G. CONNELL III

FLIP



Died January 10, 2026

DEGREE: A.B., Religion

ACTIVITIES: Theatre Intime, Triangle Club, Quadrangle Club

WIDOW: Lisa Connell

19A Welfare Parade
Ashburton 3147, VIC,
Australia

+61 398857001

Philip Graham Connell III led an adventurous life replete with career switches that took him from show business to investment banking to work with nonprofits in Melbourne, Australia, where he and wife Lisa, an Aussie, moved with their two young sons a dozen years ago.

Flip was a third-generation Princetonian, son of a chemical industry executive who raised the family in Plainfield, N.J., and summered on Nantucket. He came to Princeton from Wardlaw Country Day, a small prep school in Plainfield. He was a religion major who immersed himself from day one in Triangle Club and formed deep bonds with classmates Phil Hawley, Pete Johnsen, Miles Reiter, Bob Duncan, Andres Duany, Ron Rubenstein, Hugh Cobb, Rich Ferrugio, Nick Hammond and others. “Triangle was an experience we both treasured,” said Hammond, an actor by profession and fellow Triangle Club performer and expatriate in Australia, who spoke by video at the memorial after Flip died suddenly on Jan. 9, 2026, of cancer.

Flip and Jennifer Doughty married the year after graduation — they’d met on Nantucket and she’d typed the senior thesis he wrote in a week on “The Ethical Implications of Zap Comix” — and returned to the island where she ran the local cable television station and he was the staff of one, then served as an NBC page and tour guide. Somehow he wangled that experience into a low-level job at a fledgling subscription television network in New York called Home Box Office, which by his recollection then had 40 employees. Over nine years he worked his way up to producing comedy specials for HBO, rubbing shoulders with future stars Jerry Seinfeld, Billy Crystal, Robin Williams and others, then ran the Catch a Rising Star comedy club in New York City for two years.

He and Jennifer had two children, Justin and Gwyneth, but later divorced. The fast life in New

York of the 1980s caught up with him but he beat addiction, recalled brother John, an architect and educator. He drove for car services and took a job at a temp agency that sent him as a steno to an investment firm, Salomon Brothers. He did such a stellar job there not just typing but editing brokers' letters to customers that Salomon took him on, the start of a 22-year career in what became Citigroup. The company awarded him a scholarship to earn a MBA in 1994 at New York University's Stern School of Business. He did administrative work on mergers and acquisitions.

Citi dispatched him to its London office in 2001, where his reputation as cantankerous and difficult to work with preceded him. Nonetheless, when he encountered a computer issue, Lisa Baker, a young IT expert from Australia, took one for the team and stepped forward to help him. Soon they were dating. They married in 2004 and moved the next year to New York, where Declan (2008) and Griffin (2010) were



Flip

born. After the global financial crisis, when Flip's job at Citi was eliminated, the couple decided to pack up and start life anew in Lisa's home country. Flip went by himself at first to hunt for a job and wound up as a manager in the nonprofit sector, including for a tenants' rights organization in Melbourne.

The lifelong New York Yankees fan had acquired a love of cricket during that four-year stint in London and it became his passion as he played on local amateur teams in England, New York, and Australia over nearly two decades. In the Land of Oz, he delighted both in taking his boys to cricket, basketball and Aussie Rules football practices as well as taking the field himself on a local Melbourne sports club, Aberfeldie, that fielded multiple squads and had a spot even for players old enough to collect Social Security. He put his business skills to use as the club's treasurer and was widely esteemed as an "absolute top bloke," as one mate put it. He was now "Grandpop Flip" and "Grandpa Flip" to his three grandchildren.

The Connells visited them often in New York and hosted the extended family in Melbourne over Christmas 2025. Flip died in a hospital hours after the funeral for Lisa's mother. His service was filled with laughter as all four children, brother John and Lisa told of classic Flip moments, including his notorious misadventures behind the wheel. "Dad's driving wasn't excellent," said 15-year-old Griffin. "All of my friends made jokes about it, but one didn't mind. He said it was exhilarating." Lisa said his "fast and furious" New York-style driving almost cost them their lives in a rented jeep crossing rivers in the remote rainforest in Queensland, when he ignored advice to hire a guide with a four-wheel-drive vehicle. "How hard can it be?" he asked.

Seventeen-year-old Declan said, "What a character he was," noting that on Flip's increasingly frequent hospitalizations, he'd always ask the boys to bring ginger beer and a full box of Pop-Tarts, and talk about the latest setbacks for the North Melbourne Kangaroos football club. Cricket and baseball bats were propped against the coffin at the service, and a bottle of ginger beer and package of Pop-Tarts sat on a table filled with sports memorabilia. Justin and Gwyneth, speaking jointly by video from the States, told of adventures with Dad in the city, including the annual "hurling of the (Christmas) tree" out the third-floor window of his Brooklyn apartment at Yuletide's end and innumerable trips to Yankee Stadium (including a no-hitter and the infamous pine tar game). Gwyneth recalled Flip's covering her eyes in men's room stalls at the Stadium to spare her reading the graffiti.

Justin, like his sister a teacher, said, "Dad couldn't help but share his curiosity with us and we were lucky to have the city as his classroom ... Every museum was a New Yorker cartoon caption contest waiting to happen." Lisa said, "We made so many memories and had so much fun. ... When I think about our life together, one thing stands out above all else: constant activity. Flip never stopped moving. We were always active: cycling, rollerblading, running, squash, baseball, cricket. Life with Flip was energetic, fast and full I am forever grateful for the life we shared." In his brother John's words: "He was a master storyteller, an insatiable intellectual, and a loud, loving crank with absolutely no inside voice. His friends and family will remember his endless curiosity, his ready sense of humor, his deep optimism, and his generous spirit."

55TH REUNION ESSAY

Editor's note: Flip completed his essay for the 55th-reunion yearbook before his death in January.

I am settling into a quieter life than I'd like, largely due to health issues. Although I ran 25 marathons while in my 50s (all under 4 hours), the heavy smoking of my youth has come back to bite me and I now struggle with emphysema and a bout of lung cancer (which is currently in remission). I was forced to retire before I would have chosen to. That said, I am really enjoying my current life in Oz, running around with my two boys to their basketball and cricket games and going on trips to different parts of this great country. I only stopped playing cricket myself in a local team year before last, after almost 20 seasons on various local teams in England, New York, and Australia. I'm a rubbish cricketer, but really enjoy the game, which I discovered when my job took me to the UK for 4 years, where they don't have baseball, my true passion. Also, thanks to Zoom, I have a monthly catch-up with my roommates from Princeton which is great! Life is good, hope to keep it going as long as possible! I must add that it is heartbreaking to see what Donald Trump and his ilk are doing to the United States. I am glad to be living 8000 miles away!



Flip and Lisa with Declan and Griffin

Philip Bratnober remembers:

I remember Flip Connell with affection and admiration. Flip was always friendly and approachable, as affable as anyone in the Class of '71. Not only did we share the same first name (Philip with his one 'l'), we also shared a strong interest in the performing arts. Flip's undisguised passion for

music and theatre enriched our class during the four astonishing years we spent together in central NJ. I will miss him.



From left are Juno Ross, Gwyneth and Elliot Connell, Flip, and Justin and Braydon Connell

Douglas Blair remembers:

I still refer to "le muffin anglais" from Flip's first day serving at Quad.

Robert Duncan remembers:

Hey Flip, thanks for being such a loyal and steadfast friend starting from the group of young, ingenuous lads at university who shared the political, cultural and musical ferment of the Viet Nam war era. You brought us



Flip on the beach

back together 50 years later during the pandemic with monthly Zoom calls where we shared thoughts and experiences with those same big subjects, as well as delighting in having you try to explain the intricacies of cricket and Aussie Rules Football to us Yanks. We all admired your compassion, courage and spontaneous humor, and will miss you greatly.

Ronald Rubenstein remembers:

Flip's resilience and unflappability despite emphysema and lung cancer were beyond comprehension. In our monthly Zoom call he was always upbeat, never complaining or alluding to the degree of his pain or discomfort. He set himself

as an example for all of us on how to courageously deal with illness. Needless to say he will be sorely missed, but his outlook on life and family is an inspiration for all of us.

J. Miles Reiter remembers:

The group that still connects on Zoom, initially arranged by Flip, also includes Phil Hawley, Pete Johnson, Robby Haines, Ronnie Rubenstein, and Andres Duany. We all became friends early freshman year and roomed in the same entry in Hamilton sophomore year. Those early bonds were really strong, even as each of us, individually, took varying directions as upperclassmen.

Flip was a living anecdote, creating memorable times and special memories, nonstop. Early in our Princeton days, Flip welcomed me into his home in Plainfield where I got to know his entire family. As a Californian, 3000 miles from home, that gesture was highly appreciated.

I did get a chance to visit Flip in Australia. His adaptability and resilience were in full force. He had fully embraced the culture, was an all-in dad to young kids, and a very supportive husband; all while dealing, positively and almost casually, with severe lung issues. What a remarkable guy.



In King's Canyon, Australia

Nicholas Hammond remembers:

[This story was told by video at a memorial celebration of Flip's life]: "At our 40th reunion, just when I was thinking, 'God, we're all getting old ... and a little bit boring,' I walked around the corner

and there sitting on the grass was Flip with Lisa and, in a baby carriage, their young toddler. And I've never seen a happier-looking person in my life It taught me a lesson: There's always second chances. There's always a bright way to look at the world. Lisa has given Flip such a happy life."

RICHARD B. DiFEDELE

DIEF



Died January 31, 2025

DEGREE: A.B., Economics

ACTIVITIES: Stevenson Hall, Wilson College, Sailing Club

WIDOW: Maria W.

DiFedele

Unit 8438

560 Bay Isles Road,

Longboat Key, FL 34228-0718

Richard B. DiFedele died in his sleep on "Breakaway," the boat he so loved, anchored in Longboat Key, Fla., on Jan. 31, 2025. He was a lawyer, a public servant, contract manager and problem-solver on enormous construction projects such as Boston's Big Dig and the Clinch River breeder reactor.

He began dating Maria, his wife of 52 years, while she was a student at Douglass College and he was just down the road at Princeton. They wed in 1973, were the proud parents of Lisa-Marie (born in 1979) and Anastasia (1982) and grandparents of two, and boatmates on a lifetime of sailing adventures.

Rich was raised on the family farm in Colts Neck, N.J., 10 miles from the Jersey Shore, and attended

Christian Brothers Academy in Middletown. He majored in economics, participated on the Wilson College social committee and the sailing team, lived



*Richard and Maria, Conn.,
July 2024*

at Pyne senior year (after rooming with McGinnis, Conderacci, Pauly, Chitty and Dennis Thompson) and ate at Stevenson.



*Dief with a masked dolphin, St. Petersburg, Fla.
(September 2020)*

At George Washington University Law School he edited the Journal of International Law and Economics and after earning his J.D. began his career as a construction law litigator for Uncle Sam, that is, the U.S General Services Administration.



*Richard and Maria at the 43rd in 2014 with Gary
Walsh and Alan Usas*

Subsequently, he moved into the private sector to work across the country and overseas on large, complicated construction projects including the East Side Access Project in New York as well as the Big Dig and the Clinch River reactor in Tennessee, which had enormous cost overruns before it was canceled in 1983. He provided a full range of contract management and legal services, including formation, negotiation and management; change

and modifications; resolution of large project construction, delay, impact and design claims and disputes; litigation management; cost avoidance; and risk management.

He once took a trip to Bangkok, Thailand, to take a deposition that cost his client \$40,000 in expenses, but resulted in a \$4 million settlement in its favor. He cherished the jacket the U.S. Embassy in Santiago, Chile, gave him for his work there. But he also cherished his Reunions jacket and other Princeton garb. He edited the 20th-Reunion yearbook and handled registration at the 25th.



*At Loon Mountain, N.H., c. 1972: Richard and
Maria, with Mick '71 and Missy McGinnis (middle),
and Marc Santucci (Villanova)*

The DiFideles lived in Virginia and New Jersey before settling in New England. In 2020 they sold their Stamford, Conn., home and made an epic, 2,000-mile voyage to Longboat Key in a 46-foot Grand Banks trawler that they'd purchased a decade earlier and sailed around Long Island Sound, Cape Cod, and Penobscot, Maine, often accompanied by their closest friends, Melissa and the late Mick McGinnis. They'd seek out interesting ports and live music on their trips. Rich wrote at length in our 50th yearbook about the two-month voyage to Longboat Key, across the water from Sarasota, which included a freak storm with 90 mph winds that tore off their flybridge and necessitated a six-day layover for repairs. Then they sailed on, mostly on the Intracoastal Waterway, but also sat out a hurricane in a cove outside St. Augustine, Fla.

Greg Conderacci wrote on a tribute page, "A great guy and a great roommate. Our 55th reunion will not be the same without him." Daughter Lisa wrote, "Dad you will always be with me You taught me

to respect intelligence and education, seek out answers, be curious, ski, boat, love the outdoors, and love live music. I will always think of you when I am out on a boat in the ocean."



Maria and Richard, Spanish Steps, June 21, 2023

Gregory Conderacci remembers:

Dief was one of the neatest and most organized people I met at Princeton. Condemned to live with a handful of messy Tigers who didn't live up to his standards, he often good-naturedly put us to shame by cleaning up after us!

John Collins remembers:

Richard and his wife have been a part of our Wednesday ZOOM calls for years as they lived their lives in a boat from New England to Florida. Sometimes the WiFi in the marina was funky, but it was fun sharing their lifestyle dream.



VASSILIOS DOUGALIS



Died January 1, 2022

DEGREE: Civil & Geological Engineering

WIDOW: Timoklia Ioannidis Dougalis
34 Adrianoupoleos Street
Thrakomakedones 13676,
Greece
+30 2102430463

Renowned Greek applied mathematician Vassilios Dougalis joined us for junior and senior years as a transfer from the National Technical University of Athens. Doug to many but Vassilis to his closest friends, he'd grown up in the Greek capital, where his parents sacrificed to send him to the prestigious, private Moraitis School, and where the scholar-athlete was the playmaker on the volleyball team.

He roomed with Evangelos Mageirou, Bill Haning, and Ann Sease Monoyios '72 while majoring in civil and geological engineering and graduating with highest honors and a Phi Beta Kappa key. He went on to earn his master's and Ph.D. in applied mathematics at Harvard. At a time when Greece was under a reviled military dictatorship, he embraced the freedom in the United States, participating in a Harvard student hunger strike in April 1972 demanding the university divest from Gulf Oil over its operations in Angola.

He married Timoklia "Titina" Ioannidis in 1976 and joined the faculty at the University of Tennessee-Knoxville, where he won a teaching award and was awarded tenure before returning to Greece after seven years to continue his career in applied mathematics as a researcher, administrator and educator. He is credited with elevating his homeland's international stature in mathematics. He served first on the faculty at the University of Crete, then back at National Technical University of Athens and finally the University of Athens. He was director of the Institute of Applied and Computational Mathematics at Greece's top research center, the Foundation for Research and Technology-Hellas (FORTH) in Crete, and also vice chairman and chairman of FORTH'S Board of Directors.

Vassilios authored the standard textbook in Greece on numerical analysis and received his country's highest award for Excellence in University Teaching in 2000, the first mathematician to win that

recognition. At a 2023 international symposium in his honor, University of Santa Cruz computer scientist Phokion Kolaitis recalled the memorable lecture his boyhood friend gave upon receiving that teaching award from the president of the Hellenic Republic.

Vasillios recited the passage in satirist Jonathan Swift's "Gulliver's Travels" about a country where students learn mathematics via the digestive system by writing the theorems and proofs on small pieces of papers, swallowing them, and fasting for three days, after which the knowledge is indelibly transferred to the brain. That is not the way it works, Vasillios noted wryly, because teachers are indispensable to the learning process. "What they do is help students learn on their own and set an example of how an educated person thinks and acts. Sometimes, without perhaps realizing it, the teacher becomes a life guide." And that is what he was, "a life guide to many of his students," said Kolaitis. Vasillios, who retired in 2016, died of cancer on Jan. 1, 2022, leaving Titina, children Anastasia and Achilles, and two grandchildren.

TIMOTHY M. EMPKIE



Died December 30, 2023

DEGREE: Biology
ACTIVITIES: Basketball,
Tower Club

Tim Empkie embodied Princeton's motto, living a life of service, from joining a medical volunteer corps and treating patients in a small North Dakota town to teaching family medicine and instilling in generations of Brown University medical students a passion for healing people in underserved communities across the world. He spent nearly a decade in Prague leading Project Hope's humanitarian relief efforts in Central Europe and the Balkans. Befitting a basketball fanatic and former JV and Dillon pickup player, he was also the faculty adviser to the Bruins' men's basketball team, the same role Marvin Bressler h'71 played at our alma mater.

Born in the Midwest, Tim was president of his high

school class in New Canaan, Conn. He majored in biology, relished being a member of Tower Club, and lived with Ellis, O'Hern, Milhaupt and Logsdon off-campus senior year. Tim graduated from University of Connecticut School of Medicine in 1976, completed a family medicine residency in Iowa, and embarked on his remarkable career of teaching and community service with two years with the National Health Service Corps. After earning a Master's in Public Health at Harvard, he joined the faculty of the Family Medicine Department at the Medical School of Brown University in 1984. Tim coordinated medical student exchanges between Brown and leading German universities in Rostock and Tübingen.



Tim on the Brown campus, 2022

After returning to Providence in 2002 from his Project Hope stint, he was appointed assistant dean of medicine. In this role he advised students in Brown's Program in Liberal Medical Education, an eight-year program combining undergrad and medical school. He taught both undergraduate and graduate classes, including a popular class for freshmen on the health disparities in Haiti and the Dominican Republic, which share the island of Hispaniola. Additionally, he fostered partnerships with global projects such as the Ormylia Foundation in Greece and A Mother's Wish Foundation in the Dominican Republic, and was an evangelist for telehealth especially for its ability to reach those with limited access to doctors, nurses and hospital care.

He resumed his love affair with basketball by mentoring Brown's varsity team starting in 2017, including a memorable trip to Europe in 2019. Two months after his death from esophageal cancer on Dec. 31, 2023, he was recognized with ceremonies at a Princeton-Brown basketball game and the dedication of an outdoor bench.

He was active as a member of our class and a leader in reviving the Princeton Alumni Association of Rhode Island. A community activist at heart, Tim led efforts to stop construction of a stadium on park land in Providence and stood strong as a supporter of LGBTQ+ rights.

As the obituary posted by his family noted, "He had a gift for conversation and maintained close friendships with people from every phase of his life. He found joy in ... spending long summer days with his sister, nephews, and grand-nieces in northern Wisconsin where he will be laid to rest once summer comes again." Tim was a quiet force, who tirelessly applied his talents and resources to improving the world and supporting those whom he mentored and advised. His modest demeanor and steadfast presence were a force for good, relied upon by all who knew him.



Tim (on right) with Ron Senchesak

James Hart remembers:

Tim died as he had lived – simply, honestly, and quite privately. My wife Maureen and I spent two days with Tim in October. He knew what was coming and was very open about discussing the situation with us. It became clear early on that the treatments were causing more symptoms than the disease, and so Tim decided to let nature take its course. He is being appropriately remembered for a host of contributions at Brown. He was a marvelous friend to me for well over 50 years.

Charles Crane remembers:

Tim Empkie always seemed bigger than life to me. Somehow he was a quiet, solid presence who radiated integrity.

W. Jeffrey Marshall remembers:

Tim and I bonded over the fact that we were from neighboring towns in Connecticut, and he and Scott Belser were close and became friends of mine. Tim wasn't someone gifted with a sense of gab, but he had a wry sense of humor and a great deal of dignity.



Plaque honoring Tim at Brown

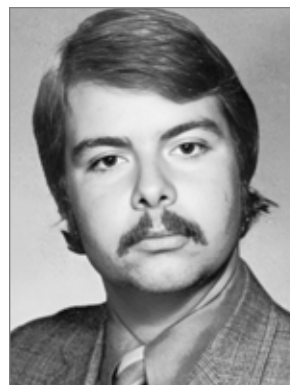
Ernest Pittman remembers:

I was Tim's roommate for three years. Scott Belser joined us during sophomore and junior years. Tim was a kind and humble man who achieved a remarkable career in medicine. He will live forever in the memories of everyone who knew him.

RICHARD M. FERRUGIO

RICH

Died November 15, 2021



DEGREE: A.B., Art & Archaeology

ACTIVITIES: Theatre Intime, Quadrangle Club, American Whig-Clisophic Society

Richard M. "Rich" Ferrugio was both nervous and excited when he was accepted by Princeton, the first in his Brooklyn, N.Y., Italian-American family to attend college. He had told an alumni interviewer he was concerned he might not fit in — and the interviewer spent the next 30 minutes convincing the Xaverian High School senior he'd be a perfect fit. "He

was right," Rich wrote in our 50th yearbook. "I learned so much about life and me personally in those four years And perhaps the most important lesson was not to fear change but embrace it."



"Embracing the Light," a commission from 2020. Oils on canvas, 30" x 24"

And change he did in a career that catapulted him from actor, caterer, kitchen and bath designer and innkeeper to painter. Rich had immersed himself in campus theatrical life, starring, directing and serving as executive director in numerous productions at Theatre Intime. He majored in art history, changing his thesis two months before it was due from comic book art to "Eroticism in the Works of Salvador Dali." He lived with Flip Connell and Reiter senior year in 1903 Hall and was a member of Quadrangle. Classmates remember his creativity and his extraordinary cooking skills.



"Winter Trios," a commission from 2019. Oils on canvas, 30" x 40"

After graduation, he pursued an acting and design career in New York City and was married to Anne Hoffman for 11 years. To make a living, he used those cooking skills to open a successful catering business,

The Food Gallery, whose noteworthy events included a New York City mayoral inauguration and two of our major reunions. After selling the business, he shifted to a painting career and produced over 100 paintings, which are displayed at collections across the country. He moved to Colorado and then back to upstate New York, where he continued to paint and operated the Saratoga Rose Inn and Restaurant with Claude Belanger, his domestic partner for 20 years.



Rich and Juan on their wedding day (May 10, 2019)

In later years, he moved to Florida, married entrepreneur Juan Valladares in 2019 and began a struggle with pancreatic cancer to which he succumbed on Nov. 15, 2021. Rich loyally served Princeton as a P-rade marshal, Alumni Schools Committee interviewer, major reunion chair and fundraiser. He truly was a one and only.

Scott Rogers remembers:

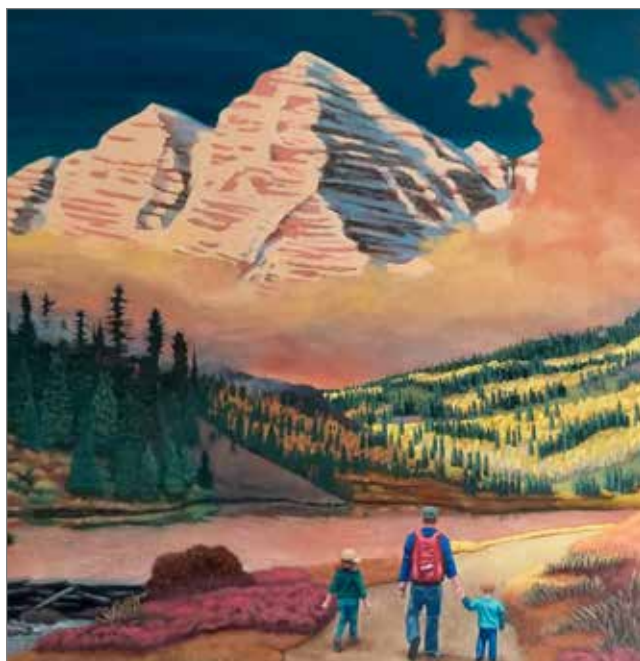
Freshman year, Rich lived with me and Jim Bright, two Ohio tennis buddies, in Brown Hall. Rich was studying math and Russian and getting interested in the theatre, which he pursued with great skill during Princeton. We loved watching him perform.

He came from Brooklyn with wonderful, adoring parents who visited often, by Jim and my standards.

Philip Connell remembers:

My adventures with Rich as roommates, at Quadrangle, at Theatre Intime, and after Princeton always seemed to push one envelope or another.

Rich was such a colourful guy, always up to try something new, and he did so his entire life. One insight into Rich I got was, like Scott's, connected to his parents. He invited me home with him to Brooklyn one holiday weekend, and I got to see the amazing rapport he had with his mom and dad. The sweet side of Rich's personality comes from his mom, I think, and his love of food comes from that home. I remember eating amazing dishes until I couldn't handle another bite; then Mrs. Ferrugio said, "Oh that was just the appetizers," and wheeled out three or four main courses! He was one of a kind, and I miss him.



*"Where the Time Goes," a commission from 2019.
Oils on canvas, 30" x 40"*

John Watkins remembers:

Rich was brilliant, as he was able to read that large green Pre-Med textbook (when he was considering a future in health care), as many would read a novel. And yet, he was always humble. Rich was a very special person!

I actually was the beneficiary of one of Rich's many talents. Many years ago, my firm, Chemical Bank, hosted a tennis event at the West Side Tennis Club in NYC. And Rich's firm catered the event. You would not believe the rave reviews I received for Rich's catering services (and not for the tennis!).

Rich had such a multitude of talents, like acting, where he seemed to have to read the lines of a play only once!

Best, best, best, best!

JOHN A. GARRETSON

JACK



Died April 27, 2023

DEGREE: A.B., Sociology

ACTIVITIES: Swimming and Diving, Cannon Club, Quadrangle Club

John "Jack" Andrew Garretson, an All-American swimmer at Princeton and co-captain of the varsity team, died of complications of Lewy body dementia on April 27, 2023, in Florida, where he and Tara lived after Jack retired from practicing law in Hamilton, Ohio, the town where he grew up.



Tara and Jack

Jack was among the 44-strong contingent of Ohioans in our class, including two classmates from Hamilton Taft High. Jack, class president for three years in high school, majored in sociology, belonged to Quad, set records in the Dillon Gym pool, oversaw urban work-scholarship programs and lived with a colorful brotherhood in 3rd entry Walker (Barbieri, Hoxie, Winsky, Cutchins, K. Warner, Muther, C. Kemp, Beeler, and Dave Garretson '72) who fondly remember his energy, drive, and good cheer. He wed Tara wed shortly after graduating with honors and they raised their three children, Jenny, John and Tyler, in Hamilton, where Jack hung out his shingle after graduating, again with honors, from Northern Kentucky University's Salmon P. Chase College of Law.

He practiced personal injury, family and criminal defense law, including six death-penalty cases, and also served the community as housing authority chair, bailiff, prosecutor, acting judge, and probation officer. Despite a frenetic schedule, he never missed one of the kids' football games, track meets, or dance. Always a stellar athlete, he ran with his dogs or swam laps at the YMCA nearly every morning, climbed Mount Rainier, scuba dived to the ocean floor of the Florida Keys, and ran the Boston Marathon. Jack was one of six brothers (including Dave) and, like his father before him, was inducted into the Butler County Sports Hall of Fame in 2006. The Garretsons lived in retirement on Marco Island, Fla., and doted on their five grandchildren. "The two of you always had the marriage bar set very high," a friend of old wrote on a condolence page.



*Jack with granddaughter
Chloe*

Chico, etc.

One incredibly enjoyable road trip was in the '70s, when Jack, Robert, and I drove a motor home from Hamilton to San Antonio to help celebrate Gilman's wedding. I flew from D.C. to Jack's house but arrived at 4 in the morning. Not wanting to awaken anyone, I crashed on the front lawn – summertime.

Jack nudged me awake later, having heard from a neighbor – "Jack, I think there's a body on your lawn!"

Full of life, spirit, and compassion. I will certainly miss knowing he walks among us.

Dale Neuburger remembers:

So sorry to know of the passing of Jack Garretson. Jack was the swimming co-captain and an inspiration to everyone on the team.

He was "tough as nails," and willed himself to being Eastern champion in the 200 freestyle in 1971.

Condolences to his family.



Jack and Tara with Jenny, Tyler and John and their families

Kevin Warner remembers:

How could I not remember Jack! He was one of the unique and spirited members of 3rd entry Walker for our last two years on campus. The notables being, of course, Dr. Robert, Melon Head,

Clifford Cutchins remembers:

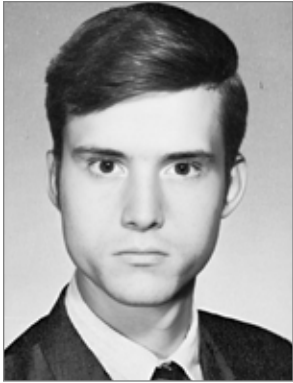
Jack was my roommate our Junior and Senior years. He was a dedicated swimmer and swam early and late each day. He was an Ohioan who followed the various schools from that neighborhood. While we both became lawyers, we did not stay in touch with each other. I wish we had made a bigger effort to stay in touch.



Princeton swimming team

KENNETH C. GLAZIER

KEN



Died October 16, 2025

DEGREE: B.S.E., Chemical Engineering

ACTIVITIES: Stevenson Hall, Princeton University Band, American Whig-Clisophic Society

Kenneth C. Glazier was a corporate lawyer in Texas with law and business degrees from Harvard as well as an officer or director of a half-dozen companies in the energy industry, starting with oil and gas and finishing with wind power. "Much of my career has been in the oil patch, so it feels good in the gray-hair stage to be promoting new types of power that don't pollute," he wrote in our 35th reunion yearbook.



Ken always stood proudly when "Anchors Aweigh" was played (Richlands nursing facility, 2023)

Growing up, Ken lived in many places around the world because his father was employed by Gulf Oil. He attended the American School in Tokyo for four years before Princeton. He played in the band at every football game for four years and fondly recalled, "There's nothing like the rush from marching into Palmer Stadium, Harvard Stadium, or Yale Bowl." A chemical engineering major, he belonged to Stevenson — basketball and

volleyball games after lunch were a favorite memory — roomed with Bushong and West senior year in 1903 Hall, and was proud of preparing Princeton's successful application for a Tau Beta Pi honorary engineering chapter. He also joined the Whig-Clisophic Society.

After getting a low draft number in November 1969, he agonized over what to do but immediately enlisted in the Navy after graduation, was

commissioned as a lieutenant and served two tours in Vietnam on a destroyer. "I gave firing orders for shore bombardment that killed people, which still troubles me," he wrote in the 50th yearbook.

After receiving his twin professional degrees in 1979 at that school in Cambridge, Mass., he became a transactional attorney "in the largest law office anywhere," the Houston office of Vinson and Elkins.

Throughout his life he was an ardent volunteer, including serving as a crew chief for Habitat for Humanity, acting Boy Scoutmaster, and Presbyterian Church Deacon. He was an early adopter of online learning with courses offered by top universities and "upped my commitment to them during the pandemic."



Ken, who was single, maintained a small consulting and law practice even after retiring to a woodsy community north of Houston. "Workouts, golf, and tennis slow my physical decline" from Parkinson's Disease and Lewy body dementia, he wrote in the 50th yearbook. Eventually the illness forced a move from Texas to a care facility in Johnstown, Pa., where his sister Ginny Babal provided support in those last years, decorating his room with Princeton band and other memorabilia.

Ken sporting his pandemic beard (November 2020)



Ken with his sisters Ginny and Judy, 2016

Ken died on Oct. 16, 2025. Terry Guckes and Bill Armiger ably represented the class at Ken's memorial service in Kingwood, Texas on December 9, 2025.

Terry Guckes remembers:

Ken was a great friend for almost six decades. I miss him terribly.

Charles Bushong remembers:

Ken was the best man at my wedding to Joan on March 1, 1986.

William Armiger remembers:

As Chem E majors, Ken and I had summer jobs with Procter & Gamble in Baltimore. Prior to finding an apartment, Ken lived with my family and after graduation he returned to P&G with a full-time job. While in Baltimore, he was active at my parent's church and developed a close relationship with my mother, which lasted for many years. I was able to keep up with Ken through my mother's yearly Christmas correspondence with him.

JOHN JEFFREY GOODWIN

JEFF



Died January 9, 2026

DEGREE: Woodrow Wilson School

ACTIVITIES: Wilson College

Befitting someone who from an early age took part in protests and struggles for civil rights in the segregated South, John Jeffrey Goodwin is pictured on a memorial notice smiling and proudly wearing a "No Kings" protest shirt. Jeff grew up in Oak Ridge, Tenn., where he became fiercely committed to social justice and standing up for his neighbors, following the example of his parents – Ruth, an artist, and Hunter, an engineer for the Manhattan Project – who were outspoken community leaders and helped found the Oak Ridge Unitarian Church. Hunter's work for Union Carbide took the family to Europe, where Jeff graduated from his beloved Ecole Internationale de Genève, the now century-old international school in Geneva and birthplace of the

International Baccalaureate diploma. The school was a United Nations of sorts, with students from all over the globe, something Jeff proudly explained to many an oncology nurse in his last few months before his death from lung cancer at home in Flemington, N.J., on Jan. 9, 2026. Jeff belonged to Wilson College and was president of the Princeton student chapter of the American Civil Liberties Union. He focused on urban affairs in the then-Wilson School of Public and International Affairs, where he earned his bachelor's degree and two years later a master's. He and



Jeff, always an advocate for the underserved

Kimberlee Larson were married in 1972 and lived in Brooklyn, where Jessica (1972) and John (1982) were born. The couple moved to Bucks County, Pa., in 1984 and divorced in 1989. Jeff's urban affairs expertise served New York City well where he worked in the Bureau of the Budget for Mayor John Lindsay during a budget crisis, then as a special assistant to

mayors Abe Beame and Ed Koch, directing a Medicaid task force. He is credited with developing a novel payment processing system that reduced average time of payment from six months to a few days, and also with helping cut costs by \$300 million in a single year. He became an executive of New York City Health and Hospitals, the largest municipal health care system in the country, then moved to the private sector at what became Ernst & Young. There he was awarded a partnership in 1984 for pioneering work in information systems practice. He would ultimately start InSys Technology, an IT systems consultancy. Jeff was a devoted parent to Jessica and John and their families, including four grandchildren. His hobbies were photography, raising Labradors, and gardening, and he was active in HomeFront, an organization that strives to end homelessness in central New Jersey, including tutoring children in the families that HomeFront helped. Jeff summed up his philosophy: "I have lost the ability to understand how anyone finds the time to be bored, or even to sleep. I find tremendous pleasure in doing things – the doing interests me much more than the product. I enjoy my work and my lifestyle because they offer so many things which must be done that I can switch

shamelessly from project to project knowing that I will never be finished." He also often recalled something his mother said often: "There is always joy to be found, but only if you look for it."

STEVEN D. GREENE



Died January 9, 2025

DEGREE: History

ACTIVITIES: Fencing, Tower Club, Glee Club, Outdoor Action

WIDOW: Veronica Greene
924 Brookvale Terrace
Manchester, MO 63021-6765
(314) 878-7332

Steven David Greene spent 40 years teaching Western Civilization and World History and coaching golf at his beloved alma mater, Principia Upper School in St. Louis, a day and boarding school founded upon the principles of Christian Science. Steve had been a three-sport letterman at Principia (golf, football and basketball) who took up fencing and became team captain at Princeton, as well as marching in the Band for two years and singing in the Glee Club. He was also president of the campus Christian Science organization and of the Pre-Law Society. Born in Ponca City, Okla., he belonged to Tower Club and roomed with Moffat and Baine. His fond memories of Princeton included "walks to McCosh; Tower Club; fencing; Glee Club rehearsals and trips to Puerto Rico and Mexico; (the) 'Moratorium'; lots of extremely bright people." He wavered between attending law school and teaching but never looked back after returning to St. Louis and Principia. He started as a residential advisor, director of admissions and assistant dean before moving on to classroom instruction as he earned his master's in teaching at Webster University. Steve wrote in our 25th yearbook about "the great feeling when a student told me that my class and demands were what turned her around academically That is the reason we become educators — to touch lives and kindle the desire to learn!" Even as he coached Principia's golfers, he kept his touch, qualifying for a Missouri state amateur golf championship, shooting a sub-par round in a tournament and becoming a club champion. He also learned to ski at age 30. A bachelor into his 40s, his life changed in 1993 when he met "a

wonderful woman," Veronica, a Montessori teacher from Mexico who later founded Casa de Niños, the only Spanish immersion Montessori preschool in St. Louis. They married the next summer and had two children, Sara and Joshua. In 2012, Steve retired from The Principia. In December of 2022, Steve and Veronica moved to Tequisquiapan, Mexico, and he greatly enjoyed walking to the markets and town square, immersing himself in the Mexican culture, and living a very simple and beautiful way of living until he died on Jan. 9, 2025.

Kevin Baine remembers:

Steve had a serious side that made you think and a playful spirit that made you laugh. He carried himself with ease and grace and threw the tightest spiral of anyone I knew. Steve and I met two girls on the beach in San Juan and ended back at their place discussing Christian Science with the girls' parents!

Steve was a gem. He shone effortlessly.

John Moffat remembers:

I was with him in Puerto Rico on our Glee Club trip spring break freshman year when we met two college women in a bar (Steve didn't drink), one of whom turned out to be Ed McMahon's daughter. Steve was one of the nicest guys I ever knew.

Steve's wife, Veronica, was from Central America. They had me for dinner when I was in St. Louis in 2007 and Veronica cooked a wonderful meal from her country. Her heritage was an important part of his life and that of their children.

CORNELIUS L. GRIFFITH NEIL/GRIFF



Died June 14, 2021

DEGREE: Mechanical & Aerospace Engr.

ACTIVITIES: Stevenson Hall

Cornelius Lavern "Neil" Griffith was one of those kids totally caught up in the space race in the 1960s, rousing the family at 5 a.m. to watch rocket launches at dawn from Cape Kennedy, Fla., doing experiments with his toy chemistry set, and making

and launching rockets on the neighborhood playground in Kentucky “with all the kids looking on in amazement,” a sister, Kathy Ann Griffith, remembers. He’d live that dream as a career engineer for NASA in Houston and Florida who worked on the team that designed the space shuttle Enterprise after earning his bachelor’s degree with honors and a master’s degree at Princeton in mechanical and aerospace engineering.



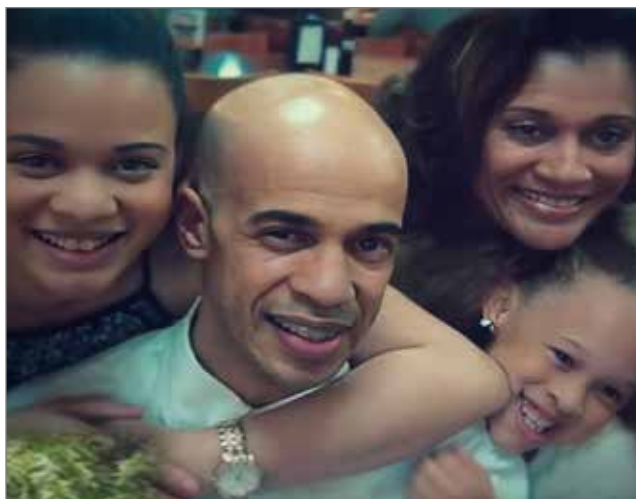
Griff around 1977

With a sterling recommendation from his Evansville (Ind.) Central H.S., science teacher, a Mrs. T. Hall, and assistance from a local Andover alumnus, the straight-A student won a scholarship to finish the last two years of high school at Phillips Academy Andover. He played basketball, ran track and participated in the Asia Club at the prep school, where classmates remembered him as quiet, bright and witty. He “tremendously enjoyed” that experience, he told the Evansville Courier & Press, which ran a story when its former newspaper carrier was admitted to Princeton. Neil, as his NASA colleagues called him – he was Lavern to his family and Griff at Andover and Princeton – was the sole Black engineer in ’71.



High school club members in Princeton holding up the rockets Griff helped them build

With a sterling recommendation from his Evansville (Ind.) Central H.S., science teacher, a Mrs. T. Hall, and assistance from a local Andover alumnus, the straight-A student won a scholarship to finish the last two years of high school at Phillips Academy Andover. He played basketball, ran track and participated in the Asia Club at the prep school, where classmates remembered him as



Griff with his family

He kept close ties to the local Black community during his undergrad and grad years at Princeton, encouraging students to study rocketry and science. He was among the student counselors who worked with engineering faculty on a monthlong summer enrichment program that provided instruction, lab work and field trips to middle-schoolers from Princeton and Trenton. After his NASA career, Neil retired to Evansville, in part to help care for the ailing Mrs. Hall, that beloved science teacher. Neil died on June 14, 2021, in Evansville, survived by sisters Kathy and Beth Ann and many nieces, nephews and cousins.

Terry Guckes remembers:

Cornelius was always “Griff” to those who were fortunate enough to know him at Princeton. He was always so positive about life at Princeton, even when

taking Prof. Bogdonoff’s (“Boggey” I believe he was called by the M&AE undergrads) class, which others in M&AE described as “challenging” (hellish). Griff’s nature was one of comity. At the same time, Griff could display a certain sempiternal rapier wit and humor about him that I enjoyed in the many meals we shared together. I greatly respected his jocularly because he never poked fun at people, but directed his perspicacity for humor toward events and objects.

On my dark days, he was my ray of sunshine and hope.

CHARLES K. HARMAR



Died December 19, 2024

DEGREE: English

ACTIVITIES: Ice Hockey,
Cottage Club

WIDOW: Emily Franklin
Harmar

524 Fox Rd.
Glenside, PA 19038-2808
(215) 884-7691

Charles Knowles Harmar did not start out as the most athletic of the six Harmar siblings growing up in the Chestnut Hil neighborhood of Philadelphia — older sister Nina was a two-time Olympic swimmer — but he overcame a sickly childhood to become a tenacious competitor on the tennis court, a scrawny but rugged running back at Germantown Academy and most of all on the ice where he played four years for the hockey team at Princeton. “He wasn’t big, but he was a hustle player,” says son Josiah.



Charley at right with hockey linemates

He also had an artistic side, from an early age drawing funny, often satirical cartoons, a talent he practiced even as he built a career as a commercial mortgage broker back in Philadelphia, where he took pride in arranging financing for senior housing and healthcare projects. “He grew into a man of uncommon goodness, kindness and decency,” the Rev. Laura Palmer said at a service of thanksgiving for Charley’s life in June 2025, six months after his death from Alzheimer’s disease and Lewy body

dementia. “He was quietly forthright,” his wife Emily said, “but he didn’t pontificate. He disdained pretense and phonies. He had a great sense of humor and was a fine cartoonist, not a skill many bankers share.” (The family’s Philadelphia roots run deep. Josiah’s namesake ancestor fought under George Washington as a lieutenant colonel in the American Revolutionary War.)

Princeton was a constant in Charley’s life, especially when the 40-something bachelor met Emily Franklin ’88 while both served on the board of the Princeton Club of Philadelphia and they co-hosted a watch party at a sports bar for a Yale game. They were married two years later at the Episcopal Church of St. Martin-in-the-Fields where Charley had been baptized and where decades later families and friends would gather to say goodbye. Half a dozen hockey teammates and other friends from college were among the mourners, Tom MacMillan, Thom Payne, Sandy and Elsie McAdoo, Jamie Pitney, Ginger Davis and Chuck Goldberg among them as well as Terry Pflaumer and Father Greg Winsky.

Tom remembered how hard Charley played even when the outcome was hopeless during those lean years. “Not giving 100 percent was never an option for him,” Tom said. As Josiah and Lila ’22 got older, Charley would take them to hockey games at Hobey Baker Memorial Rink and football contests in the new stadium. (The family was at the epic 2012 game with Harvard but had retreated to Cottage Club when the visitors rolled up a 24-point lead. Roars from the stadium brought them back in time to see the Tigers pull out the 39-34 win.)

He played Monopoly to win with the kids — grabbing the orange properties was a signature strategy — and “to plan, prepare and organize, a direct quote which he repeated insistently and often,” Lila said. “It could be daunting to learn from someone who did most things well ... but he encouraged me and insisted that practice makes perfect.”

Charley often took Josiah and Lila fishing and imparted his love of the outdoors, as evidenced by both children’s embarking on careers in environmental protection. Said Josiah, “You live on in my laugh and sense of humor, my commitment to justice and service, my family values, and my sense of spirituality.”

Their father bore stoically the six-year struggle with the cruel diseases that robbed his memory, the Rev. Palmer said in her eulogy, “but a few weeks before he died, he looked up at Emily from his failing body and said, ‘I have a message from the front office.’ ‘What’s in the message?’ Emily asked. He said, ‘I’m going to

be okay.’ And today we give thanks because, Charley, we know that you are.”

Sandy McAdoo remembers:

Charley was a wonderful guy. His wit knew no bounds and we had a terrific time as roommates freshman and sophomore years. Unfortunately, we lost touch over the years since graduation. I was shocked and saddened to learn of his passing. He will be missed.

Robert Douthitt remembers:

Charley was a great guy to be around. He had no ego, a fun sense of adventure, and was quite funny. At one point senior year, he was really excited about a new hot plate he had bought for his room, and planned to cook some luscious steaks. They were terrible! But, thereafter, he cooked plenty of popcorn. He probably lit up rooms his whole life.

HOMER J. HENDERSON



Died August 19, 2022

DEGREE: A.B., English
ACTIVITIES: Terrace Club

WIDOW: Ellen Sogge
Henderson
1790 SW 203rd Avenue
Beaverton, OR 97003-2164

The erudite, witty Homer L. Henderson was a bookseller who worked for more than a quarter-century in the antiquarian and used book sections of Seattle’s legendary Shorey’s Bookstore. His many years at Shorey’s resulted in a home library of several thousands of volumes, with not one of which would he ever consider parting, his family said. He also worked at a publishing house, Parenting Press, for 15 years and earned a master’s degree in library science at the University of Washington.

Homer was born in Rapid City, S.D., and as a boy moved all over the West with his parents and sister before the family settled in Tacoma, Wash. He lettered in multiple sports at Clover Park High School there, but at Princeton his consuming interest was the life of the mind. He majored in English, graduated with high honors, and belonged to Terrace Club.

Roommates remember his incredible sense of

humor and effervescent personality. Rick Beard recalls: “What I most remember about Homer, who was an usher at my wedding, is his effervescent personality and incredible sense of humor. Most of my remembrances are, unfortunately, rather inappropriate for the purpose at hand, but I will always remember the weekend in Holder that Homer bestowed upon me the title of An An, a giant panda who brushed aside the amorous intent of Chi Chi, the female whom the National Zoo had acquired to be his mate. This was after a weekend during which I had demonstrated my gentlemanly obliviousness toward my amorous date. So many other moments escape my evanescent memories, yet his mellow laughter and ready smile remain. He was a wonderful friend and roommate.”



Homer receiving congratulations and a bouquet after his directorial debut in a church theatrical production of “Spoon River Anthology” in 2015

Homer and wife Ellen were deeply connected to Shoreline Unitarian Universalist Church (SUUC) in Shoreline, Wash., which they joined after an invitation to the holiday service “to see the kids perform ‘How the Grinch Stole Christmas’ – we were hooked immediately,” he recalled. “It filled a need for me I didn’t know I had.” Homer taught Sunday school, served on the church board, and was instrumental in creating a “Readers Theater Club” for children that involved donning costumes and acting out stories.

Ellen had been raised in a Unitarian Universalist fellowship while Homer had grown up attending Methodist churches with his family. At age 15 he informed them he was no longer a believer and stopped going to services. He spent the next 30-some years “unchurched,” he related in a farewell talk at the church in January 2019 before moving to Portland, Ore. He called himself “spiritual but not

religious” in that period, which included college, maintaining an interest in many practices including Buddhism. “I read, meditated, did yoga – but on my own,” he said. He recalled two epiphanies in college. The first came in an English class when he read Christopher Marlowe’s Elizabethan play “Doctor Faustus” and was struck by Mephistopheles’ response when the doomed scholar asks why Mephistopheles wasn’t in hell. “Why, this is hell, nor am I out of it,” the devil responds. And then there was the early morning when, after staying up all night in “shall I say an altered state of mind,” he went into the courtyard of his dormitory to meditate, sat cross-legged against a wall and chanted, “It’s all one, it’s all one,” until he got distracted by the sounds of birds’ singing and then a cat noisily stalking them in an evergreen bush. Suddenly he felt overcome with joy “because I realized everything was perfect. It was simply only a matter of realizing that this was so.” In parting, he asked the congregants “to do one thing for me: Every once in a while, please stop for a moment, take a look around and say to yourself, ‘Why, this is heaven, nor am I out of it.’ ”

Homer died in home hospice care in Portland surrounded by family — Ellen, son Ross and daughter Merrell — in August 2022, following a short bout with leukemia.



Homer in the early '70s



Homer in the early '90s

Richard Dakan remembers:

I came to know Homer mainly post-Princeton in Seattle via John Miller. We ended up sharing rental housing for 3 or 4 years. Those were really good years, and Homer contributed immensely to create the warm, friendly living environment for all the housemates with whom he lived. His avid reading habits (the walls of his room were lined in books,

read on one wall and unread on another) and his incredible memory made him an endless source of facts, knowledge and literary anecdotes. His Oxford unabridged dictionary of the English language was a permanent fixture in the living room. He was also a regular companion on numerous hiking trips in the Cascade mountains and sailboat outings. He was one of those wonderful, generous, open, witty, faithful friends that leave a lasting memory just because of who they are.

John Miller remembers:

I’d like to offer my fondest memory. The summer of 1970 Homer, Michael Smith and I rented studio apartments at the Theological Seminary. We worked and played June through August. We had many fun experiences, including a Saturday body surfing at Cape May.

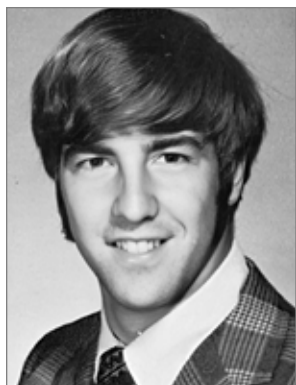


Homer and Ellen’s wedding



JOHN D. HITTSON

JACK



Died January 24, 2026

DEGREE: A.B., History

ACTIVITIES: Baseball, Football-Varsity, Cannon Club

WIDOW: Veronnie H. Hittson

1420 Kimberton Road
Chester Springs, PA 19425-1417
veronnie.hittson@gmail.com

It is not an exaggeration to say that no one loved Princeton or did more for the Class of 1971 than John D. "Jack" Hittson. A student-athlete, he was recruited from Nether Providence High School in the South Philadelphia suburbs to play football. He did play freshman football but made his mark on the baseball mound as an All-Ivy and All-America pitcher with a magical 9-0 senior season, relying more on guile than a power arm. The season was highlighted by a two-hit, 13-strikeout shutout of powerhouse St. John's and a courageous, 180-pitch, 14-inning marathon tie vs. Brown. His career 17-3 record remains the best winning percentage in Princeton history, yet the team missed qualifying for the College World Series tournament by one game in both 1970 and 1971, something he always regretted.



Three Delco football competitors --- Jack Hess, Dennis Macaleer and Jack Hittson

Jack originally thought of majoring in math but settled on history and set his course on a business career. He was a stalwart member of Cannon Club

and the goalie on its six-person, skateless ice hockey team, earning the moniker Le Boot, and he won the IAA bridge championship. He was an assistant baseball coach at Penn while obtaining his MBA in marketing at the Wharton School. He channeled those quantitative and analytic skills into a career as a top executive with an eclectic group of consumer and industrial goods companies, serving as president/CEO of companies in the U.S., Mexico, Brazil and Africa, including American Home Foods, Yale Security and Kidde Fire.

The love of his life was Ronnie, whom he met in seventh grade in junior high school and started dating as soon as they got to high school. ("Like most of the boys at that age, he was oblivious of girls in seventh and eighth grade," recalls Ronnie, an honorary member of '71.) They went to the freshman dance and every prom

together; he was the star quarterback and she a cheerleader. They dated throughout college – Ronnie was at Bucknell – and married on June 12, 1971, right after their graduations. She and Jack had three children – David '03, Lauren '05 and Matthew – and six grandchildren.



Ronnie and Jack



Hittson family carrying the class banner at Reunions 2005

The family lived in Westport, Conn.; Charlotte, N.C.; and Radnor, Pa., for most of Jack's working years. His hobbies were theater, music and sports.

Marriage to Ronnie and raising the family were “the best years of my life,” Jack wrote in the 50th yearbook, but those four years at Princeton “and my nearly 50 years serving in various capacities in Class affairs for 1971 come second.” Jack was the first class agent, president from 1976 to 1981, special gifts chair for our 40th, and Reunions chair or co-chair for our 40th, 45th and 50th reunions. Ronnie was omnipresent with her assistance during Reunions. Jack’s reunion financial spreadsheets were legendary for their detail and completeness. He also was Class historian, carefully documenting names and roles in our Class leadership starting with the 5th reunion, as well as fun facts about the baseball team’s 1969-71 seasons. He organized spring trips for ‘70 and ‘71 baseball alumni (Hayes, Huard, Coleman, Weiner) to watch the current Princeton baseball team play U of Georgia in 2023 and U of North Carolina in 2024. We lost a true class champion when Jack died of cancer on Jan. 24, 2026.

Charles Ade remembers:

Jack was a true friend and honored classmate. My condolences to Ronnie and the family for your loss. Jack is a loss for all of us that knew him.

Bruce Millman ‘70 remembers:

The Class of 1970 could not let the untimely passing of Jack Hittson go unremarked. Jack and I often worked together when we were reunion chairs of our respective classes – especially during satellite years when we coordinated events together. Jack always did the lion’s share of the physical work for those

events, whether it was setting up tables and chairs or hauling cases of beer. And he approached it all with enthusiasm and good cheer. He was a friend – and as I wrote to his wife, Ronnie, a friend of our Class. We will miss him.



Bill Lewis and Jack at the Boathouse at our 40th reunion

Michael Potter remembers:

Jack Hittson was a national treasure to our Princeton Class of 1971, to his family and to his many friends. Jack and I began our 59-year friendship the fall semester of our Freshman year as floor mates in Jonathan Edwards Hall. I was fortunate to experience many facets and gifts of Jack’s personality.

I trace the beginning of our “adult” friendship to a spring day sophomore year when Jack shared many stories about his youth and his adoptive family.

Jack’s intriguing background was the foundation for many of his attributes.

For four years Jack and I played recreational sports together, and I was introduced to his natural athletic skills in football, basketball, baseball and golf. Our senior year Jack finished the baseball season with a pitching record of 9-0 and was named first team all American. We could always laugh about the night (after a few beers) Jack set me up as a catcher in Jadwin basement and threw his best pitches toward my mitt. He had reached the professional level and could have played for his hometown Phillies.

Jack and Ronnie made our class reunions unforgettable. I especially enjoyed our 30th-reunion dinner under the reunion tent in pouring rain. At our table with Jack and



Ronnie h71 and Jack with David ‘03, Lauren ‘05 and Matt at Lauren’s graduation (2005)

Ronnie were my wife Joan and Michael Macko. Jack kept disappearing to retrieve more wine from a secret cache as we talked and laughed until 3 am.

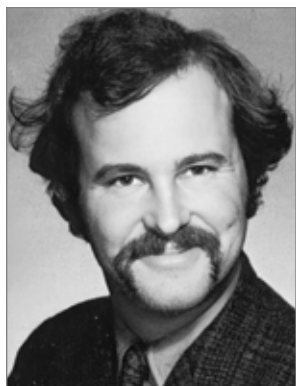
Jack and Ronnie were so proud that their children David and Lauren also graduated from Princeton. Jack overcame many difficult challenges in his lifetime and always looked to how he could help others. He demonstrated both persistence and hope every day after his cancer diagnosis. Jack was a great friend to all who came to know him.

Robert Douthitt remembers:

I first met Jack as a freshman, but knew him best sophomore year when we shared a big suite in Witherspoon Heights. Jack was an immediate standout, because he was so smart, an excellent athlete, and to top it all off, had a tremendous girlfriend, in the person of Ronnie.

But the quality that always struck me about Jack was how he was so unselfish with his time. Since graduation, that quality is obvious, with the hundreds (probably thousands) of hours he logged with Reunions over the years. As an undergraduate though, if you ran into Jack, even though he was a busy guy, he was never too busy to stop and shoot the breeze for a bit. Our class will miss one of its most genuinely down-to-earth members, and my condolences to Ronnie and their family.

RICHARD J. HOLLINGSWORTH RICH



Died October 8, 2023

DEGREE: B.S., Electrical Engineering

ACTIVITIES: Wilson College

WIDOW: Kathleen Susan Molony
73 Bartlett Hill Rd.
Concord, MA 01742-1801
(978) 369-0768
(978) 821-6814 (cell)

Richard J. “Rich” Hollingsworth’s boyhood in Philadelphia was idyllic: all-city football center, rooting for the Phillies and Eagles, summers at the shore fishing, swimming and boating. Basketball star Geoff Petrie ’70 put him up for two nights in Dod on a recruiting trip. But he quit football after freshman year (to Coach Colman’s dismay) and immersed himself in the E-Quad studying electrical engineering. When he came home from Princeton and later from

his job at RCA Labs designing integrated circuits for NASA space vehicles, “he would go on and on about computers, and my parents and I didn’t have a clue what he was talking about, so we shook our heads and said that was nice,” recalled his sister, Carol Thim. Then she chanced upon a Business Week article at work that featured a photo of Rich holding a giant silicone chip. “Rich hadn’t told them because he didn’t think it was important. That was Rich to the core. Unassuming and not one to toot his own horn,” she said at his October 2023 memorial.

Rich, who also earned a master’s degree at Penn, won several patents for the innovative semiconductor microchips he designed before moving to Massachusetts in 1979 as vice president of semiconductor technology and manufacturing at Digital Equipment Corp. He later served in leadership roles at various New England-based companies, ranging from Intel to startups.



Rich at the Vienna (Austria) zoo, summer 2021

But he was never all work and no play. Friends and family alike remember how much fun he was. Sports, skiing and photography were lifelong passions. A familiar sight on campus toting his Nikon, he fashioned a darkroom in the basement of the dining hall at Wilson College, where he roomed with Aronson, Good, Langston, McGinnis, Zdanys and Dixon. In their room with cathedral ceilings, they affixed a basketball hoop 9-foot-3-inches high, scrimmaged with a volleyball and dunked with abandon. One morning Rich woke his roommates and led them to Dillon Gym to try to emulate the three-quarter-length-of-the-court heave they had watched Laker star Jerry West sink the night before on television. “We couldn’t even reach the rim,” Bob Good recalled at the funeral service.

The advent of coeducation produced more than a half-dozen 1971 marriages, Rich and Kathy Molony’s among them. They were close friends in their student days but only began dating a few years afterward and were wed in the Princeton Chapel by Dean Ernest Gordon in 1976 as Kathy was embarking on her

career as a historian of Japan, international trade official and longtime director of the Weatherhead Scholars Program at Harvard. Children Elizabeth '09 and John got to see the world with their adventurous parents — and sit through Rich's methodically planned slide shows weeks after coming home from each trip.



Rich in the Rockies with his brother in July 1971

Rich loved living in Concord, Mass., birthplace of the Transcendentalist movement, with its proximity to Stowe, Vt., where the family skied when Rich wasn't leading them down black-diamond slopes in Vail, Colo., and St. Anton, Austria.



Holding a silicon wafer for a 1994 Business Week story on the future of semiconductor technology

man of remarkable intellectual capacity, but by the same token ... nice, kind, amiable and a good human being."

Rich died of complications of frontotemporal dementia at a hospice home on Oct. 8, 2023. He "never let his scientific bent and brilliance eclipse his good nature and deep humanity," said the Rev. John Lombard, who presided at the service at Concord's Trinitarian Congregational Church. "With Rich Hollingsworth, what you saw is what you got, a decent, learned and hardworking

W. Jeffrey Marshall remembers:

Rich and I got acquainted when he served as treasurer at the same time I was class secretary, and I got to know his wife, Kathy, in her role as class agent. Rich was a warm, unassuming guy who obviously created a substantial legacy in the tech world, and I'm saddened to hear of his passing.



Kathy and Rich with classmate Jim Henderson, Reunions 1981

Alan Usas remembers:

Rich and I met in our first electrical engineering classes. He and I built technical careers and were among the handful of EE majors who did so. I followed a path into systems and software while Rich stayed with complex device design. Whenever we saw each other at Reunions there was always a lot to catch up on. His stories of his professional life evidenced his outstanding technical leadership in his field. I last heard these stories in July 2022 and I will miss them in future Class of '71 gatherings.



Vail, Colo., March 2022: Rich and Kathy with children Elizabeth '09 and John

Brian Langston remembers:

Roommate for three years. The hardest-working, toughest guy I've ever known. But funny as hell and unfailingly helpful, kind and considerate. I loved the guy. He certainly deserved Kathy and she him.

Allan Curlee remembers:

Rich was one of the people that you meet and you feel like you just know. He cared and was an amazing person. Over the years, one can lose track of people. Rich picked up old relationships and brought them forward. He could surmount a gap of 25 years in just an instant. His presence was a shining light. His absence will be felt.

JOHN H. HUFFSTUTLER



Died September 24, 2021

DEGREE: Politics

ACTIVITIES: Cheerleading, Swimming and Diving, Cap and Gown

WIDOW: Susan Kenley Huffstutler
13334 Old Compton Court
Pineville, NC 28134-6593

John Haven Huffstutler brought to his role as an attorney for one of the nation's largest banks the same drive and determination he showed as a state diving champion in Ohio and an All-American on the swim and dive team at Princeton. He'd trained on the high board under the tutelage of his father back in Newark, Ohio. He co-captained the Tiger team, qualified for the NAAs every year, placing as high as second, and almost made the Olympic team. He was a cheerleader as well, headed the Student Stationery Agency and belonged to Cap and Gown. John majored in politics and roomed with Faber, Goff and Jeff Stewart in Joline senior year. Classmates remember his intense competitive spirit beneath a calm exterior. After graduation, he went to work for Bank of America in northern California and earned his J.D. at Lincoln University. He met and married Susan in 1979. Daughter Kelly was born in 1986. John spent his entire professional career in the legal department at Bank of America, where he became a nationally recognized bank regulatory lawyer. He worked in Hong Kong and San Francisco before relocating to Charlotte in 1999. His interest in diving

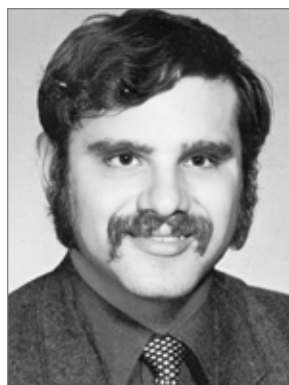
continued throughout his life. He died on Sept. 24, 2021, after several years of declining health.

Richard Faber remembers:

John placed second in the NCAA championship meet and made the swimming and diving All-American team. He also qualified to try out for the Olympic team and barely missed making the team. During his professional career he testified many times before Congress for the Bank of America concerning banking laws and regulations. He was an intense competitor, good student and wonderful roommate.

P. MICHAEL KOZMA

MIKE



Died May 21, 2023

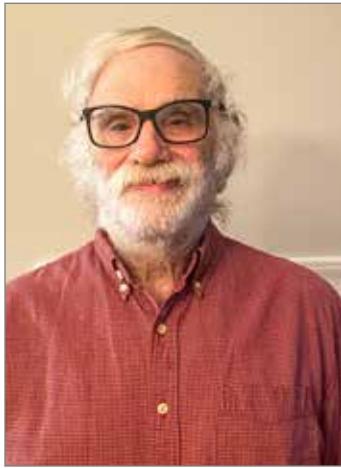
DEGREE: A.B., English

ACTIVITIES: Wilson College, Jazz Ensemble, Princeton University Band, Student Volunteers Council, American Whig-Clisophic Society, Students for a Democratic Society

Peter Michael "Mike" Kozma left Princeton a year early to embark on his career as a newspaper reporter and editor back home in South Carolina. He'd had an eventful three years, joining the Students for a Democratic Society, playing trombone in the Band, and being a founding member of Princeton's first residential college, Wilson College. Wilson was a magnet for kindred spirits in that era of protests who eschewed Bicker but wanted a place of their own to eat and socialize. Mike became its social chairman and roomed with Hubbs, Kalil, Deibel and Hull. He helped organize a successful visit by students from women's colleges that helped move Princeton closer to coeducation. He joined Whig-Clio as well as SDS and participated in Trenton Tutorial and the Wesley Foundation. He came to regret skipping his senior year, but remedied that by returning to Princeton and completing his degree in English in 1977. He wrote his thesis on muckraking in the works of Charles Dickens. By then he had several years' experience as a newspaperman himself and had met and married Alyce Youmans, who was also a reporter for the Columbia (S.C.) Record.

Columbia was Mike's hometown. He played

trombone in the marching band at Brookland-Cayce High School and was still blowing his horn decades later in community bands.



Mike

His career as a reporter and editor spanned more than 45 years at papers in the Carolinas, Tennessee and New Jersey. (The newspaper business ran in Mike's blood; his father, who died when Mike was 10, was a reporter for The State newspaper as well as an English teacher.) Mike's love of music paralleled his passion for the written word. He enjoyed all kinds of music but

was a Deadhead at heart, with a large collection of Grateful Dead recordings and memorabilia.

He interviewed applicants for the Alumni Schools Committee. Mike was proud of his Lebanese ancestry, especially the country's history and cuisine, and had his own twist on how to make kibbeh, Lebanon's national dish.



Mike and Alyce



Mike in the mountains of North Carolina

An outdoorsman, he hiked 450 miles of the Appalachian Trail and the entire Great Smoky Mountain Ridge with family and friends. The mountains spoke to him, brought him peace and comfort, and provided the settings for his writing. He worked for years with a friend on a journalistic novel that remained unfinished when he died on May 21, 2023, after a short bout with esophageal cancer.

Friends hoped to see it to publication. His ashes were spread in the mountains he loved. Alyce died in December 2024, leaving their daughters Cara and Michelle and five grandchildren.

Edmund Hull remembers:

I remember him for a frantic energy that lit up his smile and and sparked an invitation to drop studies for something better this weekend.

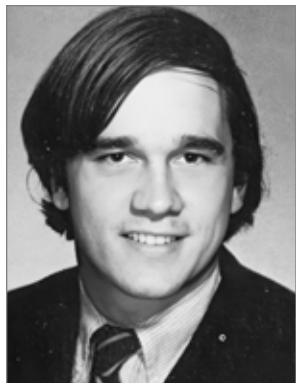


Mike and Alyce

Paul Deibel remembers:

One of my best memories of our 51st Reunion was getting caught-up with Mike who attended with his wife and we all marched in the P-Rade together. I remember "Kozmic Kozma" for the warmth and solidarity of his friendship, and for his wonderful sense of humor. He was a true son of Columbia and South Carolina, and I think he loved the historic culture of the place; but not so much some of the far-right political and fundamental religious ideology prevalent in his home state. I can still hear him parodying some conservative radio talk-show host by mocking the apparently often heard but nonsensical exhortation: " ... and IT IS FIGHTING COMMUNISM!!!"

JOHN A. LAWRIE JR.



Died July 3, 2022

DEGREE: A.B., Biology

ACTIVITIES: Stevenson Hall

WIDOW: Randi Susan

Lawrie

417 Washington Avenue

Newtown, PA 18940-2129

(215) 550-6461

Remembered for his devotion to profession, patients and family, John Allan Lawrie Jr. died at home in Newtown, Pa., on July 3, 2022. A graduate of Cathedral High School in Indianapolis, Ind., he played freshman football and IAA sports, majored in biology, belonged to Stevenson and was close to Blundon and Mike Davis. Classmates remember his thoughtfulness, wonderful sense of humor, friendly outgoing demeanor, positive outlook and memorably sharing a house in the summer of 1970 with classmates Abrams, Bergey, Blundon, Mike Davis, Denicola, Moss, Prewitt, and Quay.

John graduated from Indiana University School of Medicine and completed a residency in internal medicine at the University of Pennsylvania. He devoted his career to treating patients in the emergency rooms of three community hospitals near his hometown of Newtown. John was known for his

clinical acumen and compassionate patient care. After 36 years of practice (including 21 in administration), he gratefully left behind continuous life-and-limb decisions and night/weekend call to retire in 2014 and to devote time to reading history, regular exercise, following politics, riding his motorcycle, and spending time with friends, children and grandchildren. "While I am proud of the care I gave to thousands of patients ... I am very happy to be relieved of the physical and emotional stress entailed by the job," he wrote in the 50th yearbook.



A family trip to Egypt in 2009

John and Randi, a nurse practitioner he married in 1981, traveled widely with their three children, daughter Perri Sarah and sons John Allan III and Scot Benjamin, including trips to see the pyramids in Egypt, Vietnam, South Africa, Italy and across the Midwest. They also enjoyed watching Princeton football when grandnephew Andrew Griffin '20 earned Academic All-American honors.

On a tribute page, Elizabeth Wilkins recalled how John encouraged her to pursue a nurse practitioner degree, and when she did, "I remember when he told me, 'That white coat suits you.' He believed in me, which made me believe in myself. I am where I am today because of him."

Lasanta Horana, vice president of the medical staff and former chair and medical director of emergency services at Robert Wood Johnson University Hospital Hamilton, said John was his mentor when he got out of medical school. "He led not by his voice but by his action From the start of the shift to the end, John gave



The wedding in 2018 of son John and his wife, Erin. Left to right: Matt Tyson, Perri Lawrie Tyson, Erin Lawrie, John III, Randi Lawrie, John, and Scot Lawrie

his all to the ED and his patients. He was a gentle soul and had a smile that brightened the day." A grandson, John Allan IV, was born in 2019 and granddaughter Phia Ruth Tyson in 2020.



John (right) with Tad Blundon at our 45th reunion



John, 1993

Mark Swanson remembers:

John played freshman football and followed the Tigers when his grandnephew played.



John, Randi, and their three children, 1996

WM. FREDERICK LEWIS

BILL



Died October 24, 2021

DEGREE: Physics

ACTIVITIES: Cloister Inn, ROTC-Unspecified

Much of Wm. Frederick Lewis' life seemed like the American dream. Growing up as an adopted, only child, Bill would recall, "My mother thought I would go to SICC (Staten Island Community College)." But the emergence of his intellectual skills opened doors. He was accepted at prestigious Brooklyn Tech, to which he commuted by ferry and subway. At Princeton, he attended classes at the Princeton Theological Seminary, was active in Army ROTC and the Evangelical Fellowship, and wrote for the Princeton Engineer on such topics as particles traveling faster than the speed-of-light. He took his meals at Cloister Inn and majored in physics. Bill served both the class and Princeton well: He was class president, treasurer, AG special gifts solicitor, and webmaster, as well as a board member of the Princeton Clubs of Washington, DC, and the UK. He also served on the first Technology Advisory Committee sponsored by the Alumni Council, and he chaired the alumni schools committees in Brooklyn and London.



Bill at our 35th (2006)

After Princeton, Bill earned a doctorate in mathematical physics in magnetic materials at Columbia. He then joined the faculty of the University of London (UK), where he taught and did research in solid-state physics. But Bill was a businessman at heart, first working for Conrail as manager of strategic planning and then at McGraw-Hill Systems Group. Later he worked at Digital Equipment Corp. as a plant manager, and then became general manager of a federal government systems group. Bill was also an entrepreneur, starting Prospect Technologies, a high tech/Internet firm. Late in his career, he created a financial services firm in metropolitan Washington, DC. He was an original member of the Full Kee lunch group of '71 classmates that has gathered in Washington's Chinatown for years.

When his business languished in the 2000s, other problems contributed to his regression. Bill developed prostate cancer and was increasingly immobilized by surgeries and orthopedic conditions dating back to his Army duty. Marriages to Diane and Lynn ended in divorce. He stepped down as class president in 2009 for health reasons and withdrew from Princeton activities. Bill stayed in Alexandria, Va., increasingly isolated before four generous fellow parishioners at the First Baptist Church of Alexandria reached out to help him obtain more regular health care and better housing for the last few years of his life. Bill died on Oct. 24, 2021, requesting no announcement or observance and after penning the basics of his memorial for Princeton. He wished to be remembered for his leadership, his exuberance, and love for all things Princeton.



Bill at left with Randy Snow and Mike Phelps at our 34th reunion

David Ball remembers:

Bill, I still have the red, white, blue, and yellow scarf you gave me way back when. I wear it every day in the winter when I walk the dog. When I see it I think about you.



Bill, second from right, with Bill McCarter, Jeff Marshall and Ed Stanczak

W. Jeffrey Marshall remembers:

Bill's long battle with health affected me as much as has any classmate's. He was one of the most exuberant people I'd ever known, with a laugh that would melt ice. Bill recruited me to be class secretary in 2006, when he became class president, and we were close for years even though living quite far apart. We experienced a myriad of class officer calls together, and Bill was never shy about expressing an opinion.

His bout with prostate cancer and the ensuing failed surgery was heartbreaking, and he would express his pain and frustration in phone calls. Those calls diminished over the years as his health continued to deteriorate, and his failed marriage in 2007 only added to his unhappiness.

Bill was brilliant, and for years was a shining star in my firmament. I miss him.

Mark Mazo remembers:

Bill ("Spidey") Lewis was engaging, funny and brilliant in his own way. Late in our sophomore year, Bill and I ran together along Lake Carnegie every night preparing for Army ROTC boot camp that summer. But during training at Fort Benning he grew troubled by the prospect of hurting other men and turned in a different direction. Bill and I became good friends in the late 1990s and early 2000s in Washington while he was building his business. He had exceptional (and amusing) insights into Princeton, politics, and culture.

Princeton was critically important to Bill. Although an orphan, Bill often said he was proud to have “so many brothers and sisters with the same last name - ‘71.” I was glad when he became class president, and was honored to be in his wedding in the Princeton Chapel.

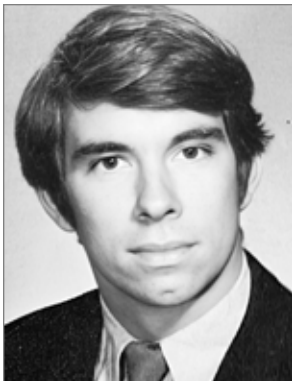
But Bill had his demons. Tragically, they (and cancer) consumed him in his last years. A terrible loss. I miss him.



Ray Palmer and Bill

ELDON L. LOBLEIN

RUFFY



Died October 15, 2022

DEGREE: Architecture & Urban Planning
ACTIVITIES: Cheerleading, Cap and Gown

WIDOW: Kathy Miller Loblein
6 East Avenue
Belfast, ME 04915-7335

Eldon L. Loblein got his nickname “Ruffy” long before he attended prep school at Lawrenceville and Princeton just up the road. It was “because he was a ‘ruffian’ as a child,” son Jason wrote in a tribute after his father’s death. “He lived carefree and went where the wind took him, allowing nothing to get in his way. In the end, he was a resilient king – a better man for everything that he endured.” Ruffy was born in New York in 1948 and grew up in North Jersey and South Florida, where he formed fond memories of

fishing in his boat and off the pier with his dad — also Eldon — who died when Ruffy was 14. At Princeton he was a standout freshman swimmer, helping break a University relay record. Ruffy majored in architecture, roomed with Fitzgerald for three years and was a member of Cap and Gown. He relished his selection as the “Tiger” cheerleader junior year. Classmates admired Ruffy’s practical skills that allowed him to build a hydroplane speedboat and an elaborate, sound-activated light machine. After college Ruffy moved to coastal Maine with his cousin, Ken Schweikert, and began building airy, light-filled custom-designed homes, more than 50 over the course of his life. His life had ups and downs, but the high point came when he met and married Kathy Miller in 1980. “You will never find a more loving, caring person,” he told his son. Kathy herself recounted on the tribute page, “I remember the first time I saw Ruffy, before ever meeting him. I was in my car, and he was taking down an old barn in downtown Searsport. Our eyes met, and I liked what I saw I’m not sure how long it was after that, but we were introduced by mutual friends. And that is how it started.” In 1989 the young family moved to the quiet village of Rose Garden in Jamaica’s Long Bay and Ruffy began building homes there as well. The housing crisis in the United States in 2008 delivered a strong blow, business-wise and professionally, but with the family’s help he came back “almost unscathed ... (and with) a more humbled disposition. Life had tempered him – softened him around the edges – and lightened his spirit. He was sweeter, and wiser, having braved the waves along the way,” Jason wrote. His last years were good ones, proud that his children were self-starters, not chasing wealth and fortune, but fulfillment, Jason wrote. “We carry his sense of freedom in us. What I take from his life and from knowing him, is not so much advice that he spoke, but through the virtues that he exemplified.” He was survived by Kathy and their children, Jason, Katherine and Jennifer.



Ruffy in 2018

Vaughan Howard remembers:

Ruffy came to Princeton as an outstanding swimmer at Lawrenceville and was a key member of our freshman team in 1967-68 that was undefeated.

Ruffy joined Bob Sinsheimer, Jack Garretson and myself to swim at the 1968 AAU Nationals at East Carolina University in an 800 freestyle relay. Freshmen were not eligible for varsity teams and we were not able to swim at the NCAA Championships because of an Ivy League rule, so this was a chance to swim against some of the top swimmers. Guy by the name of Mark Spitz was swimming at this meet also. I don't remember how we placed, but we were competitive. Our relay may have been faster than the varsity record, but of course we couldn't set the varsity record, only the freshman record. After the meet, we drove home in Ruffy's station wagon and stopped at my parents' home for lunch in Richmond on the way back to Princeton. Ruffy chose to not swim after freshman year and I would see him around campus with the cheerleading and later as the Tiger. He seemed happy with his choice.



At Jennifer's wedding in 2016 in Jamaica: from left to right are Jason Loblein, Ruffy Loblein, Jennifer Loblein McKague, Katherine Loblein, and Kathy Loblein

H. Curtis Colby remembers:

Paul Fitzgerald and I roomed with Ruffy in a triple at one end of the hall in Middle Dod. We had two bedrooms and a living room – those were the days! Ruffy was a multi-talented human being. He built a bar and a light machine that responded to different frequencies of sound. Of course, we had a well-stocked refrigerator behind the bar. His favorite song to test out the light system was Sly Stone's "Dance to the Music" since it had a great range of sounds; some of the dorm became rather tired of that song.

His handiness was also demonstrated by the fact that he built by himself in high school a hydroplane speedboat. He was an amazing human being and maybe a little shy.

Paul Fitzgerald remembers:

Ruffy was the P'ton Tiger mascot our junior year. I roomed with him three years. He always had the room well-equipped by the time I arrived on campus. He switched majors halfway through our junior year from economics to architecture – quite a gutsy move, but it prepared him well for his career building homes up North. I visited him several times in Maine. He would ask if we wanted lobster for dinner, and then take me out in the bay to pull up his lobster traps. I remember a swim meet our freshman year vs. Yale. Olympic hero Don Schollander swam the same event in the varsity meet, and Ruffy's time was only a few tenths off Don's time. He was also my classmate at Lawrenceville and co-captain of the swim team.

God bless Ruffy!



Ruffy, taken in 2018 in Jamaica

Edward Scudder remembers:

I was lucky enough to know Ruffy long before Princeton, as he lived just down the road from me on the Jersey Shore when we were kids. We spent a good amount of time together at the beach, playing ball and riding waves. When we met up again at Princeton, it was great. We both lived in 1903 Hall during our senior year and plotted to rebuild an old boat Ruffy had located and cruise the East Coast the summer after graduation, but good sense got in the way. We saw each other sporadically when he dated and later married a young lady from the Princeton area who was pals with my wife. It goes without saying that his passing hit us hard.

WILLIAM W. LONDON

BILL



Died October 22, 2023

DEGREE: A.B., Geological & Geophysical Sci.

ACTIVITIES: Football-150's, Soccer, Quadrangle Club

WIDOW: Coe London
1626 Spruce Street
Boulder, CO 80302-4218

William Wright "Bill" London was a wildcatter, a marathon runner and a raconteur. He spun tales full of humor and intrigue about his passions in life — family, running, finding oil, and coaching. Bill was born in Oklahoma City. His childhood was idyllic: school, Little League baseball. American Saddlebred horses, go-karts. Gardening and OU football. In the mid-1950s Naples, Fla., then a fishing village, became a family vacation destination of sunshine, fishing and golf.



Coe and Bill hiking at Isabel Lake, Colorado Rockies in 2019. Bill found hiking one of the best treatments for his Parkinson's.

Bill graduated from Casady School in Oklahoma City with academic and athletic honors; at Princeton, he played freshman soccer and lightweight football, roomed with Yearly, Winant, Chamberlain, Baine, Loughlin, and Metzger and belonged to Quad. He tolerated good-natured teasing about the rigor of majoring in geology, graduated with honors

and formed lifelong friendships. He later earned a master's degree in petroleum engineering at the University of Oklahoma.

Bill married Casady classmate Coe Crum in 1974. Their adventures began in Kingsville, Texas, where Bill worked for Exxon on the King Ranch while Coe finished her doctorate degree from the University of Colorado. They later moved to San Antonio to start a family, and Bill struck out on his own as a wildcatter in South Texas. For Bill, mapping was an art, putting all the pieces together, asking what Mother Nature was like millions of years ago to trap oil today. He discovered and developed new fields in Maverick County, Texas, and Murray and Logan counties, Okla.



Bill and the family hiking in the Colorado Rockies in 1985

In 1978 Bill moved his family to Oklahoma City, took up running and became a 3:02 marathoner. He found running to be the perfect balance to the ups and downs of the oil business. He joined neighborhood friends, known as the Wilshire Running Club, at 5:30 every morning, and entered races all over the country. Inspired by the Bolder Boulder, a Memorial Day 10K run in the Colorado capital that draws 48,000 participants and 70,000 spectators, Coe and Bill created the Redbud Classic, now a springtime tradition in their hometown.

Family came first for Bill. He always supported Coe in her photography, consulting business, nonprofit work, and horses. He was an active dad with children Lauren, Lucy and Aidan — driving carpools, swimming and sailing, teaching them how to garden, ride a bike and drive a stick-shift car. He coached Aidan's winning T-ball team. He would write a letter after each game to each player highlighting great

plays, often closing with a quote from Shakespeare. Later he was a volunteer track coach back at Casady.



Bill and Coe with their lab Lilly hiking in Chautauqua, Boulder, Colo., in 2019

As his children left the nest, Bill learned to play the piano and read every book he could find on American history, then entertaining family and friends with the most obscure, interesting facts. He continued to ride and show American Saddlebreds, racing around the ring with a “Yeah, boy!” In our 50th yearbook, he recalled the Brown Hall snowball riot in the blizzard of 1968 when as Proctor H.

Walter Dodwell lectured students in the courtyard on how Princeton gentlemen should behave, someone stole the proctor’s car and drove it to Route One. Another favorite memory was the snowy week Coe and classmates from Briarcliff College spent at Princeton in an experiment for coeducation. “What a success that was!” he wrote.

Bill died at age 74 on Oct. 22, 2023, of complications of Lewy body dementia with Parkinson’s in Boulder, Colo. He was survived by Coe, their three daughters, three grandchildren and his beloved rescue lab, Lilly. In his memory, the family requested “that today you run or walk a mile or more. Go outside. Grab a friend. Think of him. He would love that.”



Bill and Aidan at an OU football game in 2019

Edwin Yeary remembers:

Bill was calm, thoughtful, insightful. I was privileged to count him as a friend.

Kevin Loughlin remembers:

Princeton is so much more than what happens in the classroom. On of the most valuable gifts that I received while there was to be able to call Bill my friend for over a half-century.



Win Yeary, Bill, and Kevin Loughlin in 2019 at the Founder Fights in Boulder, Colo. Bill participated in the Fights (boxing) 2018-19, and he and Coe were the top fundraisers for the Davis Phinney Foundation for Parkinson’s disease.

Kevin Baine remembers:

If you divide the world into those who seek attention and those who deserve it, Bill was in the latter category. He had grit and determination, and he was hopelessly devoted to OU football. A real prince of a guy.



CHARLES C. MARBOE

CHUCK



Died August 4, 2025

DEGREE: A.B., Biology
ACTIVITIES: Terrace Club,
Orange Key Society

WIDOW: Barbara Campbell
Hewson
831 Ingleside Place
Evanston, Il 60201-1711

Charles Chostner “Chuck” Marboe did pioneering work in heart transplant pathology that helped shape transplant care worldwide. He devoted his life to medicine and the education of generations of pathologists at Columbia University’s College of Physicians & Surgeons, where he directed the residency program in that specialty for much of his four-decade career. He co-authored over 200 peer-reviewed publications and helped start the residency program in pathology at the National University of Rwanda.

The careers of both Chuck and wife Barbara “Bonnie” Campbell Hewson ’73 — they married in the Old North Vestry of the First Congregational Church in Nantucket the summer after her graduation — took them to Africa for periods. Chuck and his bride spent a year in Ethiopia from 1974 to 1975 while he worked on a perinatal mortality project and afterward traveled from Egypt to Norway and England with Mike Tourtellot ’71 and Betsy Kroh. Bonnie, an admiralty lawyer, financier and fundraiser for educational institutions, medical research and the arts, spent two years in Nairobi, Kenya, working on affordable housing projects for UN-Habitat.

Chuck came to Princeton from State College, Pa, where both parents were Penn State University professors and to which Chuck returned for medical



Chuck

school. He majored in biology, spent time with Tourtellot, Culbertson, Hunter, Johanson, Dakan and Claxton in Edwards and Terrace, and at 6-foot-5 was a standout IAA basketball player whom classmates remember fondly for his wit. He towered over the petite Bonnie.



*Chuck and Bonnie in foreground on right;
Homer and Ellen Henderson in rear; Paul Johanson
with red hood*

“The years since graduation have been entertaining and fun with a lot of medical practice in pathology and much more exposure to the world,” Chuck wrote in the 50th yearbook. He joined the Columbia medical school faculty in 1980 and played a central role in advancing diagnostic criteria for cardiac allograft rejection. His work supported clinical programs in heart and lung transplantation at Columbia and helped shape transplant care worldwide. He and Bonnie dwelled for 10 years in New York City in a loft — Peter Charapko designed the interior — before moving to Larchmont with daughters Kari and Elinor.



*On the roof of Edwards, 1971: Front row, Steve
Hunter, Paul Johanson, Chuck, Michael Tourtellot.
Back row, Tom Culbertson, Bonnie, Richard Dakan,
and Fred Lepore*

Among the young couple's adventures were trips to Norway and sailing in the Mediterranean, Madeira, Aruba, and Panama. Their wanderlust never ebbed. Years later, they would see the mountain gorillas in Rwanda while Chuck was on a trip to launch the pathology residency program at the national university. Upon his retirement in 2021, Columbia established an endowed lectureship in his name in the Department of Pathology and Cell Biology. Chuck wrote in the 50th yearbook that while he was not prepared for "the process of aging and change," he was looking forward to seeing old friends more and "having a few more adventures with Bonnie and Kari and Elinor." Chuck died of cancer on Aug. 4, 2025.



Chuck with colleagues in Rwanda

Stephen Hunter remembers:

Chuck and I met in abject failure. We'd both arrived, having been hot shot high school players, with what proved to be ludicrous dreams of Princeton basketball fame. Sandwiched between Geoff Petrie and Brian Taylor those dreams were dashed in about the same time it took either of those gentlemen to dunk the ball with us attached through the hoop. When I sidled up to Chuck and whispered, "well, this kinda sucks" he replied, "I think they're playing a different sport" and laughing at our ridiculous selves we left Jadwin firm buddies. To lose him hurts more than I can say except, "this kinda sucks!!" Chuck was so gentle, great spirited, with such a fabulous sense of humor that it was easy to overlook that behind the demeanor was a first class mind and dedicated professional. Often it's the other way around. We extol the character behind the accomplishments. But in this world where performance trumps competency, Chuck's unassuming humility hid this iceberg of worldly worth. The number of lives he touched, not only of patients but also in the numbers of young

pathologists he mentored, the advancements in health care he helped usher in, all bespoke a life of deep service and achievement. Princeton and our class should be mighty proud to have had him as part of our community. He was one of the very greats and will be sorely missed. The hole he leaves for those of us who knew and roomed with him is unfillable.

Michael Tourtellot remembers:

Chuck's intelligence was equaled only by his kindness. He was a role model for me. And the best thing he did was show me what it looked like when he fell in love.



Chuck and Bonnie at a football game

I was standing beside him at Terrace when a group of potential members visited. That group included Bonnie Hewson. As he looked at her I distinctly heard him say, under his breath, "she's darling." So that was the moment that "Chuck & Bonnie" came into existence.

Bonnie, having the almost frightening intelligence that she has, and the humanity and honesty to go with it, must have soon added "Bonnie & Chuck" to our world. I was not present at that moment.

Soon there was just B&C or Buck & Chonnie. I could not imagine one of them without the other.

Thank you Bon.

Thomas Culbertson remembers:

Our son Bruce '17 started an MD/PhD program at Columbia fall of 2019, and Chuck was a guest lecturer at more than one of his classes. The two of them met occasionally over coffee and really got to know each other better.

DAVID M. MARTIN

GRAMPS



Died January 1, 2024

DEGREE: A.B., Psychology

ACTIVITIES: Charter Club

MILITARY SERVICE: U.S. Air Force 1964–1968, voice intercept processing specialist in the USAF Security Service, served two tours of duty in the Republic of South Korea, selected as the Most Outstanding Airman on Osan Air Base for the month of December, 1967

WIDOW: Judith Reed Martin
1776 Appian Way
Springfield, OH 45503-2773

David MacCoy Martin was fondly called “Gramps” by his Charter clubmates in fond recognition of his status as the oldest member of the class. Born on Feb. 23, 1944, Dave was one of the Princetonians who interrupted or delayed the start of college to serve in wartime in the U.S. military.

An attorney, lifelong resident and prominent citizen of Springfield, Ohio, Dave was a third-generation Princetonian after his father Oscar Martin II '29 and grandfather 1899, as well as an uncle in '33 and great-uncle in 1898.



David on the summit of Mount Princeton in the Colorado Rockies (1974)

He entered Princeton from the Hill School with the Class of 1966, left after freshman year and served four years in the Air Force before reenrolling as a sophomore with our class in 1968 (“I was warmly

received,” he recalled). Dave served two tours in South Korea in the USAF Security Service as a specialist in intelligence intercepts. He graduated with honors in psychology, lived in Henry senior year and was active in the Pre-Law Society, freshman tennis, Orange Key and the Young Republicans. He and classmate Don “KP” Kirkpatrick, a Coloradan, memorably climbed Mount Princeton the year Dave finished the University of Denver Sturm School of Law.



David and Judy in New York City (2012)

After receiving his JD, he and Judy Reed wed and he began a successful, solo, 46-year law practice in Springfield, where he was omnipresent as a volunteer on civic boards and good causes. Among them were: the Rotary Club; United Way; Habitat for Humanity; the Red Cross; Springfield Cemetery Association Board of Trustees; the National Kidney Foundation; the Springfield Foundation’s Partners

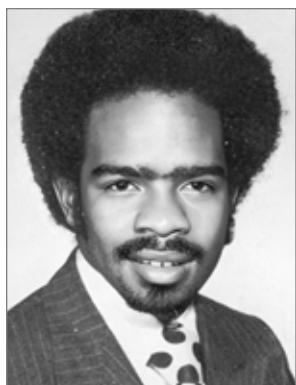
in Philanthropy program; the Easter Seals Society, and more. His focus was on helping underprivileged youth and disadvantaged adults. He was also president of the Springfield Museum of Art and a member of Covenant Presbyterian Church.



David and his father, Oscar T. Martin II '29, at Commencement in 1971

Dave served Princeton as an Alumni Schools Committee interviewer in southwest Ohio. Tennis, reading and writing were his lifelong hobbies. He wrote in our 50th yearbook, "Life is a journey, not a destination I am grateful for the many blessings I have received along the way and I try to pay it forward through community service. Winston Churchill observed that we make a living by what we get, but we make a life by what we give." He had hoped to make it to our 60th reunion, as his father did to his in 1989, but death took him on New Year's Day in 2024, a month short of his 80th birthday, leaving Judy, son Scott, two grandchildren and three siblings.

ELLIOTT D. MOORMAN



Died May 31, 2023

DEGREE: Woodrow Wilson School

ACTIVITIES: Theatre Intime, Wilson College

The election of Elliott D. Moorman in April 1968 as class leader for sophomore year made him the first Black president ever of a Princeton class. He told The Daily Princetonian that he felt his election was a "reflection of the type of metamorphosis" going on at Princeton and in society at large.

Elliott came from an accomplished musical family, son of jazz pianist Clement "Clem" Moorman and stepbrother of singer and Tony Award-winning actress Melba Moore. A graduate of Essex Catholic High School in Newark, N.J., he championed causes such as racial justice and divestment in South Africa as well as supporting alternatives to bicker. Elliott was a Wilson School major and lived in Wilson College. He participated in debate competitions, the Association of Black Collegians, Harambee House Players and Theatre Intime.

He graduated from Columbia Law School and started a law practice with classmates McCarter, Rickerson and Quay in Newark. Over the years, Elliott practiced law in different settings, before a variety of physical ailments in the mid-2000s that eventually required him to enter assisted living in Milwaukee near son Kaliq, one of his three children.

With his show business connections, Elliott helped book musical acts for the class, including the Fifth Dimension for sophomore prom and other performers for our 10th and 25th reunions. He was also active in the Association of Black Princeton Alumni (ABPA) and Alumni Schools Committee interviewing. Elliott died May 31, 2023, after living for many years with dementia.

Carla Wilson remembers:

I think it was spring of the first year (1972), that 11 of the 12 Black coeds decided to each invite a Princeton male to a dinner. I think we cooked something, and had our little event on campus.

I invited Elliott Moorman and he kindly accepted. He was a very quiet and polite young man. I remember a bit about what he told me about his life. He had a sister, and a girlfriend, I don't remember much about what he told me about them. Elliott was not talkative or outgoing, my memory is that he was close to his sister and girlfriend. Just a quiet person.

CHRISTOPHER P. NICHOLAS

GREAT DOCTOR



Died November 12, 2022

DEGREE: A.B., Philosophy

ACTIVITIES: Baseball, Football-Varsity, Tower Club

WIDOW: Mary Yee Nicholas

961 Bay Ridge Pkwy
Brooklyn, NY 11228-2301
(718) 680-0594

Christopher P. "Chris" Nicholas was the son of a team doctor for the New York Jets and a ballboy himself for the NFL team in its heady Joe Namath years. He came to Princeton from Babylon H.S. on Long Island as class valedictorian with a passion for sports. He immersed himself in the Princeton sports scene as head manager of both the Tiger football and baseball teams. Regarded as a teammate, the baseball team fondly nicknamed him "the Great Doctor." He was well regarded for his diplomatic rulings on hits and errors in his role as scorekeeper. Chris loved nothing more than to lounge at Tower Club and quiz his buddies about current events in the world of sports. He delighted in playing forward on the

Tower IAA B basketball team and first baseman on the softball team (both of which won intramural championships). Chris majored in philosophy.

It was at Princeton that he accepted Jesus Christ as his savior, and he became deeply involved with the Princeton Evangelical Fellowship, taking on a leadership role that he would continue to serve in throughout his adult life. He met his future wife, Mary Yee, at Cornerstone Baptist Church in Cambridge while attending Harvard Law School. Close friends at first, they married after his graduation from law school in 1974 and moved to Brooklyn while Chris pursued his law career, first with Willkie Farr & Gallagher, then Prudential and finally in the general counsel office for Metropolitan Life Insurance Co. for 21 years, retiring in 2004.

The couple, wed for 48 years, raised their three sons, Matthew, Michael and Gregory, in the borough. They led the teen ministry and Sunday school program at the Brooklyn Baptist Church, where Chris would find his involvement with the Association of Baptists for World Evangelism, a missions organization. He served on its leadership board for over 20 years.

His retirement from Met Life freed Chris to pursue his various passions, volunteering as a patron tour guide for the Metropolitan Opera House and serving on the board for the New York Gilbert and Sullivan Players. Chris had been diagnosed with stage 4 cancer in 2005 and was the first patient in a successful clinical trial of the liquid form of the tumor-fighting drug larotrectinib (Loxo). He died in Brooklyn on Nov. 12, 2022, after a long battle with prostate and thyroid cancer and a rapidly progressive neurodegenerative disease.

Dennis Burns remembers:

Chris was flawless in execution. As manager of the football team, Chris and the team had a great, but demanding, coach in Jake McCandless. I can't think of anything that escaped Chris in his performance – always with a positive attitude and that great smile. One of the Long Island contingent.

Laird Hayes remembers:

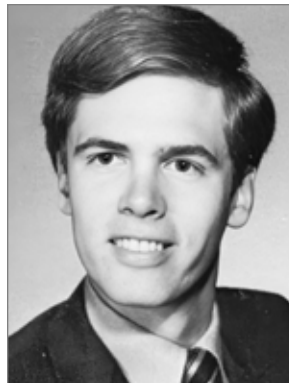
Chris (aka “The Great Doctor,” “The Great One” or just “The Doctor”) was the only baseball manager during our four years, starting out with the freshman team coached by Dick Vaughn and then our three years playing for Eddie Donovan. Among his many jobs was being the official scorer, which meant that he played judge, jury and sometimes executioner in deciding what was a hit and what was an error. When we were batting and it was a “tweener,” whoever hit

the ball worked Chris unmercifully to make sure he scored it a hit and the opposite when we were in the field (although our ace Jack Hittson wasn't real crazy when Chris scored it a hit instead of an error and one or more runs scored, which upped Jack's ERA). That tension happened in EVERY game and Chris handled it like a deft politician playing both sides of the aisle! What struck me most about Chris was how he handled his many medical issues throughout much of his adult life. I never once heard him complain even when things looked grim ... and there were too many of those. If ever there was a “half glass full” guy it was Chris.

Leonard Coleman remembers:

Also, more than giving tours at the Metropolitan Opera he befriended many young singers, some of whom are Met stars today such as Joyce DiDonato. He had a keen knowledge of opera scores. And more than being the baseball manager, he was viewed as being a teammate and his humor helped keep the team loose. We referred to his role on the team as The Great Doctor — GM.

STEPHEN A. NOLLER



Died September 6, 2022

DEGREE: Biology

ACTIVITIES: Golf, Cloister Inn, American Whig-Closophic Society

WIDOW: Beverly Pingel Noller

6045 Forsyth Road
Macon, GA 31210-2011
(478) 477-9348

Stephen A. Noller was never without a camera. The cardiologist took photos everywhere, but his best were of children and the candid side of weddings. He gave thousands of pictures away to friends, family and colleagues, and when he died in Macon, Ga., on Sept. 6, 2022, after years of living with Alzheimer's, he left his wife Beverly and family a room filled with boxes and boxes of pictures.

Steve grew up in suburban St. Louis and was a standout golfer and scholar at Horace Watkins High. He'd played in his first golf tournament in third grade with his mother. His easygoing nature and positive life attitude were evident even at that early age. After his mother shot an eight on the first hole, he turned to

her and said, "Don't worry, Mom! We have 17 more holes to win this!" And, they did. By age 17, he was the Missouri district champion and a scratch player. He became a varsity golfer at Princeton, where a favored memory was losing a NCAA tournament his senior year to a University of Texas freshman named Ben Crenshaw.

Steve, one of the first biochemistry majors, belonged to Cloister Inn, participated in the American Whig-Clio Society, and roomed with Rick Oleson in 1903 Hall senior year. He went on to attend St. Louis University School of Medicine, following his father and older brother into the field of medicine.

For a summer job right after Princeton, he worked as a surgical scrub tech in the operating room at St. Luke's Hospital and was trained by a registered nurse named Beverly Jean Pingel. They were married the next summer and had two children, Jennifer and Andrew Stephen. After an internal medicine internship and residency at the Medical College of Georgia (now Augusta University), he could not believe his good fortune when he volunteered to staff the medical tent during the Masters and scored a round of golf at Augusta National.

After his cardiology fellowship at Vanderbilt University in Nashville, the young family moved to Macon and laid down permanent roots. He arrived as the second board-certified cardiologist in the community and furthered his training with the doctor who invented cardiac angioplasty, Andreas Gruntzig, at Emory University. It was a revolutionary time for cardiology. Steve helped establish the state's second open-heart surgery program in Macon, and testified repeatedly at the Georgia State Legislature to make the case that it was needed.

Throughout his career he was an advocate for both physician and patient rights because he held the relationship between them sacrosanct. He cared for many military veterans and kept stacks of books about WWII, Korea, and Vietnam in his office, giving them away by the dozen. He also kept small stuffed animals in his coat pockets, which he gave to children in the hospital. His love and enjoyment of people was always evident. He was a fount of movie recommendations that he shared with the cath lab staff on an almost daily basis.

A prankster from his college days, Steve continued to enjoy playing practical jokes, his family, golf, travel and photography throughout his life until dementia diminished his final years. After seven years living with Alzheimer's, he succumbed to the disease in Macon on Sept. 6, 2022.

John Daaake remembers:

Steve was such a good photographer that his informal photos at 2 of my daughter's weddings were preferred over those of the professional photographer. Steve kept an extensive collection of photos in his basement. When his dementia was progressing, he could accurately review and describe these many photos to me as a way of temporarily clearing his thinking.

ERIC A. ORDWAY



Died July 9, 2023

DEGREE: A.B., Politics

ACTIVITIES: Theatre Intime

WIDOW: Kathleen R. Ordway

29 Red Coat Road
Westport, CT 06880-1411
(203) 222-1523

Eric A. Ordway was a man of many parts: Teacher and assistant headmaster. International arbitration attorney. Polyglot. Jazz pianist. Advocate for the disabled.

His father, John '31, was a globe-trotting diplomat. His parents separated and his mother, Sonia Burton Ordway, and grandmother raised him in Argentina, Mexico, and Cuba before moving to New York when he was 7. Eric attended the Browning School on the East Side of Manhattan, founded in 1888 to tutor the sons of John D. Rockefeller. Later both Eric and wife Kathleen Ruehr would join the Browning faculty and he became assistant headmaster and head of the Upper School.

He majored in politics at Princeton, trod the boards at Theatre Intime, roomed with Camp and Kern and, most importantly, met Kate, then a Smith College student, while both were studying abroad



Eric in Paris, 1970

in Paris. When they returned, Eric road-tripped every weekend to Northampton, Mass., to see her, and they were married in 1971 after their respective graduations. They spent a year in Paris while Eric studied classical piano under a pupil of Debussy, then returned to New York where he cared for his grandmother while completing a master's in Latin American studies at New York University.

In addition to teaching, he worked as a pianist at piano bars. Eric changed course and enrolled in Brooklyn Law School at night at the age of 33 and clerked for Weil Gotshal & Manges, which he joined after earning his JD with honors. After making partner, he moved to Paris to open Weil's office there. Already an accomplished trial lawyer, he shifted his focus to international arbitration, representing Fortune 500 companies and sovereign nations alike. He did pro bono work with the Vance Center for International Justice, the United Nations on the Convention on the Rights for People with Disabilities, and Human Rights Watch. He and two Weil associates submitted a brief on behalf of a group of mostly Muslim foreigners arrested for immigration violations after the Sept. 11, 2001, terrorist attacks. They were cleared and deported, but later sued for damages over alleged inhumane treatment, including solitary confinement. The U.S. Court of Appeals for the 2nd Circuit ruled they could sue U.S. government officials, but the Supreme Court overturned that decision in 2017.



*Villefranche-sur-Mer,
1970*



Eric in 1970

He was fluent in English, Spanish, and French, practiced law in all of them, and also spoke conversational Italian, Portuguese, and Russian. He collected French Impressionist posters and pre-Colombian and tribal art. He was a voracious reader

and was deemed "a walking encyclopedia" in his youth for his expert knowledge of history, film, music and sports. He and Kate would dazzle on the dance floor. The family moved from the city to Westport, Conn., where he spent the rest of his life. In 2017 he received Browning's outstanding alumnus award.

Eric died at Norwalk Hospital on July 9, 2023, of pancreatic cancer, leaving Kate; sons Demian, Nick '02 and John; and three grandchildren.

Dale Neuburger remembers:

The passing of Eric Ordway brought profound sadness to his family and everyone who loved and revered him.

Although a 1971 classmate, my interactions with Eric were not on the Princeton campus; instead, they were in Paris, New York, Provence, Cape Cod, and Westport. All deeply moving and filled with emotion. And laughter!

Eric was brilliant, with a comprehensive knowledge of diverse subjects, yet never a "know-it-all." There was no topic that we ever discussed – from music, to art, to history, to science – that he didn't have intimate knowledge. Truly a Renaissance man, with eclectic interests and hobbies, with intense curiosity. Every moment with him was an education.

His career was equally eclectic, as a private school teacher and administrator, a distinguished lawyer in complex international arbitration cases, and a pianist of immense talent.

But most importantly, Eric was a kind, gentle, caring, and generous person. He loved his dear wife, Kate, and his three children deeply. The marriage bond was strong and vibrant, with so many occasions of warmth and harmony. He was a great husband and a terrific Dad.

Eric was exceptional. He was non-judgmental and accepted everyone with kindness. He cared about his family and his friends. He brought joy and good humor. He loved life and exhibited energy and enthusiasm in everything he did.

Truly a special person. A real loss to our Class of 1971 and his family. I miss him dearly.

ROY PERLMUTTER



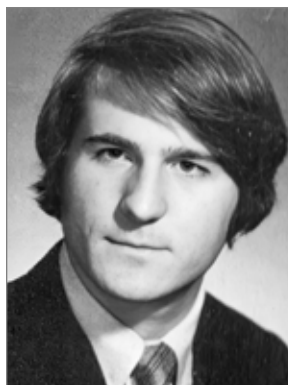
Died January 1, 2017

DEGREE: Architecture & Urban Planning

ACTIVITIES: Cloister Inn, Hillel, WPRB

Roy Perlmutter came to Princeton from Midwood High School in Brooklyn, NY. He majored in architecture, worked at WPRB and was actively involved in the launch of Princeton Inn College, where he served as interim chair from February to September 1970. Regarding Princeton Inn, he oversaw discussions on contentious issues like space allocation for food services, room-draw policies and separate wings for specific groups of students. Throughout, he maintained an optimistic outlook that Princeton Inn would provide more diverse housing and social options at Princeton. Roy lived at Princeton Inn senior year. After graduation, he earned a master's in architecture at Penn and began his professional career as an architect. He had his own company for many years in suburban Denver and then moved to Concord, N.H., in the early 2000s. He married Aesta Manschreck and had a son, Andrew, born in 1988. Roy died on January 1, 2017. Aesta died on Jan. 9, 2026.

THOMAS K. PETTUS



Died April 15, 2025

DEGREE: Religion

ACTIVITIES: Crew-Lightweight, Cap and Gown

WIDOW: L. Cecily Hines
Apartment 211
615 Daniels St.
Raleigh N.C. 27605-3355

Thomas Keller Pettus was a geriatrician, beloved by both his patients and the nurses and staff at nursing facilities in Minneapolis and St. Paul. Tom lived many years with Parkinson's and Lewy body dementia and when he entered a skilled nursing facility himself, he continued to touch lives. He was known for his warmth, the ever-present twinkle in his eye, and his generous spirit — often expressed through his coveted bear hugs.

Tom came to Princeton from Myers Park High School in Charlotte, N.C. He majored in religion, rowed lightweight crew, belonged to Cap and Gown and lived with Waterman, Perraut, Jim Brown and Morrissey in Blair senior year. After earning a master's at Princeton Theological Seminary, he attended the University of North Carolina School of Medicine and completed his residency in internal medicine at the University of Minnesota Medical Center.

A man of faith and deeply compassionate physician, he devoted his career to geriatric medicine, starting at



Aspen Medical Group in St. Paul, followed by time in private practice, and later leadership roles as medical director of several nursing facilities. Quietly generous of his medical expertise, Tom notably helped at least one Cap clubmate obtain needed specialized health services. He concluded his career at Genevive, which cares for patients in long-term care and assisted-living facilities in the Twin Cities area. He was a respected leader and advocate for innovative home health and hospice care practices.

Tom was a devoted husband to Lenora Cecily Hines, a loving father to Zachary Hines Pettus, and a loyal friend to many other family and friends, including his bicycling buddies. He was passionate about road cycling, organizing local weekend rides and embarking on multi-day journeys across the country. Of all his cycling adventures he was most proud of completing the Race Across America with three of his closest friends — the group he fondly referred to as the “Four Horsemen.” Tom passed away on April 15, 2025, in Black Mountain, N.C.

L. Edward Perraut remembers:

Tom was a great guy and a lot of fun to hang around with. He was very dedicated to crew, and I vividly remember his early morning practices where they had to break the ice on Lake Carnegie and his committed struggles to “make weight.”

Jay Paris remembers:

It was easy to like Tom Pettus. We became acquainted on the walks from Lake Carnegie after crew practice freshman year. He had a certain wry humor and a kindness that was always present. It didn’t matter that he was focused on biology and chemistry, hoping to become a doctor in the North Carolina city where his father practiced medicine, while I was focused on anthropology and art history, figuring I’d become some kind of wandering artist. Through the next two years, our conversations expanded over meals, pranks and sports.

One winter day sophomore year I saw an article in a barbershop magazine declaring that Americans could buy new Triumph or BSA motorcycles in London, ride them around the Continent, ship them home and then sell at a profit. I tore out the page and stuck it in my pocket until I ran into Tom somewhere on Prospect Street. I told him I was going to do it and asked him join me. I had fixed up a car in high school that I was prepared to sell to finance the escapade, figuring I could live on \$5 a day with a sleeping bag strapped to the passenger seat.

A couple of weeks later, he and Bob Drake, another lightweight rower with Tom, came by my room to

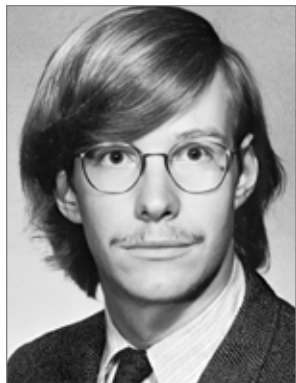
declare they were in.

We bought \$99 Icelandair student charter tickets between JFK and London that would give us 91 days to explore the British Isles and the Continent. Tom and I flew over a couple of days before Bob with other students who shared cannabis products, including with the flight attendants in those less regulated times. Still without sleep and nursing hangovers, we found our way to a certain motorcycle shop in West London, got on our bikes and headed into rush hour traffic. Driving on the left side of the road was difficult enough but now everything was opposite — the shift was the brake and the brake was the shift on the Honda I had ridden in high school. Tom had never owned a motorcycle. My goal was to navigate us to a park without vehicular injuries — any park anywhere that would allow us to sleep. Somehow, we did. And for the next three months, we rode and explored England, France, Spain and Greece before heading into Europe’s northern countries. We found the Triumphs needed about \$3 of fuel a day, which meant crashing university dining halls, or making tough decisions about calories versus travel miles. Yet, we rarely suffered for long. American student travel was a new phenomenon. Our large motorcycles, oddball tie-dyed shirts and scuffed Frye boots were a curiosity that generated concerned benevolence. It often yielded bed space in barns and storage rooms, and countless baguettes and slices of cheese to stick in our saddlebags.

After I met a woman in Madrid, Tom and Bob headed to Milan while I to Venice with an agreement to regroup in Rome. Or if not, we said, in Athens, or Venice, or Berlin, or Paris, or worst case, London. And so it went. We did actually reunite several times, usually broke but happy and with wild adventures to share. Those exceptional experiences that summer of 1969 were deeply bonding, fortifying our friendship throughout our time at Princeton.

Tom was a wonderful guy and I’m heartened to know that he did achieve his goal of becoming a doctor, living a full and good life.

ROGER M. POOR



Died July 14, 2024

DEGREE: A.B., English

ACTIVITIES: Soccer, Quadrangle Club, ROTC-Army, Alumni Schools Committee

Roger M. Poor was a globe-trotting financial manager who helped organizations grow and realize their strategic goals. His career took him to extended stays in Sri Lanka, New Zealand, Hong Kong, Singapore and Hungary, capped by five years as CFO of the Center for Strategic and Budgetary Assessments (CSBA), a nonpartisan think tank in Washington focused on existing and emerging threats to U.S. national security.

Born in New York City and a graduate of the Hopkins School in New Haven, Conn., Roger entered Princeton with the Class of 1969 but later joined 1971. He belonged to Quad, where he “captained” the tube team and roomed with Meyerson ’69 (who recalls: “He also spent the summer of ’67 with me in Pittsburgh between periodic employment as a deckhand on a tow boat moving barges up and down the Ohio River as a member of the inland maritime union. I think he thoroughly enjoyed the experience”). Roger majored in English.

He earned a master’s in Finance and International Business from the Wharton School at the University of Pennsylvania where he had a dual major in finance and multinational enterprise, was designated a Wharton fellow, and did advanced study on the application of decision theory to management of foreign-exchange risk. That prepared the former English major well for the multitude of challenges he tackled in the financial management world, including working for a global strategy consulting firm involved in international development, an aerospace engineering firm, a leading national security IT provider, and a Big Four public accounting firm, Ernst & Young, where he was a senior manager.

He served Princeton as a Schools Committee interviewer. After two marriages ended in divorce, he met a fellow dog-lover and kindred spirit, Joanne Dolgow, in 2002 and the couple were never apart

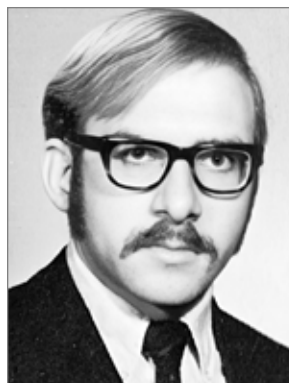
after that. They were married on Christmas Day 2005 at Har Sinai synagogue in Owings Mills, Md. They shared a love of poodles.

After working in corporate advertising and public relations, Joanne — Cookie to her friends growing up in Elizabeth, N.J. — became a much sought after pet photographer in the Washington, D.C., area and invented and patented a film transfer system from her “Petography” business that she later sold to Polaroid. The couple had no children, but as a friend wrote in a tribute, “they cherished their friends, family and poodles — Avi, Mischa and Loki. Together they truly led their married life for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health.”

Roger died in July 2024 in Laurel, Md., seven months after Joanne passed.

J. L. POTTENGER JR.

JAY



Died February 23, 2023

DEGREE: A.B., Woodrow Wilson School, Urban Affairs

ACTIVITIES: Independent, Community House, Student Volunteers Council, American Whig-Cliosophic Society, Princeton Debate Panel, SDS (only a fellow traveler), Class officer

freshman & sophomore years, Work-study in Commons, Wilson College, Firestone Library

WIDOW: Susan Hallam Wharfe

Pine Orchard

27 Thimble Farms Road

Branford, CT 06405-5641

(203) 481-9341

John Livingston “Jay” Pottenger, as what he called a fellow traveler with Princeton’s “rather tame version of the ‘student left’ ” in protests against the Vietnam War, was accustomed to standing up for the causes in which he believed. He made a career of that, pursuing social justice and inspiring generations of students at his alma mater, Yale Law School, to work to make America better. “I love my job. Every day, and nearly every night, bring new challenges and opportunities to use law ... to try to accomplish the social justice and individual rights and liberty goals I hold most dear,” he wrote in our 50th yearbook.

Jay was the eldest of five children of his namesake father, John (who could trace his ancestry to the Mayflower) and mother Tavia Morgan. He was a class officer freshman and sophomore years, lived in Edwards Hall, eschewed bicker, stood out on the debate team, and made friends for life, among them Lipsman, Lieber, Wise, Ostrow, H. Chapman, Berenson and Liz Cohen '73. He was a perpetually rumpled, down-to-earth guy who loved bridge and watching sports, particularly the Steelers (he went to high school in Pittsburgh), the White Sox (he was born in Chicago) and the Liverpool Soccer Club. He agonized over whether to major in history, English, or sociology, but wound up studying urban affairs in the Wilson School and, after college, drawing on that success as a debater, followed his "predestination toward the study of law."

After clerking for federal district and 7th Circuit Court of Appeals judges, he toiled at a white-glove Wall Street firm for three long years until a former professor convinced him in 1980 to work just as long and hard teaching in Yale's clinical practice program. He supervised students in litigation and transactional clinics, externships and trial practice, equipping them with the skills to be effective advocates for the displaced and dispossessed.

After Jay's death in February 2023, his was one of the stories featured in the Princeton Alumni Weekly's 2024 "Lives Lost" issue, which noted that when the AIDS epidemic began, Jay fought to get treatment for Connecticut inmates with HIV. A mainstay of the law school's Housing Clinic, which helped tenants fight evictions, foreclosures and poor housing, he was renowned for that work on housing and community development. It had a huge impact in New Haven, said Dean Heather K. Gerken '91, who called Jay "an extraordinary mentor, teacher and lawyer. His dedication to Yale Law School was unwavering, and he continued his work to the very end, even tending to cases from his hospital room."



Jay, from a CT Lawyer article

In 2013, he co-founded the Open Communities Alliance (OCA), a civil rights organization that sued the Department of Housing and Urban Development over deplorable conditions in subsidized housing. Jay got married after college but that marriage did not last.

A chance meeting on an airplane with a British-American psychiatric nurse, Susan Hallam "Sue" Wharfe, altered his life. Seated in a row with an empty middle seat, she was curious about the stack of novels he was speed-reading. It turned out Jay was prepping for a literature class for prison inmates he was teaching, and it turned out further they were both reading Milan Kundera's novel, "The Incredible Lightness of Being." They parted without sharing phone numbers, but he tracked her down and called that evening. They were married four months later and raised their three children in Branford, Conn., Will and twins Emma and Jack. A little older than most of the parents, Jay was nonetheless the quintessential soccer dad.



Jay speaks at the groundbreaking for an affordable housing complex in Branford, Conn., in 2022

He also followed Tiger sports closely. Perhaps the only blemish on Jay's escutcheon, as Sue told PAW, was that he drove "crazy," his foot on the pedal, racing down the shoulder on highways and careening around corners. Sue likened it to how he did all things — intense and relentless — and called it a minor miracle he never had a serious crash.

Jay had a bad heart, but the urologic cancer took them unawares. In the 50th yearbook, Jay wrote they were "blessed to be together" and added this valedictory: "I am at war with my body as I do not value fitness or exercise. I do not fear death. That is not attributable to faith, but to joy. I am grateful."

PAW “LIVES LOST” STORY, FEB. 2024:

Picture the kind of courtroom where landlords go to evict their tenants: loud and crowded, with the landlords — but rarely the tenants — represented by counsel. Yale Law School clinical professor Anika Singh Lemar describes it like this: “Clerks and landlord lawyers alike ... doing their utmost to resolve a case, which is to say, take a person’s home away, without wasting the judge’s time with facts, law, or argument.”

Into this fray Jay Pottenger ’71 sent the law students he trained at the Yale Housing Clinic, arming them with a vigorous understanding of the law and a powerful drive for justice. From discovery through appeals, Lemar wrote in *The Journal of Affordable Housing & Community Development Law*, they “litigated the heck out of their clients’ cases.”

It was just one of the ways Pottenger had a profound impact on not only his students, but the community of New Haven, Connecticut. He was a clinical law professor at Yale, where he started teaching in 1980, but perhaps his title should have been “social justice warrior.”

“He was always, always out trying to make the world a better place,” says his wife, Sue Wharfe.

Once, Pottenger worked to bring a supermarket to a local food desert, she says. When the AIDS epidemic began, he fought to get treatment for Connecticut inmates with HIV. And, not content with helping individual tenants keep their homes under the law, he went after whole systems.

In 2013, he co-founded a civil rights organization called Open Communities Alliance (OCA). Executive

Director Erin Boggs says one case brought by OCA held the Department of Housing and Urban Development accountable for “uninhabitable conditions” in government subsidized housing; another targeted a suburb that was zoned almost exclusively for single-family homes. “Jay was a force of nature in the civil rights and social justice legal world,” Boggs says.

Yale Law Dean Heather Gerken ’91 tells PAW by email that Pottenger’s many accolades are “a testament to the fierce advocacy, tireless commitment, and generous spirit with which he approached lawyering and legal education.” His legacy, she writes, is what he leaves behind: “a generation of students inspired by him to devote their careers to serving others.”

The oldest child in a family of six children, Pottenger studied urban affairs at Princeton before earning his law degree from Yale in 1975. He met Wharfe on an airplane, and they have three children. She says he loved soccer and was a lifelong fan of Princeton sports.

He was also a crazy driver, she says, speeding down the shoulder on highways, careening around corners, and leaving his car in places that weren’t parking spots. Wharfe likens it to how he did all things — intense and relentless — and says it was a minor miracle he never got into a serious crash. She’s wondered whether some kind of angel was protecting him, maybe as a thank-you for all the good he did in the world.

Constance Royster, a longtime friend who co-chaired OCA’s board with Pottenger, says he liked to fight his parking tickets in court, pointing out broken meters and unfair rules. “He was really fighting for

the every man, the every person, the every human,” Royster says. For him it was always about giving people — all people — the opportunity to better themselves and their families.

“He was in so many ways one of a kind,” Royster says. “He wasn’t perfect. None of us are perfect. But his purpose for being on this Earth was really fulfilled for the time he was here.”

Robert Slocum remembers:

Jay and his wife, Sue Wharfe, were part of a mini-class reunion (still ongoing), including Slocum, Berenson, Barber, Lieber, Ostrow, Chapman, Schankler and wives (and Sam Lipsman RIP). I didn’t really know Jay



Jay at center with Yale Law students and legal colleagues

at PU, only got to know him through these reunions (which started in 2008, every two years since except we just did consecutive years). One of the nicest people ever. He did social justice law at Yale. Cory Booker did a eulogy on a big screen at Jay's memorial service there in April 2023.

Luther Munford remembers:

Jay was on the faculty at Yale Law School. He entertained, encouraged, and sheltered me when I went there to judge moot court competitions in the mid-2000s. He had a big heart and a ready smile. He also had an enthusiasm for good wines.

JUANITA E. RAY CRANE

Died October 15, 2021

Education consultant Juanita Ray Crane was among the pioneering women who came to Princeton with the advent of coeducation. She graduated from Brooklyn's Fort Hamilton High School and then enrolled at the College of Staten Island, a part of City University of New York.

Juanita joined our class at Princeton in Fall 1969 and matriculated for one year before finishing her undergraduate degree at the City College of New York in 1971. She was one of the four Black women among the 41 who transferred into our class and was feted as one of the "Trailblazing 12" Black coeds honored during 1973's 50th reunion.



At Princeton, Juanita was remembered for her vibrant personality and gentle and kind spirit. She settled in the Crown Heights section of Brooklyn, married Ernest Crane, and was devoted to her three children, Candace, Makeda, and Malcolm, and later her four grandchildren.

Juanita ran an educational consulting service and won grants to increase parent involvement in schools

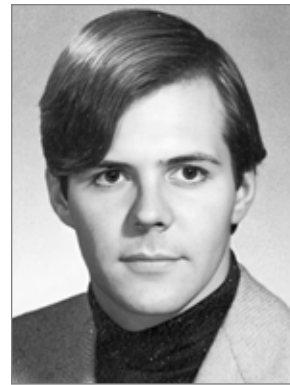
in Brooklyn's Bedford-Stuyvesant and East New York neighborhoods.

She co-founded Soulmates, a nationally recognized chess team that taught the game to elementary and

middle school students, participated in tournaments and enabled some to receive chess scholarships to college. Juanita was a member of the Association of Black Princeton Alumni (ABPA). After the passing of her husband, Juanita moved from Brooklyn to Nottingham, Md., to be near her children and grandchildren.

She died in Baltimore on Oct. 15, 2021.

ROBERT S. ROTH



Died December 15, 2025

DEGREE: English

ACTIVITIES: Ivy Club, Nassau Literary Review

WIDOW: Carroll Rogers Rooth

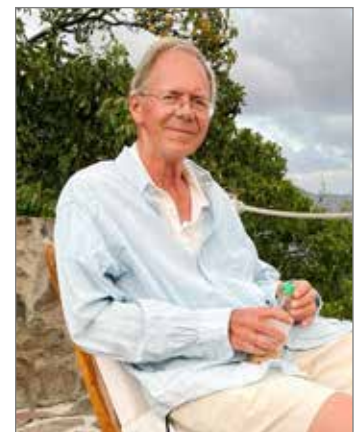
1221 Soniat Street
New Orleans, LA 70115-2931
(504) 899-6936

Robert Stephen Rooth had a distinguished 45-year legal career in his adopted hometown of New Orleans, where he mentored generations of young lawyers and served in leadership positions on community and civic boards.

But the law was only one part of a life lived with bravura and passion. As his family noted in a tribute after his December 2025 death from cancer, Bob "was a great adventurer and thinker. He was an avid reader, writer, cook, cartoonist, and outdoorsman (who) loved to travel and explore ... and had a lifelong fascination with the sea."

That fascination led him and Amos Eno '72 to build a home in 1973 in a nature retreat called Moonhole on and above the cliffs on the western tip of the remote island of Bequia (pronounced Beck-wi), in the Grenadine islands in the Caribbean.

For decades, when not busy practicing law at Chaffe McCall in New Orleans (and sometimes when he



Bob relaxing at home in Moonhole

was), he and wife Ann Carroll Rogers effectively ran the Moonhole community, which endures as an eco-paradise, a Zen retreat and an architectural gem. The couple served as godparents to the children of residents of the island who worked at Moonhole. Bob's legal skills saved the Moonhole community from many perils that ensued after the death of founder Thomas Johnston '32, recalled Eno. (Johnston, an advertising executive from Chicago, was a classmate of Eno's father Amos '32.) Travel writer Gene Epaminondas, writing in *DuJour* magazine in 2013, once described Moonhole's structures as "Gaudi-like dwellings, connected by steep staircases, (that) sprout from the rocky terrain like wild mushrooms," open to the elements, with no doors or windows.



Bob and Carroll - matching pants

Like his father Stephen '41 and brother Scott '75, Bob prepped at Middlesex School in Massachusetts, as did fellow English major and Ivy Club mate Gordon Walmsley, who later importuned Bob to move to New Orleans and join him at Tulane Law School. He and Gordon roomed together all four years, including off campus at Twin Brooks Farm senior year. Bob's thesis on

Vladimir Nabokov's novel "Ada" garnered high praise from the Russian-born novelist, recalled Walmsley, a poet and author who now lives in Denmark.

Bob and Carroll, an artist, began dating at Princeton, moved to Italy and married in 1972 before beginning their new life in New Orleans.

After earning his J.D. at Tulane Law School in 1977, Bob joined Chaffe McCall, where he rose to become managing partner, legal counsel to the firm, and senior



Bob

partner in the commercial litigation section. He focused his practice on securities, corporate finance and commercial litigation and was proficient in Italian. He was always eager to guide younger attorneys, sharing his deep legal knowledge with patience and enthusiasm.

He served as president of the American Heart Association's New Orleans chapter and as secretary for the Southern Repertory Theatre. "He was an absolutely brilliant guy," said Eno.

Bob died on Dec. 15, 2025, survived by Carroll and daughters Carroll Livingston (b. 1980) and Stephanie Schuyler (1988).

Gordon Walmsley remembers:

Bob and I both graduated from Middlesex, a school which at that time sent a fair number of its graduates to Harvard. But neither Bob nor I wanted to go to Harvard, choosing another university instead. For the ensuing four years Bob and I were roommates at Princeton. We both joined the Ivy Club, where we were able to practice our conversational skills, well not only.

After Princeton, I lured Bob and Carroll to New Orleans and though eventually I left that complex city, never to return, Bob never did, settling into the practice of law at an old line law firm, Chaffe McCall, where Jonathan McCall and other Princetonians also practiced. Bob was the essence of cool, discretion was his *modus operandi*. If you told something in confidence to Bob, it never went any further.

His interest in the written word prompted Vladimir Nabokov to praise Bob's thesis on that fascinating writer, saying it was the best thing he had ever read about his work. Bob majored in English, but this did not prevent him from learning other languages. After our sophomore year, we both decided to attend the Goethe Institute to improve our German. Bob was new to German, so he asked me to translate our hostess Frau Polmann's hastily written note: please do not sleep with the light on. Bob attempted to convince this venerable old lady (considerably younger than I am now) that he was not sleeping, but reading. Impossible, she replied.

In his younger days, Bob was quite the ladies man,



Bob in Florida

but that was long ago. Bob and Carroll became an institution. It will be hard to imagine one without the other. But such is life; one survives, the other must carry the memories of the couple they were.

Kevin Mackey remembers:

After our graduation, Bob and a friend of his from prep school days, John Perkins, drove a Chevy pickup truck from Dallas to Buenos Aires. They shipped the truck around the Darien Gap in Panama from Darien to Buenaventura in Colombia and had an extended stop in a little village in Ecuador, waiting for a broken car part to be delivered. Bob then flew on from Buenos Aires to Italy, where his uncle worked in the American consulate and where he married Carroll in Milan.

David Buck remembers:

At Princeton, Bob regularly contributed a weekly humor column called "The Errant Sportsman" to The Princeton Notice (I was his editor). His writing was pure and his humor was original.

JOHN S. SHEPPARD



Died January 27, 2025

DEGREE: English
ACTIVITIES: Cap and Gown

John Scott Sheppard made the journey to Princeton from Canada, where he attended the Hamilton Collegiate Institute and returned afterward to study law at the University of Toronto before embarking on a career as a political strategist, consultant, speechwriter and advocate for social justice. His work in government and Parliament included service as press secretary and legislative assistant to the Opposition Leader in the 1980s. He was a communications and policy consultant on public policy with Hamilton Consulting Inc. for more than 34 years. An English major at Princeton, Scott utilized a sharp intellect and exceptional writing skills to advance the small-L liberal causes that he championed. He roomed with Dick Balfour,

Mike Davis and Frank Mackay in Little senior year and spent countless hours playing bridge and backgammon with them at Cap and Gown. He was "an extraordinarily quick study," Dick said. Scott was known for his warmth and thoughtfulness, and his ability to listen and offer wise counsel touched the lives of countless individuals. He died of Parkinson's disease at home in Ottawa on Jan. 27, 2025, at the age of 75, survived by his devoted partner of 33 years, Vance Smith; brothers Guy and Blair; sister Carol; four nieces; seven nephews; four grand-nieces; two grand-nephews and other family.

Richard Balfour remembers:

Scott was an extraordinarily quick study. This was evident at the bridge table – where he had an uncanny ability to divine what sort of error an opponent was likely to make and to induce its execution – and in his studies themselves – where he was an inveterate, all-nighter crammer for examinations, at which he was invariably successful. He was also an extraordinarily low-maintenance friend.

JAN M. SLOMAN



Died September 27, 2022

ACTIVITIES: Colonial Club, Orchestra

WIDOW: Louise Glicksman Sloman
6449 Brookshire Drive
Dallas, TX 75230-4101
(214) 284-8590

Jan Mark Sloman was already an accomplished violinist when he came to Princeton as a university scholar after studies at the Birch Wathen School and the Juilliard School in Manhattan. He performed as a soloist in the Orchestra freshman year and afterward before he left to complete his degree in violin at the Curtis Institute of Music in Philadelphia in 1972.

Jan joined the Dallas Symphony Orchestra as associate concertmaster in 1977, was later named principal associate concertmaster and remained there until 2015 while also teaching at other schools. He was concertmaster of the Dallas Pops as well for many years, and performed with orchestras in Florence, Italy; Lugano and Geneva, Switzerland; and

Melbourne, Australia.

He was an acclaimed teacher, splitting time for many years between Dallas and the Cleveland Institute of Music. In Dallas he had a large private studio and also taught at Southern Methodist University. The Institute for Strings he founded provided intensive training for 19 summers to elite young violin students. At the Meadowmount School of Music in Westport, N.Y., and the Heifetz International Music Institute in Staunton, Va., Jan attracted students from across the United States and Canada as well as from Europe and Asia. Many asked to study with him after they had finished their summer studies, and so long before internet Zoom lessons became popular, Jan started teaching over Skype throughout the world. Shannon Lee, prize winner at the 2019 Sendai International Violin Competition, told the music publication *Strad*, "He believed in me so much that it was near embarrassing, but it also pushed me to see what I was capable of. He didn't want to tell how exactly to phrase every note, but rather wanted to let everyone develop their own instinct."



Jan, in a photo from one of his students

Just before entering a hospital in the last three months of his life, he had finished writing a book explaining how he developed so many first-class violinists. With the help of several former students and family members, the book was polished and is now with an agent in New York awaiting publication. Jan died Sept. 27, 2022, survived by wife Louise and sons Jacob and Joseph.

TED J. SWISHER



Died July 8, 2021

DEGREE: Sociology
ACTIVITIES: Wrestling

WIDOW: Betsy Lynn Groves
331 Fontana Place NE
Albuquerque, NM 87108-1166

Ted Swisher lived his exemplary life in unselfish service to others, the nation and the world. Growing up in the sports-centric community of Mt. Lebanon in Pittsburgh, he excelled in wrestling as state champion and as co-captain of the Western PA championship football team. He built on his Young Life (Christian youth group) activity from high school, initiating a lasting Bible study group with Princeton classmates Dennis Macaleer (a minister who earned two doctoral degrees) and Dave Moessner (theologian and Biblical scholar), both of whom write elegantly about the positive influence of Ted. The three led Young Life activities in Princeton high schools. Ted majored in sociology and lived with the PA-oriented suite of Macaleer, Brodbeck, Uyeda, Sell and Moessner.

Ted redirected his energies from wrestling, where he had been a Cane Spree stalwart, the captain of an undefeated freshman team and varsity letter winner, to community service after a life-changing junior year internship at Koinonia Farm in Americus, Ga. There he helped low-income, mostly Black residents with housing, child care and employment and formed a long association with the Fullers, Millard and Linda.

Ted returned to Americus after graduation, was head of construction, and became executive director of Koinonia Partners in 1976. He then joined the Fullers in their housing spin-off, Habitat for Humanity, in 1983. His quiet but immeasurable influence over the next 23 years changed the face of housing around the world. As the first director of affiliates in the U.S., he personally worked on over 500 homes and oversaw growth from 23 to 1500 affiliates, supporting the construction of over 30,000 homes with President Jimmy Carter lending his face and reputation.

On the international level, he co-founded international Habitat and worked in Australia, Fiji, India, Nepal, Guatemala, Papua and New Guinea,

helping to establish 550 affiliates in 70 countries (which have provided over 66 million new and improved homes over the last 44 years).

When the Fullers were dismissed for personal matters in 2006, Ted (the #2 person in Habitat) was passed over for a deserved presidency. Headquarters for Habitat were moved to Atlanta, so Ted decided to relocate to Santa Fe, N.M., a return to the West, which he had always enjoyed. He worked in the Santa Fe affordable housing office somewhat anonymously until



Ted

local Habitat officials “outed” him and persuaded him to head up the local affiliate. As a local writer put it: “It was like getting Bill Belichick (or Chuck Noll, in Ted’s view) to coach the local high school football team.” With new energy, the Santa Fe affiliate in short order built 125 houses, developed a “repair and restore” division and introduced solar panels, which dramatically reduced energy bills for new home owners. A Santa Fe builder reflected that Ted arguably had done more to change home-building in America than any person alive. Even Ted’s dad, Jack, got involved as founder of the Cincinnati Habitat for Humanity.

Ted married Lisa in 1987 and they had two children: Benjamin, born in 1990, and Miriam, born 1994. After a divorce, he married Betsy Groves in 2000. He recreated with hiking, fishing and following his beloved Steelers until his death in 2021 after a long battle with prostate cancer.

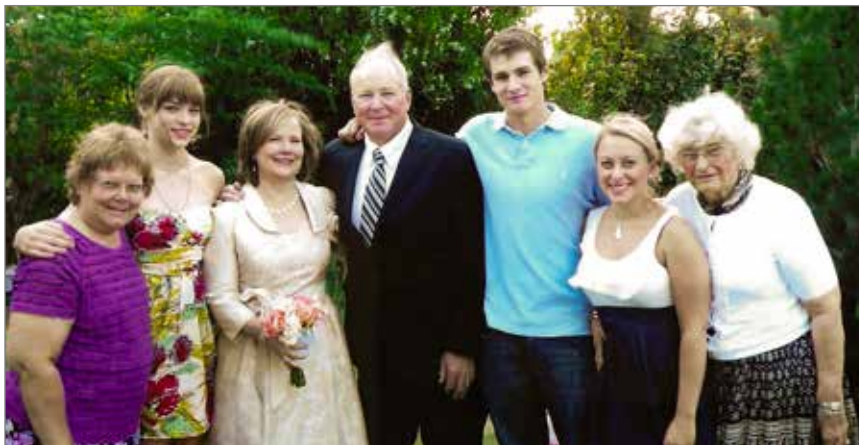


At a community center in Plains, Ga. (approx. 2000): From left, Ted’s father, Jack; former President Jimmy Carter; and Ted

Charles Brodbeck remembers:

Ted basically was a volunteer his entire life. A sociology major, he spent the second semester of his junior year studying a relatively new organization called Koinonia Partners, a Christian community and farm serving an underprivileged population in Americus, Ga. Ted was so moved by his experience that he went back to Americus after graduation and became Koinonia’s executive director. He was instrumental in expanding Koinonia’s services into housing, childcare and income-generating businesses for the local population.

Millard Fuller, one of the founders of Koinonia and a resident there with his family, founded Habitat and its Fund for Humanity in 1976. Ted eventually joined Habitat and assumed leadership roles in it, becoming the first director of affiliates for Habitat for Humanity International in 1983 and, over the next five years, he helped it grow from 22 to 360 affiliates. From 1989 to 1991, he was responsible for creating Habitat’s affiliate program in Australia. He subsequently became Habitat’s vice president for United



Ted and Betsy’s wedding, June 2010: From left, Ted’s sister Jan Frame, daughter Miriam Swisher, Betsy, Ted, son Benjamin Swisher, niece Mollie Frame, and mother Shirley Swisher

States and Canada. In that position, he supervised a staff of 150 people and managed a budget of \$50 million as the leader of the North American network of 1700 Habitat for Humanity affiliates. In other words, Ted had a major role in growing Habitat into a worldwide community that benefited thousands.

There are a number of factors which contributed to Ted's success such as his easygoing personality, but the key factor was his tireless efforts to benefit the lives of others.

David Moessner remembers:

I do think your mention of Koinonia Farm and especially of Clarence Jordan, its founder and director, is the key to the major change Ted underwent during his freshman and sophomore years. Though I was not his roommate until our senior year, Ted, along with Dennis Macaleer and myself, already in our freshman year began a late-night conversation group that included some reading of scripture and prayer and that eventually morphed into the "Tiger Inn" campus fellowship that met every Tuesday evening during our sophomore through senior years and beyond (also in conjunction with the Chapel Fellowship). From this intellectual, cultural, spiritual context came many hours of discussion, sometimes quite passionate debate – often late into the night – about the promises and failures of traditional Christianity. Ted spent summers and winter breaks from his freshman year on down in Americus, Ga., and there began to forge his own understanding of the relationship between Christian doctrine as typically understood to Christian practice – as not typically understood or agreed upon – to views closely parallel to those of Clarence. Clarence's own translation of the New Testament as "The Cotton Patch Version" soon became Ted's main, if not only, version that he used during those early years. It was not long before Ted lost his interest in wrestling and other PU activities and would instead spend his time thinking about and implementing new possibilities for Koinonia Farm in their overall effectiveness in raising crops and growing pecans (their main source of income). It was during his time shortly after graduating from PU that he also became linked up with Koinonia's building of homes for lower-income and for homeless people which led to "Habitat for Humanity." Millard Fuller was working at that time at Koinonia and Ted began to assist Millard in building homes; it was not long before Ted joined Millard's newly formed charitable organization (some time in or after 1976, I believe).

So I think Ted's spiritual transformation (and he called it that), along with the real-world

consequences for the priorities of his life and the "uses" he would make of his Princeton degree, lies at the heart and inspires the motivating vision for the rest of Ted's remarkable career.

R. Dennis Macaleer remembers:

THE KNOCK ON THE DOOR THAT CHANGED MY LIFE

I was a freshman at Princeton, berthed on the third-floor of 1942 Hall, a postmodern structure with all of the charm and history of a Russian apartment complex. I was getting acclimated to college life and developed a few friends, some football players, a few guys in Navy ROTC, and of course the dorm crew. As far as I knew, none of those people were Christians and my prospects for any kind of Christian fellowship were still undeveloped, until I heard a knock on my dorm room door.

Standing in the hall was a guy a bit shorter than me, muscular, wearing a clean white T-shirt. White T-shirts were common then, but a clean one was rarity on the campus. He said he was a freshman also and wanted to know if I was in Young Life in high school. Well, yeah, I was Mr. Young Life in high school and was still in touch with the Young Life leaders back home. He said that he was also in Young Life in his high school, and one of the Young Life leaders thought it might be a good idea if we would meet. We did and a lifelong friendship began. We began to hang out together along with his circle of friends, all, like me, from Pennsylvania and half of them wrestlers. We spent enough time together that by the spring when it was time to choose roommates and rooms for the next year, the six of us, white T-shirt guy, me, and our four other PA buddies, decided to room together in a pair of two-bedroom suites. The suites were not plush, the bathroom was down the hall, but it had a large living room with lots of windows – a pleasant place to study, relax, or hold a Bible study. The guy in the white T-shirt was, of course, Ted Swisher, the pride of Mt. Lebanon High School and a Pennsylvania state champ in wrestling.

That fall when we were ensconced in our new digs, I shared a bunk with Ted, him on the top bunk and me on the lower bunk. The other four had similar sleeping arrangements. The Young Life grapevine gave us two more names to meet, another sophomore from Nebraska named Dave, and a freshman with an awful Texas drawl named Don. We four decided to hold a weekly Bible study in the spacious dorm living room, meeting on Wednesday nights at midnight.

We met at midnight because Dave, the Nebraska nerd, stayed in the library studying until they kicked him out just before midnight. So it was me, Nebraska Dave, Texas Don, and Ted Swisher. Shortly after we began to meet the Young Life grapevine kicked in another potential member of our fledgling fellowship, a freshman whose name we did not have but we knew he was from Orlando. Orlando remained a mythical figure in our four-man Bible study until we found him at mid-semester and invited him to our Midnight Rendezvous over the Bible. He did not talk much. For three months we wondered if he suffered from some form of selective mutism. Maybe referring to him as "Orlando" instead of his name hampered his sense of inclusion in the group. Most people still do not use his given name, for he is referred to affectionately as "Rock."



Ted on a construction site

The five of us continued faithfully throughout our sophomore year in our Midnight Bible Study. We even connected with some local Young Life ministries and served with them in limited capacities. At the same time the roommate group stayed together and pledged to share a pair of two-bedroom suites

in our junior year. We did, and while our new dorm rooms were better located on campus, they were not quite as spacious. But Orlando, a.k.a. Rock, did score a dorm room with a much larger room for meeting. We needed more room, for that growing fellowship of five that began with Ted and me was expanding.

We added a few more students to our group. We invited a seminary student to lead our group, Stan Wood. We appreciated his input and teaching on the Book of Acts. We also added a new innovation at Princeton, women. I wish we could say that we were interested in forming a more inclusive Christian fellowship, but that would not be accurate. We included women because Ted and I and the others thought we would start a Young Life Club for students at the local high school. All Young Life leaders know that a decent Young Life Club needed a "gal leader." That is the phrase that we used in those days instead of the more appropriate, female leaders. Young Life culture required women to minister to high school girls and men to minister to high school boys. One of us had heard that there was

a recent female college grad living near the campus and teaching at local high school. Ted and I met up with Melanie Smith and invited her to join our newly established Young Life ministry. It was not long after that that we expanded our Bible study to include Melanie and others. Ted and I kept attending even though it appeared that leadership had passed to a different set of students.

Ted and I kept up the Young Life ministry. We did contact work at Princeton High School and finally met enough students to hold a Young Life Club. Ted and I shared the speaking responsibilities at the club. Ted was a lot funnier than I was and hence he got more attention from the high school kids. Again "kids" was the vernacular at the time for the high school age participants. We worked hard at this ministry during our sophomore and junior years.



*Ted at Koinonia Farm
(early 1970s)*

Meanwhile, Ted began to think about our civic responsibilities as Christians living in the USA. Civil rights and the war in Vietnam weighed heavy on his mind and he shared his thinking with the rest of us. That got me to begin to think in the same direction. Suddenly Naval ROTC did not feel like a viable option for me. Near the close of my sophomore year, I chose to end my affiliation with the U.S. Navy, which caused

quite a stir in my family. As the family pressure to stay in the Navy increased, Ted's encouragement also increased for me to adopt a Christian world view and not necessarily the standard Macaleer world view. I ended my NROTC commitment and began a new career path, ministry. Ted encouraged me all along the way.

Ted's interest in applying his faith to the world took him to Koinonia Farm. I do not know how he found that community, for it was in rural Georgia. Ted managed to spend his second semester of our junior year at Koinonia and some of us went to visit him there. The stories Ted told about his work at Koinonia and the conversation we had continued to challenge and shape my world view.

In our senior year Ted and I developed a novel

dining option for Princeton: We partnered with Melanie Smith and Jacque Childress at their small home just off campus for dinners five days a week. One week Jacque cooked, and Ted and I cleaned up. One week Melanie cooked, and Ted and I cleaned up. And one week Ted and I cooked and we could not rely solely on hot dogs and SpaghettiOs for our turn. I think our specialty was shepherd's pie. Ted and I in the kitchen was a skit all by itself. Somehow, no one starved.

After Princeton when most of us were heading to grad school somewhere, Ted went to Koinonia Farm, which gave him a much better education than any of us got in grad school classes. His influence stayed with me long after college. His life commitment first to Koinonia, then Habitat for Humanity was a living testimony of his faith and an example of the kind of life I needed to invest in, caring for people who needed care, the lost, the lonely, the hungry, the homeless, and more. He lived out Matthew 25 right until the day he died.

Those in our fellowship will know that the guy who knocked on my door my freshman year, Ted Swisher, was instrumental in starting these lifelong sets of relationships and ministries. Ted passed away, July 9, 2021, at age 72 from prostate cancer. Ted and I had many conversations over the years, often about living as a Christian, and some about the good old days back at Old Nassau. Ted never took credit for the fellowship we spawned, the lives that were changed, and the careers that were launched from that fellowship. But he did know that when he knocked on my door our freshman year, he changed the course of my life forever.



MARK H. TALLMAN



Died January 23, 2024

DEGREE: Economics

ACTIVITIES: Cloister Inn

MILITARY SERVICE:

Nebraska Air National Guard 1971 -1977

Mark Hall Tallman built from the ground up a printing and computer supply company in Nebraska, Missouri and Texas that was three times honored as one of Inc. 500's fastest-growing, privately owned companies in the United States. But his first job out of Princeton after active duty in the Nebraska Air National Guard — he served six years and made sergeant — was not so successful.

He poked fun at himself in the 50th-reunion yearbook about going into the family construction business in Lincoln, learning more about concrete blocks and rebar "than anyone should know," driving a ready-mixed concrete truck and earning "the distinction of being the longest trainee in company history. I was that bad." He tried being a stockbroker, but "general anxiety and fear of picking up the phone and making a call made the job a poor fit." He did much better striking out on his own and buying a small company that sold computer supplies, which in those days meant diskettes and printer ribbons. He built it into Data Source Media with offices in Lincoln, Kansas City and Dallas.

He married an IBM saleswoman and brought her into the business, but the marriage dissolved in acrimony over control of the company before a settlement was reached.

Mark was born in Madison, Wis., and lived almost his entire life in the Nebraska capital, where he



Mark

went to Southeast High School and was admitted to Princeton along with a fellow classmate at the top of their class, David Moessner. Mark majored in economics, lived with Jim Hart and Bill Stewart in Patton, belonged to Cloister Inn and enjoyed IAA sports, especially basketball.

Mark's life was a model of stability, owning the same business and living in the same house for 40 years. He was a loyal Cornhuskers athletics fan and booster and made it to multiple Olympic Games. Mark's hobbies included collecting presidential,

dignitary and celebrity autographs and elephant figurines and sculptures from around the world. He died of complications of pancreatic cancer on Jan. 23, 2024, and left his \$7 million estate to a foundation that supports seven community organizations in Lincoln.

James Hart remembers:

Mark was my roommate in Patton Hall for three years. He brought a Midwestern innocence and freshness to Princeton that was much appreciated.





CLASS OF 1971: IN MEMORIAM



Marc L. Abrams	November 26, 1978	Steven D. Greene	January 9, 2025
Andrew J. Achman	July 17, 2002	Kenneth J. Griffin	August 6, 1989
David P. Ackerman	March 12, 2016	Cornelius L. Griffith	June 14, 2021
Allan C. Barnes Jr.	October 19, 2009	John E. Grimmer	January 23, 2018
Herbert H. Beck III	July 6, 2023	Doris Stickney Hardy	March 20, 2005
R. Bruce Beckner	March 21, 2022	Charles K. Harmar	December 19, 2024
Robert Logan Beeler	October 22, 2010	P.J. Murphey Harmon	December 15, 2019
Reid Alan Beitrusten	December 2, 1983	James W. Harris	September 25, 1999
David Peter Blakey	September 14, 2009	Peter Heath	November 12, 2014
Montague Blundon III	October 5, 2024	Homer J. Henderson	August 19, 2022
Samuel P. Boehm II	July 16, 2011	James E. Henderson	February 21, 2017
William J. Bostian	November 6, 2023	John C. Hess	April 11, 2016
Stephen W. Bradley Jr.	November 23, 1996	James A. Higgins	May 29, 2007
Marvin Bressler (h)	July 7, 2010	Jack Alvin Hines	April 29, 1980
Alan Brinkley	June 16, 2019	John D. Hittson	January 24, 2026
David R. Brown	October 23, 1998	Ronald N. Hochman	November 16, 2019
Leonard G. Brown	July 2, 2020	Richard J. Hollingsworth	October 8, 2023
Rande Brown	October 13, 2025	John H. Huffstutler	September 24, 2021
Robert M. Browne	April 11, 2020	John E. Irby III	November 4, 1991
Steven L. Buening	June 25, 2021	William F. James	May 4, 2016
James C. Carmichael	July 30, 2020	W. Lawrence Joachim	April 22, 2021
John W. Chambers Jr.	May 28, 2004	Arlene G. Julius	November 8, 2019
Robert G. Chambers	October 18, 2011	Donald N. Kapsch	May 5, 2003
Peter Charapko (h)	September 24, 1981	David R. Keller	August 3, 2019
Steven C. Charen	July 4, 2021	P. Michael Kozma	May 21, 2023
John A. M. Chitty	February 28, 2019	James C. Krieg	February 10, 2021
J. Randall Choun	July 4, 1905	John A. Lawrie Jr.	July 3, 2022
Jon C. Cieslak	October 11, 2021	Wm. Frederick Lewis	October 24, 2021
Michael D. Collins	February 10, 2003	Richard L. Lindsey Jr.	August 8, 2019
Philip G. Connell III	January 10, 2026	Samuel L. Lipsman	June 13, 2013
Daniel P. Cunningham	March 31, 2019	Eldon L. Loblein	October 15, 2022
Anthony W. Davenport	January 6, 2004	William W. London	October 22, 2023
Joseph A. Dehais	January 10, 2018	Michael B. Macko	January 24, 2010
Richard B. DiFede	January 31, 2025	Charles C. Marboe	August 4, 2025
Irving Dilliard (h)	October 9, 2002	Richard G. Marquis	October 16, 2002
Fredrick L. Dixon	September 19, 2003	David M. Martin	January 1, 2024
Vassilios Dougalis	January 1, 2022	Donald J. Mathison	March 3, 1996
Charles R. Dressel	January 22, 2018	Robert G. Maxwell	June, 1975
Lawrence L. Dupraz (h)	December 24, 2006	Louis Harkey Mayo Jr.	August 13, 2020
Deedee E. Eisenberg	June 7, 2010	Vincent B. McGinnis	November 4, 2019
William R. Elfers	November 28, 2020	Roy D. Meredith	October 22, 1998
Timothy M. Empkie	December 30, 2023	Roberta R. Miller	February 11, 1995
Michael B. Epstein	January 6, 2011	Edward J. Milne Jr.	May 6, 1995
Victor D. Feeney	March 2, 1980	James L. Montgomery Jr.	May 26, 2005
Clark A. Feldman	May 2, 2009	Alan G. Moore	May 24, 2019
Richard M. Ferrugio	November 15, 2021	John K. Moore	August 26, 2012
Oscar Fruchtman	March 28, 2009	Elliott D. Moorman	May 31, 2023
John A. Garretson	April 27, 2023	William P. Mullin	May 16, 2011
Donald S. Gerber	June 5, 2003	Christopher P. Nicholas	November 12, 2022
Pandelis M. Glavanis	September 1, 2017	Stephen A. Noller	September 6, 2022
Kenneth C. Glazier	October 16, 2025	John M. Olson	July 10, 2014
J. Murray Goff	October 3, 2020	Eric A. Ordway	July 9, 2023
John Jeffrey Goodwin	January 9, 2026	Michael F. O'Toole	August 15, 1988
Joseph H. Grasser Jr.	March 11, 1981	Raymond S. Page III	August 17, 1992

CLASS OF 1971

Roy Perlmutter	January 1, 2017	Stephen F. Sipos Jr.	June 3, 2005
Thomas K. Pettus	April 15, 2025	Jan M. Sloman	September 27, 2022
Roger M. Poor	July 14, 2024	Richard Sobel	March 2, 2020
Richard L. Popiel	May 13, 2010	William H. Spencer	March 23, 1969
J. L. Pottenger Jr.	February 23, 2023	Charles R. Stiller	May 11, 1995
Stephen J. Powers	August 17, 2001	Jonathan C.K. Stobie	September 16, 2004
Emmett Haines Pritchard	December 10, 1994	Richard D. Stockbridge	November 10, 2013
Michael S. Proko	May 21, 2002	Ted J. Swisher	July 8, 2021
W. Keith Rabe	March 31, 2014	Mark H. Tallman	January 23, 2024
Juanita E. Ray Crane	October 15, 2021	James B. Thompson	April 23, 1986
Bruce Taylor Reese	April 4, 2019	Robert M. Thompson III	February 6, 2014
Joseph C. Reidy Jr.	March 3, 2012	Geoffrey G. Trego	March 25, 2012
David C. Richardson	May 5, 2019	F. Wayne Van Saun	October 11, 2013
Michael L. Roberts	November 5, 2014	Hugh K. Wachter (h)	July 21, 2024
John M. Rooney	October 17, 2018	Jon T. Wagenknecht	May 21, 2012
Robert S. Rooth	December 15, 2025	McNeill Watkins II	September 28, 2016
Ronald W. Scharff	May 6, 1999	Richard T. Wharton Jr.	March 15, 2013
Robert A. Schiffner Jr.	October 27, 2015	Richard S. Williamson	December 8, 2013
Jon L. Selden	April 10, 1991	Mark P. Wine	April 20, 2019
John S. Sheppard	January 27, 2025	Anthony R. Wofford	June 7, 2015
Jerome B. Simandle	July 11, 2019	James R. Zarfoss Jr.	September 18, 2010



Old Nassau

*Tune ev'ry heart and ev'ry voice,
Bid ev'ry care withdraw;
Let all with one accord rejoice,
In praise of Old Nassau.*

(chorus)
*In praise of Old Nassau, we sing,
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
Our hearts will give, while we shall live,
Three cheers for Old Nassau.*

*Let music rule the fleeting hour,
Her mantle round us draw;
And thrill each heart with all her pow'r,
In praise of Old Nassau.*

(chorus)
*And when these walls in dust are laid,
With reverance and awe
Another throng shall breathe our song,
In praise of Old Nassau.*

(chorus)
*Till then with joy our songs we'll bring,
And while a breath we draw,
We'll all unite to shout and sing
Long life to Old Nassau.*

*In praise of Old Nassau, we sing,
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
Our hearts will give, while we shall live,
Three cheers for Old Nassau.*

Lyrics by Harlan Page Peck 1862, Music by Karl Langlotz