The sculpture of Joe Brown, revisited
Preparing for the big 25th
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Reunions Guide • May/June 2007

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Writing on the walls
Buildings carry words of wisdom

When Paul Sarbanes ’54, this year’s Woodrow Wilson Award winner, spoke at Alexander Hall on Alumni Day, he advised the audience to pay attention to the words that surrounded them during their visit to campus. “It’s very instructive at places like Princeton or the U.S. Capitol to see the inscriptions that they put on the walls,” the former senator said. “Usually a lot of thought goes into them.”

Sarbanes went on to read a quote from the British politician John Bright that is inscribed outside the University Chapel: “An instructed democracy is the surest foundation of government. And education and freedom are the only sources of true greatness and happiness among any people.” Not surprisingly, those words made an impression on Sarbanes as a young man. He would go on to spend four decades in elective office.

Quotable quotes are not hard to find at Princeton, and for every inscription, it seems, there is a story. At the intersection of walkways in front of Nassau Hall, an engraved disk reads “In the Nation’s Service, In the Service of All Nations,” connecting the words of two Princeton presidents separated by a century, Woodrow Wilson 1879 and Harold Shapiro *64. Above a stone fireplace in room 202 of Jones Hall, where Albert Einstein once occupied an office during his early years at the Institute for Advanced Study, the great physicist’s words remain, carved in the original German: “Raffiniert ist der Herr Gott, aber boshaft ist Er nicht” (“God is subtle, but he is not malicious”). The building, which now houses the departments of Near Eastern and East Asian Studies, still displays its mathematical roots in the stained-glass equations embedded in many of its windows.

At the entrance to McCosh Hall, in small capital letters, the words of Herbert Edward Mierow ’14 *25 provide inspiration to students as they head to building’s stately lecture halls: “Here we were taught by men and gothic towers/ democracy and faith and righteousness/ and love of unseen things that do not die.” After his student days, Mierow joined the ranks of the teachers as a classics professor at Colorado College.

Today, additions to Princeton’s walls are sometimes painted, not carved, but the words still hold special meaning. At the Frist Campus Center, there are 41 featured quotations, each with a unique link to the University. Included on a wall near the campus mailroom is one from Peruvian ambassador Ricardo Luna ’62, directed to alumni: “It’s not just the campus memories that link us together. It’s the values we share.”

By B.T.

Old school, new school

Two of the current exhibits at the Princeton University Art Museum explore distinctly different periods of American art.

“Treasures from Olana” highlights the work of Frederic Edwin Church, a Hudson River School painter who captured landscapes both in the United States and on travels abroad. Church’s El Khasne, Petra, below right, a scene from his visit to Jordan, is one of the pieces on display.

“Pop Art at Princeton” covers more recent works by the likes of Robert Indiana, Roy Lichtenstein, and Andy Warhol, including Warhol’s Brillo Box, left. The exhibition coincides with the publication of Pop Art: Contemporary Perspectives, a monograph written by recent Ph.D. recipients and current doctoral candidates in Princeton’s art and archaeology department.

Also featured at the museum for Reunions weekend is the Class of 1957 art exhibit, with notable paintings and other pieces owned or donated by class members. “57 Collects: A 50th Anniversary Celebration” opened in mid-May and runs through Aug. 12.
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Memorable moments in Reunions history

1907 A plan to divide Princeton into residential quads to encourage social, academic, and intellectual growth was the “all-absorbing topic of discussion” on campus during Reunions, PAW reported. University President Woodrow Wilson 1879 tried to calm fears that the quads would supplant the eating clubs. “[T]his scheme of social and academic coordination,” he wrote, “is not a plan to prevent club life in Princeton. Club life is based upon social instincts and principles which it would be impossible to eradicate.”

1957 Harold Dodds *14 presided over his 24th and final Reunions weekend as University president. Dodds, who had presented more than 300 honorary degrees, was the recipient of one at the Commencement ceremony. The citation praised him as “an educator who has used his strength to develop strength in others.”

1977 More than 4,300 alumni returned to campus—the second-largest reunion at the time, trailing only the popular “victory reunion” of 1946. After the Old Guard luncheon, 98-year-old Halstead “Jigs” Little 1901 carried the Class of 1923 Cane as the oldest returning alumnus.

1982 Jimmy Stewart ’32, back for his 50th, was the “most photographed man at Reunions,” according to PAW. The actor and former Air Force brigadier general stuck around to address Princeton ROTC cadets, thanking them for “making it clear that at Princeton, patriotism is not going out of style.”

1992 A week before Reunions, Andy Moe ’92 scored in overtime against Syracuse to lead men’s lacrosse to its first NCAA championship, giving alumni one more thing to celebrate. But not all was ideal for reuners, PAW reported: “Thanks to rainfall and controls on beer, alumni revelry [was] both wetter and drier.”
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ROLEX © OYSTER PERPETUAL AND YACHT-MASTER ARE TRADEMARKS.
Princeton’s price tag

In January, the University trustees opted not to raise undergraduate tuition for the first time in 40 years. (The trustees did increase room and board by 19 percent, generating an overall fee hike of 4.2 percent.) With the assistance of the Seeley G. Mudd Manuscript Library, PAW took a look back at the tuition that members of this year’s major reunion classes paid in their senior years.

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Source: Mudd Library

Un-Civil correspondence

The patriotic envelope pictured below, sent to Princeton resident Jennie Stockton during the Civil War, is part of “Princeton’s Civil War,” an exhibition at the Historical Society of Princeton’s Bainbridge House (158 Nassau St.) that runs through July 15. Images and newspaper accounts document the responses of the University and the town to the outbreak of war. The national flag was flown over Nassau Hall, and Southern students left the campus and did not return until after the war had ended.

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Welcome Back to the Best Old Place of All!
Reunions trivia challenge
How well do you know your fellow alumni?

Match the Princetonian with his or her thesis title:

1. Meg Whitman '77  
2. David Duchovny '82  
3. Brooke Shields '87  
4. Chris Young '02

   a. "The Pre-Adolescent/Adolescent Journey in the Films of Louis Malle"
   b. "The Integration of Professional Baseball and Racial Attitudes in America"
   c. "The Schizophrenic Critique of Pure Reason in Beckett's Early Novels"
   d. "The Marketing of American Consumer Products in Western Europe"

5. What alumnus won the Nobel Peace Prize?

6. How many of Princeton’s 19 University presidents were or are alumni?

7. What Triangle Club alumnus wrote the book and then directed the stage and movie versions of South Pacific?

8. What alumnus carried the Class of 1923 Cane in the P-rade for the most consecutive years?


10. Which of the following campus buildings is not named for an alumnus?

   a. Alexander Hall
   b. Jadwin Gymnasium
   c. Guyot Hall
   d. D-Hall

Answers on page 27.

Special thanks to Elizabeth Greenberg '02, the Alumni Association’s assistant director of regional affairs, for her contributions to this quiz.
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The Alumni Council’s Clancy Award, given annually to the most outstanding Reunions crew, carries neither a cash prize nor the promise of University-wide prestige. In exchange for a weekend of blood, sweat, and beers, the winning crew members receive a simple white T-shirt that matter-of-factly reads: “We won the Clancy Award.”

Despite little pomp and less circumstance, the Clancy Award remains a coveted honor for students working Reunions. “I’m competitive,” said Liz Gough ’07, who managed the 40th reunion for the Class of 1966. “Of course I wanted to win.”

Other crew chiefs agreed. “It’s about pride,” said Mike Ott ‘07, who led last year’s fifth reunion crew to the award. It was the first time in several decades that the crew for the fifth – widely regarded as one of the most challenging reunions to manage – took top honors.

Conventional wisdom suggests that the formula for success is a blend of smiles and tidiness. Easier said than done. Students typically run on minimal sleep and address many mini-crisis.

Richard “Tiny” Morgan ’66, a longtime reunion organizer for his class, remembered watching members of last year’s 40th crew get down on their hands and knees in a muddy puddle to unclog a drain during unanticipated downpours. “If something can go wrong, it will,” Morgan said. “So we pick students who will be calm under pressure. And a sense of humor helps, too.”

Class reunion chairs choose their crew chiefs as far as a year in advance. The students then help to assemble anywhere from 12 to 20 hard-working peers. In generations past, the captain of the football team would manage the 25th reunion, the captain of the basketball team would manage the 35th reunion, and other campus Big Kahunas were assured of sought-after slots.

Today, spots on a crew – including the position of crew chief – are available to any student projecting friendliness, organization, and composure.

Ott recalled making 100 cell phone calls per day while on the job. “It was the most stressful thing I’ve ever done,” he said. “But also one of the most amazing.”

One night last year, with the hour pushing past 3 a.m., he and other crew members were sweeping up shards of glass from crushed beer bottles when they noticed that an Australian alum was helping them clean. “That’s really not necessary, this is our job,” they told him. The alum explained that while giving an enthusiastic high-five earlier in the evening, his wedding band had flown off. Flying back to his wife in Australia with a ringless finger would not go over well.

Shortly thereafter, Ott excavated the wedding ring from a pile of rubble, at which point the relieved alum showed gratitude with a $100 tip and a hearty bear hug. He then insisted that everyone present share in a celebratory drink.

Undergraduate crew members aren’t the only ones who need to keep their poise. When Morgan helped plan his class’s 35th reunion, the crew chief bailed out the day before the festivities were to begin. “After I picked my jaw up off the floor and changed my underwear, we went about salvaging the situation,” Morgan said.

To keep the weekend running smoothly, students perform tasks from meal setup to manning beer taps. One perennial test for crew members is dealing with alumni who come back and consume beer as though they’re still in college. Jack McCarthy ’69 – who attended 58 out of the 60 Reunions in his lifetime – remembered fielding a strange request when working the 10th reunion for the Class of 1959 as an undergraduate. An alum asked McCarthy to locate a wheelbarrow in which to transport an intoxicated alum in the P-rade.

How hard a given crew has to work is, in part, a function of the reunion year for which they’re working. At the fifth, returning Tigers invariably party late into the night, while older classes can be counted on for earlier bedtimes. “We don’t keep them up late anymore,” said John “Turk” Thacher ’66, a co-organizer for the Class of 1966 along with Morgan. “We want to, and we try – but we don’t.”

Whether putting in 12-hour days or 20-hour days, a ubiquitous sentiment among undergrads is that their work experience often doesn’t even feel like work. Much of the time is spent swapping stories with alumni who share tales of their own undergraduate glory.

“They want to make sure that Princeton is still Princeton and they’re happy to see that it is,” Ott said. “Alums will say, ‘Thank you so much for working our crew,’ and I’ll say, ‘No, no, no, thank you for coming back.’”
OLD GUARD
Reunions stalwart Jack Kellogg ’32 plans to represent his class at its 75th reunion, and the Class of 1937 will be continuing its “aged to perfection” theme as it returns for its 70th reunion. Jack Eberhardt ’37, class president and reunion chairman, reports that the ’37 contingent will march and ride behind the class’ distinctive Roman numeral banner in the P-rade, with Jerry Rife’s Rhythm Kings, a Dixieland band, setting the pace. The Old Guard classes will dine together at their annual luncheon before the P-rade on Saturday.

CLASS OF 1942
In its last reunion before joining the Old Guard, look for Class of 1942 members to be flashing their familiar white gloves, with a “4” and “2” planted in the palms. The 65th reunion will call Forbes College its home. With music from pianist Dick Armstrong ‘46 and Sandy Maxwell ’39’s band, there should be plenty of time for singing and dancing. The class also will hold its annual meeting and a memorial service on Friday.

CLASS OF 1947
The Class of 1947 is “Still Vertical” at its 60th reunion, and still engaged in world affairs. Class members will be discussing globalization’s impacts on the future during the educational part of its reunion schedule. Also on the agenda: a class dinner and an updated selection of entertaining signs for the P-rade.

CLASS OF 1952
At its 55th reunion, the Class of 1952 will fondly look back at “The Best Four Years of All” by browsing newspapers, maps, and even a Princeton recruiting film from the class’s time on campus. Members of the class also will be sealing their legacy in a time capsule, to be opened by the Class of 2002 at its 50th reunion in 2052. Other highlights of the ’52 reunion will be a class forum about lessons learned at Princeton and a memorial service at the University Chapel.
CLASS OF 1957
The two-headed tiger on the Class of 1957’s reunion logo reminds class members that the weekend is for both “going back” and “looking forward.” The 50th reunion, headquartered at Scully Courtyard, will include panel discussions by classmates, a reception at the Icahn Laboratory, a memorial service, and the dedication of the Class of 1957 stone at Nassau Hall. Class members also will have a chance to tour the nearby Revolutionary War battlefield with historian David Hackett Fischer ’57 and emeritus professor James M. McPherson, an honorary class member. Headquarters entertainment includes The Stan Rubin (’55) Orchestra on Friday and the pianist Bob Milne Saturday evening.

CLASS OF 1962
With familiar surroundings at Holder Hall, site of its 25th reunion, the Class of 1962 will toast its 45th reunion with music, dancing, and dining. The class will be well represented in the Alumni Faculty Forums, with a half-dozen classmates scheduled to be panelists. On Saturday night, the ’62 crew will gather on the shores of Lake Carnegie for a class dinner at the Boathouse before the University’s outdoor concert and fireworks display.

CLASS OF 1967
As the Class of 1967 marks its 40th reunion, it also will look ahead to see what the University might look like at its 50th, with “Princeton in the Next Decade,” a discussion featuring trustees Stephen Oxman ’67 and John Wynne ’67 and Provost Christopher Eisgruber ’83. The ’67 reunion will call Dodge-McCormick Courtyard its home. Musical acts on site will include the Fabulous Grease Band and the Fantastic Waller Family.

CLASS OF 1972
The Class of 1972, “Princeton’s Vintage Class,” will hold its annual meeting and memorial service on Friday before heading to Lake Carnegie for a class dinner at the Boathouse. After dinner, class members can dance to the tunes of the Party Dolls, a Reunions favorite. Saturday night’s entertainment will be provided by the Trend.

CLASS OF 1977
The Class of 1977 will gather for “close encounters of the 30th kind” in
the Lourie-Love Courtyard, with plenty of music to keep the party moving.
Thursday night, George Kilby Jr. ’82 and the Downtown Poker Club will
kick things off with a rhythm-and-blues set. Friday night, the Sensational Soul
Cruisers take the stage, and Saturday night marks the return of the Fabulous
Grease Band. Children’s entertainment will range from clowning around to
exploring science.

CLASS OF 1982
The Class of 1982 is borrowing a page from the Big Easy for “Tiger Gras,” its
New Orleans-themed 25th reunion at Dodge-Osborn Courtyard. Entertain-
ment will include Terrance Simien and the Zydeco Experience Friday night
and Jersey shore legends Southside Johnny and the Asbury Jukes on
Saturday. Class members will be
working on two service projects to
benefit New Orleans: a Habitat for
Humanity trip in the summer and a

CLASS OF 1987
With class members donning bright
orange flight suits, Blair-Joline Cour-
tyard will be transformed into the
launching pad for “Paws In Space,” the
Memories, milestones, and a continuing legacy

‘We Beat Yale’

By Richard Gorelick ’82

The Class of 1982 had many memorable moments and has many wonderful classmates, but probably the biggest thing it is remembered for is a football game.

Not just any game – homecoming against Yale, in the fall of 1981.

Seniors led the Tigers to their first victory over Yale in 15 years in a 35-31 thriller. The Elis were ranked 19th in Division I at the time, and the game was later voted the best game ever played at Palmer Stadium.

Quarterback Bob Holly led the way, passing for more than 500 yards and rushing for the winning touchdown with four seconds to play. Every subhead in the following Monday’s Prince read “We Beat Yale.” Co-captains Jono Helmerich and Larry van Pelt, all-Ivy linemen Rick Klein and Mark Rifkin, and receivers Dave Ginda and Scott Oostdyk contributed to this great victory.

Of course, there was a whole lot more.

During our time on campus, we celebrated the 10th anniversary of women at Princeton. Lisa Belkin and Alison Cowan, now of The New York Times, were mainstays in the Press Club, while Patty Hannigan Lotito, Kathy Mahoney, Barb Quackenbos, Eve Thompson, Ellen Tomasiewicz, and Wiz Lippincott Rosen helped lead athletic teams to new heights. Elaine Flanagan Wistar was one of the first women business managers of the Prince, and she, Frances Koo, Tonya Chisolm Miles, and Renata Sos were some of our pioneers in the engineering school.

In addition to Lisa and Alison, our class has among its roster many distinguished writers and artists, including Mark Alpert of Scientific American, Joel Achenbach, Barton Gellman, and Liza Mundy of The Washington Post, Virginia Inman Postrel of The Atlantic Monthly, and Todd Purdum of Vanity Fair. Noted author Michael Lewis (Liar’s Poker, Moneyball) is a member of the class, as are novelists Christopher Chambers, Susan Palwick, and Marcia DeSanctis, Pixar animator Michael Kass, poet Cathy Barnett, independent filmmaker Jody Savin, InStyle executive editor Martha McCully, movie executive Ted Gagliano, actor David Duchovny, producer Jacquelyn Edmonds, sculptor Mark Mennin, photographer Barbara Vaughn, and actress Molly Hickok.

In the years since graduation, ’82 alumni, too numerous to name, have found success in a range of professional endeavors. But shared milestones from Princeton endure: Upon arriving on campus, we had to take a swim test in Dillon Pool and complete placement exams for English literature and foreign languages. Four years later, most of us typed our senior theses on IBM typewriters – PCs and the Internet were years away. As quickly as we arrived, it seemed, we went. Boldly, loudly, and proudly, did the Class of 1982.

And that is how we return this weekend – in our festive Tiger Gras attire – letting everyone know that we continue to add to a bright legacy on the Princeton landscape.
CLASS OF 1997

Parsing the "007" from 2007, the Class of 1997 has found its "License to Chill," with a James Bond-themed, shaken-not-stirred celebration. Musical entertainment will include Kristen and the Noise, Burnt Sienna, and the Giants of Science. For its 10th reunion, the class also is working with the University’s Community House to donate books to aspiring first-generation college students at local secondary schools.
The Episcopal Church at Princeton University cordially invites you to a Brunch Reception:
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Also: Sunday, June 3, 6:00 pm
Baccalaureate Eucharist - University Chapel

Everyone welcome!
www.princeton.edu/ecp

CLASS OF 2002
The Class of 2002 is setting sail with a nautical theme for its first major reunion, headquartered in the Pyne-1901 Courtyard. D.J. Bob will spin tunes on Thursday and after the headliners leave the stage Friday and Saturday. Other acts on the bill include Asher’s Band, Pipe Dreams, and the Spazmatics.

GRADUATE SCHOOL
The Association for Princeton Graduate Alumni will set up its headquarters at Whig Hall, and Reunions festivities will include the annual Dean’s Reception and Tribute to Teaching Dinner, Friday night at the Graduate College, and several events sponsored by individual departments.

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### Reunion Headquarters

- **Old Guard**
  - 70th/75th Forbes College
- **65th** Forbes College
- **60th** Forbes College
- **55th** Princeton Stadium, Palmer Pavilion
- **50th** Scully Courtyard
- **45th** Holder Courtyard
- **40th** Dod-McCormick Courtyard
- **35th** Cuyler-1903 Courtyard
- **30th** Lourie-Love Courtyard
- **25th** Dodge-Osborn Courtyard
- **20th** Blair-Joline Courtyard
- **15th** Little-Edwards Courtyard
- **10th** Foulke-Henry Courtyard
- **5th** Pyne-1901 Courtyard
- **APGA** Whig Hall Lounge
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<td>• Discover and learn about new wines</td>
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<td>• Meet wine producers at our in-store tastings</td>
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Joe Brown had talent for many things—sculpting, boxing, teaching, even playing the mandolin—but driving was not among them. Tim Maslyn, Brown’s apprentice in the years after Princeton’s longtime sculptor-in-residence retired from his work at the University, smiles when he recalls riding in the passenger seat of Brown’s Ford Granada. He accompanied Brown on trips to Philadelphia, for meetings of the city’s Arts Commission, and Brown steered constantly, even on straight roads, adjusting the wheel back and forth to keep all four tires in a single lane.

Despite the uneven ride, Maslyn fondly remembers those trips because in the car, Brown loved to tell stories. Each narrative led into another, like so many roads connecting, from his childhood on the hardscrabble streets of a South Philadelphia neighborhood dubbed “Devil’s Pocket” and his brief but successful career as a pro boxer to his early years at Princeton and his interactions with sculpture subjects ranging from Jesse Owens to John Steinbeck. “He would talk all the way down and back,” Maslyn says. “I didn’t even have to turn on the radio.”

Brown also shared his stories with generations of Princeton students when he taught sculpture and boxing at the University from 1938 to 1977. He continued to work in
a studio a few miles north of campus until his death in 1985, a week shy of his 76th birthday, and his complete catalogue of sculptures includes more than 400 works, each with a story or two to accompany it. On Reunions weekend, dozens of Brown’s sculptures will be on display at Dillon Gymnasium, from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. June 1 and 2, in an exhibit marking the 30th anniversary of his retirement.

The exhibit will showcase the range of Brown’s sculpting talent – his popular sports figures, his insightful portraits, his female nudes, and his more abstract pieces – and it aims to attract alumni who studied under Brown as well as those who never had a chance to meet him, according to Janine Maslyn, Tim’s wife, who along with her husband runs a foundation devoted to preserving Brown’s work.

“You have a set of people [from Princeton] who really knew Joe and really understood him – they had this connection to him,” Janine Maslyn says. “But you have 30 years of people who may have heard of Joe or seen a piece of sculpture but have no connection. We’re trying to bring Joe Brown to a new audience.”

For many alumni who were on campus from the 1940s through the 1970s, the story of Joe Brown is a familiar one. Raised in Philadelphia, Brown played college football and boxed at Temple, earning a reputation as a tough and tactical fighter. The young light heavyweight was introduced to the arts while working as a model during the Great Depression. He picked up some clay during a break and fell in love with the feeling of sculpting.

When Brown came to Princeton to coach intramural boxing, he was a revitalizing force for a program that had seemed headed for extinction. But he soon became better known for his artistic talents. Dean Christian Gauss had seen photos of Brown’s sculpture of Hawaiian surfing legend Duke Kahanamoku, and he asked the young instructor if he would be interested in teaching a sculpture class. Brown obliged, and his classes steadily grew. By the mid-1960s, sculpture had become his fulltime vocation.

Brown was best known for his work with sports figures. Boxing was his first love, and it showed in the powerful but vulnerable figures he sculpted, from *Dropped Antaeus* (1951), who reaches for the ropes as he tries to find his feet, to *Pieta* (1944), which shows a referee helping a defeated fighter off the canvas. *Winner* (1951), a bust of a boxer’s swollen, battered face, was Brown’s tribute to his brother, Harry “Kid” Brown, a onetime featherweight champion who fought nearly 300 professional bouts.

Brown’s most recognizable pieces, for anyone who has attended a Philadelphia Phillies or Eagles game, are the

A monumental ideal

While Joe Brown was best known for his sculptures of sports figures, his passions reached beyond the action of the boxing ring or the football field. In fact, the sculptor’s personal favorite was a static, symbolic piece: his *Monument to Freedom of Expression*. The work was a response to the start of the McCarthy era of the 1950s, sparked by Brown’s participation in a panel discussion with colleagues on the Princeton faculty.

The discussion was held in the fall of 1950, and the Princeton professors were discussing the fate of two Brooklyn College teachers who had been singled out as “subversives” by Sen. Joseph McCarthy. Brown’s colleagues agreed that McCarthy was misguided, but they seemed to think the situation would blow over. When Brown vehemently disagreed, defending the importance of free speech and expression, another professor urged him to be objective. “Do you mean covering my mouth with three fingers to be sure that I don’t say anything that might offend somebody?” Brown asked. “Is that objectivity?”

At the time, Brown was one of the few visual artists on the faculty, and he saw McCarthyism as a threat to many aspects of life, particularly the arts. So when he returned home that night, he began sketching his response. His monument showed three arms rising from a field of stones, with one holding a mask. The outside of the mask was smooth – “stark and mechanical,” Brown later wrote – while the inside was coarse and shadowed, with a face that Brown described as “troubled” and “scared.” His proposed inscription summarizes the piece’s message:

Deep is the pit when we are afraid to be free.

Dark is the cell when we are afraid to speak our minds.

Brown sculpted a model of his work and cast it in bronze. He had hoped to build the full version on a monumental scale – 26 feet tall – but that was one dream the sculptor never realized. By B.T. 
towering baseball and football players, each nearly 16 feet tall, that once stood outside Veterans Stadium and now ring the parking lot at Citizens Bank Ballpark. Being chosen to create the massive figures of a runner sliding into second base, a batter swinging through a pitch, a punter at full extension, and a defender tackling a ball carrier was an enormous thrill for Brown, who as a child sold newspapers on a corner not far from where the stadium was built.

William Homer ’51, a student of Brown who later became chairman of the Department of Art History at the University of Delaware, called the sculptor a “master anatomist.” But his abilities went beyond replicating the bodies of athletes, according to the sportswriter Red Smith, who wrote the introduction to a 1966 retrospective catalogue of Brown’s work. “The reason a sports reporter is writing this rather than a connoisseur of more sedentary arts is that Joe Brown is himself a great sports reporter,” Smith explained. “Whatever the game, … he reproduces the fluid action with faithful accuracy, he captures the zest of combat.”

The fluidity of Brown’s work was by design, he told The New York Times in 1975. “I try to create a period of time in the action of my work, not a moment,” he said. “Each sculpture incorporates an action that took place, one that is taking place, and one that will take place.”

Tim Maslyn says that the essence of Brown’s creativity was in the artist’s own movements. Some sculptors are driven by precision, using calipers for even the tiniest of measures like the size of a figure’s fingernail. Brown’s mentor, R. Tait McKenzie, was one of those sculptors. But Brown was less regimented. He was nimble and free, energetic in his actions. Even at advancing age, as his eyesight declined and his depth perception suffered, the connection between eye and hand remained unspoiled.

“He put clay on like he was painting oils with a palette knife,” Maslyn says.

In his sports pieces, Brown used ambiguity to pique his audience’s interest. Will the sliding runner beat the shortstop’s tag? Will the halfback escape the defender’s arms? Has the fencer scored a touch, or has he made a tactical error by overextending? The viewer is left to decide. When Robert Frost sat for Brown in his studio, the poet was drawn to Dropped Antaeus. Frost looked at the weary boxer and asked, “Is the man going to get up?” Brown paused and said, “I don’t know.” “Good,” Frost replied. “Keep it that way.”

Several examples of Brown’s work remain in prominent view. His sculpture of Robert Maxwell adorns the Maxwell Award, presented annually to the nation’s top college football player, and three Ivy League sports use Brown sculptures on the top of their trophies as well. Other examples of Brown’s work are on display at McDaniel College (formerly Western Maryland), where Brown received an honorary doctorate, and in center city Philadelphia, where his life-size sculpture of Benjamin Franklin dutifully works at a printing press.

Those pieces, along with the ones in the Reunions exhibit, seem a fitting tribute for a man who valued exposure to broad audiences above critical acclaim.

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—William Bowen, former president of Princeton University

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When David Treuer ’92 was walking on a cobblestone street in Paris during a promotional tour for his second novel in 2002, he should have felt content. Instead, he felt depressed and lonely as it dawned on him that the language and culture with which he identifies as a Native American was incomprehensible to the people around him. “There was nobody within thousands of miles of Paris who could speak my tribal Ojibwe language,” he says. That theme — what it means to exist in language that no one can speak or understand — launched his new novel, *The Translation of Dr Apelles: A Love Story*. Published by Graywolf Press last fall, the novel follows Dr. Apelles, a Native American translator of Native American texts, as he translates an old, forgotten love story written in a language that only he understands. As he does his work, he realizes that his life is empty and he has never been in love.

The novel alternates between the tale Apelles is translating about Eta and Bimaadiz — set in the upper Midwest during the 19th century — and Apelles’ own story of falling in love with Campaspe, a co-worker at the library where he works — set in an American city in 2002. As Apelles grows closer to Campaspe, he resists revealing himself. Apelles has trouble putting his own Indian culture and his feelings into words for his non-Indian colleagues and friends. She ends up stealing the manuscript he is translating, suspecting that through that story she will understand him better.

“What enables Apelles to fall in love is the ability to read himself and be read accurately, and that accurate reading frees him from some prison of myth, a myth about Indian-ness and about his culture and about his past,” says Treuer, who teaches literature and creative writing at the University of Minnesota.

Treuer was falling in love with the woman whom he would marry, Gretchen Potter, a Seneca Indian from upstate New York, at the time he was writing the novel. Love, Treuer says, is about “trying to translate our private language into someone else’s language.” That is what Apelles tries to do: He attempts to “translate” what is inside — his thoughts and affection — to “outside” in a language that another person can understand.

Treuer, who was one of only a handful of Native Americans at Princeton, knows what it feels like when other people don’t understand your culture and language. He grew up on the Leech Lake Reservation in northern Minnesota, and he says that some people have an idea, often incorrect, of what life on a reservation is like. “We are hidden by stories that are told about us and obscured by them,” he says. For instance, when Treuer’s younger brother, Micah ’01, first arrived at Princeton one student asked him if he had to climb over a fence to get out of the reservation. The student thought that Indians were “fenced in,” says Treuer, who with his older brother, Anton ’91, is writing the first-ever grammar book for their Ojibwe language and recording oral history from Ojibwe speakers living on their reservation and around the region. In April, Treuer was awarded a Guggenheim Fellowship for 2007 to continue his work on another nonfiction book on contemporary reservation life.

Although he says he was “very lonely” at Princeton, Treuer found a group of friends and discovered his “calling” through creative writing classes with Toni Morrison. An anthropology major, he wrote a novel, *Little*, for his senior thesis in the creative writing program, which was published in 1995.

*Little* and his second novel, *The Hiawatha* (1999), were both tragic stories with happy endings, as are most Native American novels, he says. But with his third novel, he wanted to do something different — and write a love story. *The Translation of Dr Apelles*, he says, is more complicated to read — with its story-within-a-story structure. Writing a believable love story, he says, is harder to write than is a tragedy. Says Treuer, “I wanted to go the harder route.” By K.F.G.
Crossword Puzzle

Reunions 2007  By Stella Daily ’00

Across

1. Support for a Bodyhype dancer
6. Business end of a razor
10. Marshland growth
14. Indian, e.g.
15. ____ Flux (2005 film)
16. Fish-eating flier
17. Stradivari’s teacher
18. Grab
19. Head toward obscurity
20. Gourmand’s existence?
22. Dean Cain ’88 and Brooke Shields ’87, once
23. Big name in jeans
24. Churchly assemblies
26. Chris Young ’02’s baseball team
30. Nervous giggle
32. Away from the wind, nautically
33. Boris Godunov was one
35. Size of some Princeton T-shirts
39. Sexy Latin dance
41. Classics Department consonants
42. Like Princeton graduates’ parents
43. Lorraine’s love
44. Chooses from the course catalog, perhaps
46. Contemptible sort
47. Bad thing to be under
49. Danish or donut
51. Old _____, our home sweet home
54. Cause of global warming
55. Work for PAW
56. Quit using element #26?
63. _____-Rooter
64. Sword without a point
65. She married Willis and Kutcher
66. Annoying person
67. Capital on the Dnieper
68. Not free
69. Deep desires
70. Difficult spots?
71. Fur-trading family name

Down

1. Sow’s sweetie
2. The very top
3. Bring in the crop
4. _____-tat
5. Strand like Gilligan
6. Our national symbol
7. Princeton’s WaWa, for one
8. Screw up
9. Get stuck in a net
10. Improve culture?
11. Love poet’s muse
12. Wrapped up
13. Music critic Taylor
14. Final exam, for one
16. It comes before normal or legal
17. P-rade participant, for short
28. Item in a record executive’s inbox
29. Ends of picture puzzles?
30. Common hosiery shade
31. Once, in old times
34. Kiss a Brit?
36. Below-the-surface part
37. _____ gum (food thickener)
38. Swirl around a drain
40. Glee Club audition piece, maybe
45. Cowboy’s sticker
48. Shout from Archimedes
50. Cause of fatigue, at times
51. Unlike the prom king, usually
52. Dig deeply
53. Style of protest
57. The Ramayana, for one
58. Many a Princeton applicant
59. They’re analyzed in Frick Lab
60. Destroy at Princeton Stadium
61. Estimator’s words
62. Not once, poetically

The answer to this puzzle is on page 27.
From the playing fields to the operating room
Eichelberger '67 has spent his career helping children

By Stephen Eschenbach

For pediatric surgeon Martin Eichelberger '67, everything changed "sometime in 1962" when he tuned into a telecast of ABC's Wide World of Sports Army-Navy lacrosse game. Eichelberger, then a high school student in Abington, Pa., says the response was immediate. "I want to play that game," he remembers thinking to himself.

The problem was that the school he attended, Abington Senior High School, didn't have a lacrosse team. So he helped found one. "The first year we learned the game by watching Penn play," he says, with an Abington High coach and a local volunteer who knew the game explaining it to Eichelberger and his teammates. The next year they played.

Meanwhile a local Princeton alum noticed Eichelberger's play on the football field. "He started talking to me about Princeton," Eichelberger recalls, but more importantly acted as a role model. "He had all the traits I wanted," so Eichelberger applied and was accepted. "I was surprised I got into Princeton," he says, and "was in awe at the opportunity," turning down a lacrosse scholarship to Johns Hopkins to attend.

While playing football and lacrosse, Eichelberger found college coursework difficult, but he benefited from supportive coaches. As a premed student he "had lab almost every afternoon and got to practice late, but it was never held against me."

Eichelberger went on to medical school at Hahneman University and became chief surgery resident at Children's Hospital of Philadelphia. It was there that he first recognized a gap in children's care. "I noticed there was no interest in injuries to kids," he remembers. "Accidents were a leading cause of death. The question was how to have a trauma center for kids."

With the support of his mentor, future U.S. Surgeon General C. Everett Koop, Eichelberger became director of emergency trauma services at the Children's National Medical Center in Washington, D.C., in 1981. "In five years we were providing the best trauma care in the world," Eichelberger says.

But as care improved, awareness of preventive medicine still lagged. In response, Eichelberger founded Safe Kids Worldwide, an organization devoted to reducing unintentional childhood injury. It has promoted numerous safety initiatives, ranging from promoting car child safety-seat use to sports injury reduction.

As chairman, Eichelberger has raised more than $80 million for Safe Kids, testified before Congress, and made dozens of media appearances.

Eichelberger wants to work to "continue to develop Safe Kids into a worldwide network," in places like China, India, and the Czech Republic. Wherever his work leads, he says he'll continue to use a lasting gift from his time at Princeton: "the confidence to tackle a problem, not knowing what the answer is."

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Preparing for ‘the big one’
Going back requires a little training

By Joel Achenbach ’82

Joel Achenbach is a columnist for The Washington Post and is the author of several books, including The Grand Idea: George Washington’s Potomac and the Race to the West. He posts his thoughts about current events, science, history, sports, and journalism on Achenblog (http://blog.washingtonpost.com/achenblog/).

Now comes the 25th reunion, the big one, the most epochal and portentous, when every alumnus is expected to return to campus, march at the front of the P-rade, and donate a new dining hall, dormitory, library, gymnasium, or boathouse. Or at the least enough money to provide one needy Princeton student with a new smoking jacket and matching ascot.

Everything about a quality education costs more these days. Notice the campus itself: so much spiffier. There are computers everywhere, in every dorm room, every library carrel, and each student has his or her own personal communications satellite parked in geosynchronous orbit. On the off-chance that a member of the rowing team falls overboard, Lake Carnegie is now heated. The football team plays in a new stadium, and to ensure the occasional victory the team employs professional actors to pretend to be players from fictional colleges named Lehigh and Lafayette.

All these things cost money. To get the top students, and to be able to provide them with suitable housing and personal valets, the school must have a vigorous financial aid program. And name-brand professors don’t come cheap. Many are world-famous and have signed endorsement deals with such top companies as Nike. The very best are covered with so many logos they look like NASCAR drivers.

Yes, it’s not the Princeton we remember, because it’s better, with higher standards, and much smarter students (average SAT score: a number so big it can only be expressed in scientific notation). And all this requires financial support from graduates, for whom the act of “giving something back” is not only a moral imperative but is actually required in the fine print of the matriculation papers signed when we were teenagers.

The way it works is, someone calls from the Annual Giving committee, and says, “We know how much money you’ve made in the past 25 years. We also know what you are likely to make in the future. We know what is in your 401k. We’ve studied your medical reports and have calculated your life span according to standard actuarial tables. The following number is the amount we’ve determined that you will need for a minimal quality of life. The rest is ours.”

Many of us feel relief as we arrive at this moment, for we have had the foresight to spend our adult years in dying professions offering modest remuneration. Our motto: Failure has its rewards. We are no more likely to be contacted by the “Special Gifts” fundraisers than by the NASA Astronaut Recruitment Team. We have found a station in life in which this much ballyhooed thing called “Success” can be viewed from a comfortable distance.

Which does not mean we have no pride! No, this is the other thing about the 25th: It is potentially a prideful affair. It’s a time when, by tradition, the alumni get together, renew old bonds, and measure themselves against their classmates in terms of socioeconomic status, waistline, and hair. Particularly hair. Viewed from space you’d think it was the Hair Olympics, and everyone was trying to win at least a bronze.

The protocol requires that everyone talk about how fabulous everyone else looks, even while noting that, as a cohort, we’re a bit moth-eaten. A lot of us have reached the age where our features have grown softer, rounder, to the point where we’ve become undifferentiated blobs of matter, like big upright tubes of flesh with a few appendages sticking out. Yet we’re required to say, “You look fantastic, Bob,” even while privately thinking, “You don’t actually look like Bob. You look like the thing that ate Bob.”

I personally think it’s wrong to view
Reunions as a competitive event.
That’s silly. That’s vain.
That’s a 15th reunion.
I personally think it’s wrong to view Reunions as a competitive event. That’s silly. That’s vain. That’s so 15th reunion.

There comes a time in a person’s life when he or she realizes that the demands of ego have become oppressive and counterproductive. Those demands must be delegated. This year, therefore, I’m just going to relax at Reunions and have fun with my spouse, while requiring our children to carry the competitive burden.

When I see my old friends, I want to be able to deliver an unspoken but utterly unmistakable message that says, in effect, “I may be a burn-out case and an appalling travesty, but check out the high-achieving spawn of my loins!”

My eldest, I’ve decided, will be our designated athlete. She is adapting well to the jogging program. Although on very hot days she often looks on the verge of collapse after about mile seven, my remonstrations by bullhorn from the pace car seem to be having some effect. “Keep running or no more downloads from iTunes!” is one of the comments I have found to be inspiring.

The middle child will be – OK, how can I say this delicately, without hurting the feelings of the other two? – the intelligent one. The genius child.

My eldest, I’ve decided, will be our designated athlete. She is adapting well to the jogging program. Although on very hot days she often looks on the verge of collapse after about mile seven, my remonstrations by bullhorn from the pace car seem to be having some effect. “Keep running or no more downloads from iTunes!” is one of the comments I have found to be inspiring.

The middle child will be – OK, how can I say this delicately, without hurting the feelings of the other two? – the intelligent one. The genius child.

Immersion in French, daily Princeton Review classes, constant drilling about historical and literary arcana. At Reunions I’ll bring her from table to table and tell people they can ask her any question and she can answer. How can I be sure she’ll get them all right? Because if she doesn’t, the braces stay on forever.

The youngest child will be – again, I’m struggling for a phrase that won’t ruffle anyone else’s feathers – the attractive one. Posture lessons, new clothes, a radical makeover. She’s not actually any better looking than the other two, but she’s still pre-teen and thus no threat to run off with a college sophomore.

So here we go. The big two-five. Everyone at the apogee of their lives. We celebrate the final moments of our vertical hour before leveling off in the long glide through middle age. I’ll be the one with the positive attitude. My kids will be the ones with their game-faces on.

And oh yeah: Of course I gave. Because the place is the best, and, as Bill Bowen ‘58 used to say, excellence needs support.

The answers to the crossword puzzle on page 24:


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From the Alumni Day podium to alumni town meetings throughout the United States, Linda Knights ’77, the president of the Alumni Association and chairwoman of the Alumni Council, has been the University’s most prominent alumni voice for the last two years. In her day job, Knights, who worked in Princeton’s admission office in the 1980s, serves as a consultant for Wickenden Associates, an educational search firm run by former Dean of Admission Jim Wickenden ’61. She recently spoke with PAW’s Brett Tomlinson.

As a former admission officer, do you ever see familiar names on the buttons at Reunions?

I do – I look for them. Living here, I’ve gone to a lot of Reunions, and it is often the case that people jump out of the crowd [at the P-rade]. ... I remember many of the names. And now when I go out to town meetings, I often see alumni from the classes that I helped admit. I occasionally run into former alumni schools committee volunteers, too. ... I love to make those connections. When I met prospective students on the road or in high schools, and certainly once they made it through the admission process and I knew they were coming to Princeton, I remember thinking that they were embarking on a lifelong association. To see them back at Princeton 10 or 15 years later is very cool because it suggests that was true.

What are some of the most exciting developments from the Alumni Council since you became chairwoman?

We held two on-campus conferences [last] fall. In September, we had a conference for black Princeton alumni called “Coming Back, Looking Forward,” which was the first of its kind. It was a University-sponsored conference, organized by the Alumni Association and the ABPA [Association of Black Princeton Alumni] that brought together members of the entire University community – alumni, faculty, trustees, administrators, and students. ... That conference gave alumni – some of whom had not been on campus for a long time – an opportunity to talk about why they might not have been engaged, or for those who had been engaged to talk about why they found it satisfying or productive. And then [in November] we had the Kaleidoscope conference, for all Princeton alumni, focusing on race and community at Princeton. Again, I think that appealed to some alumni who hadn’t responded to other initiatives.

Based on what you’ve heard at the town meetings, what issues at the University do you think alumni are most concerned about as they look toward the future?

I have to say honestly that the town meetings, from my observation, have been so upbeat and sort of dazzling that there haven’t been a lot of consistent issues that have been raised. [President Tilghman] does such a great job updating alumni on everything from the latest building to the newest professor to the creative arts initiative that I think the alumni are pretty wowed. ... Generally, alumni are interested in the impact of increasing the size of the student body on Princeton, making sure that Princeton will continue to be a place where students really know professors and can work with them individually on independent work. And I think there has certainly been interest in the four-year colleges, how that’s all going to work, and the impact of the four-year colleges on the [eating] clubs. ... They’re more areas of interest than huge concerns. Right now, I think alumni feel that the University is in a good place, but not complacent.

You’re the daughter of an alumnus, Dr. Warren Francis ’46. When did you first attend Reunions? Did you ever come back with him?

No, my father never came back for a reunion until his 50th. He actually never graduated from Princeton, because he was here during World War II, for about 18 months, and then he went straight to the Columbia College of Physicians and Surgeons and never had the opportunity to come back. ... He does regret that he never had a chance to get a Princeton degree, but even though he didn’t come back to Reunions, he was certainly one of the small state of Rhode Island’s biggest Princeton supporters. Whenever Princeton came up to play Brown, in any sport, Dad was there, in his orange hat and orange pants. Pretty much everyone knew that Dad went to Princeton.

What has been the best part of your work with the Alumni Association?

For me, besides the chance to play a leadership role, it’s been fun to make acquaintances and even new friends with alumni from all generations. I have a lot of Princeton friends, more than I did two years ago or four years ago. The other two things that I have really enjoyed go hand-in-hand, but they’re at opposite ends of the spectrum. Every year, the president of the Alumni Association addresses the incoming freshman class on its first night at Princeton. Over the last two years, I have welcomed the classes of 2009 and 2010, on behalf of the Alumni Association, and introduced them to the idea that Princeton will be a lifelong experience. ... On the other end of the spectrum is the Old Guard luncheon, the Saturday of Reunions, just before the P-rade. Serving as the master of ceremonies at that lunch has been a pretty incredible experience.
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