Nick Angell

Why This Quest for Self-Realization and the Need for Transcendence?

(Excerpted from "What To Do With Our Lives": An Essay for My Grandchildren on Life Meaning)

The fundamental questions now are why do we seek self-realization and why do we need to transcend ourselves?

They are partly explained by Darwinian evolutionary concepts — in particular the doctrine of natural selection: the competition and struggle for existence among humans to determine who will outperform and survive (see Chapter 3). But common sense and other factors compel me to believe there is something more than this to provide an adequate explanation.

Perhaps the "something more" is simply related to and an extension of natural selection — that in the process of competing to outperform and survive somehow there is a momentum created to go further — into self-realization and transcendence of ourselves unrelated to competition. Possible. In any case I believe, as mentioned briefly before, that self-realization is also partly explained by the human desire, our yearning, our longing and craving for fulfillment of our potential; the curiosity and need to explore our inner possibilities; the pleasure and pride of discovering knowledge of ourselves; and perhaps just the need to express ourselves (like singing in the shower). But more fundamentally I believe the explanation is to help provide meaning and purpose in our lives, something more than just survival .

As we have contended earlier …, apart from survival there is no meaning or purpose in life except what each of us creates and builds, nothing except what each of us make of ourselves, including creation of aspirations beyond survival. Self-realization, self-fulfillment, identifying and developing our potential is a fundamental part of what we create, of what we build — this is what provides meaning and purpose in our life beyond survival.

Now let us focus just on why we need to go beyond self-realization and self-interest, why we need to transcend ourselves (for example, to love and be loved, to be engaged with and help others, to make a contribution to society). It may be that certain aspects of self-transcendence, such as love, are so vital that survival is involved. Other aspects, such as helping others or contributions to society, are necessary for self-respect and gaining the respect of others — also of vital importance. Many aspects of self-transcendence may be useful, even necessary, to help organize the chaos of life. It also may be the consequence of the need to sublimate our blind life forces to acceptable, useful, nobler activity. But perhaps the most important reason why we need to go beyond ourselves is to help ameliorate the fear

and threat of death and the absurdities, perils, difficulties, sadness and chaos of life; to help deal with the modern crisis of nihilism without belief in God or religion. I believe this explanation is also the explanation for the other great human creations that we have previously mentioned: private morality, the concept that every human being requires equal respect, the awe and beauty of nature, and perhaps beauty itself in all its manifestations -- the possibility of the goodness of human beings, — and there are others. (Human creations in the sense that these concepts do not have an independent, objective existence apart from acts of the human mind.)

May I offer a conclusion with this little poem:

There is the great cosmic energy —Senseless, all powerful, brutal and
cruel,
Creating awe for nature's forces and intricacies.

There is human birth and death,
There is life, there is survival and
A quest for greater meaning through
Discovery of what we care about,
Who we want to be, and the struggle
For self-realization
With a further quest to go beyond self-interest.

There are sorrows and tears —The deep sadness of life.

There are times of joy and laughter,
And then the feeling of the absurdity of it all; And ultimately there is ... love.

Sid Eaton

In the spring of 1953 I was taking a class in 17th Century English Literature. We had reached the moment when English Lit shifted from a single style to many. Professor Willard Thorpe happened to be teaching the class that day, and he, to underline the shift in styles, asked each student to write on a 3x5 card the author whose style he wished to match. I chose E. B. White. Professor Thorpe collected the cards and shared their contents: Joyce, Faulkner, Fitzgerald... He came to my card and said, "E. B. White would be my choice, too." One proud gent was I and still am.

That brings to mind Strunk and White's The Elements of Style and its rule, "OMIT NEEDLESS WORDS." Strunk was so good at omission that his lectures filled but twenty minutes of the sixty assigned. Solution: repeat his lecture three times. White never gave lectures and was deathly afraid of speaking in public. He omitted unnecessary words by working over many drafts before any piece was published.

I once dared to write White thanking him for allowing his letters to be published, letters which reminded me of summers, five miles distant from his house in North Brooklin, ME. He responded:

> "I'm glad the book brought back memories of those summers. They (the summers) don't change much, really. The chowder race has achieved a complexity it didn't used to have, but it still is the formal windup of the season. And the fog never changes, and still holds everyone together."

I was entranced and still have White's letter carefully folded inside the cover of my book of his letters.

Many teachers say the key sentence in any piece of writing is the opener. Dickens's opening sentence in A Tale of Two Cities comes to mind, "It was the best of times. It was the worst of times." Another first line I recall is Edwin Arlington Robinson's "Withal a meager man was Aaron Stark." Not only was Stark meager; he was also a miser. It's only a few inches from "meager" to "miser in Robinson's tight, telling style.

Inner lines can be equally strong, like James Thurber's, "The world is going so fast it's going have a rear end collision with itself," a line written long before the Internet and the i-phone. Joseph Conrad's novel Victory includes advice to Axel Heyst, the book's lead character, "To the destructive element submit," a line whose full meaning has become clearer to me: endure but don't give up. Melville's Bartleby the Scrivener says "I prefer not to." Bartleby doesn't omit needless words; he keeps needed words that suit his quiet, steady nature.

Finally more quotations from Elwyn Brooks White, the first from a source I can't recall, the second from a letter to my Dad in 1975, back when you could mail a letter for a meager, miserly 10 cents.

> "I wake up each day torn between trying to save the world and trying to savor it. It makes it difficult to plan one's day."

Three "it's" in a four word stretch, none of which is omissible.

> "Our sweet corn is flourishing along with the ear worm. I apply mineral oil, drop by drop to the tip of the ear when the tassels are browning off—with indifferent success. My guess is that the ear worms are still well nourished but have loose bowels."

Let's not forget, White once captioned a cartoon, "I say it's spinach, and I say the hell with it."

Dick Fiske

Dick received his BSE and MSE in geological engineering from Princeton in 1954 and 1955, respectively, and a PhD in geology from Johns Hopkins University in 1960.

Following a postdoc year at the University of Tokyo, he joined the U.S. Geological Survey, working initially as a research geologist in California's Sierra Nevada Mountains and then as staff scientist at the Survey's Hawaiian Volcano Observatory.

Moving to the Smithsonian's Natural History Museum in 1976, he continued volcanological research in Hawaii and Japan. He is the author of numerous research articles; perhaps the most widely known is as senior author of the Geological Survey's Professional Paper 444, The Geology of Mount Rainier National Park, Washington.

A skilled public lecturer, he presented more than 100 talks before Smithsonian audiences and received formal recognition from the American Geological Institute for contributions to the public understanding of the geosciences. It is also noteworthy that he has managed scientific research programs, serving successive 5-year stints as Chief of the U.S. Geological Survey's Office of Geochemistry and Geophysics and as Director of the Smithsonian's Natural History Museum.

Jim Fletcher

I think I'm learning that equality and freedom are incompatible, even if they may be of equal value. I am learning that values have costs. I have learned that power risks being misused to provoke anger. This is true far back in history.

I've also learned from an old doctor friend that physical human touch is one of the most valuable treatments in medicine. I do believe that learning is important to happiness, but not necessarily a college education.

I want to believe – and I think there is some evidence – that there is a spark, however dim, or morality in all of us.

Bill Flury

Listen to this Muse's story about a man who learned at Princeton skills for understanding and successfully contending with an ever changing, exciting, and challenging world.

My odyssey began in public school in Trenton, Then the short trek to Princeton to get equipped for a lifetime of continuous learning and adapting. What a strange trip it has been since then for one of the earliest graduates in Middle East studies.

Starting in the nation's service as Linguist and Cryptanalyst at NSA, then Naval Intelligence Officer and Chief of Naval Operations Intelligence Briefer. Then joining the computer revolution as a front-line fighter defining and performing new jobs, (i.e., coder, programmer, systems analyst, and systems engineer) jobs that had never been done before. Then, on to secure the blessings of the digital gods to build the human and electronic infrastructure to make it all work and be useful.

Next, facing new demons and managing the reckless nerds and geeks whose foolishness has led so many to disaster. Teaching them how to avoid the many modem-day versions of the people and perils of the ancient odyssey.

Now, safely at home with my loving wife and working with my muse to document the stories and lessons from those fabulous adventures.

I set off from Princeton on my odyssey more prepared than I knew. I've always felt ready to face and deal with the human and technical challenges of our rapidly evolving world. How wonderful to be a ***man of many ways who learned the minds of many men who made him skilled in ways of contending.***

It has been fun -- clearly demonstrating value of a broad and deep liberal arts education.

From Homer – The Odyssey

Sing in me, Muse, and through me tell the story of that man skilled in all
ways of contending, the wanderer, harried for years on end, after he
plundered the stronghold on the proud height of Troy.

He saw the townlands
and learned the minds of many distant
men, and weathered many bitter nights
and days in his deep heart at sea,
while he fought only to save his life,
to bring his shipmates home.

Jeremiah Ford III, A.I.A.

I became aware of Architecture and the man-made environment in High School. During my lifetime, the Country suffered from a depression, World War II and war in Korea. These events had a profound influence on our culture resulting in more changes in the practice of Architecture and the construction of buildings than ever before in history.

The Great Depression and World War II effected the profession of Architecture and the state of the building arts. The failure to maintain the buildings or their systems was due to lack of funds in the depression as well as the distraction of world events during WWII. Many architects had to seek employment elsewhere and those who continued to practice were forced to deal with priorities other than the positive missions of the profession. Wonderful buildings and whole sections of our great cities had fallen into a sad state of decay. Leading for example to the loss of such gems as Penn Station in New York.

Some buildings were able to survive but many of the important Architectural firms in the country, either folded or were greatly downsized. Surviving architects produced buildings that were bland and neutral in style. **I** had my Architectural education and my apprenticeship during this period. If it hadn't been for some very exciting teachers and experiences, I might have succumbed and followed the "plain and ordinary" path followed by many architects.

There were some bright lights that stimulated the discussion among architects and the Schools of Architecture. Gropius, Corbusier and Mies van der rohe having escaped from Nazi oppression to the United States, espoused their belief in pure modernism. Others like Frank Lloyd Wright and Alvar Aalto gave us some idea of alternate, exciting and interesting options. It was a very depressing time for young architects. There was a great disparity between the architecture that we were taught to admire in school and the almost unanimous preference by the public for more traditional forms of architecture. The public expressed distaste for those "flat roof glass boxes". I consider myself fortunate to have been at Princeton during this time, studying for my Master of Fine Arts degree. At Princeton, the emphasis on the history of Architecture gave us a better perspective on the possible choices that lead to solutions of our client's needs. We were required to study the history of Architecture and had great teachers on the subject such as Donald Drew Egbert and Baldwin Smith. Their teachings gave us an early appreciation of Architectural

History, a factor in my later career success with William H. Short '46 in our Firm **Short and Ford Architects.**

I served for three years as an officer in the U.S. Marine Corps stationed in Japan as the Photo Interpretation Officer in The Intelligence section of the First Marine Air Wing. I learned about the cultures of Korea and Japan which influenced my later career as an Architect. After my military service, I returned to study for my Master of Fine Arts Degree at Princeton, which had a noteworthy Architectural faculty under the direction of Jean Labatut. Labatut was not beholden to any of the prevailing schools of thought. He encouraged us to think of the basic elements and to avoid labels. He brought in such luminaries as Kahn, Breuer and Bunshaft to sit in and give critiques during student presentations. Many Deans of Architecture Schools around the country were his former students.

An exciting force for change for me was Architect Louis 1. Kahn. He was Critic for my Master Thesis. He designed buildings that were modern in that they obeyed one of the important tenants of modernism, which was to strip away the purely decorative and irrelevant accessories of the earlier Victorian era. He did not subscribe to the modernist notion that buildings must be simple glass boxes. In a way that was more honest than the Bauhaus modernists, he re-examined the old modernist axiom "Form Follows Function" by celebrating the details of construction, the way buildings were put together, how they functioned and the natural forces like gravity and light. He gave us a whole new way to look at the design of buildings.

Design firms with a Princeton connection, like Kahn, Charles Moore and Venturi were making important contributions to the Art of Architecture. At the same time a significant, game changing development was taking place: the emergence of the Mega Firm like Skidmore Owings and Merrill (SOM), Shepley Bulfinch, Walker Voorhees, Shreve Lamb and Harmon and McKim Meade and White that had been badly hit during the depression were reemerging bigger than ever before. New firms were emerging with branches all over the country. Their marketing skills were staggering.

I had experience in one of these big amorphous firms. In 1963 1 worked in the New York office of Welton Becket. It struck me as ironic that I was working in the New York branch office of a Los Angeles firm, which was designing an office building in Boston. In our Manhattan office, all elements of the firm sat in separate sections of the office. I was in the design

group with the production people far removed in another part of the drafting room. Rarely was there communication between sections. We designers would hand the project to the production people with the hope that they would produce the documents for construction without major design changes. This was not the way I wanted to practice architecture, so I helped create the firm **Walker Sander Ford and Kerr** in 1964. We developed a successful practice, but I was happier when I started a new firm with Bill Short '46, **Short and ford Architects.**

The established code of ethics that had given guidance to architects prior to the 50's by formulating a reasonable way of negotiating fees, was challenged in court and abandoned resulting in a competitive climate that changed the selection priority from experience and compatibility to low fees. The big powerful firms could concentrate on the business of proposing reduced fees while they searched for ways to discover loopholes in the client's program without revealing their methods. They succeeded in prevailing in this climate. No longer could we assume that a firm would be selected primarily on the basis of merit or ability to satisfy the client's needs.

A profession that once relied on a close personal connection between architect and client became the mercenary relationship of huge business interests with similar mega architects. During my own career, I observed the "unintended consequences" that occurred as a result of the abandonment of the old AIA fee schedule. Selection based on competence has been abandoned in favor of competition for the lowest fees with the resulting loss of quality.

Big changes were occurring as well in the building trades. In earlier times, the architect, after developing an approved design, produced drawings and specifications for bidding. He then came up with a list of qualified contractors. He received the bids and recommended a contractor to the client. Once the contract was awarded to the successful bidder, that contractor built the building with the architect making sure that the job was done according to the contract and to the client's satisfaction. Today the architect having reduced his fee to be competitive and get the job is forced to cut his services to the minimum. A "construction manager (CM)" now fills the resulting void. Prior to 1960 there was no need for the CM, (except in huge projects like the World Trade Center)! As a result, the earlier roles and responsibilities of client, architect and contractor have become blurred and changed dramatically.

The next development that will change Architecture and the Art of building forever has been the computer. Prior to the computer, very little changed from the beginnings of time. Whether the layout for a building was scratched in the sand or drafted by pencil or ink, it required an ability to communicate the design to a builder in a graphic way. For those of us who learned about Architecture before the computer, it was necessary to have the craft skills of drawing. The "T" square and triangle helped us organize the drawings so they could be dimensioned. If a set of drawings was well drafted, the chance of builder's error in interpretation was reduced.

A very positive development in the profession occurred because of the presence of women. When I started in the 60's, women had been discouraged from becoming architects. Now my office, Ford 3 Architects has more women than men. Moira McClintock is the head of our firm. Women have filled the ranks of many professions, but I have concluded that they are particularly well suited to be Architects.

Computers gave us new tools to help a client understand how it would appear as a finished building. It helped that we could create virtual reality models, which let us walk the client through the imagined building. The architect found that the computer helped him understand complicated connections of building systems or collisions of building masses. One of the great benefits provided by the computer for the architect was to help in the evolution of a design with the consequent changes. How well we remember producing a fine set of hand drafted drawings only to be told by boss or client that major changes were required. Out came the electric eraser or if the changes were serious enough, we did the drawing over. For some paper there was a limit to the number of erasures possible before holes appeared. With the computer, we can create a changed set of drawings without erasing the original. In this way it was possible to return to the original design if we discovered that we were right the first time!

Around 1987 when my firm was heavily involved in the New Jersey State House, I was asked to produce some memorabilia for a time capsule that was to be buried in the walls for opening 100 years later. I added a note that went something like this: "We have included in this capsule some drawings that have been hand drawn as well as computer drawings. I am sorry I will not be around to see how construction drawings will be produced when you open this capsule."

Fred Fraley

1. However impressive or forceful your father may have been, your life choices are your own. You may outlive him by 30 or more years. However influential he may have been on you, your father has his human limitations that molded him. You must be willing live with your decisions.. You must be willing for your children and grandchildren to make their own decisions about their lives. If you haven't properly guided them before the time of decision, it's too late then. Try to see them from the perspective of the talents and interests they have shown. Don't try to "save them from themselves."

2. In marrying a woman, you take responsibility for her on a daily and weekly basis. She has married you to form a family with you, and you must concentrate your life on your home. You should be planning every week what enjoyable things you can do together on the upcoming weekend. You should take your share of chores around your home and yard. From the time your first baby is born, after greeting your wife, you should ask to hold your baby or play with your child.

3. While she may be looking after you, you should be equally concerned with your wife's health. Some women come from families that weren't diligent about health. Many women's diseases, including cancers, are avoidable when the proper specialist examines their bodies.. Get your wife to annual medical appointments.

4. Learn to put events in slow motion after you have endured a crisis, such as your wife's death. You frequently aren't emotionally and mentally yourself. It often takes several years for the fog to clear and for you to make proper decisions.

5. As life is lived, you enjoy benefits, but you also incur obligations. Be conscious of these obligations and live to fulfill your duties before you die.

6. Everyone has the capacity to mold their family in many ways. The heritage and future of your family merits your planning and consideration.

7. Find a new vocation in retirement. After open heart surgery I felt that I needed to dedicate myself to helping society. My decision was to enter a seminary program training to be ordained a deacon. While that hasn't happened, the process has been wonderful and is continuiing. I am a lay chaplain conducting an evening prayer service every week in my retirement home.

8. Face your end with your maker in a manful fashion. The second petition in the Lord’s Prayer is “Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.

Bill Gatley

I and my friend and fellow classmate, Steve DeStaebler, graduated from Kirkwood (MO) High School in June 1950. My Dad had a relative in the Class of 1912. I applied, was accepted, and graduated from the the Woodrow Wilson School.

Following graduation, I received degrees in Mechanical Engineering from Washington University (St. Louis), and later, Purdue University. Engineering coursework becomes of necessity highly specialized. As a result, I value the breadth and subject matter of the Liberal Arts at Princeton, especially the humanities, art, economics, and history.

How have these events influenced my life, character, and principles? Depth in some areas (mechanical design, vibration, and noise control) and breadth in others, have given me (in my view) a somewhat balanced perspective of life and what is truly of value.

Certainly, coursework, research, and post-graduate study have contributed to my beliefs and principles. Of equal importance (to me) are isolated and seemingly unrelated events from my Princeton years that are stuck in memory and sometimes recalled-often for no apparent reason. But their existence as a whole has influenced and shaped who I am (or want to become). Here they are-somewhat organized, in no particular order, and as accurate as memory allows.

TEACHERS

E. Harris Harbison. His lectures were outstanding, both in content and delivery. Applause after each was spontaneous—a unique and never-repeated experience.

Eric Malcolm Rogers. His lively Physics lectures were educational and a treat. If he needed a tangent line during a lecture, he'd rip off his tie and stretch it out on the chalkboard.

Jeremiah Finch. He was a true gentleman, humanitarian, and outstanding preceptor.

Art lectures and reading covered painters, sculptors, architecture, and furniture. They gave me knowledge and appreciation that I didn't have and still treasure. During one lecture a Boxer entered the hall from an outside door and ran to the podium. Our lecturer paused to pet him/her and said: "I like dogs and dogs like me".

Prof. Lockwood was my first advisor. He allowed me to take electives in Electrical Engineering and Physics (not the usual selections by Liberal Arts majors).

FRIENDS

After graduation, I returned to the Midwest and visited Princeton only a few times. (I attended the first and 50th Reunions). But some friendships are forever as far as I am concerned. I met Al Mayers and Kay Nebel through Lightweight Crew, and visited both their homes. Spencer MacCallum and I were friends and roommates freshman year. During my sophomore year I roomed with George Havell, Class of '52, at 154 Witherspoon Hall (that's right-the fifth floor). George and I shared a passionate interest in vintage cars. He owned a 1929 Chrysler and a '29 Model A, driven and kept nearby (an infraction of the "no vehicle closer than home" policy).

Joe Howe, Dick Huntington, Harold Jackson, and I lived at 6 S. Dod during our junior and senior years. We were compatible and got along well, as I recall. Joe is special. I was Best Man at his wedding, and we've stayed in contact.

CAMPUS LIFE

I lived at 232 Witherspoon Hall my freshman year. Witherspoon was completed in 1878, and the only modifications (as far as I could tell) were steam heat and the addition of shower/toilet facilities on the third floor of each entrance. Our suite had a coal closet and gas outlets. The original facilities were located in the basement and included the "Links"-18 toilets in a row with no partitions.

During football season, Spencer and I had jobs posting "No Parking" signs on roads bordering Lake Carnegie. One night he found a dead skunk (scent gland intact). He brought it back to his room and skinned it on the fire escape the next day. This did not please our other roommate.

During freshman year, I was in town (near Renwick's) and a well-dressed elderly lady (who needed directions) asked, "Pardon me, sir-are you a Princeton Gentleman?' I didn't know what to say, but I value her asking to this day.

Gordon Wright supplied towels and linens for a reasonable price. I also appreciated taking clothes to a laundromat in town and having them washed and folded.

Grades were posted in Alexander Hall for all to see. That could be satisfying, disappointing, or inspiring-a valuable life experience. My-how we've "progressed" since then.

LIGHTWEIGHT CREW

I showed little athletic ability prior to entering Princeton. Crew was a sport that required no previous experience, so I joined. Physical conditioning, primarily running, was emphasized during the fall months. I was in poor shape at first, and finished by walking. I swore (to myself) that I would never walk again-and I didn't. We resumed practice in the spring, after the lake thawed. One Friday night after practice, Coach said "Run around the Lake". So we did-it was 8.5 miles.

I was never a spectacular oarsman-I was Stroke of the third boat, with a brief stint as JV Stroke. But I
rowed for four years and got to keep a cracked oar. My Dad repaired it and it has hung in several family rooms since-one of my prized possessions.

Nels Cox ran the maintenance shop at the Boathouse. He was skilled, dedicated, and friendly-a 'combination I admire.

At Graduation, I asked Dutch Schoch, Heavyweight Coach, if my parents and I could ride in the launch during early-morning practice. He said "OK"-one of those memories that last a lifetime.

Crew members walked to the Boathouse on a path through (then) open fields. One afternoon, I met a white-haired gentleman—we said "hello" to each other as we passed. A little later, I realized the gentleman was Albert Einstein.

Rowing on the Crew has been a defining experience of my life. I am in generally good health, and believe that the physical conditioning from rowing during early adulthood has been a significant factor.

THIS AND THAT

The Honor Code

I have great respect for the wording and purpose of the Honor Code. I never violated it (or saw anyone else do so). The Code and my signature created (for me) a boundary within which impeccable behavior was expected and required.

Senior Thesis

I got a late start on my senior thesis, and spent most of Christmas vacation on the Campus. The experience from developing an outline, researching the literature, and forming conclusions has been invaluable.

Local housewives were available for typing-mine was excellent . I visited her home on the outskirts of town (via bicycle) numerous times. The required copies were from multiple carbons-imagine that.

During Graduation I received an award (given by his parents in memory of a Princetonian who died in WWII), for the best thesis in Economics. I am still proud of that.

Firestone Library

Firestone was new, and most areas were "open stack", which I liked. The Rare Books Collection was closed and its Curator was Miss Hudson, a fine lady. Scholarship recipients could earn money from part-time jobs. One of mine was caring for leather-bound books using a rub-in beeswax compound. It was a privilege to handle these books, some of which were centuries old.

Parents

The first Christmas vacation was special. I traveled back home to Kirkwood (MO) knowing that I fit in and could at least pass the coursework. The Triangle Club presented a review in St. Louis, which I attended with my parents. Standing and singing Old Nassau for the first time was-well, you know. (I still get teary-eyed thinking about it).

One fall morning during sophomore year I was attending a lecture in McCosh 50. The lecturer said " Mr. Gatley, please go to the exit". I went through the door and there was my Dad, on a surprise visit. That was the only time I ever felt my eyes open that wide.

During sophomore or junior year I ordered a set of eight Wedgewood plates (white, each with a Campus Building outlined in black) for my parents. They cost $25. Delivery was supposedly delayed, but the plates did arrive on Christmas Eve. I still use them for special occasions.

Reunions

I don't remember much from the first Reunion, but I really liked the 50th. Joe Howe, Harold Jackson, his wife, Sally, and I enjoyed meals and reminiscing together. I walked to the Boathouse, and found the photo of the third boat. The P-rade, ceremony, dinner in our reunion tent, Memorial Service, and just walking the

Campus are lasting memories. Our Reunion dinner jacket was peachy pink - a color that made the Class of 1954 readily identifiable from at least 100 yards.

Bill Greene

Remember June, 1954? When I was pretty certain about everything in life? I had zero worries about myself, my family and friends, or even about our country and its future. In the full bloom of youth, everything appeared rosy. No clouds on the horizon.

Sadly, the older I get the more doubts I have; especially that stuff about gaining wisdom as we age. In fact, as I matured into my thirties and forties, I was still making mistakes and still entertaining dubious beliefs and rigid opinions, many of which later proved to be far from wise. It seemed like wisdom was a long way away.

However, even as I began to accept the elusiveness of wisdom, I also became rather exasperated at the hesitant waffling of many experts in the public arena; those who will observe that on the one hand, this, and on the other, that; without any conclusion! Some of the most scholarly books, covering the widest scope of human knowledge, imparting reams of fascinating information, usually ended with little meat to grab onto. What good is that? Knowledge is supposed to be of some use!

I guess "Rummy" nailed it when he famously (almost) said, "There are some things we kind of know, but think about all those unknowns we don't know." It does appear fairly certain that most vaccines help, families and friends are good, small government is better than huge bureaucracies, and most assuredly the Class of '54 has a fabulous reunion committee. However, on such matters as the value of foreign aid, regulation of abortion, gun laws, and diversity, it is virtually impossible to arrive at any definitive rules.

If there are any conclusions to be drawn over our alleged wisdom it is first, that the old lessons warning against pride and hubris are well founded; and second, that we must not allow caution to stand in the way of clearly called for actions. Currently, we seem to be tolerating too many diverse opinions, ignoring the lessons from the past, and vacillating between a deadly mix of hubris, dreams, and self-interest.

The old adage that "power corrupts, and absolute power corrupts absolutely," is certainly a wise warning against allowing elites excess authority in our governance. And t hat old saying about "from each according to his ability, to each in proportion to their need," just does not fly with Homo Sapiens. That much we know, but how do we find and elect honest and rational leaders to manage an efficient government? How can we help the needy without destroying incentives to share the work load? How do we as a united people keep America's founding spirit of optimism alive? Perhaps my father-in-law was right: the three wisest words in the English language are "I don't know."

Or, at four score and 6 years of age, maybe it's simply all about Old dogs, a Good wife, Kentucky bourbon, and Fine cigars!

Jim Heath

I'm where I am thanks to a lot of good people. My parents, Norah and John Heath, gave me a both a good start in life and examples of doing and being good. I survived military service in Puerto Rico thanks to some wise NCOs who looked out for me. My work in grad school at Princeton was fostered by caring faculty members, especially John V. A. Fine "25 and Sam Atkins '31, my principal advisers.

In my teaching career I was appointed and guided by kindly and wise colleagues: Robert 0. Fink at Kenyon College; Don Mackenzie P'42, former Princeton faculty member, at Rice University; and Harold Miller at Bucknell University.

I wouldn't be as secure and able to cope as I am today without my wife, Ann Wilson, who died early in 2018. She guided, chivvied, and loved me for over 50 years. And my children, Andrew, Sarah, and Martha Bowman, have all supported me and demonstrated the kind of goodness that Ann and my parents did.

Likewise, I have had colleagues and administrators at Kenyon, Rice, and Bucknell who have fostered my growth, allowing, even encouraging, me to do things that were unorthodox and not generally approved, but which turned out to be best for me and my institution. And I have had friends in Lewisburg and Bloomington, especially in the Episcopal Churches in each place, who have exemplified true friendship. I mention especially Gates Agnew P'57 and his wife, Pat, here in Bloomington.

Thus I feel fortunate, blessed even, to have been the recipient of such love, support, toleration, and, when necessary, chiding that leaves me amazed at being where I am, doing what I do, and, despite my loss, feeling at peace with the world.

John Heimerdinger

My view on my life is summed up so well by a quote from theologian Reinhold Niebuhr. Bill Bowen quoted him in his speech to the freshman class at the opening of one Fall Semester. I forget the year.

"Nothing worth doing is completed in our lifetime; therefore, we must be saved by hope.
Nothing true or beautiful makes complete sense in any immediate context of history; therefore, we must be saved by faith.
Nothing we do, however virtuous can be accomplished alone;
therefore, we are saved by love.
No virtuous act is quite as virtuous from the standpoint of our friend or foe
as from our standpoint.
Therefore, we must be saved by the final form of love
which is forgiveness."

Joe Howe - Odyssey

The ideal: A competent, professional civil service in all Federal departments, nonpartisan, devoted to public service, stable and consistent through many changes of administrations.

After Army service, I devoted my civilian career to making this ideal a reality, through personnel management (human resources). My best service was in policy analysis and development — task force studies, reports, regulations, legislative proposals, memos, correspondence, speeches, testimony, presidential proclamations — in pursuit of this ideal. Achieved senior executive status in civil service. Biggest project: complete rewrite of civil service laws and policies and reorganization of Federal personnel management, 1977 - 1978 (Civil Service Reform).

Had reputation as excellent researcher and writer, honed at Princeton. Always promoted plain English, no jargon, active voice, good grammar and punctuation in official documents. Became skilled staff man, anonymous in the background. Never held great power. Served those who did. Stayed out of the news.

Married Alice, high school sweetheart, 1954. Have four fabulous sons, each skilled in a different profession. Eight extraordinary grandchildren. One great grandchild soon to be born.[1] Alice and I are still together in twilight of life.[2] Sixty-five years! A blessing. Overall, a "good enough life." (See PAW April 24, 2019.)

Over the years observed changes of Princeton campus, curriculum, student body, faculty. One point of continuity: Witherspoon still stands! Not the same dorm we lived in of course, but it's still there! A beloved structure. Amazing and gratifying.

Hey, hey '54! Three cheers for old Nassau.

[1] 2021 update: now two great grandsons.

[2] 2021 update: Alice passed away December 2020. Sixty-six years.

Stan Korenman

I can't tell you about many class members but I do know something about what happened to me. Although I was a Philosophy and math major I decided to go to medical school because I had a great interest in being a physician-scientist. That's how it worked out. I became an endocrinologist because it was, at the time, by far the most scientific of the medical disciplines and I did basic research into hormone action and clinical research into the human male and female reproductive systems, preparing mainly at the NIH. In the course of time, I took on and gave up various administrative positions and am now doing clinical work, teaching endocrinology and teaching research ethics, finally making good use of my Princeton major.

The Princeton experience completely changed my life, mainly in two ways. It gave me confidence in my capacity and freed me to try to make it in my own way. As it turned out, I didn't venture much out of the box but had no trouble taking lots of initiatives.

Naïve as a newly emerged butterfly, I fluttered everywhere in fascination with all the things they tried to teach us. I loved our football team that won every game for 2 $^{1}/_{2}$ years thanks to Dick Kazmaier et al. I loved the dinner conversations and the post-dinner discussions with faculty at Prospect. I even liked my co-op chores because we learned more about each other. I loved the afternoon teas at Fine Hall. The world ahead looked great and for many of us, it lived up to expectations for a long time.

Alan Mayers

There are innumerable ways of tracing an Odyssey. I've chosen to trace it via things people have said to me which, whether or not so intended, have had profound effects on the roads I've taken. Prime among these is the observation of a college roommate, Bill Hannum, who once asked me to help him write a letter, the nature of which I've forgotten. Pleased with the result, he said, prophetically, "You'd make a good secretary." And a secretary, of sorts, I have become.

This is ironic because the same room-mate aptly characterized me in this fashion: "Alan jumped on his horse and ran off in all directions." He knew of my distractibility and lack of focus. I have always needed structure- such as the deadlines associated with what came to be a multiplicity of secretarial assignments - to keep me from frittering away my time.

In the course of my career in government, I served as "Executive Secretary" for a group of academicians reviewing applications for federal grants to improve the nation's health care delivery system. Today I serve as secretary of my church's board of trustees and of the Performing Arts Council in my retirement community, which brings professional talent to our theater. These roles bring a structure to my life which mitigate my susceptibility to distraction.

Two years before the 50" reunion of the Class of 1954, 1asked Chuck Keller, then Class Secretary, if he was going to put together a yearbook for the 5O". "No", he said with finality, "If you want one, you'll have to do it yourself." It appeared that no one else would do it, so I took it on. That task provided much of the structure for the following two years of my life. I got lots of good advice from others who had done it for previous classes, and help from many classmates, and the end product was good. A few years later the Class elected me Secretary. The necessity *of* writing a column for the Alumni Weekly every three weeks during the academic year and, now, writing Memorial Notes for departing classmates has provided much of the structure of the ensuing ten-plus years.

I recall with gratitude others who have pointed me toward a path: lthiel de Sola Pool, pioneering social scientist, my boss during a brief period after completing my Master's degree, as I left his employ to start a new job with the federal government, suggested that I should, someday, go on to a doctorate in my field at "some place like Stanford".

I enjoyed my new job in the early Kennedy era, but began to understand that career advancement would, as predicted, require a doctorate. But after two years and a promotion, I was enjoying my lifestyle and hesitated to take the next step. I told my boss, Bert King, that I'd like to hang on for one more year. He wisely advised "Don't put it off. After another year, you'll find it harder to make the move."

Having decided to take the plunge, I needed to choose between entering Stanford with no financial support or the University of Illinois with an assistantship. I asked a graduate of the Stanford Program, Edwin Parker, who had become a junior faculty at Illinois, where he would go were he in my place.

His response: "The weather is much nicer at Stanford."

As I began my first term at Stanford with no financial support other than the remnants of my Korean GI Bill, I asked my first advisor, Nathan Maccoby - who had been on the faculty from which I received my Master's degree - whether I should find a job to help cover my expenses. He advised me to do nothing but concentrate on my studies in that first term. That first term was the most intense period of study I have ever undertaken, but I earned straight A's and was awarded a research assistantship which paid almost what I had been earning previously and reduced my tuition substantially.

But it took another prod to get me moving to the next challenge: The doctoral program was to take three years. Sometime late in the second year, one was required to take a comprehensive exam covering all the academic material. (I still have nightmares about having to take them again, unprepared.) By that time, Ed Parker had left the University of Illinois to join the Stanford faculty and had become my dissertation advisor. I asked if I could postpone the comprehensive for a few more months. His reply "You'll never know this material more than you do right now. Don't delay."

Years later, as Executive Secretary of the committee reviewing research grant proposals dealing with health care issues, I confessed to Uwe Reinhardt, an economist on the committee, that I had never studied economics in college. "Come to Princeton in the Mid-Career Fellowship program and we'll fix you up!" That led to a delightful one-year sabbatical from government service at taxpayer's expense, some modest increment in my understanding of healthcare economics and politics, and , as a result of singing again in the chapel choir, a revival of my earlier enthusiasm for choral singing, which has lasted to this day.

The foregoing "Odyssey" reads more like an autobiography or a memoir, rather than a summary of "wisdom" or of what I have learned over a lifetime. It does, at least, acknowledge the debt I owe to those who nudged me along the way.

Gustav Paumgartner

I enjoyed to hear from you and other members of Prospect Club after a long time and to refresh memories. Although I could not attend our recent, 65t^{h} reunion I want to note that I am still deeply grateful for my time at Prospect Club. As a boy from postwar rural Austria I was asked to join Prospect Club which shaped my life.

I was extremely stimulated intellectually by many very special classmates, in fact, I got to know the music of my home country (Mozart and many others) through friends at Prospect Club.

The honor system has deeply impressed me and I was very proud of it.

Skiing excursions with the Princeton outing club as well as a trip to Florida during Easter vacation with Bruno Weber are fond memories.

Many thanks for all of this and for the friend ships I experienced in Princeton.

David G. Powell

Life Lessons after Princeton BS ’54 and MS ’55 in Engineering

The family tops the list of most valued life experiences. Fifty-seven years of marriage and counting. We have three wonderful children living not too far away from us in Needham, MA. Our son, Parker is an engineer with GE's Wind Turbines in the Albany, NY area; daughter Clare is a marketing consultant with Deloit in Westport, CT; our youngest, Liz, is a lobbyist with her own thirteen year venture, G2G, in the Washington DC area. We are also proud of our six grandchildren, ages 10 through 19.

Princeton taught me all that I needed to solve the aerodynamic problems of new aircraft whether subsonic or supersonic, paper designs or coming off the production line with a "fix urgently needed". Several lessons on the job come to mind.

Teamwork was very important to getting results both quickly and accurately. One day at Lockhead just after a F104 crashed, another aero engineer and I jumped into calculating the flight path from the position at "mayday" call to impact. The vacuum tube computer with IBM punch card inputs would have required days so with slide rules and pencil we computed a spread sheet of the flight path from "mayday" to impact with assumption of jet engine failure. In two days, we had a computed flight path that fit . The engine maker, GE agreed. Over the years I marveled at the quick and important role of spontaneous teamwork before any managerial guidance. The new 21-year,old Olin College of Engineering next to our retirement home in Needham emphasizes teamwork. Students are urged to pick teammates with care as grades are the same for all team members.... about 25 team experiences per student before graduation.

Another time at Lockheed I learned the power of the pen. I was asked to review the F104's design of downward ejection. This concept was intended to assure clearing the Tee tail at speeds up to Mach 2. The reality of F104 escapes was that in all cases there was slow down and move to lower altitudes before ejection. The lower the altitudes the less a pilot would want to escape downward. I calculated the flight clearances in upward ejections and checked the clean separation of the canopy in the wind tunnel. Next I drafted a 17 page letter to the Air Force that summarized the experience of the F104 escapes with the conclusion that the direction of escape should be up. The manager several levels higher signed the letter with no changes and sent it to the Air Force. The next F104 version was the all weather F104G which had the upward ejection and the NATO fighter designation. 2,500 planes were ordered for many different nations.

As development of the most complex emergency escape system for any airplane was winding down we caught our breath at Stanley Aviation. This escape for the B58 was an open seat in normal flight with doors that could be closed to

encapsulate the pilot if cabin pressure was lost at higher altitudes. This allowed flying in shirtsleeve comfort instead of an uncomfortable pressure suit for very long missions. The pilot could eject at Mach 2 with stable flight thanks to empenage firing out within 1/10 second of separating from the airplane. Landing was softened by controlled crushing of landing legs. The capsule would float or be a shelter. Testing was done with bears and apes in rocket sled tests, landing drops, and ejections in flight before human flight tests. It all worked. At times we pondered whether there were better ways. As the first 100 B58 planes were retrofitted with capsules the Air Force retired the B58 fleet because the ICBM fleet took over this defensive mission. Note that the B58 Capsule is now on display in the Udvar Hazy Museum, a division of the Smithsonian at Dulles airport.

Stanley Aviation decided to explore a very simple emergency escape on its own in 2007 without a government contract. Proving the concept of a tractor rocket pulling a pilot out of a cockpit was my project to be done with a "KISS" (keep it simple stupid). We called this the Yankee System as the extraction was a yank and because Yankee folks were known as cheap skates. The project came together quickly using a small rocket with a pair of nozzles that received the hot gasses and reversed the flow before expanding the gasses. Thrust was reversed to be a tractor yanking rather than pushing. A slight twist of thrust line of each rocket nozzle caused rocket spin. A rotary bearing in the rope attachment to the new rear end allowed the spin and provided stability of the rocket trajectory. The rope connected to the pilot's parachute harness. The seat and seat back were hinge connected so the seat would pull flat for clearance as the pilot was pulled to a stand up with automatic seatbelt opening. We made a dummy pilot of wood that had crude arms, legs, torso and head for the tests. It worked in static test, i.e. the long sought "zero zero" case (zero speed & zero altitude). It worked also from a training plane in flights.....selling this was slow to take hold as it was unsolicited.

The Pentagon decided to buy the "Yankee" about 2 years later for the AD "Skyraider" made by Douglas Aircraft. It is a small world as I had worked at Douglas on the Skyraider in the summer of 1954 before my MS degree at Princeton. This Skyraider was designed right at the end of WWII using an oversized engine. The Skyraider could carry the 10,000 pound load as a B17 could or in a pinch lift about twice that payload. This was the best we had for ground support and it served in Viet Nam with distinction. Lives were saved by the Yankee system.

After Stanley Aviation and then GE Missile & Space in Valley Forge, Pennsylvania, I joined W.R. Grace's Construction Products Division to manage R & D.

Another life lesson came shortly. After coming on board I learned medical research had established that asbestos causes lung cancer. Their leading product, Monocoat, was a sprayed on product that protected a building's structural steel against softening in a fire until the firemen arrived. Monocoat's formula included asbestos. Soon an invite to speak at an ad-hoc meeting in Philadelphia of architects, construction firms, building inspectors, code writers, owners of buildings, and others with asbestos in construction concerns.

After a conversation with my boss re accepting the speaking invite, and what to say etc. the decision was made for me to speak. I was to be upfront about asbestos in Monocoat, W.R. Grace's efforts to reformulate, and the need to use Monocoat until we had a better formula. We also showed our testing for airborne asbestos particles during spraying the water based material onto the steel with no particles found in the air.

I returned home and both myself and my boss were fired within a year. Top management was "stone walling" the attack on asbestos. W.R. Grace went on to bankruptcy and settlement by contribution to the $30 billion trust fund.

What next---I developed a compelling interest in starting my own business. I went to M.I.T.'s Sloan School for a master degree in management in 1974. My wife, Betsy, earned her MBA from Babson College in 1976 and was asked to teach Organizational Behavior thereafter for three years.

Also in 1976 Betsy and I started Diamond Machining Technology, Inc., our venture on a "shoe string". This start-up manufactured hand tools using small mesh sized diamond grit/abrasives. Betsy did marketing and office management; I did engineering, manufacturing and product development. We started with a commodity product and too much competition. Lesson learned: make what others don't make! Also invent and seek patents, trademarks and brand identity. This "moat" building sure helped. Then there was penny pinching by adopting used machines and hand making product on soft tooling until we had cash flow plus bank loans for automation and hard tooling. The biggest lesson was in pricing power.

The most important material, diamond, was manufactured by GE using their 1955 patent for the process. Somehow GE had patents in every appropriate country except Ireland. DeBeers soon had a diamond production in Shannon, Ireland.

This duopoly produced quality diamond (carbon crystals) grown to size, in fairly uniform "blocky" shape. This man-made diamond was

better than mother nature's mined diamond for tool making. The duopoly enjoyed good profits — how good was known only to the diamond duo.

Twenty years forward the patent advantage ceased and many diamond productions started. This was happening as we were starting our DMT venture in 1976. Our cost per carat was $13 when we started and declined to $0.50 over years before we sold DMT in 2005. We enjoyed steady growth even in the early '80's when 18% interest rates were employed by Paul Volker to break the inflation climb. We attended multiple trade shows in USA, UK, Europe, Scandinavia, even Indonesia and Korea; developed distributors in 30 countries. With multi products going to multi markets serving multiple sharpening/smoothing needs in 30 countries, we succeeded.

A part of the DMT pricing power was the public's lack of knowledge about the difference between industrial diamond and gem diamond. Remember "Diamonds are forever" pitched by DeBeers and Carol Channing singing "Diamonds are a Girl's best friend". Betsy was "Diamond Lil" and sold the pizazz of diamond.....she even dreamed up changing the handle of a half round sharpening tool sold to industry into a Crystal Saver product sold to Bloomingdale.

A side story of interest is the young inventor of diamond making at GE in 1955, t GE, invented another type of diamond making that resulted in a start-up, Mega Diamond, in Salt Lake City.

Also GE could see the profit drop in their diamonds and spun off that operation soon after their patent expired.

Currently we live in North Hill, a Needham retirement community of 500 residents, just three miles from our Wellesley home of 47 years. We are located between Babson College and the Olin School of Engineering. Lesson learned: better move in too early than too late. We appreciate North Hill's cautious requirements in this Covid-19 environment. We hike and bike, read more, and do hobby woodworking plus reorganize the Wood Shop. I now have two active US Patents out of 11 issued and another pending that are valuable in sharpening woodworking hand planes and chisels. We look forward to weeks on Nantucket in our home on Cliff Road, Berry Haven, which our three children and six grandchildren love to enjoy with us.

Paul Roediger

66 years after Princeton University
A reflection of my life

Our class president, Rick Marks has asked us to provide a reflection of our lives 66 years after graduation. How did college affect our lives and our career? With time on my hands due to COVED-19, I now have the luxury of solitary confinement which has given me time to reflect on what my college experience has meant to me and to many thousands of people I have associated with since 1954.

I was born at 361 Nassau Street in Princeton. That home was only a half mile from the university. As early as age 8, I knew I wanted to become a physician. My grandfather who lived with us worked at the Princeton University Press for 50 years. Perhaps his involvement there led me to think about graduating from that university. My parents felt my scholastic goals were not being met by our public school, so I was enrolled in the Princeton Country Day School (now called the Princeton Day School) in seventh grade.

By 2005, I had completed 43 years working in the field of primary care medicine. I retired that year from my busy clinical practice but continued working part-time for another 9 years as a volunteer physician in a free care practice. During all those years, one of the questions I asked every patient was, "Do you like your work?" I was amazed how many of them hated their jobs. I loved every minute of my medical career. In spite of the long hours I spent in my office and hospital, considered it an honor and privilege to work as a doctor. My wife Janice used to refer my going to work as going to the "Temple". I looked forward to the daily challenges I would face. Most weekdays were 12 hours long. I also looked forward to seeing Janice again each night and loved to learn how her day was as an artist.

When I finally stopped renewing my medical license, I emptied the small medical bag I carried all those years to patient's rooms, home visits and nursing homes. I replaced my stethoscope with wood working tools. I became director of the Woodshop at Foulkeways retirement community. My lifelong love of wood working began at age 5 when my grandfather gave me his hammer. I was now carrying that same bag to apartments repairing broken furniture. I love my interaction with people.

There were many important life lessons I learned at Princeton, most notably:

Understanding the benefit of team working.

Learning to probe my depth of knowledge and my limitations.

The art of speaking publically and the importance of being an effective communicator.

Learning how to cope with anxiety and adversity.

Pursuing knowledge and academic excellence.

During six years spent in prep school, I had been a day student. I studied alone in the evening at home. I was now living with 3 other men my age. We shared some of the same courses; we learned to review course material together and test our knowledge base. I learned the benefit of collaboration. This served me well in my medical work. I learned to assess my fellow physicians and their ability to solve complex problems in patient care.

One important lesson I quickly grew to learn was: if I was uncertain, it was much better to stop talking than to start guessing. Our college professors readily saw through fabrication; the same was true in medical school. The Chair of Pathology gave multiple choice tests every week. The goal was to only answer those questions you were certain you had studied and learned. He deducted the number of wrong answers from the correct ones. It was easy to end up with a grade of 30%. His point was to never start treatment unless you were certain of the diagnosis and the result of your treatment. The patient would respect you for your recognition you needed a second opinion.

Princeton introduced me to students who graduated from high schools I had not heard of before. I soon was testing their .knowledge base compared to mine. The same was true after completing medical school. I began a rotating internship with eleven fellow budding physicians from nine other medical schools.

Perhaps the hardest challenge for me was testing the skill of a fellow first year resident starting training in a subspecialty such as surgery. I was intensely concerned for my patient being treated by another first-year resident who had no

prior ability or training in that field. I would pressure the resident to consult with a senior resident in their specialty before submitting that patient to treatment. By the end of my intern year, I had also identified the clinical skill level of every staff physician in charge of patients assigned to me. Later, that evaluation determined who I would trust to care for my patients in practice.

I benefitted greatly from a program in public speaking which I took in my second college year. I began to develop confidence in expressing my views, my knowledge, my empathy for the problems my colleagues, friends, family and patients were facing. I became a lay reader in church. Looking back, I am intrigued by how much that mini course helped my career.

Although I grew up close to the university, I had no comprehension how academically diverse and challenging it would become for me. Although we graduated with a Bachelor of Arts degree, the majority of courses I took were science related. In hindsight, it would have been rewarding if I had chosen more liberal arts courses. One hundred of my classmates went to medical school. We all were primarily trained in science with long lab sessions. I now regret not taking more music courses as it now is part of my daily listening The same can be said of my 4 years while in medical school in Philadelphia. I lived 4 blocks from the Italian Market and never knew it existed. My life revolved around a classroom and patient beds.

Princeton taught me to deal with adversity and anxiety. The first lesson was in my freshman year. The Korean War had just started. We all had to take another college level entrance exam and pass at a 75% level to continue our education. By year end, some left and enlisted. A few months later, some of the residents of my Pine Hall section had a wild party and a horse was led up to the top floor of the building. All of the residents were called to the dean's office individually to explain this frolicking behavior. I listened to the charges being levied and was able to prove my innocence. By the end of the first academic year, one third of those living on my floor had flunked out and many others simply did not did not return.

I contracted pneumonia that first year during midterm exam week. It was an was an academic setback. I had missed half of the exams and fell behind academically. I learned quickly how to prioritize my time studying and slowly build up my grade scores. However, it cost me part of the scholarship I was granted for my first year.

Working as a primary care physician, I had to manage severely ill patients. Some had newly diagnosed terminal disease. There were occasions when I

diagnosed an illness missed by a fellow practitioner. All were stressful to the patient, their family and me. Keeping up to date required a regular investment of time studying the literature and taking update courses. My study habits in college remained a benefit to my medical work.

Perhaps the most lasting influence of those four years was a quest for knowledge and academic excellence. In 1963, a year after entering private practice, I was given the challenge of supervising all of our five educational programs. I was appointed Director of Medical Education at Abington Memorial Hospital. I continued in that position for 42 years. My leadership responsibilities were to oversee all of the graduate training programs and their accreditations. I used the skills I had developed assessing g individual talents in managing each program and the quality of the work of 100 residents. I developed a group of academic leaders to work with me and supervise a diverse set of training programs. Those programs produced a hundred of very well-trained physicians yearly. That ability to work together with other educators grew from my college experience. Over that span of those years, many of our graduates joined all of the area hospitals. I continue to hear from many of them.

Although my medical career was time consuming, Janice and I built a specular married life together. In spite of some near medical disasters in her first delivery, we were blessed to birth three children. Not only did they all graduate from college, Janice went on to obtain two additional degrees herself. I cannot imagine my life without my family I lost her to melanoma ten years ago, but she is still very alive in me. I am blessed with a wonderful family.

In conclusion, Princeton gave me an excellent educational background. It prepared me to assimilate a vast amount of new knowledge. I learned to continue to study and apply new treatments and procedures. With few exceptions, the medication we now prescribe did not exist in 1950. I had the privilege of learning and using all of those new modalities. At the same time, I was blessed with a wonderful family while helping train over a thousand new medical graduates to take my place.

Dave Satin

Princeton and Prospect Club was a long time ago—really another life. We were only partly formed, and for me the Princeton experience helped my formation intellectually and my experimenting with emotional formation. Lessons were positive and negative: the intellectual awakening in philosophy courses, a classmate who had never met a Jew, the large creative choice and organization project of the senior thesis, a cross burned on the lawn of an eating club, Adlai Stevenson addressing the class with "When you leave here remember why it was that you came", the comradeship in work and conversation of the Prospect Club so contradictory to all other eating clubs, a brief athletic experience as coxwain on the crew, a brief musical experience playing the clarinet in the concert band, saying "hello" to Albert Einstein in the library elevator, being discouraged from choosing a biology major and finding my place as a sociology major, and more.

I can't say that the identity defining process was complete when I left, but certainly Princeton provided lasting experiences that were to be built on; I still refer to some of them as useful formulations.

I went on to a career in medicine, extending my sociology major into psychiatry and community mental health. There were many chapters to that period of my life, each contributing to and bringing forth different adaptations to different environments, all making up the tapestry (?crazy quilt) of a long life. Now I continue to work but take more time off for the avocational activities I used to cram in to a full work life, learning to choose activities I enjoy and even to relax, and focusing more fully on enjoying the companionship of my family.

A couple of projects coming to fruition are in the nature of review and appreciation of long-term activities: a history of the Community Mental Health Movement and biography of my late professor Erich Lindemann; and a collection of Erich Lindemann Memorial Lectures on social psychiatry, social medicine, and social issues.

I am surprised and pleased at an unusually long life in reasonably good functional condition. I wonder what will come next.

Robert Schmalz

My goal while attending Princeton was to enter the Foreign Service and to live overseas. I took as many politics and history courses as possible and majored in the Woodrow Wilson School of Public and International Affairs. Upon graduation I volunteered for the draft and went through basic training with several of my classmates. Our group there was about 50% young African-Americans and Puerto Rican teenagers, and after a very short time it became clear to me what a sheltered life I had led up to that time. I now understood what the world really looked like beyond my small home town of Darien, CT and at Princeton.

I was assigned to go overseas with an Army engineer construction battalion stationed in Orleans, France for 15 months. My dream of working abroad was suddenly becoming a reality. Both in Orleans and Paris I found it easy to meet people with my college French. I travelled extensively, but in doing so I discovered I didn't really like living overseas. I missed my family and the easy relationships I had had at Princeton.

So when my military duty was over I resolved that my earlier aspirations had been misguided. I enrolled at Harvard Law School and upon graduation I decided that a mid-sized city would be the best fit for me. I interviewed in many different cities and settled on New Haven, CT.

It was a good choice for me. I found the size of the city manageable and the work intellectually stimulating. I practised general law with a small firm of four or five lawyers which later merged into a larger Hartford, CT firm. In the latter half of my career I focused first on corporate law and then more on trust and estate settlement law

Around 1975 I became increasingly involved in civic affairs. I was appointed to the Board of Commissioners of the New Haven Public Housing Authority. For ten years I served as a member of the Board of Trustees of Yale-New Haven Hospital. I was elected to New Haven's Board of Aldermen and served eight years. I cherished that role which kept me involved with the community.

I moved to Boston with my wife, Anne, in 2001. We spent 13 years in the Dorchester neighborhood and I served there on the Boston Natural Areas Network which was responsible for most of the community gardens and for transforming rail ways to trails in different parts of the city.

My commitment to civic engagement continued when we moved to Bedford, MA where we live in Carleton-Willard Village, a retirement community. Here I

have served on the town's Public Housing Authority and on the Community Preservation Committee. My basic inclination is that wherever I am, I get involved because that's how you get to know people and become part of the community.

So, whether in New Haven, Boston or Bedford, civic work became a very big part of my life and paradoxically, that interest stems from my two years in the Army. Had I not volunteered for the draft I might have gone directly into the Foreign Service. Life would have turned out entirely differently. My time in France convinced me that I did not want to pursue my dream of living overseas. I still believe I put my education and expertise to very good use, just not where I originally imagined I would.

Richard H. Schulze

The journey through life has been very exciting and rewarding. As a young man I tried to plan my life, and it worked out to a major extent. In the summer of 1950 prior to entering Princeton I attended a Presbyterian Church camp at Blair Academy in Blairstown, NJ. We were all asked to define how we were going to serve God. The majority aspired to become ministers, missionaries, physicians, or similar professions. Being a little different I simply wanted to leave the world a better place than it was when I entered it. As a prospective engineering student, this goal seemed appropriate.

A second event occurred at Northwestern University in 1957. We were asked to develop a 20-year career plan for using our MBA education. My goal was to become the president of a New York Stock Exchange traded company, or be well on my way. The principal metric was a compounded growth rate of real (deflated) salary increases. The back-up plan was to work for large companies and learn as much as I could so that I could start my own business.

For the next 16 years I worked for six different firms in Pittsburgh, New York City, Jacksonville, Illinois, and Dallas populated by wonderful as well as terrible bosses but learning a lot. One New York boss was **Howard Reid '36. In** my last job for a Dallas-based company in oil field services, I had grown a three-person environmental group to 15 over two and a half years. From losses I had produced profits. I was dismissed by the company president with the words: "We made a mistake when we hired you." Jobless and unable to find a job during the Arab oil embargo in 1974, I launched my own one-person company with $7,500 of savings. I selected the field of air pollution since it was not in my former company's portfolio.

Dispersion modeling of air pollutants was a rather new and technically daunting science. Its use was required by the Clean Air Act (1970), based on science developed by UK and US scientists in 1960-61, and employing computer models written in FORTRAN (developed in 1956). All these ingredients came about after I graduated. Fortunately, my Princeton engineering education in the basics was superb: Calculus taught by John Nash — Nobel Prize winner and a life memorialized in a book and movie "The Beautiful Mind': Physics taught by Aaron Lemonick —later dean of the Princeton's Graduate School and dean of the faculty; and thermodynamics taught by Shao-Lee Soo, a Chinese immigrant who left just before Mao. He was the advisor to 40 Ph.D. students, two of whom later became chancellors of the University of California system and of the University of Illinois system, respectively With this background I was able to learn enough of how material disperses in the atmosphere to start teaching the subject in one-day short courses after six months.

My business model at Trinity Consultants was to use the short courses to teach corporate environnmental managers. When they had a need for services to support permit applications for industrial expansions under the Clean Air Act, many thought of me and slowly business developed. After three years (1977) I could afford to hire an engineer to help me. I started to recruit at colleges in 1979. The top chemical engineer graduating from Texas A&M University was a woman but no one in the Gulf Coast chemical industry would hire her. I did. She was superb and increasingly I focused on hiring women although they tended to be less than 10% of engineering graduates. We had nice clean offices with no harassment. Half our staff were female. After seven years in 1981, I had a staff of about 12 but Paul Volker's (P'49) successful effort to end inflation meant 20% interest rates. This effectively ended any type of investment for industrial expansion. Our staff shriveled to four. In 1983 Trinity was losing $5,000 a month.

I had sold my house, moved to a one-bedroom apartment; (having been divorced four years earlier.) cashed in all my savings plans and had only $10,000 in the bank at yearend. Fortuitously, January 1984 was profitable and Trinity never again lost money on a monthly basis. I missed our 30th class reunion because **I** couldn't afford to go. I added staff eventually and by 1988 was back up to about 18 people when one of my managers wanted to resign. He needed to be closer to elderly parents. We compromised and he offered to start our first branch office in Kansas City.

Things now accelerated by adding more offices. Hiring still focused on MS and Ph.D. graduates in mechanical engineering, chemical engineering, and meteorology/atmospheric sciences directly from universities. Many of the senior managers are immigrants who chose to remain in US. Most offices were launched by staff that had three or four years' experience and were in their late 20's or early 30's. Of hundreds of clients, I knew no Princeton graduates. Trinity succeeded by simply doing excellent work quickly. In 1992 I was elected president of the international 12,000 member Air and Waste Management Association growing it about 10 percent during my year's tenure.

In 1987 I had married Ineke (Enika) Grooters, a Dutch immigrant and entrepreneur who founded a publishing company for textbooks that defined paralegal education and a magazine for practicing paralegals. She sold the magazine in 1991. Prentice-Hall purchased her book business in 2002. Enika is a 4:1)BK graduate of the University of Oklahoma. She later earned an MBA at Southern Methodist and worked as a court administrator for federal Judge Patrick Higgenbotham in the Northern District of Texas. President Reagan nominated Judge Higgenbotham to the Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals where one of his law clerks in the mid 80's was **Christopher L. Eisgruber '83,** currently Princeton's president.

After a third of a century, I sold controlling interest in Trinity Consultants, Inc. to a private equity firm in in 2007. We had 270 staff including 90 shareholders in 22 domestic offices, and one office, begun in 2002, in the People's Republic of China. Yes, **I** finally published a 400-page graduate level textbook on Dispersion Modeling, based on teaching the subject for 32 years in the US and 14 foreign countries. Trinity was then the premier air quality consulting and compliance firm in the United States. The oldest manager, age 44, an MIT graduate, became the CEO. Plan B really worked and the compounded annual growth rate in my investment was 30 percent. I'm especially proud of creating so many well-paying jobs for people not considered by others and providing the kind of upward mobility opportunities that evaded me during my 16 year corporate career.

Since the sale, 30 of the 33 managers I left in place are still with Trinity. The company now (2019) has over 900 employees and 60 offices including 12 overseas. It is the largest air quality consulting and compliance firm in the US. It is on its third private equity owner and the company valuation is now over eight times its value in 2007.

Howard McClure '53 was my personal physician and encouraged me to take up running in 1971. So for 35 years I ran 5K every other day. By the time I was 73 I started to have lower back issues and now do weight training three times a week for two hours. It's more holistic than running. I remain extraordinarily healthy at age 86.

On a personal note, I still sing in the 150-voice choir at Preston Hollow Presbyterian Church —continuing my Princeton Chapel Choir experience, serve on the Executive Advisory Board of the Lyle School of Engineering at Southern Methodist University, the Foundation

boards of both The Dallas Opera and the Dallas Symphony Association. I also manage a family office and a family foundation that makes grants to schools for underprivileged, universities, and cultural organizations. I've yet to enroll in Medicare.

The odyssey began by being born to a German immigrant farmer five years after he landed in the US and a mother who was the oldest of 13 children in a Polish immigrant family. She had superb child management skills honed by raising many of her siblings. My best friends growing up were chickens, goats, a barn cat and a horse — not much opportunity to socialize when one lives on a farm near Buffalo, NY. Getting over stuttering and developing social skills took a good deal of effort in the first forty years of my life. I also erred in selecting my first wife who bore us three children. All three children completed their college educations as an engineer, an attorney and a college professor when they were in their 40s. They are successful, but all missed about 15 years of their professional careers.

I have two younger brothers: **Robert '56** who died in a bicycle accident on Washington Road three months shy of graduation and **Carl '68** who lives in New Hampshire. I also have a Princeton step-son from a brief second marriage in the mid-1980s: **Thomas Turicchi '86.**

Mike Schuyler

Musings on Diversity

No one doubts the value of diversity in the natural world. The varied beauty and utility of the earth's flora and fauna are universally acclaimed and appreciated.

Diversity outside the realm of Mother Nature, however, does not share the same universal acclaim. Different backgrounds, religions, and points of view often foment anger, animosity, hatred, violence, even war, among the world's people. Why do we humans love the diversity of nature but reject and fight against diversity among ourselves? Diversity of opinion —thinking differently from our neighbors — is, perhaps, the most common example of human diversity, and it can lead to results varying from cooperative undertaking to violent disagreement. In recent years, the latter result seems to be the more common.

When I was a student at Princeton, and for many years thereafter, when I encountered viewpoints differing from my own, I considered them as challenges to be confronted and corrected. How could I convince those of different opinions of the errors of their thinking? It took several years of maturing before I realized that differing opinions deserve to be seriously considered - not in an attempt to change them, but to examine them in an effort to reconsider my own views. Am I short-sighted in my own opinion? Am I neglecting some aspect that should be considered?

I have learned, much later in life than I should have, that different opinions often spring from different backgrounds or experiences, and there are usually valuable insights to be gained by seriously considering opposing views. By doing so, I have frequently modified my own opinions and end up with improved understanding of the issues. What is the value of thought and experience — of others as well as ourselves —if we do not use them to modify our own ideas, our own opinions and our own actions?

My own feeling is that one of the benefits of old age is a better understanding of life, and that there are few thoughts, practices or prejudices that cannot be corrected or improved by evaluating different viewpoints and modifying my own, based on that evaluation. I have found far more wisdom in the opinions of those who acknowledge changes in their thinking, based on the ideas of others, than in those who pride themselves on their steadfastness and consistency. I have come to better appreciate the value of diversity in all aspects of our lives and to enthuse whenever I encounter it. It is a pleasure to learn of different habits, different tastes, different viewpoints and to use them to enrich my own knowledge and understanding.

John Shane

Upon entering Princeton, I was particularly struck by the motto, "Princeton in the Nation's Service". To me, it was a succinct expression of the importance and value of duty, patriotism, good will, hard work, and sacrifice for the benefit of others.

During the many years that have passed since our graduation I believe that Princeton has continued to maintain and in many instances increase its standing in the educational world, and to broaden its scope through coeducation and diversity. It has avoided most of the current issues of discrimination and the misguided efforts of numerous parents to sway, warp, or influence the college admission process through bribery that have adversely affected other institutions of higher learning in recent years.

Most of our Class were born during the depression and then faced the rigor, difficulties and tragedies of World War II, but were then fortunate enough to have dodged direct involvement in the series of disastrous, expensive, inappropriate, and meaningless military conflicts that were justified by ignorance, incorrect or misguided opinions and motivations of US

Presidents, political and military leaders. Indeed, our class was able to enjoy the remarkable period of economic growth and prosperity that followed World War II. Americans become conscious of the rest of the world and enjoyed meeting foreigners and visiting other countries. Princeton aided this process by admitting students from many countries some of which became our life long friends.

We had superior economic strength after the War. How else could I have survived for over three months travelling in Europe on a budget of US $ 10.00 per day as a junior?

After graduation, with a bit of a push from The Selective Service, I joined the US Navy in which I served four years of active duty and eighteen more of inactive duty. I was proud to do so, feeling that this duty and obligation to serve our country was one way I could exercise the Princeton motto mentioned above. In fact my four years of Naval Service in Japan, proved to be one of the most interesting, challenging and rewarding periods of my life.

I must confess that I have never embraced the political world. Politics has always appeared to be a somewhat shady business, and, in reflecting on the past 30 or so years, I am appalled by the increasing deterioration and corruption evident throughout the world and particularly in our own Federal Government.

The office of President has been denigrated by several of its recent occupants of both major parties as exemplified by the ineptness of President George Bush, the criminal behavior of Richard Nixon, the lack of morality of Bill Clinton, and the appalling ignorance, inexperience, and unethical behavior of Donald Trump.

Even more disturbing recently has been the support of Trump by politicians who appear to value their political careers more than their duty to country.

Service in Congress has become such a personally lucrative career and attractive life style, that many of its members (regardless of party affiliation) seem to place the value of being reelected far above the moral alternative of doing what is best for the nation.

The world is confronted with many serious issues, including global warming, an exploding growth in population unevenly distributed around the globe, a growing divergence between the rich and poor, technological disruption, the advent of so called social media, and the substitution of cyber warfare for conventional warfare.

Most disturbing to me is the fact that those nations most able to support and possibly reduce the adverse effects of all these natural and man-made issues are the worst offenders. The leaders of many nations are becoming more corrupt and self serving not just in totalitarian and dictatorial regimes, but also in Democracies as well. In fact, it seems to me that the most stable and effective governments today reside in those nations with long established monarchies!

Besides the traditional bad actors like Russia, China, and North Korea, think of the turmoil now seen in Israel, Lebanon, Syria, India, Pakistan, Iran, Iraq, Saudi Arabia, Turkey, Yemen, the Ukraine, Venezuela, Brazil, Argentina, Chile, Honduras, Egypt and yes, even here in the United States. The reader can probably add others to this list of trouble spots around the world.

Consequently, we are observing growing resistance and push back coming from the young and oppressed groups in many nations. Witness the rebellions in Hong Kong, the uprisings in Iran and the recent deposition of the Prime Minister of Lebanon as examples.

What do we do about it? First, we need to clean up our own dysfunctional national government. I believe there are three steps that should be taken, but which may never be implemented due to their obvious unpopularity with incumbent politicians and their acolytes.

1. Reinstitute at least one or two years of public service for every young person. This could take the form of military service, national service with agencies like the Peace Corps, or by engaging in full time charitable work with accredited organizations.
2. Place term limits on elective officers at the National level, so that politicians cannot make careers out of their service.

3. Eliminate the Electoral College. Its value has long been corrupted and the Nation should revert to true elections to determine the outcome of elections.

We need to return to the fundamental values and aspirations that we learned through religion, family, and educational institutions like Princeton to get us back on high ground.

But corrective action, not words must be taken before there is no return. As a good friend of mine says, "We must take to the streets, if necessary!"

Richard Steinmetz

Reflections on My Life Journey

I was born in Germany in 1932 and inherited the wanderlust from my parents. In our 65-year married life, Janet and I have lived in 15 different places in America, visited all 7 continents and over 70 countries.

As a geologist I travelled widely for business, technology, and pleasure. One learns by looking, listening, and conversing. The world is filled with endless opportunities to learn.

from my life's odyssey start with the 1979 Scout "Handbook for Boys". A Scout is: Trustworthy, Loyal, Helpful, Friendly, Courteous, Kind, Obedient, Cheerful, Thrifty, Brave, Clean, and Reverent. These words stuck with me and inspired me all my life.

I also believe that hard work, following the rules, and thrift give me control over my life. In my approach to life, I always seek order, reason and logic .

In March 2019 we spent 16 days cruising in the Southern Ocean. Beginning in Tierra del Fuego, we had landings in Antarctica and the Falkland Islands. New experiences as well as interacting with friends, associates and fellow travelers continue to educate me and enhance my life. We look forward to future adventures.

Excelsior

Robert “Mobe” Van Cleve

Where did all of my life go so fast? What was it all about? What did I accomplish? Like everyone, I learned a few things in my first 22 years. Be kind, have fun, make good grades, and earn money. Lessons I learned:

--After snitching cigarettes from my parents so my gang could try smoking, never to smoke

- -While delivering newspapers, to be responsible and organized
- -After working on a garbage truck, you can learn a lot about a person by their garbage --While making friends as I lay railroad track, that there is no barrier other than what we ourselves create, between ages, different backgrounds and beliefs (and also how to play darts and drink beer).
-

At Princeton, I learned that: having a goal and studying hard pays off, being manager of intra club competitions for Tower and winning the 1954 championship was sweet, and too many things to list from many beer discussions about girls, religion, politics, etc. (I was an avid Democrat and even attended the Democratic Convention.) Yet after all these discussions, I still had no answer to my questions.

The next 22 years brought many exciting changes and challenges: love and marriage to Sarah, 4 fantastic children, a variety of pets, and many close friends met during our medical moves. I had achieved my goals inspired by my parents, but is that all there is? I was totally involved with my family, my patients, and tennis with my friends. There was little time to ponder life's questions because I could barely keep up with living it!

My third 22 years were the most exciting. Sarah, a psychology major, signed us up for all of the seminars that were popular at the time-Self Awareness, Marriage Encounter, Insight, and a great one in New Orleans on sex. However the life changer was a weekend Cursillo started by a Spanish Catholic priest to improve relationships, and adopted by the Lutheran, Methodist, Presbyterian, and other churches. I was a Christian, but after this experience, I became one of those ridiculed "born again" Christians. (Hopefully one of you will do yourself a favor and go!) I had always dreaded going into my terminally ill patients' rooms because there was nothing more that I could do for them, and I left quickly after checking their medical needs. After Cursillo, I approached their door praying that I could bring them some peace. I sat beside them, held their hand, and asked if there was anything at all that I could do for them. Surprisingly, there usually was. Their concerns and problems became a top priority for me. (For example, 2 siblings who had not spoken to each other after living on the same street for 40 years, embraced and cried away their anger). Before leaving, I would ask if I could pray for them, and, whatever their beliefs were, all but one were grateful. The feelings of "Is this all there is?" and "Why am I here?" were gone. I had been prepared all my life to show God's love to people, particularly when they were sick.

My last 22 years have been fulfilling. I became an elder in the First Presbyterian Church, still serving on the Mission Committee and mentored individually 16 youths into becoming members. I retired at 75 and volunteered at a clinic for the working poor. 5 years later, a neurologist told us that I had Alzheimer's and could no longer practice medicine and could no longer drive. I gave the keys to Sarah and I found a new mission: "A merry heart doeth good like medicine." I told people jokes and riddles and then asked them if they believed in an after life. I found they enjoyed telling me what they believed and some of them asked me what I believed.

(Hopefully this will cause them to stop in their busy lives and think about what is really important.) 3 years later the neurologist gave me a new more definitive test and found that I had dementia, not Alzheimer's. From these experiences, I learned that life is precious and thank God every day for my relationships with Him and his Son, my family, my friends and patients, my animals, and the community. In March, I was diagnosed with inoperable liver cancer and will die sometime this year. Thank God I got to attend my 65th Reunion with the great Class of 1954! Sarah asked if there was anything I would like to do, but I am grateful to continue my life as it is and relish the memories I have. I was here to honor God, our Creator, by sharing Jesus' love, healing care, and mission with everyone whose life touches mine.

Addendum: Mobe died July 8th, the night before his 63rd wedding anniversary.

George Webb

Not only was my time on campus stimulating, exciting, and fun, it produced many enduring memories that get refreshed every 5 years.

In the years since graduation, the Princeton association has opened doors and introduced me to opportunities I might never have experienced. It took me to product development at Procter & Gamble, process development, field sales and product management at Pfizer, management consuting at McKinsey & Co., general management with a joint venture of General Electric and Time, Inc., and finally to 30 years of executive recruiting with Webb, Johnson Associates in New York.

Princeton has also brought me numerous enduring friendships, and my role as class treasurer has kept me in touch with many classmates who have remained an important part of my life to this day. Bit by bit, over the years I've learned about the staggering accomplishments of some of our classmates, and it has made me feel proud to be their friend.

Five years ago, my wife, Judy, and I joined Rick Marks and Jerry Ford here at Princeton Windrows, and we plan to live here happily ever after - Back to Princeton!

Dave Winans

Over the years I've greatly appreciated the generosity of 54's scholars and gentlemen for including me as a member of the class.

Growing up as a kid on Boudinot street in Princeton I pretty much viewed the university as a patch of impressive buildings surrounded by well-tended lawns and lovely squirrel-infested trees.

Princeton University's chief influence on my life has been the scholarship and intellectual passion of my teachers there. Professors "Buzzer" Hall, Tony Raubitchek, and Richard Blackmur lead that list, but there are many others. Fact and theory abounded, but the underlying instruction was how to think and write.

The circumstances surrounding my departure from Princeton have long since ceased to rankle. In the time between my being tossed out in 1952 and my return to the university in 1957, I served in the Navy (poor pay), tended bar (lotsa big tips), and worked in a shipyard (again poor pay). But with the GI Bill and my own earnings, I paid my own way through my junior and senior years, and all in all the whole episode helped me grow up.

My application to return to Princeton apparently led to some administrative hem and haws about my "qualifications" to do so. To the university's great credit all this stuff went away quickly and quietly after a call from my uncle, Dean Mathey, to the head administrator. I thanked uncle Dean and told him that his call helped me much more than my "legacy" status, given that granddad was 1874 and dad was 1918.

After graduating with honors in 1959, I worked for a nuclear designer and shipbuilder as a tech writer and a manager of tech writers and other folks in related fields for thirty plus years. I stayed at this job because I felt and feel now that what we were doing was very important in that we were bringing to life the very machines that the atomic speculations at the Princeton Advanced Institute had made possible. I also was proud that I and the guys who worked for me were the very first to tell the youngsters who would run these machines how to run them. I retired in 1995, and with others helped to design and organize one of Connecticut's early "magnet" (charter) schools in New London. After that I have volunteered for, served on, and run local boards of this, that, and the other.

As you may have guessed I am an existentialist of the "Popeye the sailor man I yam what I yam" sort, and thus have let life and its events pretty much shape things along the way. Princeton's role in such matters has been to serve as an intellectual resource pointing the way as to how to solve life's question marks. Again, many thanks for considering me as a member of "54".