

Princeton Behind and in Front

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IN OUR 50th Reunion year, my back has acquired a slight lean. It gives the impression I am always on the verge of taking a step forward. That could be a useful energy-saving device for our Reunion, which features lots of forward motion highlighted by the P-rade. I've been testing this proposition by walking the campus this past year from one side to the other, top to bottom, in different weathers, to observe how Princeton has changed since our 25th in 1990. I did this for our 25th Reunion Yearbook and plan to reprise the role every 25 years or so.

My main credentials for this role as inspector of changes include two titanium leg joints guaranteed by my surgeon to last until our 100th Reunion. Others include the fact that I have been living in and around Princeton for 46 of the 50 years since we graduated. This has ostensibly facilitated a faster and more complete osmotic process than normally occurs between Princeton and its alumni across the world. Thirty-one of those years I worked at the University, the past 16 (and counting) as an independent consultant for universities and colleges on advancement issues. In both roles, I have performed like a variant of Johnny Appleseed, seeding the world with precepts about alumni relations and fundraising extrapolated from Princeton's perfect alumni body. Along the way, I have visited scores of campuses and compared them with ours. I found no real contenders, but have greatly enhanced my appreciation for our country's extraordinary institutions of higher education and why they are so admired by the world.

I have also lived close enough to campus—but not too close—to keep an eye on things. Close enough that I can hear faintly the bands on Prospect Street on party weekends, and the distant warning whistle of the Princeton Dinky in the early mornings before rush hour as it approaches the Faculty Road crossing en route to the station. I am immersed year around in a continuous flow of students, faculty, staff, and alumni who deposit throughout the town a sediment rich with impressions, opinions and gossip about the University.

One delta for such piling up is Starbucks on Nassau Street, directly across from Nassau Hall. I hang out there many early mornings to drink coffee and read the *New York Times*. I sit at a table just 10 feet inside the door, in front of a wall with a mural of Nassau Hall and the front campus. Albert Einstein stands in the foreground next to Fitzrandolph Gate gazing out, perhaps at me, or more likely beyond me at a theory of relativity. Perhaps not. Customers coming into Starbucks also enter into the foreground of the mural: Nassau Hall in paint lies in front of them, the brick and mortar Nassau Hall across the street behind them. There's no escaping it: Nassau Hall is and has been all these 50 years both behind us and in front of us.

Looking across the street from my table inside Starbucks, Princeton seems more or less the same as it did in our day. "More" because the front campus appears physically unchanged from our day, just as the idea of a residential campus offering a superior liberal arts education remains the heart of the Prince-



ton experience. Ninety-eight percent of undergraduates reside on campus. They choose from 34 majors and 47 interdisciplinary certificate programs. “Less the same” because the colonial college is the heart of a campus twice the size it was when we graduated. The unchanging blue slate sidewalks that lead up to and past each end of Nassau Hall have also changed: they have acquired new brick-edged borders—a tiny modification in a landscape of both tiny and major changes.

Nassau Hall continues to wall off the inner campus from street view. We, who have been there, know Can-

non Green and the rest of campus lie on the other side. The majority of the town does not know for certain what lies beyond. At night, the street lamps bathe the blue slate sidewalks in pools of soft light. They are more romantic than inviting, more mood-inducing than illuminating—they provide access, but do not guarantee easy transit to the life within. Princeton University is still a place unto itself. Still a separate community whose nature and role like that of its peers across America is continuously debated in an effort to understand and measure its true societal value against its ever-increasing cost.

Separate and alone, Princeton is more together with community, country, and world than ever before. As one indicator, students on campus this year have come from 100 different countries. Those from abroad make up 11 percent of Princeton’s 5,260 undergraduates. Woodrow Wilson’s famous mantra “Princeton in the Nation’s Service” has evolved to “Princeton in the Nation’s Service, in the Service of All Nations.” It is embedded in gold letters in a circular stone plaque that lies at the center of the front green where six sidewalks converge and then head off in different directions. It was first articulated by President Harold Shapiro *64 during the University’s Bicentinquagenary in 1996.

THE front campus, still the symbolic heart of the college, began as a cleared lot in front of Nassau Hall, constructed in 1756. The “college yard,” as it was then known, is now a small verdant park with trees towering above, silent sentries for both tradition and change. Gaps have appeared in the canopies of the older trees, but younger trees stretch upward to fill those gaps—a planned succession that testifies yet again to the University’s extreme care and pride in its campus trees over the years. Our President, Robert F. Goheen ’40, *47, *48 affixed plaques to selected trees with their English names, and, Classics scholar that he was, Latin names as well. The University has fought an intense campaign to preserve the campus elms from the Bark Beetles that carry the devastating Dutch Elm Disease Fungus which blocks water-flow in the trunks and branches. Only a third of the elms inventoried on campus in our junior year still stand today. Two huge survivors rise behind Stanhope; one of them is over 200 years old, the oldest specimen of American elm in the country (*Ulmus americana* in deference to President Goheen). Its trunk-size limbs twist upward, black against the glare of the mid-day sky, to form an arch over the main entrance to campus, in celebration or defiance of life.

The “college yard” survived the disruptions of daily protests against Nassau Hall that roiled the campus during the Vietnam War in the late 1960s. The traditional site of Commencement each year, the front lawn has had to accommodate ever-larger modern-day graduations. Mobile grandstands are now towed onto the front green to augment traditional seating. They are full already and the crowd of friends and spec-

tators now stand several deep around the periphery. The tradition of uncertain weather continues unabated, however: each year the President must decide to commence outside or move into Jadwin Gym. When the forecast is iffy, the decision is deferred until Commencement morning. Going inside means fewer tickets for guests and resentment among those disenfranchised. In this context, rain tends to be dismissed simply as rain, but lightning is a location-changer. Back in the day, David Ludlum '33, with a PhD in history (*38), had an avocation for weather and developed a reputation for predictive accuracy. News of his prowess reached Nassau Hall and the Presidents began calling Ludlum early on Commencement mornings to calculate the odds. He saved many an outdoor Commencement and Princeton President by diverting thunderstorms out to sea, or up the coast to Yale. Commencement no sooner ends than Princeton's ground crew disassembles the site and converts the front campus back to its peaceful, never-changing self.

The diurnal rhythm of town and gown begins for me most mornings around 5:00 when Starbucks opens. Making a strong bid for things that haven't changed, students generally do not arrive there early. Their glory time begins mid- to late afternoons when they fill the coffee shop and rearrange the tables into tiny forts of conversation, laptops, and lattes. At exam time, however, a handful show up in early morning, seeking caffeine to elevate alertness. Party weekends wash up a few souls at dawn straight from Prospect Street desperate for caffeine. Princeton has not changed in every way. 50 years! For those of us who haven't been living in America during that time, or in this world, or failing that, haven't been reading or at least glancing through the PAW—which has been publishing since 1900 and still arrives in our mailbox 15 times a year—here are a few further snapshots of change:

- In 1964, our classmate Ernie Pascarella played tackle on our undefeated football team. He weighed 225 pounds and stood 6'2". He was the second biggest player on the team. Teammate John Seifert '67 at 235, 6'5" was the biggest. Last fall, Princeton's varsity football team listed 49 players on its roster of 90 who weighed at least 225 pounds, including four who weighed more than 300 pounds. Twenty-three of those 49 were 6'4" tall; one, 6'5". (Such heft notwithstanding, Princeton football has not enjoyed an undefeated season since 1964. On the other hand, since 1979-80, Tiger men's and women's teams have averaged 11 championships a year, the most of any Ivy school.)
- Forty-three percent of the Class of 2018 are people of color. The tiny percentage of same for our Class goes unpublished—testimony to Princeton's past when it and so many other institutions restricted or refused access to qualified students because of race and religion.
- In 1961, only 38 percent of those applying to our Class of 1965 were admitted. We were the elite. Last year, those offered admission to the Class of 2018 represented 7.4 percent of the applicant pool, giving new meaning to the word "elite."
- Since 2001, the University has made it possible for students to graduate debt-free. Loans are no longer required to pay Princeton's costs, though some 25 percent of undergraduates borrow during their four years, usually for additional expenses such as a laptop computer.
- Princeton's fees and expenses (tuition, room and board, miscellaneous expenses like books, supplies, telephone, recreation, etc.) last year averaged \$56,750, up from the roughly \$3,000 per student that most of our parents paid for us.
- The undergraduate body numbers more than 5,000 compared to 3,200 in our time. Yet the student-to-faculty ratio is 6 to 1.

TO PASSERS-BY on Nassau Street, the campus still inspires appreciation for its physical beauty: whether on a summer day when the lush foliage and trees bind the campus together in an evergreen ribbon, or on a fall afternoon when the trees ignite in their rich autumnal colors, or after a fresh snow has turned the campus into a picture postcard. Against this seemingly quiet and unchanging backdrop, the campus this past year—these past 25 years—has been especially busy and noisy with construction activity. Edge campuses have sprung up and are still rising as we celebrate our 50th. The University ecosystem

is alive and growing, repairing, strengthening, reinventing—doing what it must to remain relevant and vibrant.

The construction fences are draped with green canvas that fails to contain the sound of rumbling trucks and hammering machines within. Once upon a time, during a similar spate of building activity, I lamented to President William Bowen '58 that I looked forward to a time when campus construction would cease and the University would become quiet and beautiful again. He smiled and said, “I don’t.” It was a simple teaching moment.

I recall a similar teaching moment in 1965 during Reunions Weekend. I was listening to a slightly-leaning member of the 50th Class of 1915 at the Old Guard Luncheon. He wore a white blazer trimmed in orange and a white straw boater with an orange band. He remarked wistfully that at least half of the buildings on campus had not existed when he graduated. That astounded me even as it revealed my woeful lack of perspective on Princeton: I had lived in Little Hall in the same rooms for three years with more or less the same core of roommates, trudged uphill to work in Commons, then across campus to McCosh for classes, on afternoons back downhill to Dillon, and evenings back up to Firestone Library—so it went, endless trudging along the same unchanging sidewalks past the same unchanging buildings. My Princeton had always existed. To be told that half of it hadn’t 50 years earlier... I could see that someday, like the alumnus ’15, perhaps minus the white boater, I would be looking in amazement at all the new buildings. And so I am.

ITRACKED down campus maps for 1915, 1965, and 2015. The 1915 map shows large plats of open land—like several farms abutting one another, dotted here and there with small clusters of buildings. Dillon Gym anchors a line of Gothic dormitories that snake north alongside University Place to Blair Hall. Below Prospect Street and the Clubs, Palmer Stadium sits alone in an immense field, as if it had been towed in overnight and simply left. Completed the year before (1914, same as the Yale Bowl), it was shaped like a horseshoe in the style of an ancient Greek stadium, but wide enough to accommodate a track. It was a behemoth of concrete, the third such “modern” football stadium in the country. It could seat 45,750 spectators. That number magically expanded to 52,000 in the days of Dick Kazmaier ’52, (1950, 1951) when bleachers were perched along the top periphery of the Stadium. Denizens of the upper reaches could view the surrounding countryside for miles, including Lake Carnegie, created nine years earlier. All told, 53 buildings dot the 1915 map, only 10 of them south of McCosh Walk.

By the time we graduated, the number of campus buildings had grown to 70. The loneliness of Palmer had been assuaged somewhat by the addition of nearby Caldwell Field House (1963), the Architectural Laboratory (1949), and the always temporary, always unattractive, always present ROTC Armory, which finally vanished beneath the state-of-the-art Frick Chemistry Laboratory built in 2010.

The 2015 campus map shows a gob-smacking total of 144 buildings. So many that surely some of them must have dropped out of the sky during the night. So it seems: construction of a new building is completed, landscapers swarm it, and voila: a state-of-the-art edifice appears fronted with mature trees and foliage looking much like it has been in place for years.

The campus now overleaps Lake Carnegie all the way to Route One in West Windsor Township. Jadwin Gym (1969), the athletic palace inspired by our classmate Bill Bradley and the shining success of the basketball teams he led in ancient Dillon Gym (where we overflowed the bleachers and sat along the court lines), is now the center of a sports empire. It includes DeNunzio Pool, Weaver Track Stadium, a new football stadium, and an array of emerald playing fields and stadia for baseball.

A story about Princeton Stadium, the sleek successor to Palmer, illustrates yet again the eternal rub of change: When cracks began appearing in the concrete stadium in the 1970s, sections had to be closed down, though this did not affect attendance noticeably, if at all. Ivy football attendance had been declining throughout the ’70s. In 1981, the NCAA passed a rule requiring that Division 1-A institutions average at least 15,000 per football game. The next season, Princeton and the other Ivy schools dropped down to Divi-

sion I-AA. (In 2006, the ever-imaginative NCAA renamed the Division the FCS, for Football Championship Subdivision.)

To design and build its new football stadium, the University formed an advisory committee of alumni which included former football players. The first question for the committee was how large to make the new stadium. Football alumni lobbied for the same size as Palmer. Ivy football attendance, however, was trending too far in the wrong direction to persuade the University Trustees that a Palmer-size new stadium would be economically feasible. They settled at 27,773. Last year, Princeton averaged some 8,000 fans per game, fourth highest in the Ivies, behind Harvard, Yale, and Penn. Designed for multiple sports and year-around access by the community, Princeton Stadium attracts walkers, joggers and would-be hikers in training, as well as those who simply like to wander alone through the vast structure when it is empty and silent.

The northeast edge of campus is anchored by the familiar old new E-Quad built in our day at the junction of Nassau and Olden. A complex of relatively brand-new buildings now runs the entire block along Olden to the corner of Prospect. Among these the newest is the Andlinger Center for Energy and the Environment, designed by architects Tod Williams '65 and Billie Tsien, who is also Tod's wife. This is their second building, the first being Feinberg Dormitory (1987) in the Wilson College complex. They join Bill Wolfe with his numerous renovations, including Prospect House and Edwards Hall, as class architects who have contributed to Princeton's campus skyline.

ANOTHER new small campus bulges on the southeast border at the junction of University Place and Alexander Road, anchored by McCarter Theater and, across the road, the former Princeton Inn, now Forbes College. The Lewis Center for the Arts is rising there, due in 2017. It will push Princeton even higher into the stratosphere of excellence in its facilities.

Within the Lewis Center complex, a brand new Princeton Dinky Station already operates. It lies a few hundred feet south of where it was in our time, which location was itself a retreat from ancient days when the track ran to the foot of Blair Tower. Some in the community opposed moving the Dinky. Their agitation became a sustained clamor which, from hindsight, offers a glimpse of what might happen if (or when) the University ever develops the park-like expanse of woods and golf greens along Alexander Road which form the Springdale Golf Club 18-hole private course. The woods screen the Graduate College from easy view, although its whereabouts is betrayed by the iconic Cleveland Tower, which pokes above the trees and can be seen from Route One. It is likely that any move toward the golf course would generate such a storm as to make the Dinky affair look like a mere tempest. It is difficult work being a great and ever-growing University even when it owns all the land involved.

To finish this brief tour: Nassau Street is unbent by major alteration, still the perfect boundary for a colonial campus with the college on one side, the town on the other. A few University offices like Career Services have popped up along Nassau Street and down Alexander Road and Witherspoon Street. Satellite campuses like the James Forrestal Center north on Route One contribute almost anonymously to the 144 buildings.

Sigh ... so many new buildings, so many new opportunities for trudging. I wondered about the efficacy of the current longtime policy that sets the interval between classes at 10 minutes. The premise had once been that every point on campus could be accessed by walking from any other within 10 minutes. Today, 10 minutes seems a stretch for those students who must cross from one end of campus to another. Perhaps the prescribed 10-minute rule still works because the University allows a certain elasticity on the theory that some students experience the 10-minute segment of time differently from others. This might be considered a practical application of Einstein's Theory of Relativity, thus useful for all students to experience, or not. Whatever, 10 minutes for today's students isn't like 10 minutes was in our day. The Registrar's Office reports no plans to change it.

The increased transit distances expanded my opportunity to observe students on the go. I can report that they still look like us—better actually since about half of them are women. Clothing styles for men and women alike feature the ubiquitous sagging backpack which attaches smartly to any outfit. Their genius lies in their infinite capacity for sagging, which accommodates students’ infinite capacity for stuffing them. Arguably their true genius, however, lies in how the backpacks liberate hands and arms to operate iPads, iPhones, ear buds, texting, talking, listening—to multi-task.

As a sidebar, it’s worth noting that the December 17, 2014, edition of the *Chronicle of Higher Education* reported results from a survey of students about what’s “in” on campuses. It was done by Student Monitor, a market research firm, interviewing a sample of 1200 students at four-year colleges across the country. The iPhone was the most “in” by far, “prevailing over drinking coffee, beer, texting, working out, volunteering, and hooking up.” When students were asked to name the brand that came first to mind, twice as many said Apple as said Nike or Coca-Cola, the next most popular brands. The Survey also indicated that print is not dead for this generation: some 40 percent still prefer to do course work with pen and paper, although the majority prefer doing research online (not at Wikipedia, as faculty skeptics complain.)

Princeton students multi-task, of course, because they continue the tradition of having so much to do and talk about, especially when they are challenged by 10-minute transit periods. Such matters as:

- which of the 300 student organizations on campus to belong to,
- where in Firestone Library’s system to find what they need since the Library now encompasses 10 campus buildings containing 7 million books (Here again, the Student Monitor survey reported that the majority of college students love libraries as well as computer labs, both of which receive their highest approval ratings of all campus facilities.)
- which of the international summer internship programs Princeton offers in more than 55 countries to apply to
- which of the 38 men’s and women’s varsity sports teams to join
- what topic to choose for their senior thesis of the likes of those taken from a sampling of theses by Seniors in 2012 and 2013:
 - an examination of favelas in Rio de Janeiro
 - exploration of a mutant gene linked to colorectal cancer and how it resists chemotherapy
 - how universities can enhance the pipeline of high-achieving, low-income college applicants through campus-based access programs
 - an original composition of an opera about the duel between Alexander Hamilton and Aaron Burr.

IN MY BEST see-nothing, hear-nothing demeanor, wearing a sagging backpack, I went among students several times. My camouflage was meant to minimize the shock they might experience from having among them a stranger 50 years older who, judging by appearance, might possibly come from another planet. Regardless, I was amped-up, straining to see and hear every sight and sound.

On Chapel Drive outside Murray-Dodge, two young women passed by each pushing a large unwieldy shape taller than they and draped in black cloth. Noticing my staring, they volunteered that they were members of the Princeton Symphony and their camouflaged companions were harps rolling toward a concert that evening in Richardson Auditorium (in Alexander Hall). I’d never seen veiled harps out for a stroll on campus, especially ones escorted by women undergraduates, but I quickly deduced it was quite likely that women students had been pushing them along Chapel Drive for most of the span since we graduated. Princeton’s 50th anniversary of coeducation lies just ahead—in 2019. The historic deed circa 1969 now belongs in the category of “old new changes at Princeton” like the old new E-quad, old New South, old new Jadwin Gym—changes that occurred far enough in the past as to seem like they’d always been part of Princeton. Many students and parents today are shocked to discover—if they ever do—that Princeton was once upon a time not coeducational.

Crossing Firestone Plaza, I overheard a young woman sitting on a stone bench exclaim to another woman, “Freud is a crackpot!” She turned quickly around to see who was listening. My disguise apparently worked because she instantly dismissed me and turned back to resume her animated tone. Almost simultaneously, two male students popped by. I heard one say to the other, “Last weekend I went away with my girlfriend...” Then he paused and smiled and grew silent to let his friend figure out the rest of the story.

Princeton’s students appear right on schedule in their goals, anxieties, and growing pains. Like us, they live in a new world, but one made both larger and smaller by technology and instant communication with its more abundant and complex information. Whereas travel outside the U.S. had been mostly a rite of passage for us after leaving Princeton, today’s students are more likely to have already traveled abroad before beginning their undergraduate careers. And they are more likely to be aware of events beyond our borders, witness for instance their interest in Princeton’s overseas study opportunities in a slew of countries.

Their abundant anxieties include worry about the environment and our planet, about exercise and nutrition, about the poor and the abused, and especially these past few years, about getting jobs. Their creative initiatives and endeavors that elevated them into the 7.4 percent offered admission to Princeton last year are so numerous and astounding as to now seem routine—as if every student has an inner world-beating talent and ability soon to spring full-blown upon the world.

All of this, yet students still hold the door for me at Starbucks, a little act that attests to their decency, (though not to their powers of observation—do they not see I don’t need, don’t want doors held for me? Don’t want to be called “Sir?”)

TODAY’S students going forward will likely further affect and be affected by some of the trends reported this past fall in the *New York Times* about a study by the Pew Research Center on the changing roles of men and women during the past 50 years or so:

- Today’s fathers spend double the amount of time we did on housework, now performing about a third of the household chores.
- Modern fathers have almost tripled the time they spend with their kids compared to us—from 2.5 hours a week to 7.3 hours. That number is likely to increase as more and more men ask employers for paternity leave and other such benefits.
- Women now make up almost half of the workforce, and 4 out of 10 with children over 18 are the primary breadwinner; they have doubled their average work hours per week from 15 in 1965 to 25 in 2011.
- Not unrelated, and not without relevance for Americans over 50, the divorce rate has doubled since 1990. My little cohort of 7 Princeton roommates has endured 6 divorces.

Their issues, talents and behavior subject them as always to criticism if not outright attack. Our generation protested (mainly post-college) against the Vietnam War, which bred distrust and dislike of our government and authority in general. Putting aside job anxiety, here’s a sampling of issues/themes in the news this past year:

- In 2004, a Princeton survey revealed that half of its students were getting A-range grades in their classes. The University decided to cap A-range grades at no more than 35 percent of each course. It hoped peer schools would adopt the same policy, but they did not. Princeton students protested: the grade cap would turn classes into “shark tanks”; students might refuse to help fellow students, or sabotage them by providing wrong information. They felt penalized and worried about a competitive disadvantage in applying for jobs or graduate school. In 2009, 32 percent cited the grade cap as their main source of unhappiness at the University. This past fall, President Christopher Eisgruber ’83 formed a committee to study the issue and it voted to end the policy. The decision led to relief among students. But also ... to protests from those who decried the seeming endorsement of grade-inflation.

- The role of the college in helping students develop moral purpose moved into focus again. A new book *Excellent Sheep: the Miseducation of the American Elite and the Way to a Meaningful Life* caught national attention, (including the *PAW* last November 12.) It contends that students at the Ivies and other prestigious schools “flock into Economics as undergraduates, then right out of school into banking and finance jobs, or into consulting; they lack curiosity, interesting rebellion, moral courage, and passionate weirdness—they are a generation of polite, striving, praise-addicted, grade-grubbing non-entities, a legion of “Excellent Sheep.”
- Race relations returned to the spotlight in campus protests against instances of alleged police brutality in places like Ferguson, MO, and New York City.
- Violence in our society continued to take on new dimensions of horror and frequency: violence in sexual relations, in athletics, and with guns.
 - Sexual assault came out of the dark on campuses nationwide as victims increasingly went public with their accusations, thereby revealing the inadequacies of traditional campus policies and procedures for adjudicating such problems.

The Federal Government investigated Princeton and numerous universities for compliance with Title 9, which compels equal treatment of male and female students in institutions receiving federal funds. The Feds alleged that colleges were failing to adequately prevent, report, and adjudicate appropriately instances of sexual assault or date rape. Princeton and others contended that a higher preponderance of evidence than that compelled by Title 9 should be required to prove wrong-doing in personal relations. The University changed its policy on sexual misconduct this past year to comply fully with Title 9. One thing was clear: any student who forced sex on another student risked changing both their lives irrevocably.

- Violence in athletics: Larger, stronger, faster athletes have been crashing into each other with heightened velocity and impact, especially in football and hockey, causing increasingly traumatic injuries like brain concussions. (In his 1997 book, *Why Things Bite Back: Technology and the Revenge of Unintended Consequences*, our classmate Ed Tenner cited examples like the football helmet, whose protective function has been vastly improved, to the point it serves also as a weapon in blocking and tackling.)

Sophisticated medical instrumentation and analysis can now study concussive injuries more closely. The results are alarming. As a result, participation of young athletes in pre-high school football has begun to drop. Traditional attitudes still persist throughout the game: in a college football contest televised nationally last fall, the quarterback of one team was tackled hard and wobbled visibly when he stood up. His coach allowed him to stay in the game. Witnessed across the country, the incident set off a firestorm that contributed to the coach’s later resignation.

- Violence with guns: The shooting rampage at Virginia Tech on April 16, 2007, shocked the world yet again. The Sandy Hook Elementary School shootings in 2013 added further dimension to the word “horrific. It drove home still again the lesson that no place in our society is exempt from violence which can strike anytime—especially violence aided and abetted by tragically weak national gun laws.

The increased threat of violence has spawned basic changes in security at Princeton and campuses everywhere, just as throughout the rest of society. On that note, I found myself one serene Sunday morning on a walk around campus wondering where the University might secure a cache of grenade launchers, M-16s, and armored vehicles? Not in the Armory—it was gone. Where on campus that the *Daily Princetonian* couldn’t have discovered by now? My imagination had been stirred by a report in the *Chronicle of Higher Education* (September 2014) that 117 colleges and universities across the country had purchased military weapons and equipment to improve their campus security. The Department of Defense had provided the equipment through a federal program that transfers military surplus to campus law enforcement agencies.

It is hard to imagine any single action more contrary to the ethos of the university—that such weapons would have prevented the nightmares at Virginia Tech, or Sandy Hook, or Kent State in the spring of 1971, when National Guard troops fired 67 rounds in 13 seconds, killing four student protesters and wounding nine others. It was a chilling reminder of how efforts to combat terrorism can so easily become a source of terror themselves. Certainly such a situation could never happen at Princeton ... or could it?

One day last fall, at the corner of Washington Road and Nassau Street, by Firestone Library, I encountered a small band of placard-carriers pacing back and forth. Their signs had that familiar last-minute look of placards in the '60s and '70s: irregular handwriting slanting uphill or downhill, scrawled so often on the spot by protesters kneeling on the ground to write. A former employee of the University had gathered his family and friends to help him protest his termination by the University. It seemed like such a mismatch: the few versus the largest employer in Mercer County. Within minutes two town police cars and one campus security car appeared. The demonstration evaporated without much ado. Larger angrier protests would follow in the aftermath of the Ferguson and New York City police shootings. Princeton was still a place where people could and would disagree, speak out, and protest.

Proctor Axel secured the campus in our years. He was big and wide and could see into any second-story window on campus. His successor today is a fleet of white security cars and vans dashed with orange and black that regularly cruise the campus and adjoining streets. General automobile access to campus is strictly regulated during the day and prohibited at night, ending forever the days when cars of girls drove up and down Elm Drive running the gauntlet of inmates. Overnight parking on town streets is prohibited. Vehicles turning onto Nassau Street late at night often pass a patrol car parked at one end or another. The town feels safer, but what is “safer” anymore? Women students out late in distant parts of campus are urged to take a campus bus, or to call Campus Security for a ride to their rooms.

Electronic locks on all dorm entries and doors form an inner line of defense. Facilities like Dillon Gym funnel everyone through a staff control point where Princeton I.D. is required. A University website for security defines a wide gamut of problems that could occur: aggravated assault, burglary, drug abuse, liquor law violations, hate crimes, stalking, date violence, etc.—all terms from the glossary of potential campus violence anywhere. The website also lists any crimes that have occurred on campus in the preceding weeks. There's a quiet emergency plan for instantly converting Baker Rink into a temporary morgue.

PRINCETON in the early 1960s was a sleepy college town. Today Princeton is a Destination, a seemingly worthy candidate for the popular “36 Hours in...” feature of the Sunday *New York Times* Travel Section. During summers, buses regularly disgorge groups of tourists on Nassau Street who invade the campus pointing and shooting cameras. Sports camps populate the University's playing fields and dorms along with the town's ice cream and yogurt shops and pizza places and jiffy burger outlets. I overheard a University student leading a group of high school women athletes on Nassau Street asking them what they'd like to see, and then suggesting choices that included the Eating Clubs. One young woman turned to another and mouthed the question: “What are Eating Clubs?” Her companion shrugged her shoulders. It was helpful to be reminded that ignorance about Princeton University continues abroad in the land despite its ranking last year (again) by *U.S. News & World Report* as the top University in the country. Such ignorance must be dealt with.

Princeton woos visitors with its history, its charm as a colonial college town, its world-renowned university, and an array of brand-name stores and good, diverse restaurants ranked a star or two higher than Renwick's. (Lahiere's has retired from its esteemed place on Witherspoon Street. Maple Paint Store on Nassau Street, the second oldest store in town from our time, departed this spring, leaving Kopp's Cycle Shop as the only surviving shop left over from our day, although it has moved five times.) Traffic on Nassau and Witherspoon is dense. Parking spaces are almost always filled through evenings. Dick Challenger '44, now deceased, a long-time professor of history at the University and resident of the town, used to tell

alumni groups that as a student he could have fired a cannon down Nassau Street on any weekend and not hit a single person. But given the increased crowds and traffic, he said, he wished he could fire a cannon down Nassau.

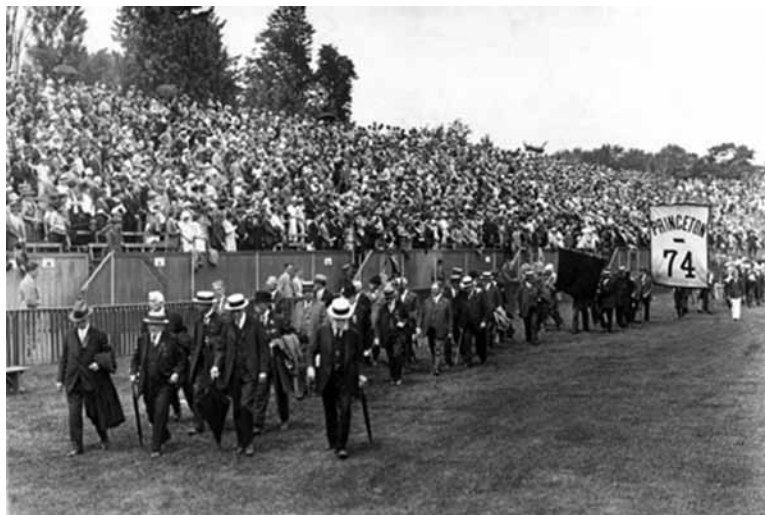
Had the University been thinking even further ahead than usual, it would have purchased houses and land in and around town to give to each member of our Class as graduation gifts—a reward for having persevered! The subsequent appreciation in property value would have enriched us and improved our capacity to contribute even more handsomely to Princeton’s Annual Giving. (I hasten to add that our generosity to Princeton is already significant indeed judging by our past performances in the yearly fundraising campaigns. From the University’s point of view, of course, financial significance is always worth increasing. In fact, to pay proper homage to the University’s own shrewd financial prowess, it has invested significantly in property contiguous and not so contiguous to the campus.)

The escalation of real estate prices in town contributes a certain on-going irony to life in Princeton: the University gives money to students to attend; residents pay more than ever to live in town. Ads for million-dollar-plus houses routinely fill local newspapers; high property taxes climb higher, ergo, lower income residents are driven out, or can’t buy in. While the University faculty, staff, and students are more diverse than ever, the town is less so. The desire to locate faculty and staff close enough to campus to facilitate their participation in campus life is under ever-increasing pressure. It’s a paradox not likely to be resolved anytime soon, if ever.

That’s the “give.” The “get” is that anchored by a world-class university, the town of Princeton today offers an even richer array of services and cultural activities. These are supplemented by the advantage of Princeton’s proximity to New York City and Philadelphia, and the relative ease and convenience for transportation to and from almost any point in the world.

THE NE PLUS ULTRA of campus walks for alumni is the P-rade. It marks the highlight of Reunions—the way it joins together the fun and fantasy of Reunions, of Princeton, and our lives as it winds us through the heart of campus. The P-rade has changed often over its history, but has retained its essential character. So famous is it that observers from other universities regularly visit campus to see how Princeton does it, or more properly, how its alumni do it.

Adding to its significance for me this year, our upcoming 50th Reunion P-rade has become a major next installment in my wife’s continuing education about Princeton. She is relatively new to the place so I have been doling out Princeton’s fabled spirit and humility to her in small quantities to avoid overwhelming her. Nothing in her background had prepared her for Reunions and the P-rade. In the beginning I overheard her conversations with her Canadian family and friends as she described her budding association with Princeton. Her tone always seemed restrained—perhaps a bit of awe, with a discernible hint of bemusement, or was it bewilderment? The ubiquity of orange and black had challenged her color wheel, which previously excluded orange as a viable and attractive color. I saw it as a teaching opportunity and began to introduce various small items of orange into her life. One day I presented her



a Princeton watch with an orange band. She never wore it, but assured me she would when the “right” occasion presented itself. I became more strategic. I told her about the historic domination of orange: orange was not just the new black, but had been at times the new crimson, the new blue, red, brown, etc.—the entire Ivy color wheel, in those many, many years since coeducation began with Princeton men’s and women’s teams dominating Ivy sports and achieving the most wins of any Ivy school; our undefeated football team and Ivy basketball crowns our senior year had likely spawned this prolonged phenomenon. Her eyes would roll upward when I made these points, but I was sure I was making progress.

As the date of our 50th Reunion drew nearer, I had begun to worry that she would not wear our colors. I feared that not doing so would immediately draw unwanted attention to her. But then she suddenly appeared one evening in dress rehearsal wearing ... orange pants, a black blouse and ... the coup de grace: the orange wristwatch. Once again the sheer beauty of orange and Princeton had prevailed.

THE COVER of the August 25, 2014, issue of *The New Yorker* featured a cartoon that might well be a caricature of Princeton’s Alumni P-rade: three men stand side-by-side on a beach in ankle-deep surf staring out to sea. Viewed in profile, they seem related, each at a different stage of life. Dressed exactly alike, and shirtless, they wear the exact same trunks whose color is a distant cousin of the orange family. The youngest man wears his low enough that the top of the crack in his rear cheeks is exposed, some two inches. Two inches is too modest for young people, but enough to suggest he is still young though moving unmistakably toward early middle age if the outward slope of his abdomen is any indication.

The trunks of the second man are more challenged to gain a secure hold as the uphill slope of his stomach has become more prominent. His suit is cinched higher. His thinning hair indicates he is in mid-life, perhaps the father of the first man. The trunks of the third man, who is likely the patriarch of the trio, are pulled quite high to cover a most generous stomach. Almost all of his hair is attending reunions elsewhere. The smile on his face suggests a bit of attitude: “Show me something I haven’t seen yet.”

This cover by Danny Shanahan is entitled *Trunk Show*, and it might easily be a Selfie of the P-rade: If we could dress all 20,000 alumni in the P-rade in identical orange and black trunks, line them up oldest to youngest, then parade them by us, our lives as Princetonians over the last half century would unfurl like a living banner. Every stage would be recaptured, revealed, each a distinct unit compressed in space and time, flowing quickly by—in their entirety, a living and lively scrapbook.



Our P-rade ... what medieval buffoonery! We dress in guild costumes (Mexican bullfighters, Roman Gladiators, convicts, Apache dancers, cowboys, Arabs, knights, playing cards, pirates, etc.). Because we are all dressed alike, we are happily inconspicuous, if not anonymous. It’s democracy in its purest form the way it transforms all of us into Princetonians marching through life in an ever-lengthening line of orange and black.

Changes at Princeton always manifest themselves in the P-rade sooner or later. The younger classes have become virtual armadas of alumni pushing and pulling children and contrivances like baby strollers and

pets. They take forever to fall into line. This often backs up the other classes who must stop in place and wait. When the P-rade reaches Dillon Gym, a veritable army of seniors piles aboard.

More marchers require, of course, longer and longer P-rades. That will put increasing pressure on its current route, just six-tenths of a mile long, to accommodate everyone. In the early days of coeducation, some alumni-watchers began to fear that the P-rade would become too big, too long. Alumni and spectators alike would lose interest and begin to abandon it, as they had the baseball game. They petitioned the Alumni Reunions Committee to nip the problem in the bud: it published a ban whereby, henceforth, only alumni would be allowed to march. Spouses, children, friends, and pets would be relegated to the sidelines. Sons and Daughters of Princeton! Letters and phone calls from angry alumni deluged Nassau Hall with the kind of threats that only alumni can make. With astonishing speed, a second ban shot forth banning the first ban.

Future changes in the campus will continue, of course, and could affect the P-rade route. For instance, the “center of campus” has shifted from Elm Drive to Frist Student Center located in the old Palmer Hall. The next new edge of campus may well push down Western Way, which runs from Roper Lane parallel to Prospect Street in the direction of Kingston. The main entrance to Princeton Stadium is located on Western Way along with the baseball fields and the Ferris Thomson faculty and staff apartments. Such expansion will nudge the existing baseball fields further down the hill toward Lake Carnegie, and the apartments into oblivion. Will this affect the P-rade?

The increasing presence of artificial joints and miracle medicines is making it possible for more alumni to live longer active lives and ... march. Here again, the legend and lore of the P-rade is instructive: once upon a time, an elderly alumnus too ill to get to campus on his own hired an ambulance to deliver him in time to march the route. He reached the end of the P-rade, climbed back in the ambulance, and was transported home where he died shortly thereafter. Future 50th year classes will continue to grow younger until ... one day the 50th becomes the new 25th, hence the Honor Class leading the P-rade. We shall see at our 100th.

IN ANY CASE, the one certainty we can count on is that the P-rade will always march downhill to its terminus to accommodate especially the older classes, and the older classes will always lead the P-rade after the honor class. This latter development was set in stone in the early days of the last century when the P-rade ended at the baseball field where it was followed by the Princeton-Yale baseball game. In the rush for the best seats, older classes were outrun by younger classes. Seeking redress and advantage, the older classes pushed through the Alumni Reunion Committee an order of march that placed them in the front ranks where they have remained since, right after the 25th Reunion Class—which in those days was considered the peak of their maturity, thus conferring on them the honor of leading the P-rade. This quickly became a tradition, which endured after the baseball game was discontinued in the late '60s because of decreasing interest and increasing expense. The route may change periodically to adjust to changing campus topography and the ever-growing population of marchers, but come what may, the prevailing theme is oldest first, and downhill forever.

If there weren't a P-rade, someone would have had to invent one as others have tried elsewhere. It is the most visible pronouncement of the relationship between Princeton and its alumni. No other university parades its alumni with such fanfare and effect: Tons and tons of alumni marchers in orange and black costumes, who serve Princeton in innumerable ways, from trustees across to reunions planners, class and chapters officers, Annual Giving solicitors, alumni who interview prospective students, alumni rank and file who attend Princeton events in the more than 160 Princeton chapters and alumni organizations around the country and world; alumni who donate yearly to Princeton's Annual Giving, some 60-plus percent, a number that ranks Princeton among the top five in American universities each year in participation and in total dollars raised. Last year, that number exceeded \$60 million; last year's 50th alone contributed over \$5 million! Counting for our Class continues at this writing.)

The P-rade is the manifestation of our extensive and ardent affair with the University, and with each other—one that each of us and the University have been feeding all these years. At a grass roots level, we have re-united periodically with each other ever since we graduated. On some of my campus walks, out would come my cell phone and I'd text one of my four remaining roommates, all of whom still live on the other side of the continent. The anthropologist ever at work, observing and discovering, I wanted to report—at least share—a possible Eureka moment about Princeton, its meaning, and why it matters. Over the years, my roommates and I have met periodically around the country to renew our friendship and our conversation about Princeton. At these gatherings, we always sooner or later return to the God question: What did Princeton matter when we were there and what does it matter now? Our 50th would be another chance to pin down an answer if we could.

WHEN we watch the Class of 2015 in the P-rade, memories of ourselves as seniors will flit in and out: We had selected Princeton to apply to, which had had the great good sense to select us in return; we matriculated, dug foxholes to protect our vulnerabilities; endured single-sex education, Chapel rules, Bicker, the legendary precept ... ah, the precept ... with its acute fear that the professor might call on you when you couldn't think of that key 'cept, let alone anything that might be bright and winning.

The magnificent Edward Johnson, professor of English, taught an introductory course on Victorian Literature. Weekly he descended from his podium to conduct a precept, the quintessential sartorially splendid Ivy League Professor dressed in silvery white hair, tweed coat, tie and vest. He could frequently be observed dining at lunch at a window table at Lahiere's. He embodied Princeton's ethos about the duality of professors: frontline teachers as well as scholars. He assigned us one thick book a week the like of *Tom Jones*, and began his precepts with a starter question that demanded a key 'cept from us. If none was promptly forthcoming, as was usually the case, he waited, popping his lips with each drag on his cigarette. The soft pops provided background rhythm for our thinking ... until finally someone articulated a key 'cept. Admittedly in the beginning I always thought it was the keyest 'cept I'd ever heard, and admired its owner's brilliance. As time passed, I became skeptical that it was the "keyest" 'cept, or even a 'cept, in favor of a suspicion that it was an instance of admirably crafted bullshit, although nonetheless deserving of praise on its own merits. We endured the precept, sweated spring exams, and then it was summer. Released for three months and a normal life that would again include girls and air-conditioning, we dashed for home. My roommates drove cross country to their homes in the Pacific Northwest, speeding through eastern Montana and eastern Washington at 100 mph, driving round-the-clock to break their previous record. Then, as August wound down, we looked forward to getting back: We loved leaving, we loved returning ... nothing about Princeton seemed easy.

The P-rade records both who is marching, and who has left: The 100th year class, the Class of 1915 no longer marches in the P-rade. Two of my seven-total roommates are not marching: Dave Chen died of a heart attack in the spring of 1999; Jim Moren, of cancer last April. They are still among us, however. We hear their voices, their jokes and quips, their anxieties, and their laughter. We miss them terribly. So is it for all of us who have lost Princeton classmates and friends.

When the Senior Class reaches Bloomberg Arch at the entrance to Poe-Pardee fields it pauses to gather stragglers and await the return of the University Band, which has led the 25th and is doubling back to do the same for the seniors. The Band will front the seniors through the arch past the cheering alumni audience, and past the reviewing stand, where the President of the University, the Chair of the Trustees, and the President of the Alumni Association, among others, will officially greet them.

The seniors burst out of the arch running and yelling. They are in a hurry to get on with their lives, to make their mark. They have that in common with our class, with every class; they are also the same age we were then. Amazing! The same age, every year. If they are the same as us more or less, they are indisputably different in another, as were we from our slightly-leaning forbearers in the Class of 1915. This newest

class can expect an average life span (for American males and females) of 72 for men, 79 for women. The averages for the Class of 1915 were 50, for their wives, 53. Our numbers are 62 and 66. Those in the P-grade bear witness to the fact we have already beaten the averages. Can the 100th indeed be far away?

As the seniors sprint past, we admire their energy and hopes for the future. Were we in as much of a hurry? Running purports to get you where you want to go more quickly, but doesn't it also get you there faster? 50 years! It's all gone so fast. A speed-rush. We've accelerated, gained, collided, spun backwards, accelerated again, forward, backward, sideways—like bumper cars, not always gaining ground, but always in motion, always moving fast, so fast....

I still scramble: loved ones to love harder, more...my wife June, my children Lisa and David '91, step-children Rebecca and Erika, sister, grandchildren, friends—to love and cherish them more, more, more; lists of unread books, exotic places to visit, foods to eat, etc. The speed rush continues in our 50th year because the lists continue to grow, possessed of a life of their own. They began before Princeton, but Princeton expanded and intensified them and now, supported by my titanium joints, they appear unending. This year is the 100th Reunion of the Class of 1915; at our 100th Reunion, this year's Senior Class will march and celebrate its 50th. Behind them, the newest class, 2065, will rush forward to get to the front. In that respect Princeton hasn't changed.

The Boys of Fall, Winter and Spring

J. MICHAEL PARISH '65

AMONG the many things we didn't know when we arrived on campus in the late summer of 1961, with our panoply of high school football, basketball, hockey, tennis, track, and lacrosse captains, was that we were in for the ride of our lives, a ride that many who were not classmates would, as the old saw goes, have given their eye teeth for. When Charlie Gibson was asked not long ago by an incoming freshman if he would share his favorite memory of his undergraduate years, he paused, smiled, and then shook his head no. For those of us from the pre-coeducation era the answer was, so to speak, transparent. But it would be understandable if someone had suggested that it involved Cos throwing the football into the Yale Bowl end zone not once but twice, or Ken Shank scoring the last 8 points of the 109-69 victory over Providence that sent us to the National Championship, as it was then called. Those points almost doubled the career point total of our beloved "Secret Weapon." Or it might have been when the team returned with a third-place finish which included Bill Bradley's record-setting 58 points in his last collegiate game and Bill apologized to all of us for not beating Michigan, to be answered by a wise (ass) classmate shouting "Yeah, apologize 58 times!"

Not all the memories are smiles, just as life is not one long Houseparties weekend, or a Spring Break trip to Puerto Rico with Will McClave and Mike (Chabot) Smith. We lost by one to Michigan in the Holiday Festival over Christmas break, the first sign of how good we would become (yes, it was Bill, the one and only, but always “us” as well, and always will be). The Dartmouth disaster in the snow after the game had been postponed because of JFK’s assassination, with the Ivy crown on the line, was the epitome of heart-break. The other, other Mike Smith broke his leg and had the chutzpah (not a term ordinarily associated with The Hill School) to mount a picture of his being carried off the field over his desk in his dorm room, which may have served as inspiration for off-field achievements of some magnitude. Up in Ithaca no one, not even Houdini, could catch Gary Wood, who went on to a decent career with the Giants displaying the same elusiveness. (Add to your Princeton trivia collection these facts—Tarkenton’s son was a wide-out who played not a lot, Franco Harris’s son never went out for football, and we got the smartest son of John Thompson, while Georgetown got the other two, until John III succumbed to his father’s magnetism and now coaches at his brothers’ alma mater—note that the old man played for Providence! Bill Walton ditto, except for the coaching.)

All this was not built on air. A pub in midtown Manhattan features banners from Chapel Hill reflecting five national championships in basketball. I’ve asked the owner several times if I could bring him a Princeton banner noting 22 national football championships, but he always gets distracted by a customer shouting for another Guinness. We should also not forget the NCAA fencing championship won our sophomore year by a team including the late John O’Sullivan ’65 and the Olympic gold John Allis won in cycling. My son, who went to Yale to annoy me, and whom I took to several of Bill Tierney’s national championship lacrosse wins, once asked if Princeton ever won a national championship in any sport anyone knew about. I did remark that the more enlightened of our citizenry regard squash, track and field, lacrosse and crew, of either sex, and yes field hockey, as much purer sports than the ones where the trophies so often have to be returned, Heisman and team, when the fraud and malfeasance (cheating, in the world of two syllable words) are brought to light, as they sometimes are. Now I can also observe that Yale seems only to win in sailing, which speaks for itself (OK, ice hockey once, but they beat Quinnipiac in the finals).

As a life-long underperformer on the field, in the gym, and certainly on the rink (I did once strap on a pair of ice skates and leaned immobile on my stick for three long periods to earn Terrace Club a point in the interclub standings since our sixth skater was trying to finish his thesis experiment involving the bonding of metal to something it can’t bond to), my hat is off and my hands are clapping as loud and hard as they can for all the efforts of our classmates who put in so much time and such extraordinary effort to earn those memories, for “us” and themselves, and those letters, and wear them with justified and pardonable pride, even if they had more success with the girls than I ever did.

Finally, because of a personal commitment to keep to 1,000 words (you may be able to get a 4.4 GPA these days, but no winning percentage is better than 1.000), two memories stand out in particular. Coming to New York City after law school, sharing season tickets to the Knicks then seemed automatic. Under the category of Winning is the Best Revenge, those teams won two championships and played some of the most beautiful team basketball anyone has ever seen, but only when Cazzie Russell, formerly of Michigan, was injured and permanently replaced in the starting lineup by William Warren Bradley, Princeton ’65, Olympic captain and gold medal winner, and a member of the NCAA and NBA Halls of Fame, whose statue now graces the entrance to Jadwin. The other, simpler but equally powerful, is of a flagstone in the middle of the walk into Holder Court towards Commons, on which was painted, in early December 1964, in bright orange, the simple outline of a crown fit for Richard the Lion-Hearted and bearing the legend “King Cos—9 and 0!”