A PUBLICATION OF THE STANFORD ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

STANFORD

Autumn 2026



Forget Me Not

125 years ago, Alois Alzheimer met a woman who was losing her memories.

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Here is what he couldn't see



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Deborah Bennett
Stanford BA '77
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FEATURES

The Search

In 1901, German physician Alois Alzheimer met the patient who would compel him to study the disease that now bears his name. Today, Stanford researchers are revealing new flanks to attack in humanity's battle against the most common form of dementia, using tools from imaging to immunology.

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The Gag Economy

Amy Kurzweil, '09, and **Kendra Allenby**, '10, have hustled—bartending, doing temp work, teaching art, dance, and writing. All the while, they've drawn. And they've thought. And they've put the two together to create what Allenby calls the "most satisfying thing in the world": *New Yorker* cartoons.

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Seeing the Forest

This year, the alumni body became a quarter-million strong. We live in 163 countries and all 50 states. More than 50 percent of us came to the Farm for graduate degrees. And about 10 percent of us married a fellow Card. Learn fun facts about Nerd Nation and meet the 250,000th alumnus.

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stanfordmag.org

Career advice from documentary film producer Ellie Wen, '09, MFA '19

Video of MD candidate Josie Pearce, JD '26

COVER: CATRIN WELZ-STEIN. **THIS PAGE, CLOCKWISE FROM LEFT:** AMY KURZWEIL; KENDRA ALLENBY; LUCILE PRACHE; TONI BIRD; ABF CREATIVE

Dialogue

History's Lessons

The Summer issue included stories on Stanford's 50-year streak of NCAA team titles and the incarceration of Japanese American students during World War II.



There is an interesting tie between these stories. Tara VanDerveer, coach for the three women's basketball titles, was the first Setsuko Ishiyama Director of Women's Basketball. Like some of the Stanford students in your story, Ms. Ishiyama was sent to the assembly center at Santa Anita racetrack, then to the Manzanar internment camp. She was allowed to transfer to the Heart Mountain camp in Wyoming for her wedding. Though I never had the pleasure of meeting Ms. Ishiyama, I know she was revered by Stanford women's basketball fans and those who worked to preserve Heart Mountain, two groups close to my heart that she helped immensely.

Steve Easton, JD '83
Fort Collins, Colorado

I first learned of this painful World War II history over 40 years ago at Stanford, where friends and fellow students shared how family members were incarcerated solely due to their Japanese ethnicity, while those of German or Italian ancestry were not. Racial justice has advanced, but recent years have brought setbacks. As a Chinese American physician and former researcher at the National Institutes of Health and the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention, I closely observed the Department of Justice's China Initiative, which targeted academics of Chinese descent without any evidence of espionage. Instead of improving national security, as was also the goal of the internment of Japanese Americans, this program has harmed careers, fostered mistrust, and reduced academic collaboration. I appreciate that many Stanford leaders were among the first to question the initiative publicly, balancing security concerns with fairness.

Jack Herrera's article reminds us that history's lessons are critically important. By remembering and applying them to present-day challenges, we can strive for a more equitable and productive future.

Dale Hu, '83
Bethesda, Maryland

Calling Bull

A Summer story chronicled the path of Ryan Jae, '19, to bull rider and rodeo photographer.

While I enjoyed going to a rodeo as a kid in Houston in the 1960s, I was a bit surprised to see an article these days lauding an alumnus for his frequent participation in a "sport" now widely recognized as a form of animal cruelty. In fact, the gruesome activity only survives because of special exemption from the federal Animal Welfare Act. What next, Cardinal pride at a bullfight or greyhound race?

David DeCrane, MBA '86
Santa Monica, California

Air Grievances

The Summer issue featured highlights and accomplishments from Class Notes, including the recent travels of several alumni.

I found myself reading the "wanderlust" item. I do creative research around aviation, and I'm fascinated by the ways we choose to use airplanes and how these choices are connected to so many other systems. Of course, air travel causes massive amounts of pollution, and its economic structure tends to reinforce inequality. But I find that narratives that place guilt on consumers for choosing to fly are not very effective. They may even be harmful since they can distract us from the fact that the people with power to regulate and reimagine our infrastructures and consumption are failing to do so.

With that in mind, I don't intend to tell anyone how to make their own choices about flying—I myself live in Europe and fly to the United States to visit my family once or twice a year. But in a summer when much of the world is experiencing record heat and wildfires, it felt jarring to see STANFORD celebrate leisure flying and the accumulation of millions of airline miles. The world in which we could use these measures as a

PETER CROWTHER

shorthand for appreciating the benefits of travel no longer exists—if it ever did. As long as we're flying with fossil fuels, those benefits and the harms of pollution—both undeniable—will be intertwined.

Maggie Oran, '09
Berlin, Germany

Corrections

A Summer feature story about Stanford's 50-year NCAA title streak listed the women's golf team as the 2025-26 runner-up, rather than the winner.

The Summer obituary for Graduate School of Business professor Charles Bonini should have indicated that his son Charles predeceased him and should not have indicated that his daughter Cissie was an alumna. In his obituary, Gail Ray Patterson, '63, should have been identified as male, rather than female.

Write to Us

dialogue@alumni.stanford.edu

Letters may be edited for length, clarity, and civility, and may appear in print, online, or both.

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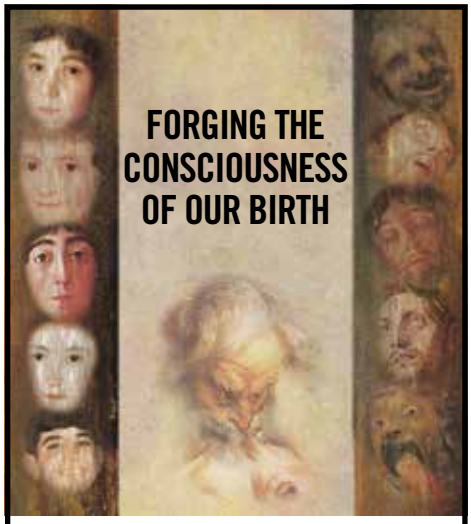


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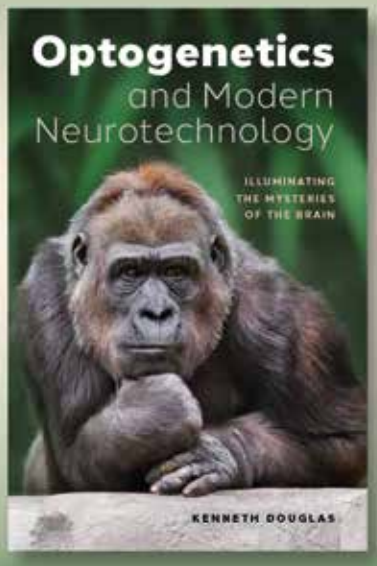
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Robert C. Malenka, M.D., Ph.D.
Pritzker Professor
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Stanford University

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Editor's Note

KATHY ZONANA, '93, JD '96

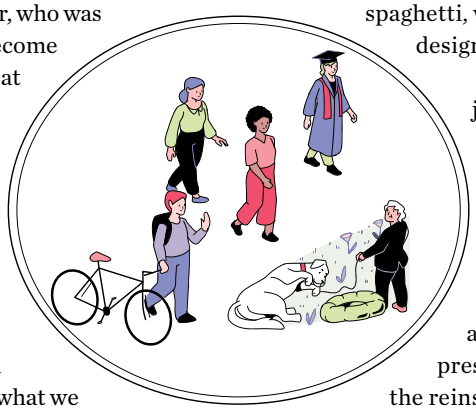
Off the Charts

Data, stories, and the alumni connections in between.

NERD NATION is a quarter-million strong.

That's right. For the first time in history, there are more than 250,000 living Stanford alumni. There were, in fact, 251,748 in July. Our number inevitably dwindles a bit before growing at the end of each quarter, but that's the count we've used to paint a portrait of the alumni body.

In our story package that begins on page 64, you'll meet Steven Miller, who was slated, as of June 1, to become the 250,000th alumnus at Commencement on June 14. He completed a PhD in chemistry, which was one of Stanford's founding departments when it was established in 1891. You'll also dive into charts and statistics that show you what we studied then and now (econ is a perennial undergraduate favorite), where we live, and, to some extent, who we married.



You'll notice some puzzlements. How, for example, did Stanford grant 144 doctoral degrees in 1891 when it didn't open its doors until October of that year? In fact, those were graduates of Cooper Medical College, retroactively counted as alumni after Stanford adopted the San Francisco medical school in 1908.

Another technical point: Under the definition adopted several decades ago by the Board of Trustees, an alum is anyone who spent three or more quarters in a degree-granting program. In simpler terms: Finish your first year? You're one of us.

As you can probably discern, we went deep into the data, and it revealed stories—some of which we could explain and others we could not. It's pretty evident why Stanford enrollment dips during world wars and rises after the first G.I. Bill, for instance. It's less clear why undergraduate majors undergo major turnover at certain moments, but whenever the lines on our source graph started to look like spaghetti, we knew it was time to designate another era.

Speaking of eras, we've just moved from one to another here at the Stanford Alumni Association, as Howard Wolf, '80, retired after 25 years as vice president for alumni affairs and president of SAA, handing the reins to Michelle Landrey Cline, '93, MBA '98. You'll read about them, too, in the story package; I'll just note here, for the record, that Michelle's arrival brings the Class of '93 to 8.3 percent of this magazine's masthead.

One of Howard's last official acts as president was to track down his classmate Amy Walker Slankard, '80, and her brother, Scott Walker, '78, so we could identify them in our 1,000 Words photo of frosh move-in 1976 (page 8). It's an example of how human connection and community carry on long after our student days—another type of portrait of the alumni body. ■

Email Kathy at kathyz@stanford.edu.

STANFORD

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President's Column
JONATHAN LEVIN, '94



The Value of Open Minds

Bringing Stanford to alumni communities near and far.

STANFORD: What are your priorities as you enter the third year of your presidency?

Jon Levin: When I started, I had a strong sense of what makes Stanford such a remarkable and distinctive institution: our excellence across disciplines, our ability to collaborate, our location at the center of global innovation, and our culture of openness and optimism. Two years in, I have a clearer appreciation of what matters for Stanford's future. We help to define the frontiers of knowledge. We're going to be at the forefront of how advances in technology, especially artificial intelligence, enable discovery and reshape education and the world. We're also reaffirming the value of humanistic and civic thought. They're at the core of liberal education, and essential to the creativity, reflection, and vibrant debate at the heart of Stanford's curriculum and culture. Finally, it's an important moment for American universities to renew the broad public support that's critical for our country to lead the world, and we're working nationally with our peers to do this.

How are you sharing Stanford's work with alumni?

We launched the Stanford Open Minds tour 18 months ago. It's been a huge success, and will continue this year in five or six new cities. We've drawn 350 to 1,000-plus alumni at each event. Each one is different but they follow the same format. I start with an opening discussion, often with our Board of Trustees chair, Lily Sarafan ['03, MS '03]. A group of faculty give microlectures about their research, and there's a conversation featuring Stanford academic leaders about an important strategic topic.

The faculty talks have been amazing: flexible robots, beating-heart-transplant surgery, Renaissance painters, the Martin Luther King Jr. papers project. We've had panel discussions on our efforts to promote civil discourse, how AI is changing education, the vibrancy of the arts at Stanford, and what we're doing to secure the future of athletics. The faculty bring the curiosity and enthusiasm for learning that alumni remember to each event.

What have you taken away from your conversations at Open Minds?

It's given me a chance to meet thousands of alumni, from recent graduates to those who attended 70 years ago. We've been drawing undergraduate alumni as well as PhDs, MBAs, MDs, JDs, and graduates of all of our master's programs. I'm always struck by the breadth of paths our alumni have followed, and by their common love for Stanford and the people they met here.

I think the events are giving alumni the chance to reconnect with Stanford and the energy of being a student, and they've been a joy for the faculty as well. The buzz of discussion is wonderful. At a time when there are a lot of challenges for universities, it's a reminder of the extraordinary research that happens at Stanford and the durability of the bonds that students form with each other and the institution.

What lies ahead for Stanford's alumni association?

As of our 2026 Commencement, we have 250,000 living alumni. They are all over the world, contributing to their communities and making the most of their Stanford education. The alumni association provides so many ways for alumni to connect back to the work of the university. We have a big transition this year because Howard Wolf ['80] is retiring after 25 years as president of the Stanford Alumni Association. He's been a tremendous leader. I'm thrilled that we've recruited Michelle Landrey Cline ['93, MBA '98] as his successor. She's been involved at Stanford for 30 years and has a rare ability to light up a room and to inspire people to come together. That's important because Stanford alumni have so much to contribute to the world, and to our students who are on campus today. ■

Do you have a question for a future column?
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Go Your Own Way

The analog TV. The typewriter case. The ten-speed, flare pants, and feathered hair. Move-in must-haves may have changed since **Amy Walker Slankard**, ’80, settled into Larkin 50 years ago (with help from her brother, **Scott Walker**, ’78, and parents, Mary Alyce and Nelson), but the feeling of your first day on the Farm cuts across generations.

PHOTO:
CHUCK PAINTER/STANFORD NEWS SERVICE



What was the most important item you brought to Stanford?

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DUARFLEX

Welcome the New SAA Board Members

Stanford Alumni Association Board Chair David Hornik, '90, reports that five alumni representatives have agreed to serve on the SAA Board of Directors.

The following alumni began their terms on September 1, 2026.



BROOKS ALLEN, '97
Los Gatos, CA

Brooks Allen serves as the Education Policy Advisor to California Governor Gavin Newsom and Executive Director of the State Board of Education. Prior to being appointed in 2020, Brooks held several roles in the education sector, and worked at the ACLU of Southern California as Director of Education Advocacy. Throughout his career, he has been an advocate for educational equity, inspired by his time on campus working with Upward Bound students. Brooks earned his B.A. from Stanford and his J.D. from Yale Law School. He lives in Los Gatos, California with his wife, Roneeta Guha, '98, and their two children.



CHARLEY DEAN, '00, MBA '05
Austin, TX

Charley Dean is the Founder of Point Rider, an investment firm pairing opportunistic investing with active executive leadership. With over two decades of VC and PE experience, Charley has held investment roles at Northgate, Thomas Weisel Partners, and Cargill, and was CEO of Boundless Network. He has served on the Buck/Cardinal Club and The Trail Conservancy boards, and guest lectured on entrepreneurial finance at UT Austin. Charley played on the 2000 Rose Bowl team and now lives in Austin, with his wife, Emily ('06), and their two boys. They are often found skiing on Lake Austin or in Jackson, Wyoming.



RACHEL GILLUM, MA '09, PHD '14
Berkeley, CA

Dr. Rachel Gillum is an AI governance and policy leader focused on how advanced technologies are developed, deployed, and trusted in high-stakes settings. She is Vice President of Ethical and Humane Use of Technology at Salesforce, where she founded and leads the AI policy and Trust & Safety function across Salesforce and Slack. Previously, she advised CEOs and boards on geopolitical risk at the firm co-founded by former Secretary of State Condoleezza Rice, and served as a U.S. government intelligence analyst. A longtime affiliate of Stanford's Immigration Policy Lab, Rachel has served on bipartisan AI commissions with the U.S. Chamber of Commerce and the Atlantic Council.



NJI NNAMANI, '07, MA '08, MBA '13
Portland, OR

Nji Nnamani is the Vice President & General Manager of Basketball at Jordan Brand (Nike Inc.), leading the global basketball business with end-to-end responsibility for product, marketing, and marketplace. Prior to this, she spent six years in key leadership roles at Nike and worked in investment banking at Bank of America Merrill Lynch. Nji earned her BA, MA and MBA from Stanford. As an undergraduate on the Farm, she was a member and co-captain of the varsity volleyball team and won an NCAA championship. She currently lives in Portland, Oregon with her family.



DENISE PECK, MBA '85
Belmont, CA

Denise Peck helps Asian professionals to bridge Eastern and Western leadership styles, developing the skills and cultural fluency to build influence, accelerate careers, and lead with confidence in U.S. organizations. As an Executive Advisor to Ascend and MJAA, she has designed and delivered leadership programs and mentored professionals from emerging leaders to senior executives. Denise previously spent 30 years leading global marketing and operations teams at Sun Microsystems and Cisco. She founded and served as Co-President of Stanford GSB's Asian Alumni Chapter from 2016-26. She and her husband, Tim Peck, have two children, Spencer Peck '09, and Ariana Peck '12, PhD '18.

The Stanford Alumni Association is a division of Stanford University. Under authority delegated by the university's Board of Trustees, the SAA Board is responsible for setting priorities for Stanford's alumni affairs and for ongoing relations between alumni and the university.

WHO WE ARE

Meet Josie Pearce

Doctor, lawyer—why not both?



"I always wanted to be a lawyer. I did not know I wanted to be a doctor. So, that was a surprise twist that came a bit later."

TONI BIRD

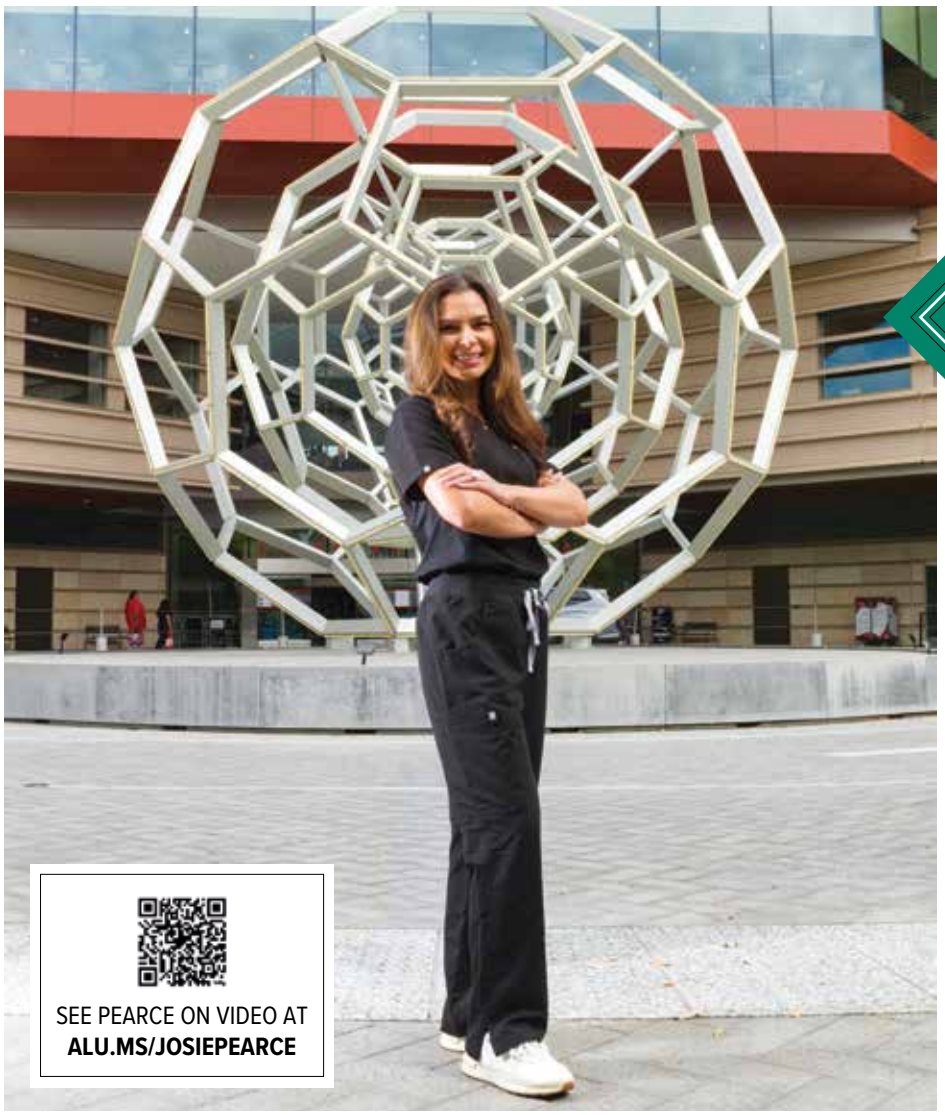
AT THE END OF HER FIRST YEAR of medical school, **Josie Pearce**, JD '26, was studying for finals and prepping for the bar exam while also planning her wedding, which was strategically scheduled after the bar but before her second year of medical school.

"There was literally no other time to get married," says Pearce, who, as a joint JD/MD candidate, is a rarity at Stanford. "I know it seems like now, looking back on all of this, that it was so perfectly planned out. Like, I just went to law school and then applied to med school and it all worked out. But the reality—it wasn't like that."

Growing up in Orange County, Pearce knew in fifth grade she wanted to be a lawyer. At 15, she was diagnosed with lupus, a chronic disease that causes an array of symptoms, from joint pain to rashes to debilitating fatigue. The high doses of antibiotics and immunosuppressant drugs prescribed by her doctors helped, but by 19, she grew worried about side effects. She decided to change to a plant-based diet and set a firm sleep schedule—lifestyle changes that returned much of her energy and allowed her to eliminate medications for a while.

After graduating from Dartmouth College, still set on law school, she realized that medical school might also benefit her career aims within health policy.

"In medical school, I get to have conversations with patients about changing diet and lifestyle," she says. "I hope one day I can impact people on a much broader scale with health policy changes that will affect millions." ■



SEE PEARCE ON VIDEO AT **ALU.MS/JOSIEPEARCE**

TONI BIRD

"At 19, I was on antibiotics about seven times a year, which is insane, for bronchitis, ear infections, for all this stuff. I kept getting more infections due to the immunosuppressants I was taking. I told my doctors I wanted to change my diet. It took two years to get off anti-inflammatories completely.

◆

"I do think a large proportion of healthcare providers are comfortable putting people on medication for their entire life while not simultaneously having important discussions about lifestyle changes where they could potentially help. I have found this in my health care experience, and I know a lot of other people experience similar things.

◆

"I had taken almost zero science classes when I decided to apply to medical school. I was working in a Boston law firm as a legal assistant and then a public relations assistant while getting a post-bac at Harvard to get my premed requirements. It seems like people who have a law degree and want to work in health policy are lacking patient experience and, on the medical side of things, people seem to lack the understanding of our political and legal system. I was like, I want to be the person that can do both.

◆

"I hardly ever get flare-ups of lupus now. Maybe once a year, which is great. My lifestyle has pretty much stayed the same. People assume I just don't sleep because of all the stuff that I'm doing, but that couldn't be further from the truth. I know that I could wake up tomorrow and have a major problem with no forewarning. Lupus can be fatal. But for people with controlled lupus, you can live a fairly normal life."



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Pull Up a Chair

How two architects are making furniture fanciful.

A DECADE INTO HIS ARCHITECTURE CAREER, Justin Donnelly, '02, was working on large industrial projects when he reconnected with Monling Lee, a friend from architecture school at the University of Maryland. The pair discovered a shared longing to escape some of the rigidity associated with their day jobs.

"Architecture can be rather austere when you are focused on functionality, and we wanted it to be more fun and creative," Donnelly says. He and Lee decided to partner on a slightly tangential venture. "We chose furniture because we could put our hands on the material—squish it and weld it," Donnelly says. "We wanted to see our designs come to life and put it in our houses."

In 2018, Jumbo was born. Donnelly and Lee have filled the New York-based design studio with unexpected shapes, bright colors, and plenty of whimsy. They've created pool floats in the shapes of pasta and a squiggle-shaped pitcher designed to resemble an inchworm. Then there's the squat Foldont Chair, which doesn't fold, and the large, curvy Fortune Chair—modeled on the cookie and offered in tasty colors such as crispy brown and licorice. "Instead of smart and sophisticated, we wanted to make things that were like ice cream or jelly, creating a softening of the heart," Donnelly says. "It's a lot about instant desire. People want to touch it, even lick it."

They're aiming, he says, to evoke the modern aesthetic sensibilities of "cute, interesting, and zany," as described by cultural theorist and University of Chicago English professor Sianne Ngai in her book *Our Aesthetic Categories*, published in 2012, when Ngai was a professor at Stanford. Take Jumbo's Dumb Chair—inspired by mattresses dumped on the streets of New York. Donnelly and Lee squished together mattress toppers, drilled a steel bolt through the foam, and sprayed it all with hot fluid-applied rubber, "which allows you to see all the squishing of the foam inside," Donnelly says. "It's cute, it's delightful."







NOODLING AROUND: Donnelly and, clockwise from top, Pool Pastas, Fortune Chairs, Neotenic Chair and Lamp, and Foldont Chair.

In 2025, the Fortune Chair was an *Interior Design* magazine Best in 20 winner and *Azure* magazine's AZ People's Choice Award for Single-Piece Furniture. And Donnelly and Lee are coming full circle: Under the Jumbo label, they developed the architectural and landscape design for an Alexandria, Va., wastewater pumping station. It went online in July. They're currently designing a waste transfer facility for Alexandria. "We designed the buildings with a shape dictated by the functional requirements," he says. "Then, we got to be creative and experiment with beautiful facade materials, recapturing the fun of architecture." But no licking these, please. ■

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP: SHAWN MCCARNEY; MARIUS CHIRA/DWR; JUMBO NYC; CHRIS CAMPBELL

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A Plucky Ensemble

The creation of a 'ukestra.'

AFTER A LIFETIME of strumming and plucking, **Nancy Piver**, '65, has more ukuleles than she's prepared to tally. The oldest is from her mother's 1935 visit to Hawaii. "I don't dare count," she says. "It's a fair number." There are ukuleles in every room of her home in San Luis Obispo, Calif., ready for use as the craving arises. "All of my ukuleles are in plain sight so I can pick up any one of them and play it if I want," she says.



Piver's great joy, however, isn't in solo home performances; it's in being part of something larger. Not long after Piver started to play piano by ear at age 4, her kindergarten teacher asked her to play Christmas carols as her classmates sang along. It was both her "first gig" and a lasting lesson. She didn't need to be a star—she thrilled in accompanying others.

As an adult, she indulged that love with a three-person piano bench for six-handed songs. The ukulele has allowed her to embrace ensemble playing at a larger scale. For the past two decades, Piver has served as musical director of the SLO Strummers ukulele club on the Central Coast. She arranges songs—from baroque to ragtime and swing—with a sophistication that belies the group's punny name. "I like to make the music interesting for every player," she says. For the past two years, Piver has organized the multiday Ukulele Ensemble Extravaganza, which brings together aficionados from across the country to join in a "ukestra," a portmanteau of ukulele and orchestra. Nearly 40 people attended last year's event in Portland, Ore., to play a dozen pieces they'd been practicing on their own for months. At this year's event, in August, friends and family were invited to listen in on the final night. "There's nothing like the feeling of an ensemble, everyone playing together with the same mindset, listening to each other," she says. "It's magic."

It's never too late to start, Piver says. Her own arrangements give roles for master musicians as well as "confident beginners." Or you can just enjoy listening to the music. There's something about the ukulele that makes people smile, Piver says. One in every room? Even more so. ■

Annals of Migraine

ONE IN 10 Americans experiences migraine headaches, which can be incapacitating. But there may be a light on the other side of your blackout curtains. Currently, doctors diagnose migraine based on patient description and treat the headaches based on frequency—episodic or chronic (more than 15 days per month). Treatment decisions are "worse than trial and error," clinical professor of neurology **Robert Cowan** told Stanford Medicine. "It's darts in the dark." What's more, guidelines recommend preventative, daily medication only for people with chronic migraine. But including severity may improve treatment options. In the largest study to date to categorize migraine patients, Cowan and data analyst Jaiashre Sridhar used functional MRI data to identify two biological subtypes. One group of patients had more severe headaches—they tended to last longer and caused more bothersome symptoms (nausea, noise sensitivity, etc.). But those patients were no more likely to have chronic migraine than those with less severe headaches. Cowan believes many episodic migraine patients could benefit from preventative treatment. He's now pursuing criteria to help clinicians determine which subtype of migraine their patients experience. ■



COUNTERCLOCKWISE FROM TOP: KAREN KILE (2); MICHELE MCCAMMON

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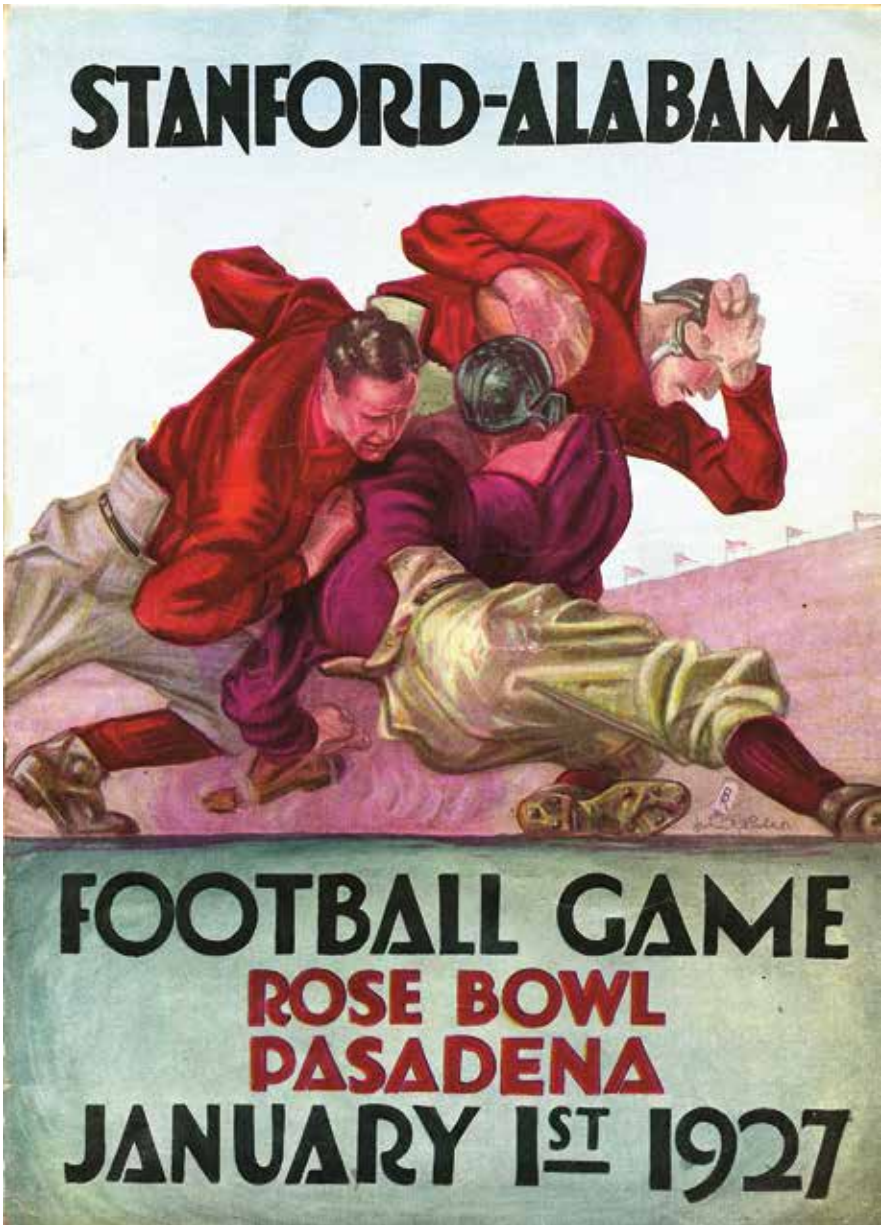
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Once Upon a Tie

Football feats and fumbles from a century ago.



ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO, Stanford football finished its season in a national spectacle that kicked off the modern era of sports media. But the season began in bizarre fashion. Head coach **Glenn "Pop" Warner** was as legendary for his innovations as for his wins. He's credited with everything from popularizing huddles to championing the spiral punt. But in 1926, Warner arranged something that wouldn't prove nearly so popular—an opening-day doubleheader.

Stanford started the season on September 25 with a 12:30 p.m. kickoff against Fresno State—a 44-7 romp—followed two hours later by a 13-6 victory over lightly regarded Caltech. Fatigue, perhaps, made the second game closer than expected, but Warner had accomplished his goal—to evaluate as many players as quickly as possible—while still racking up a pair of wins.

Except for a 13-12 nail-biter over USC, the team would hardly be tested again. Its 41-6 dismantling of Cal was Stanford's biggest victory yet in Big Game history, and the team's 10-0 record gave Stanford its first outright Pacific Coast Championship. (It had shared the title two years earlier.) For the second time in three years, Stanford was headed to the Rose Bowl, this time to face undefeated Alabama.

Demand for tickets was so high that organizers added 4,500 temporary seats to the stadium, resulting in a record attendance figure of 57,417. An even greater audience listened at home. NBC made history by airing the game across the country—the first coast-to-coast radio broadcast of an American sporting event and the start of the sports mass-media era.

True to form, Warner himself was looking for something new. He found it in what the press called "silk pants"—made of synthetic airplane cloth—that glistened in the sun, weighed just half a pound, and were more supple than traditional heavy canvas.

They wouldn't be enough. On game day, Stanford dominated play but could only muster a single touchdown. In the game's waning minutes, Stanford was forced to kick. Its punter—Frankie Wilton, '29, MA '35—reportedly lined up too close to the line of scrimmage. His kick was blocked, and the ball rebounded deep into Stanford territory. Alabama scored just before the final whistle. The game ended 7-7. For Stanford fans, the third and final tie in Rose Bowl history (even though overtime wasn't adopted until the 1990s) felt like a loss.

There were happier postscripts. Stanford was declared national champion by the Dickinson System, college football's first widely accepted ranking system. Along with the 1940 title, it is one of Stanford's two football national championships. And in the following year's Rose Bowl, Wilton found redemption, scooping up a fumble and falling into the end zone for the winning touchdown to give Stanford its first Rose Bowl victory.

Warner would keep scheduling doubleheader season openers until 1928, when a loss to the Young Men's Institute, a Catholic fraternal organization of no sporting repute, took the gloss off the ritual. Not every innovation can be as influential as the huddle. ■

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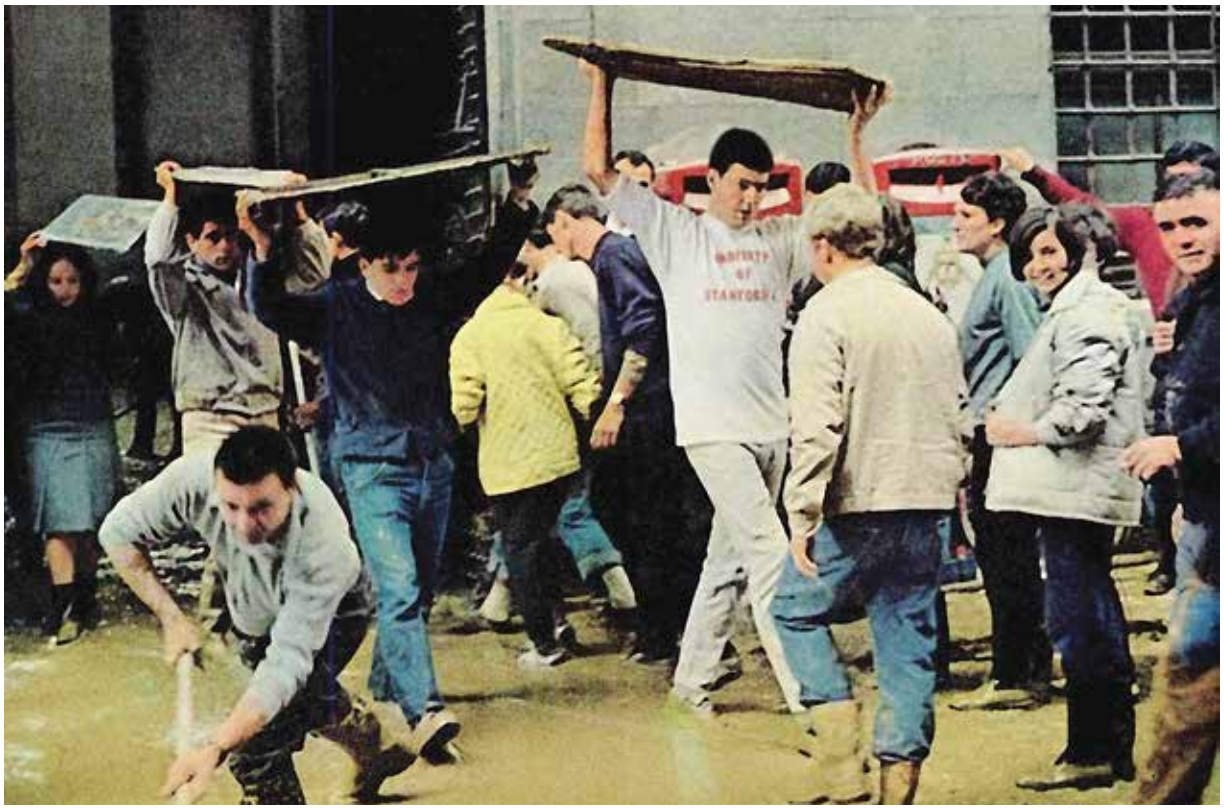
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The Work of Angels

SIXTY YEARS AGO, a dam broke on the Arno River during the night, causing the worst flood in the history of Florence, Italy. The flood killed dozens of people and threatened millions of works of art in a city prized for its museums—among them the Uffizi Galleries, which hold masterpieces by Sandro Botticelli, Leonardo da Vinci, and Michelangelo.

International students poured in to help with relief efforts. The volunteers, including many Stanford in Florence students, became known as the Mud Angels (*gli angeli del fango*).

One of them, **John Carter**, ’68, was immortalized in the July 1967 issue of *National Geographic* as he exited the Uffizi with a painting above his head. “It was clear they were struggling to figure out how to get these paintings to a location where they could be dried and restored,” says Carter, center, in a Stanford T-shirt. “The damage was dramatic and widespread. It was a mess. We all helped out.” ■

THE TICKER







For professor of mathematics **Jonathan Luk** and his Princeton colleague Mihalis Dafermos, staring into space is anything but a waste of time. Their work on black holes and the theory of relativity has earned them a 2026 Bôcher Memorial Prize, the American Mathematical Society’s top prize for mathematical analysis.… Also landing among the stars is NASA astronaut **Anil Menon**, MS ’04, MD ’06. In July, he was welcomed to the International Space Station by a crew that included **Chris Williams**, ’05, who returned to Earth 12 days later.… There was no Cardinal overlap for Wimbledon wild card **Arthur Fery**, ’24, who became the first Stanford-affiliated tennis player to reach the semifinal stage since 1992, when **John McEnroe**, ’81, did so for the eighth time.… Golfer **Michael Thorbjornson** is another star from the Class of ’24. In August, he won his first PGA Tour title at the Rocket Classic, shooting his career low (a bogey-free 7-under 63) in the final round.… **Tomiko Brown-Nagin** prefers high scores. The expert in education law and policy, history, and constitutional law starts a new gig as dean of the Graduate School of Education in November.… And **Alison Derbenwick Miller**, ’92, also has a new educational role. She’s the CEO and executive director of the Association for Computing Machinery, the world’s largest educational and scientific computing society.

COUNTERCLOCKWISE FROM TOP: GÉRY-MÉNAGER/NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC; LYNDSAY RADNEDGE/ISI PHOTOS; BILL INGALLS/NASA; ROBERT MARKOWITZ/NASA





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Pass It On

Peter Bing cultivated his love of Stanford in those who followed.

AMONG FORMER SENIOR CLASS co-president Reiko Osaki's keepsakes is a lacquered box containing years of typewritten letters: notes of encouragement when she started a business, had a baby, or simply needed to know that somebody cared. Each of them is simply signed "Pete."

Osaki, '00, met her correspondent, **Peter Bing**, '55, at a commencement event. After he learned she grew up in the L.A. area, he tore a sheet from a notebook, wrote "Bing" alongside his phone number, and told her to call when she was in town. She did, and they met for lunch at an unassuming café on Pico Boulevard. "This person really cares beyond the boundaries of campus," Osaki, the founder of a consulting company that serves the public sector, recalls thinking.

Bing, a trusted adviser to generations of Stanford leaders, a member of the Board of Trustees for 31 years, and one of the university's most devoted champions and community builders, died June 10. He was 91. He is survived by his wife of 64 years, Helen; a daughter; two grandchildren; and a great-granddaughter. His son, Stephen, '87, predeceased him.

Bing arrived at Stanford in 1951, a self-described shy kid who spent his evenings in the library because it was the place he felt most at home. He left the Farm having been elected student body president his senior year. His classmate Dianne Goldman—later Sen. Dianne Feinstein—served as vice president.

He went on to earn a medical degree at Cornell and a master's in public health from Harvard, then served in the Kennedy White House. As executive director of the Presidential Commission on Health Manpower during the Johnson administration, Bing helped reframe the nation's healthcare challenge around the shortage of medical resources outside major urban areas, says Jim Gaither, JD '64, a staff assistant to Johnson at the time. "Virtually everything that we did in the next 2 ½ years was based on advice from Peter," Gaither says. In 1967, Bing moved to Southern California and took over his family's real estate business.

Bing was elected to Stanford's Board of Trustees in 1970. "There was almost nothing that we did at Stanford that didn't bear his imprint," says Gaither, who, like Bing, served as chair of the board. Bing Concert Hall and the Bing Overseas Studies Program are two of the most visible expressions of that imprint, exemplifying his decades-long commitments to the arts and to undergraduate education. The concert hall helped anchor an entire arts district on campus. Through the overseas studies program, generations of students encountered the world beyond the Farm, not only in classrooms, but through concerts, meals, excursions, and other cultural experiences.

> 'There was almost nothing that we did at Stanford that didn't bear his imprint.'

Helen was an essential partner in the couple's Stanford philanthropy, shaping the human details that would enrich a student's education or bring beauty and comfort to patients and families. They often made their mark in subtle but meaningful ways: wildflowers seeded along campus roads, art installed in hospital corridors, or a summer orchestra tour arranged so students could see the world along with playing music. "We all stand on the shoulders of those who came before us," says Stanford vice president and chief external relations officer Martin Shell. "On the campus, we are all standing taller in many ways because of Peter and Helen," some of which, he adds, "we may never know about."

Isaac Stein, JD/MBA '72, saw two sides of Bing up close: the grand vision and the granular follow-through. A pilot who often flew himself north in his small plane, Bing came to campus regularly during Bing Concert Hall's construction, personally testing seats to make sure they were comfortable for people of different sizes and having red and green occupancy lights installed above the restroom stalls. "I think of Peter when I walk into that restroom and see his lights, which are still functioning," Stein says. "He took great pride in attention to detail."

Bing's reach extended into every corner of university life. Dick Gould, '59, MA '60, Stanford's longtime director of tennis, credits the Bings with "adopting" the women's program as Frank Brennan built the team into a national powerhouse. "He was just a great supporter of Stanford, but also Stanford Athletics, and especially the tennis program," Gould says. "We'll be forever grateful for what he's done."

For all the scale of his philanthropy, Bing was remarkably unassuming. Friends remember him driving aging cars that seemed incongruous with his means, including a station wagon he refused to give up even after it was rear-ended and left sitting, smashed, in his driveway. He and Helen also routinely chose a modest hotel near campus for their frequent visits. Their reasoning, recalls retiring Stanford Sierra Camp director Dave Bunnett, '83, was simple: "If we stay here, we can give more money to Stanford."

At Stanford Sierra Camp, where the Bings spent a week each year, Bunnett remembers



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them quietly funding cabin renovations and fire pumps. Once, upon learning that student staff members were crowded into their cabins, the Bings offered to fund improvements. When Bunnett returned with the cost of adding lofts, they had one question: "Can we write a check?"

But Bing's connections always went deeper than money. A few days after Bunnett underwent major surgery in 2023, he received a late-night call from Bing. They talked for half an hour. Bing called again the next night and the next, always asking about Bunnett's recovery and trying to take his mind off his hospital environs. It was not until their fourth conversation that Bunnett noticed something unusual in his friend's voice.

"Peter, are you doing OK?" he asked. "You sound a little tired."

"Oh, yeah," Bing replied. "Well, I'm in the hospital too."

John Bravman, '79, MS '81, PhD '85, now president of Bucknell University, spent 11 years as Stanford's vice provost for undergraduate education. He recalls watching Bing handle disagreement gently and without rancor, even when he felt strongly. "I try to learn from that, and I try to emulate that to this day," Bravman says. "He just is Mr. Stanford, and he loved this place deeply."

Leslie Hume, MA '71, PhD '79, saw him take the same care in mentoring newer trustees, including her husband, George, JD/MBA '75, who joined the board in 1990. Bing took him hiking during a retreat at Fallen Leaf Lake and informally mentored him in the ways of the Stanford board. When Leslie became chair in 2008, Bing took her to lunch and, through stories rather than instructions, gave her his vote of confidence. "Peter was such an empowerer of other people," she says.

That investment in others carried an invitation to pass it on. "I know that you felt the warmth and support that Stanford provided to you, as it did to me half a century ago," Bing wrote to Osaki four months after her graduation. "But the real appreciation of Stanford's caring only comes retrospectively, as you are now experiencing, and that appreciation and gratitude is what keeps all of us involved with the university throughout our lives." Whenever they got together, Bing would ask her what she was doing for Stanford, fueling in her what has become a lifelong volunteer commitment to the university, as well as its students and youngest alumni. In July, Osaki was elected to the Board of Trustees. Her predecessor and friend Peter Bing "created a culture of belonging and a culture of giving back," she says. "That, I think, is his legacy."

—Christine Foster

Come and Get It

At Stanford's allergy-friendly dining hall, everyone can dig in.

TOFU IS traditionally simple, made of soybeans, water, and a salt coagulant. But at Branner Dining, it's the product of a culinary quest.

To make the staple without soy, a common allergen, Chef **Jay-Ar Pugao** uses lentils. His first attempts were jiggly and gelatinous. It took five or six iterations—adjusting the water, resting time, and pressing process—to arrive at the dish served at Branner today: a lentil tofu firm enough to sear.

This is the meal magic of Branner. Though Ricker Dining and Stern Dining offer nut-sensitive food options, last year Branner became the university's first dining hall to be free of the nine most common food allergens. The proportion of students with allergic reactions to one or more foods is on the rise, reflecting a national trend: Food allergies among children rose by 50 percent between 2007 and 2021; today, 11 percent of adults have food allergies. The incidence of adult peanut allergy alone more than tripled between 1999 and 2016.

Cooking without common components—the most prevalent allergies are to milk and eggs—"is not just a matter of replacing one ingredient with another," says Pugao. The Branner culinary team is constantly training to better understand the function of each ingredient, whether that be structure, acidity, smokiness, viscosity, or savory depth. They build flavor with an arsenal of spices and navigate the tricky waters of creams and sauces using innovations such as Pugao's "peanut sauce" base, made of sunflower butter, nutritional yeast, and vegetable broth. From West African chicken stew to Filipino beef kare-kare, Pugao strives for a menu as diverse as those in the other seven campus dining halls. But at Branner, the not-so-secret ingredient is always safety. ■



Creamy Cajun Chicken

★ Coconut yogurt is used to provide a tangy punch. It's combined with oat milk to achieve the traditional cream-based sauce's texture and viscosity.

Mac and "Cheese"

★ Coconut cheese—made with coconut oil or cream—is melted and mixed with oat milk to form the base of the sauce.

★ Nutritional yeast adds a cheesy flavor, while jalapeño juice and Louisiana hot sauce provide depth.

★ The elbow macaroni is gluten free.

LUCILE PRACHE

Make Room for Mushrooms





Pulled "Pork" Sandwich

★ King oyster mushrooms (for umami) and jackfruit (for acidity) are shredded to replicate the texture of pork, then served on an allergen-free bun toasted with vegan butter.

★ The base of Branner's spicy coleslaw is aquafaba—the liquid that chickpeas are canned with. It can be whipped like egg whites or used as a creamy binder, much like mayonnaise (which contains eggs) is used in traditional coleslaw.

WHAT YOU WON'T FIND AT BRANNER



Spill the Greens





Collard Greens

★ Beyond Sausage is a product from Beyond Meat made from pea protein, avocado oil, and rice protein. In this dish, it gets diced and braised with the greens to add the smoky, savory flavor traditionally achieved with ham.

★ This and other vegetarian dishes allow students with layered dietary needs to enjoy Branner's food.



CHEF PUGAO

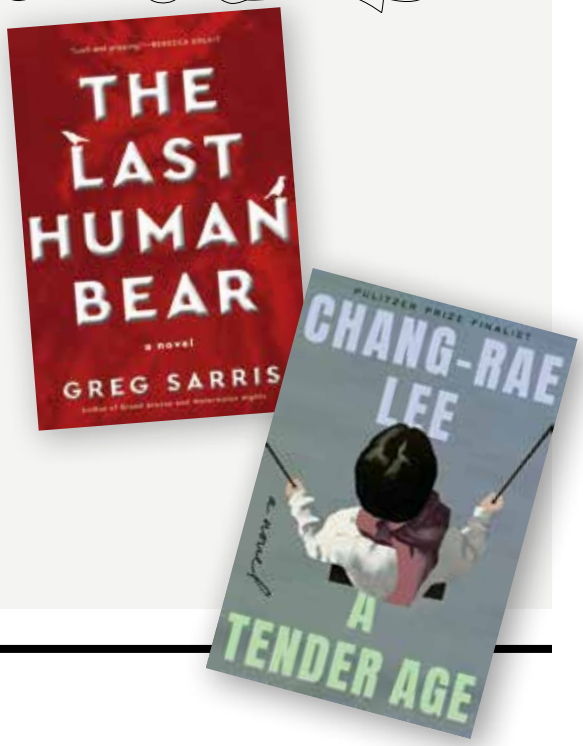
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Novel Reads



» **MARY HATCHER MIGHT BE CURSED**: empowered to heal, or maybe doomed to harm, those in her orbit. The Native Pomo woman comes of age in 1930s California and spends a lifetime trying to answer questions about herself and her family, fueled by her rage against the white people around her even as she survives by sometimes passing as one of them. In ***The Last Human Bear*** (Heyday Books), **Greg Sarris**, MA '81, MA '88, PhD '89, chair of the Federated Indians of Graton Rancheria and an emeritus professor at Sonoma State University, weaves the story of one desperately independent—and achingly lonely—woman into the history of Santa Rosa, Calif., and the displacement of its first residents.

» **JEON-GI IS 10**, the well-fed straight-A son of Korean immigrants and an easy mark for playground bullies. One day, he snaps, setting in motion a rehabilitative path with uneven results. English professor **Chang-rae Lee**'s ***A Tender Age*** (Riverhead Books) follows Jeon-Gi to a Christian summer camp with heroic (and randy) counselors, a cute older girl straight out of manga, and cabinmates who could have been lifelong friends, if only he were more comfortable with truth and consequences.

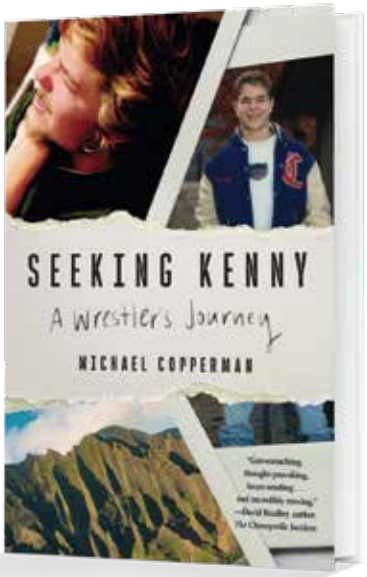


Life Stories

» **KENNY COX**, an Oregon state wrestling champion several times over, died shortly after spending 70 days in the wilderness of Kaua'i's Nā Pali Coast, where he eschewed supplies and human contact. In ***Seeking Kenny: A Wrestler's Journey*** (University of Iowa Press), **Michael Copperman**, '02, chronicles the life and untimely death of his adolescent friend and wrestling teammate, probing the mental and bodily extremes athletes endure during and after their training years.

» **FRANCIS FUKUYAMA**, a senior fellow at Stanford's Freeman Spogli Institute for International Studies, reflects on his political and intellectual growth from childhood to the present in his new memoir. ***In the Realm of the Last Man*** (Farrar, Straus and Giroux) intertwines family anecdotes with commentary on state institutions and the future of liberal democracy.

» **APPLE HAD ONLY** 5 percent of the computer market when Steve Jobs hired **Ron Johnson**, '80, to create the Apple Store, a revolutionary approach to the retail selling of computers: beautiful settings with store designs as sleek as Apple's products, Genius Bars to provide free tech support, a no-commission sales force focused on building relationships, and a store organized around helping customers engage, play, and create with technology. In ***Shop Different: How Retail Revealed Apple's Genius*** (Harper Business), Johnson and Zander Nethercutt share behind-the-scenes insights and anecdotes such as Johnson convincing Jobs to scrap the entire store design several weeks before opening, their dismay when no one showed up for the Saturday 8 a.m. grand opening of their flagship SoHo store (turns out New Yorkers sleep in), and the one time Jobs finally let Johnson hug him.

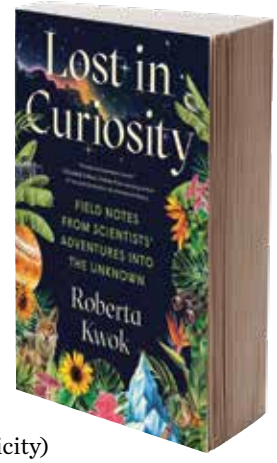


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New in Nonfiction

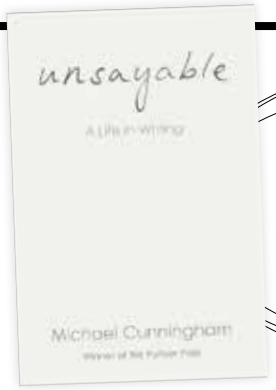
» **IN *Lost in Curiosity: Field Notes from Scientists' Adventures into the Unknown*** (Sourcebooks), science journalist **Roberta Kwok**, '00, witnesses the "messy middle" of science between researchers' initial query and possible final discovery. The nine projects she investigates, from sex-role reversal in male guardian frogs to a quest to find an exomoon, depict the slow, frustrating, and focused work of scientists.

» **SARA B. PRITCHARD**, MA '97, PhD '01, traces the complex history of nocturnal artificial light, both its benefits and its costs, in ***Transforming Night: The History and Science of Light Pollution*** (University of Washington Press). A professor of environmental history at Cornell, she discusses night light's effect on industry, labor, entertainment, and social control, and explores current issues such as light justice (10 percent of the world population lacks electricity) and increasing artificial light from above (60,000 satellites projected by 2030).



» **PROFESSOR OF GERMAN STUDIES** and of comparative literature **Adrian Daub** takes tech companies to task for their approach to both political governance and corporate governance in ***What Tech Calls Governing*** (Stanford University Press). In this follow-up to his 2020 book, *What Tech Calls Thinking*, he traces the evolution of bad corporate behavior through the history of Silicon Valley.

» **THREE WAYS TO EXAMINE** the criminal justice system: When **Emily Galvin Almanza** was 16, a judge cut her a break—and told her he didn't want to hear from her again unless she'd done something good with her life. Almanza, JD '10, subsequently became a public defender, then started a nonprofit that augments defenders' offices with more comprehensive services. In ***The Price of Mercy: Unfair Trials, a Violent System, and a Public Defender's Search for Justice in America*** (Crown Publishing), she makes her case for reform, presenting evidence from the straightforward to the surprising (after trees are planted in a neighborhood, crime goes down). . . . Think-tank economist **Jennifer Doleac**, PhD '12, marshals even more data in ***The Science of Second Chances*** (Henry Holt & Co.), using it as a springboard for a slate of policy recommendations that don't fit neatly into a political box (for example, her proposals to reduce recidivism include both swabbing cheeks for DNA databases and going easy on low-level offenders). . . . **Robin Dahlberg**, '79, looks at criminal justice through yet another lens—that of her camera. ***Breaking Point*** (Kehrer Verlag) includes portraits of, and handwritten reflections from, five people who found themselves on the wrong side of an interrogation table and confessed to crimes they did not commit.

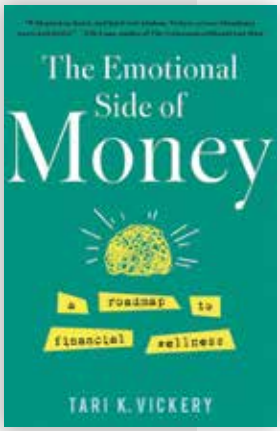


'As far as I know, I remain the only one who's ever compared Virginia Woolf to Jimi Hendrix. I stand by it to this day.'

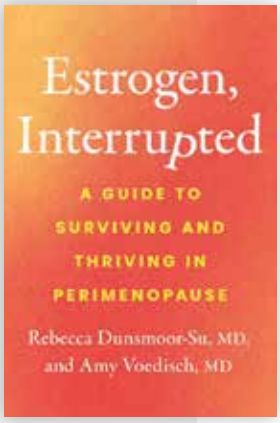
—**Michael Cunningham**, '75, in ***Unsayable: A Life in Writing*** (Random House)

Goals

» **NEEDS VS. WANTS**. Abundance thinking vs. scarcity thinking. In ***The Emotional Side of Money*** (She Writes Press), **Tari K. Vickery**, '96, MA '96, looks at why people feel the way they do about spending, saving—even preparing for death. (Pro tip: Make sure your family knows where you keep your money and what your account numbers are.) Vickery, a financial wellness coach, illustrates her points with short stories about her clients, family, and friends.



» **WANT TO KNOW** why you're having sleep disturbances, mood swings, brain fog, or hot flashes, and what you can do to feel better? ***Estrogen, Interrupted: A Guide to Surviving and Thriving in Perimenopause*** (Flatiron Books), by physicians Rebecca Dunsmoor-Su and **Amy Voedisch**, MS '11, a Stanford clinical associate professor of obstetrics and gynecology, covers the science just enough so that you understand it but never get lost in it, and encourages you to seek the care you need.



Volunteer book team: Jennifer Adkisson, MBA '91, Dan Cory, '93, Ann Engar, '76, Teiana Gonsalves, '24, Amy Ho, '94, Julie Matlof Kennedy, '87, JD '91, Joan Passarelli, '84, and Karen Springen, '83

ALEXEY YAREMENKO/GETTY IMAGES (ILLUSTRATION)

JOURNEYS

The In-Between

What I learned in seven years of caring for my best friend.

BY JOHN COYLE

One night in late April, I was in my local grocery store looking for frozen edamame. As I passed the rows of lightly fogged glass doors, I happened upon a shelf filled with boxes of frozen burritos brightly wrapped in red, yellow, and green. I caught my breath and began to sob right there in the aisle.

Just the week before, I had learned of the passing of my best friend, the poet **Kevin Lee Bennett**.

Some of you may remember Kevin, '90, from this magazine's July 2021 cover story, "A Friendship Mission." That article captured the disappearance and recovery of my childhood speed-skating competitor, then partner in antics at Stanford, the eccentric genius from Midland, Mich., Kevin Bennett, winner of a 1991 Academy of American Poets University and College Poetry Prize. The narrative then skipped to 2005, when Kevin disappeared from his home in New Orleans shortly after Hurricane Katrina and went missing for more than 13 years before a local photographer named Cheryl Gerber decided to ask a question of a homeless man she'd seen on and off for more than a decade. That chance conversation with Kevin spurred her to piece together clues that led her to me, igniting an improbable chain of events that reunited us after more than a decade apart.

But that story ends exactly where the one I want to tell begins.

Kevin's rediscovery and "rescue" was never the ending. It was day one of something else, a journey together into something beyond friendship that put me into roles and responsibilities that I never expected but that ended abruptly with his passing on April 22. He was found on his couch during a wellness check initiated by a neighbor, wearing the new jeans I had just ordered.

Two weeks earlier, my phone had rung.

"John!" he announced, with unmistakable excitement. "I got the groceries! Thank you! But . . . 40 burritos! Not 12 . . . 40! How did you manage it?"

Over seven years, Kevin and I had developed a rhythm. Every couple of weeks he would call with his list. Walmart for food deliveries. Amazon for clothes or household necessities. His tastes evolved over the years—initially tuna, mayo, and bread, later olives, hummus, charcuterie—but one constant remained: Tina's Red Hot Beef Burritos—his caviar because, like caviar, they were scarce. Walmart limited deliveries to only 12 burritos per order, so Kevin rationed

Read our July 2021 cover story on Bennett and Coyle
ALU.MS/FRIENDSHIPMISSION



CHERYL GERBER



FRIENDS FOR LIFE: Coyle, right, and Steinhoffer at Bennett's memorial.

them carefully until the dwindling supply became the signal that it was time to call.

This time, I had discovered an obscure option on the website that allowed me to order two 14-pack boxes in addition to the usual 12 singles.

"I have a freezer full of burritos!" he laughed. It may have been the happiest I had heard him in a while. Then, as he always did, he settled into the familiar script I had heard hundreds of times.

"John, thank you for everything you do for me. I am so happy. I love living here. I love my writer's apartment. I am a writer. I am writing. I love you, John. You are my best friend."

Seven years earlier, when we had finally found each other again in the middle of a New Orleans street, those had been almost his first words.

"I love you, John. You are my best friend."

The beginning and the ending were identical. The coda was complete.

But everything important happened in between.

People sometimes imagine caregiving as dramatic acts of sacrifice. In reality, it is astonishingly ordinary. It is replacing burned-out light bulbs. Vacuuming. Changing bed linens. Taking out the trash. Ordering groceries. Finding jeans that fit. Sitting for three hours at the DMV trying unsuccessfully to obtain a Real ID. Making sure your friend locks the apartment door behind you before you head to the airport. Remembering which coffee shops he likes and avoiding the ones that treated him poorly while he was "living outside." Learning the inventory of his freezer. Learning that silence is not emptiness.

When Kevin moved into his little apartment in the French Quarter in May 2019, it became his sanctuary. Exposed brick. Green shutters. Gas lamps flickering outside. Second-line parades—the traditional New Orleans street processions that originated with funerals—drifting past the windows. A laptop open almost constantly, words appearing slowly, patiently, stubbornly.

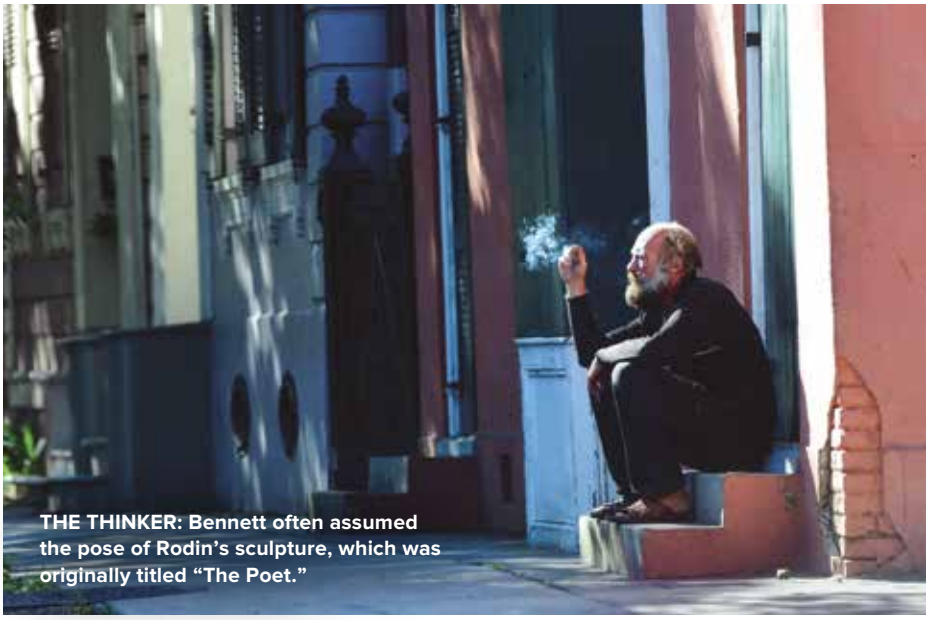
I flew in from Illinois every six to eight weeks at first, then a few times a year. Each visit carried the same quiet blend of friendship and maintenance. It became a fixture of my life: a purpose that didn't really expose itself until Kevin was gone. Selfishly, I guess, I felt needed. I became his legal, financial, and medical guardian, according to some complicated paperwork. A cohort of friends and I raised money to make sure Kevin never had to live outside again, and for seven years, every call and visit was filled with joy. "I'm so happy here, John! I am a writer and I am writing." When the Stanford literary journal *Mantis* published a collection of his poems in 2022, he was beyond the moon. "I am published, John! My work is published!"

When I would visit, we would eat oysters at the French Market. Have coffee at CC's before walking to the river. Ride the streetcar through the Garden District. Splurge on steak at Galatoire's with Cheryl and her husband, Mark.

Then we'd come back and clean the sink. To be fair, much more of this fell to Cheryl—the real heroine who was always ready to visit, clean, or take Kevin to Taco Tuesday. A complete stranger who embraced a schizophrenic homeless man and provided endless love and care.

That said, Kevin was actually remarkably neat. He made his bed every morning. But there were difficult stretches when daily tasks became overwhelming, and his community had to organize to problem solve. A broken door, a squatter attempting to take over his couch, flooding from the apartment above. Sudden dizzy spells, a fall where he cut his head, new medications.

Early on, I pushed hard for him to stop smoking. He loved me enough to try. He wore nicotine patches and reduced his smoking to a pack a day or less. However, when the occasional dark times came, he inevitably returned to his habit. Two packs. Three packs a day. He was well known by the neighbors for sitting outside, savoring his smoke in solitude. Always polite, usually reserved, but with the occasional unexpected compliment. His last known words were to a neighbor headed to church on a Sunday morning: "That dress suits you—it matches your eyes."



THE THINKER: Bennett often assumed the pose of Rodin's sculpture, which was originally titled "The Poet."

Eventually, I stopped trying to get him to quit. The goal was never to manufacture the version of Kevin I wanted. The goal was to help Kevin live the fullest version of the life he wanted. He was happy, he was writing, and autonomy mattered. I let it go.

Conversations with Kevin also required patience unlike any I had known. Sometimes we would walk together for 20 minutes saying almost nothing. At first, I found the silence uncomfortable. Later I understood it. He was processing a thought. But not a mundane thought, something significant, complicated, sublime:

"John, did you know Goethe and Kierkegaard viewed God in completely different and yet somehow similar ways?"

What followed could be 20 uninterrupted minutes of literary criticism, theology,

CHERYL GERBER

philosophy, and poetry woven together by one of the most extraordinary minds I have ever known. Sometimes I struggled to keep up. Sometimes I was completely lost. I never interrupted. It felt like watching fireworks split through a fog.

Other times, even the simplest question—"Do you want to head back?"—could overwhelm him. He would lower his head onto his hands, his familiar Thinker pose, like Rodin's sculpture on the Stanford campus. (Note: *The Thinker* was originally designated "the poet.")

Over the years, I learned something about caregiving that never appears in manuals. Sometimes you lean in. Sometimes you wait. Sometimes you listen. Sometimes you gently push. Knowing which was which was my job.

There is another misconception about friendship after someone has endured profound hardship. People imagine the dramatic reunion is the miracle.

It isn't. The miracle is Tuesday. The phone call. The grocery order. The coffee with just a touch of chocolate: "That's amazing!" The routines—always a walk to the river to "our bench" to finish our coffees. The trust that quietly accumulates over thousands of ordinary moments until someone can honestly say, "John, I am happy."

Kevin said those words constantly. Not because every day was easy. Not because his life suddenly became perfect. Because happiness had become possible again.

When Kevin died, his laptop was open. A book of poetry rested nearby—written, as it turns out, by Sebastian, a formerly homeless man Kevin had mentored in his early days of living outside. Outside, the gas lamps glowed over the streets Kevin loved.

We marked Kevin's passing with a second-line parade through his city and a vigil outside his apartment. Friends came from all over to celebrate his impact, including Sebastian, his wife, and their young child.

It is difficult not to replay the visits I didn't make. The trips I postponed. The times I said, "I'll come soon," and then months would go by.

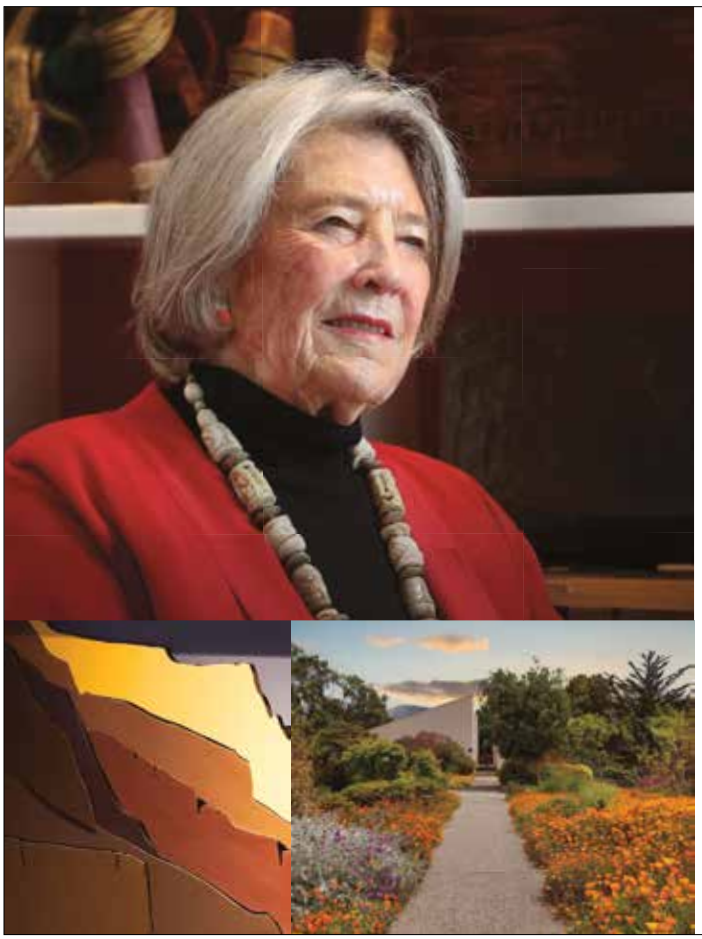
Grief always edits the past in cruel ways. Fortunately, friends have reminded me of something I sometimes forget. The point was never perfection. The point was presence.

We—Cheryl and Mark Gerber, the late Perry Friedman, '91, MS '91, and his wife, Robyn, Pauline Steinhoffer, '91, Kim Kamin, '93, and dozens of friends and strangers who contributed to a GoFundMe seven years ago—did something profoundly simple.

We gave the poet a home. We gave him coffee with friends. We gave him a place to write. A place to live inside. A place to be happy.

And lots and lots of burritos. ■

JOHN COYLE, '90, *is a writer and speaker on the neuroscience and psychology of time perception. Email him at stanford.magazine@stanford.edu.*



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PURSUITS

Flag Bearer

The NFL's Stephanie Kwok is bringing a popular form of football to youth nationwide.





BY SAM SCOTT

When **STEPHANIE KWOK**, '08, was growing up in New York City, just about every sport was fair game. She tried swimming, gymnastics, soccer, and Little League before finding her sweet spot in competitive tennis. Football, though, was something she only brushed against. She'd play catch in the high school courtyard with mostly male classmates, and at Thanksgiving take part in an annual pickup game. "It never even crossed my mind that football could be more than that, right?" she says.

But in the past decade, a surge in the popularity of youth flag football—a noncontact variety of the sport—has opened football up to a new generation of kids, especially girls, who can suddenly aspire to play at every level, from rec leagues to the Olympics. For the past two years, Kwok has been part of the vanguard pushing to expand those opportunities further as the National Football League's first-ever vice president, flag football. NFL Flag is the sport's largest U.S. youth program, encompassing more than 830,000 youth and high school players in 2,000 leagues across all 50 states, but Kwok and her colleagues aren't stopping there. "Our remit is, how do we grow flag football into one of the top sports in the world?" she says.

Flag football, in which players are stopped by grabbing flags hanging from their waists rather than by tackling, is commonly traced to games played by American GIs during World War II. It has traditionally been seen more as a recreational pastime than as a serious athletic endeavor. But that has transformed in the past 10 years, and Kwok thinks the sport, which carries lower risk of severe or head injury than does tackle and requires only inexpensive equipment such as flags, belts, and a ball, is poised to reach greater heights. "Flag football reduces so many of the barriers that currently exist for playing tackle football," she says. "There's no reason that it can't be as popular or ubiquitous as soccer globally."

To be sure, catching soccer remains a long-yardage situation. The world's estimated soccer-playing population is an order of magnitude larger than flag's 20 million, but flag's momentum is undeniable. Between 2019 and 2024, flag was the only team sport that grew in popularity among American kids



ISAIAH CASIANO/NFL FLAG

ages 6 to 17, according to the Sports & Fitness Industry Association, a trade group. In 2017, the number of boys ages 6 to 12 playing flag in the United States exceeded the number playing tackle for the first time, according to the nonprofit Aspen Institute, though tackle football has remained far more popular with high schoolers. In 2023, the NFL switched its annual Pro Bowl game to flag, a signal that the sports giant was taking flag with new seriousness.

It is among girls and women, however, where the pace of change has been dizzying. The trend has roots going back to the 1990s. The Kelly McGillis Classic International Women's & Girls Flag Football Championship—named after the *Top Gun* actress, a benefactor—celebrated its 34th anniversary this year in Key West, Fla., as the "world's largest women's flag football tournament." But in the past five years, flag's popularity with girls has soared. In the 2021-22 school year, just over 15,700 girls in nine states played sanctioned high school flag football in the United States, according to the National Federation of State High School Associations. By the 2024-25 school year, that number had jumped to nearly 69,000 in 20 states, a 338 percent increase, which will only rise further with six states plus Washington, D.C., adding the sport in 2026. Part of Kwok's focus is to support state and local athletic associations interested in offering flag as a

high school varsity sport. "Each state has different rules for what sports they will consider adding, and they have different timelines for it as well," Kwok says. For those less familiar with flag football, but "intrigued by what it can offer," she and her colleagues provide toolkits, best practices, and connections to nearby NFL clubs and other partners that can help get them up and running.

"The sport lends itself so beautifully to any type of female athlete," says Sam Rapaport, an NFL consultant who has worked to bring women into the coaching ranks and girls onto the field, where she herself is a longtime player. "You don't have to be tall like a volleyball player, or as fast as a 100-meter track star. No matter what your strengths are, there's a place for you on the field." Many girls embrace flag football, she says, because it allows them to play the sport they already love. "Tackle football is far and away the most popular spectator sport, and I think girls want a piece of that." The 2026 girls' high school championship averaged 1.12 million viewers on ESPN, making it the most-watched NFL Flag game ever.

Meanwhile, the NCAA is on a path to making flag football an official women's sport as early as spring 2028, months before men's and women's flag debuts at the Summer Olympics as one of five optional sports being hosted by LA28. Pro flag leagues for both men and women—financially supported by the NFL—are also ready to kick off. "I think we're in the early stages of the explosion right now," says Jon Solomon, the Aspen Institute's director of research for sports and society. He attributes the growth to injury concerns about tackle, the NFL's investments, and the immense appeal of football. Flag, he says, has also welcomed kids who've felt left out of other sports because of the trend toward early specialization and travel teams.

Kwok's path into this world is a mix of happenstance, hard work, and a deep love for catching touchdowns and batting down passes. At Stanford, she got her first taste of organized football, playing the touch version in intramurals, though her main athletic focus was elsewhere. She played rugby for a year. Then, aided by her time on the tennis court, she picked up squash her sophomore year, helping the squad transition from club to varsity status and a top-10 ranking by her senior year. It was later, at Harvard Business School, that flag football captured her. A lifetime of racquet sports had given her a level of hand-eye coordination that translated well to catching and throwing the ball. "I loved that I could line up on the outside with a male defender on me, just run past them, and catch a long ball in the end zone,'" she says.



WHAT A RUSH: After flag captured her in grad school, Kwok, center, played in rec leagues four to five times a week.

> 'I loved that I could line up on the outside with a male defender on me, just run past them, and catch a long ball in the end zone.'

Kwok, a political science major at Stanford, has a long-standing interest in working in sports. One of her first jobs was as a ball girl at the US Open, and at Stanford she interned at the U.S. Tennis Association. At Harvard, she was "sports czar," running intramurals for her MBA classmates. "Sports has always just had such a power to create community and bring people together," she says. After graduating from Harvard in 2013, she returned to New York to work for the Madison Square Garden Company, doing marketing for a trio of Big Apple teams: the Rangers, the Knicks, and the Liberty. She later worked for FanDuel, a fantasy sports website that became a betting giant during her time there.

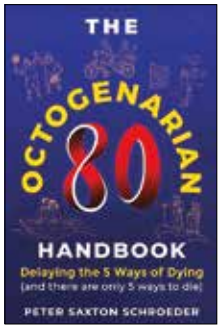
Away from work, flag remained a constant presence. For more than a decade, she played in New York rec leagues four to five times a week. In 2018, she and several friends, as a side hustle, co-founded a company that organized coed, men's, and women's flag football tournaments in the New York tristate area. By the time Kwok saw the NFL's job posting for a vice president of flag football on LinkedIn in early 2024, her background had given her an ideal résumé for the post. Not that she planned it that way. "I couldn't have ever prepared for this job, because this job didn't exist," she says. The game has changed. She is working to change it further. ■

SAM SCOTT *is a senior writer at* STANFORD. *Email him at sscott3@stanford.edu.*

ALAN GALO

Stanford Authors' Showcase

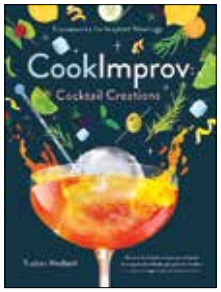
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The Octogenarian Handbook: Delaying the Five Ways of Dying (and there are only 5 ways to die)

By Peter Saxton Schroeder, MBA '70

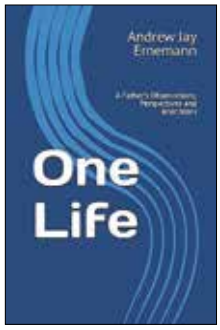
How can you steer your life towards longevity? By changing a number of lifestyles from your middle years and avoiding pitfalls that lead to each of the five ways to die ... there are no alternatives. Each way is described as a single word beginning with "A," easy to remember, hard to forget. Written in an upbeat style, the book is not morbid as it describes this inevitable outcome we all face. Go to Amazon.com.



CookImprov: Cocktail Creations

By Tucker Herbert, '07

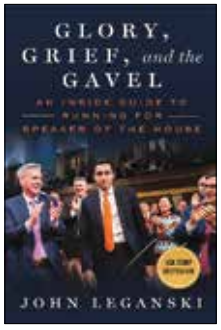
CookImprov reinvents the cocktail book, freeing home bartenders from rigid recipes through visual frameworks. See the architecture of everything from martinis to tiki and zero-proof, then riff to invent your own. Learn how spirits, citrus, sweeteners, and aromatics harmonize, and why certain combinations sing. For pattern thinkers who want creative control behind the bar. Mix freely, improvise boldly.



One Life

By Andrew Ernemann, MS '04

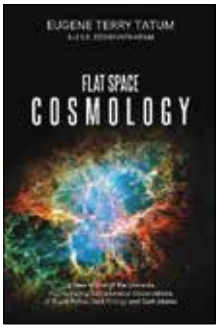
After a near-fatal ski racing crash ends his athletic dreams, a young man reinvents himself through elite schools, corporate consulting, and high-stakes real estate. From the Italian Alps to Aspen, this father's candid story shares hard-earned lessons on resilience, love, failure, purpose, and building a meaningful life for his sons.



Glory, Grief, and the Gavel: An Inside Guide to Running for Speaker of the House

By John Leganski, '13

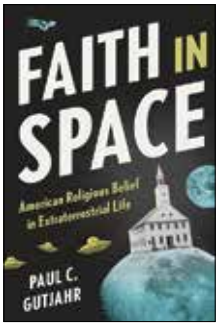
An inside account of the historic 2023 Speaker's race and the decade-long battle that led to it. Written from the front lines of House leadership, the book offers a rare behind-the-scenes look at vote counting, coalition-building, and how power really works in Congress when the cameras are off.



Flat Space Cosmology: A New Model of the Universe

By Eugene Tatum, '78

This compilation, based entirely upon recent peer-reviewed scientific journal publications, encapsulates how the Flat Space Cosmology model has become the primary competitor to the inflationary standard model of cosmology. New ideas concerning black holes, dark energy and dark matter are presented and shown to correlate well with astronomical observations. Available now in online bookstores.



Faith in Space: American Religious Belief in Extraterrestrial Life

By Paul Gutjahr, '84, MA '85

Over the past three centuries, belief in extra-terrestrial life has had a profound influence on American religion. *Faith in Space* (Princeton University Press) examines the key thinkers and religious leaders throughout American history who built faith communities around the notion that we are not alone in the universe, and that the path to spiritual truth leads heavenward to the stars.



Tight on the Wind

By Peter Saxton Schroeder, MBA '70

A celebration of adventure, discovery, and the enduring allure of the sea. This sailing memoir covers over 30 of the world's spectacular cruising grounds, from Tahiti, Tonga, Palau, New Zealand, and Australia to the Caribbean, Baltic, Adriatic, Sea of Cortez, Belize, Antarctica, Alaska, and the Pacific Northwest. *Tight on the Wind* features vivid storytelling and compelling color photography from a veteran mariner who has chartered yachts around the globe. Available on Amazon.



The Politics of Collaboration: Establishing the French Protectorate in Morocco, 1912–1927

By William A. Hoisington Jr., PhD '68

This book explores the initial years of the French protectorate in Morocco when the independent Sharifian Empire ruled by a sultan was of political and economic importance to Europe's Great Powers. Through a treaty with the sultan, France established a regime that sought collaboration between French administrators and Morocco's leaders and provided a new model for governance in the Islamic world.

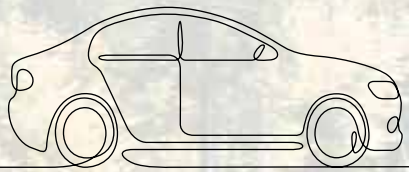
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STUDENT VOICE

All Roads Lead to Home

My first car gave me more than freedom.

BY GEORGIA ALLEN



AT THE END OF THE SUMMER before my sophomore year at Stanford, I decided to sell my car.

I bought it a few days after I turned 16. I'd saved money for years, working several jobs, including at a tearoom in rural Vermont owned by a British woman. Decades earlier, it had been my mom's first job. Sometimes strangers called me by her name, as if I were reenacting her life: same place, same job, same face.

I was annoyed at her that day. She hadn't been able to drive me to pick up the car earlier, and waiting any extra amount of time seemed unbearable to me, who felt trapped by the trees and hills that wrapped themselves around me like a coffin. I was adamant then: I'd buy this car first, and, a year later, I'd leave for good. I'd waited years. I'd opened my bank account when I was 12.

So, as I often was at that age, I was bitter when we arrived at Eloise's house. The place was familiar: She'd once rented it to us after my mother's divorce. It had become a shelter for us; my mom called it the "heartbreak hotel." When, at 7, my sister could no longer sleep alone, when crying among the family was a daily occurrence, and when a pandemic isolated us from the world, the house held us. Then Eloise's own divorce came. She moved in, we moved out, and a chain of moves began that flung me about like a rag doll. I wanted, for once, to hold the wheel myself.

Eloise greeted us and showed us the car. It was a blue Hyundai Elantra with an odometer in kilometers. One door handle had "just barely stopped working!" Inside that house where I'd once lived, where a woman, her little girl, and her angsty, ungrateful daughter took shelter, I signed for the car.

I had my doubts: It turned slightly bumpy back roads into pothole-ridden perils. It needed its brakes fixed. There was no air conditioning, but for used cars this was considered standard and inconsequential, especially if you were poor and/or a teenage girl. I looked past my concerns: I wanted something to be mine, to be able to grasp my fate in my hands and navigate away from the sticks and turmoil I felt so consumed by.

Now that I had a car, I had to actually learn to drive. I'd been given my license despite forging my practice hours and failing to parallel park on my test. I also needed to learn how to get to all the places I'd been driven over the years by my parents. (What I did on those car rides is a mystery to me, because I had not the slightest clue how to get from my dad's house to my mom's.) Sometimes I followed directions from my phone, balancing it on my knee and glancing down at my lap periodically.

Other times, I got directions from my 10-year-old sister, whose attention to the place we lived proved stronger than mine. I'd pick her up from school, she'd get in whichever side of the car had a working handle at the time, and while I held the wheel between my hands, she told me how to move it. She adopted a "Siri" voice, chirping at me from the back seat to take

ANDREA_HILL/GETTY IMAGES; GEORGIA ALLEN (BACKGROUND PHOTO)



The grocery store where I worked



Me, my mom, and my sister



The Elantra



Me as a kid (with my mom at age 27)

VERMONT

HANNAH ALLEN (PORTRAIT); COURTESY GEORGIA ALLEN (ALL PHOTOS)

a left or right, directing us from her school to the grocery store to our home. The roads felt new when I learned them, a web of trails spread out over my home that became familiar over time. Sometimes, when I drove, the sun would set over those hills and impose the trees over the colored sky. I was shocked at the beauty of this place I'd spent my life in, this place I was finally leaving in a year but was just discovering.

I never drove on interstates. I was still too scared, still harbored an inexperience I hated to admit. Half my mileage was on the dirt roads around my house, where I flew over potholes I'd failed to anticipate, cringing as the vehicle jostled around me. Sometimes neither of the rear-door handles worked. I procrastinated fixing the brakes, endured the "thud thud thud" sound that came from them when I ground to a halt. After some time, I did replace them and installed studded snow tires, purchased for me by my dad. I drove through my first winter with a car, getting stuck only a few times. I commuted to work and school, transported my little sister, and sang along to music from a growing CD collection I acquired for my car. I opened my acceptance email from Stanford before closing time at the grocery store where I worked, then clocked out and called my parents while sitting in my frost-covered Elantra, and before I heard their voices on the line it was just me and my car. My car, my vessel, sometimes falling apart yet always hanging together, carried me through it all, away from those tumultuous years into new ones.

When I left for Stanford the next year, I left the car sitting on my mom's lawn. I often thought about it when the Stanford bubble felt inescapable: memories of rocking across Vermont's tree-lined, broken roads would flood me. When I returned home for Christmas, it welcomed me (after my mom jumped it). Perpetually problematic, covered in dirt or mud or snow, creaking more and more each day, the car was invariably linked to home. What began as the means by which I explored the state I was born and raised in became how I visited after I left.

But each time I came back, it was in worse shape; each time I came back, it felt less like a homecoming. So, at the end of my first summer break, it joined thousands of crummy used cars on Facebook Marketplace and Craigslist.

After several responses, I had two meetings. One was with Frankie, who barely looked at the car, probably because of the selling price ($1,500) and his hope of fixing it up (I'd often seen him tinkering with cars in his driveway). He gave me his number, and I promised to contact him.

The other man examined the car much more. Driving up the hill from my old high school, he looked at me in shock when I told him that the sensations and sounds emitted by my little Elantra were normal.



'I was shocked at the beauty of this place I'd spent my life in, this place I was finally leaving in a year but was just discovering.'

"That is not normal."

I laughed.

He wanted to get it examined by a mechanic, so I decided it would be easier to sell it to Frankie. I didn't want to hear about all of its problems. I was protective. I was returning to Stanford in a week to begin my sophomore year, and I trusted Frankie to take care of it. It somehow seemed less sad to sell it to my neighbor who would fix it up—like gifting old clothes, stuffed animals, and other relics of an outgrown age to a family member for safekeeping.

So, a few days later, my mom followed me to the parking lot across from the grocery store I'd worked at for a while, where my dad had toted me along to shop a decade before that, and where I found out I was going to be a Stanford student. It lay at the base of the hill I'd once lived atop in the house my dad purchased when I was 5 and that—now that I'd left—he was considering renting out. It was September, and the air had been getting colder for some time.

I greeted Frankie, showed him the paperwork I'd printed and filled out as Eloise had done two years earlier. I felt like I was pantomiming adulthood.

As if it had just occurred to him: "Oh, I don't have $200. Of the $1,500, I have $1,300. We can do it later, if you would rather."

I'd already told him I was leaving in a week. I wanted to get it over with. "You can just give it to my dad when you get it."

He agreed and used my car window to sign the papers.

My mom and I drove away, leaving my car in that parking lot across from the Buffalo Mountain Market, beneath my childhood home. Part of me wanted to stay with it, to keep traveling along those dirt roads. But my family had been in Vermont for nine generations, and there was a reason I'd gone to Stanford. I'd always thought of California as some sort of utopia as a kid, sunshine and dancing hippies. A perfect, dream place. By the time I sold the car, Vermont had begun to offer that allure. In a few years it had been transformed from my inherited reality to an unattainable dream: a dream of childhood and its wane, a dream I had to sell away once I recognized it, a dream I will never get back.

Eventually, my dad did get the $200 from Frankie and Venmoed it to me, a final, delayed note of closure to that chapter of my life, when I drove and loved my first car through the dwindling days of my childhood. But not all endings are immediate. Sometimes I still think of that car as mine, and sometimes I still think of Vermont as my home. ■

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GEORGIA ALLEN



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Jacqueline Novogratz, MBA ’91

Jacqueline Novogratz is founder and CEO of Acumen, a nonprofit organization that uses “patient capital” to invest in businesses serving low-income communities. After co-founding Rwanda’s first microfinance bank for women, she built a new model for addressing poverty that centers dignity, entrepreneurship, and long-term sustainability. Under her leadership, Acumen has invested $364 million in 241 companies, reaching nearly 800 million people worldwide.

(Photo: Mark Shaw)

Paul R. Williams, JD ’90

Paul R. Williams is co-founder of the Public International Law and Policy Group, a nonprofit pro bono legal organization that supports peace negotiations, post-conflict constitution building, and war crimes prosecutions. After serving as legal advisor to the Bosnian delegation at the Dayton Peace Accords, he founded PILPG to help fill critical legal gaps in conflict resolution. The organization has supported peace processes and justice efforts in more than 30 countries.



(Photo: Courtesy American University)

ASKED AND ANSWERED

This Is Us

Actors Ryan Michelle Bathé and Sterling K. Brown on marriage, fame, and the long, winding road to both.

BY SUMMER MOORE BATTE

Sterling K. Brown and **Ryan Michelle Bathé** are grounded by their love. It is evident in the way they agree, disagree, and playfully rib each other. That's an accomplishment for any couple married 20 years and raising two sons—let alone two people who have been in each other's orbits since age 18.

But Bathé and Brown, both '98, have also weathered Hollywood together, from earning MFAs at NYU to striving for roles on the stage and screen to outright fame. Bathé is known for television roles in *Boston Legal*, *First Wives Club*, *All Rise*, and *Army Wives*, in which Brown was a lead. Then, in 2016, Brown's star rose with roles in *The People v. O.J. Simpson: American Crime Story*—where his portrayal of prosecuting attorney Christopher Darden earned him his first Emmy—and *This Is Us*, which secured his second Emmy and made him the first African American actor to win a Golden Globe for best actor in a television drama. Bathé also appeared in the family drama, which ran for six seasons.

Brown and Bathé are also grounded by their love for their alma mater, which they credit with setting them on their professional paths. STANFORD sat down with them on campus late one evening during the 2026 Stanford Black Alumni Summit. Brown was in the middle of shooting the third season of Hulu's postapocalyptic thriller *Paradise*, in which he stars as Secret Service agent Xavier Collins. (A bonus for Bathé devotees: She makes an appearance in season 2.) Both the show and Brown were nominated for Emmys for seasons 1 and 2.

Tired from travel, satiated from reuniting with friends over dinner, Bathé and Brown reflected on the Farm, where it all started (while fielding texts from their children about whether they could order takeout. They could.)

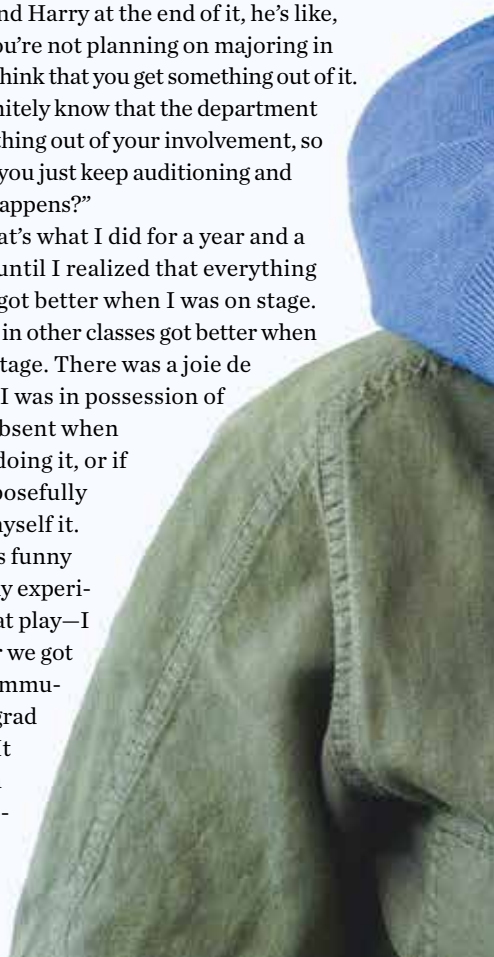
STANFORD: What parts of Stanford made you who you are?

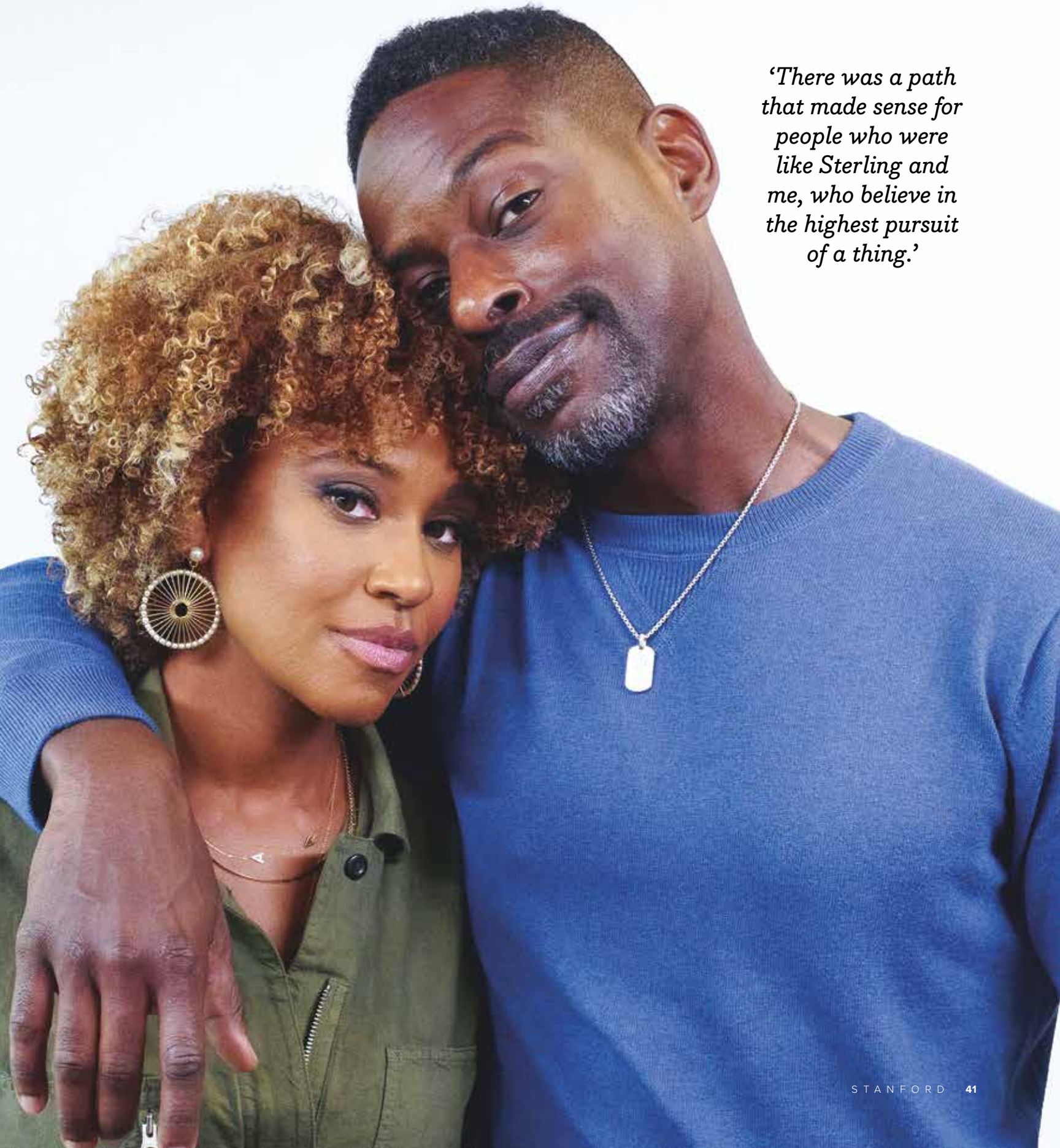
BROWN: I lived in Ujamaa three out of the four years that I was at Stanford. We had a house meeting, and I remember professor [of theater and performance studies] Harry Elam coming to the dorm and asking students to audition for a play that he was directing, by August Wilson. And I remember thinking, *Oh man, I hadn't planned on doing any acting, because acting is superfluous, and I'm here as an economics major and I'm trying to stay focused. But, oh, this seems like it would be interesting.* And the big thing about it was he said that August Wilson was going to come to see the play. I did not know who August Wilson was, but I read the play and I was like, *Oh, he seems like he's pretty good.*

It was *Joe Turner's Come and Gone*. And Harry directed it. Having him come to the dorm and ask people to audition was like, all right, it must be meant to be. I wasn't looking for this or whatnot, but this Black man is here in this dorm with these Black students asking for Black actors. And I was like, *I'll throw my hat in the ring.* Both of us wound up being in the play, and Harry at the end of it, he's like, "I know you're not planning on majoring in this, but I think that you get something out of it. And I definitely know that the department gets something out of your involvement, so why don't you just keep auditioning and see what happens?"

And that's what I did for a year and a half or so until I realized that everything in my life got better when I was on stage. My grades in other classes got better when I was on stage. There was a joie de vivre that I was in possession of that was absent when I was not doing it, or if I was purposefully denying myself it.

BATHÉ: It's funny because my experience of that play—I remember we got to be in community with grad students. It was such a good intro-





'There was a path that made sense for people who were like Sterling and me, who believe in the highest pursuit of a thing.'

duction to Stanford because I got to see that you could have this really rich academic life. They were getting their PhDs, they were getting their master's degrees, but they still found time to do this play. And they were very good at it. I was like, *Wow. I'm at a place where people are truly multitalented.* We got to see these people with such intellectual prowess, with such incredible gifts as actors, just come together.

I'd always heard you met freshman year. And I thought, *Oh, it's one of* those *stories.* But it didn't go that way. Will you tell me a little bit about that?

BROWN: It seemed like we had interest in each other at different times. Because—you know what? I actually want Ryan to go first, because I'll start saying something and she'll say, no, that's not how it went. So, I'd rather her set the record from her perspective, and then I can add.

BATHÉ: Memory is a faulty storyteller in many ways. A wonderful storyteller, but maybe not the most factual storyteller. Yes, there were different points in time that we were interested in each other and, you know, went on about our merry way. It wasn't until the very end of junior year that we actually were in an official relationship. And even then, it wasn't that official.

BROWN: Wasn't it?

BATHÉ: No, it was not! It was at least recognized that we both had feelings for each other at the same time. And then senior year happened and we ended up going to NYU. The year before us, there was a guy named Jordan Gelber ['97]. Jordan was the first person in our circle to go to grad school. He illuminated a path that neither one of us had heard people talk about before. It wasn't just graduate and go to New York or L.A. and hope for the best. There was a path that made sense for people who were like Sterling and me, who believe in the highest pursuit of a thing.

Do you want to fill in anything about the relationship?

BROWN: I have to rewatch the movie, but it feels very *When Harry Met Sally*, because they just sort of missed each other a couple of times, you know what I'm saying? There are so many reasons why it shouldn't have worked out. But I do believe it is divine providence. I believe that the universe put us in each other's lives on purpose. And there's been harmony and there's been friction. And I think there's been growth through all of it.

All I can say is I'm thankful. I think Ryan makes me a better person. I think she augments whatever level of ambition was already there. I won't call her Lady M because that would seem tragic and this is not a tragedy. It's a comedy in a Shakespearean sense. It ends in marriage and love. And babies being born.

How have you navigated fame together and then with kids?

BROWN: That's a great question. The first part of the negotiation is that the way Ryan and I approach life is different. I won't say fundamentally different, but different in that my wife is a very task-oriented person. She takes care of business. And I'm the dude who will stop to have a conversation with whomever. It's like, *Oh, you want to talk about something deep? I'm down to have something deep happen.* I'm looking for this connection thing, right?

And so, with regards to how we attach to our careers, there would be times in the past where she was like, "This is what you should do." And I would be like, "I don't want to. I think it's going to happen like *this*." She's like, "But that's not how things happen." Until ultimately, we decided as a couple, I have to give Ryan the space to pursue her career the way that she sees fit, and she has to do the same thing for me.

Over the past 10 years, one of the most interesting things has been that my wife is such an essential part of my career, of my



TWO CAN PLAY: Brown (as Harold Loomis) and Bathé (as Mattie Campbell) co-starred in *Joe Turner's Come and Gone* at Stanford in 1994.

'I realized that everything in my life got better when I was on stage.'

PREVIOUS PAGE: ABF CREATIVE. THIS PAGE: COURTESY SPECIAL COLLECTIONS & UNIVERSITY ARCHIVES/STANFORD LIBRARIES

ascension, of my life, of my world, right? I think there are times in which she feels as if it is a solo journey. And there are times in which I'm desperately trying to say, "But it's not. It is a collective journey." And I think we're doing great, but it needs constant vigilant attention. And it also means that I can't just do it my way and she can do it her way—because we're an *us* and it doesn't really work that way anymore.

BATHÉ: And we're naturally very independent people. So I think naturally, left to our own devices, we wouldn't nurture the relationship, because it's easy for us to be independent. Obviously, it was easier to be these independent people out in the world when we didn't have children.

BROWN: We had a six-week rule, and I think we discovered over time that six weeks apart—somebody has to get on a plane after six weeks. And then when kids came along, it became four weeks. And now we try not to go more than two or three. I think I had one five-week stint and that was it. But even my kids were like, "I think you've been gone too long."

BATHÉ: The 15-year-old now likes to act like he couldn't care less if we're home. The 11-year-old is a little bit more, um—Sterling is his basketball coach. So, he needs his coach.

What do your Stanford friends mean to you?

BROWN: There's an incredible grounding that comes with people who've known you since you had bad skin and you didn't know so many things. Who just appreciate you for who you are and have seen you through hard times and through seeing the good times come your way. So much of what happens for me these days is genuine enthusiasm for people to meet [me], which is very, very sweet and very cool. But they'll say, like, "I know you." But they don't. They may know your work, and that's always cool and it's very sweet. But there are people who *know* me. There are people who have stayed up late with me as we've worked on problem sets for Econ 180. There are people who—we've taken questions for studying for sociology classes and worked on them together. There are people whose rooms I have cleaned when they were off busy doing things. There's something irreplaceable about the level and intimacy of knowledge that your friends have who lived with you.

BATHÉ: You cannot put a price tag on the friendships and the family and community that you will find in your four years at Stanford University. You cannot do life alone. And you cannot do life with superficial relationships and superficial friendships. You plant the seeds here and they grow and by the time you graduate, you literally graduate with a tree. And that tree is the people that you know, and it will grow and it will shield you, it will shade you, it will feed you for the rest of your life. ■

SUMMER MOORE BATTE, '99, *is the deputy and digital editor of* STANFORD. *Email her at summerm@stanford.edu.*



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the Search

Inside the hunt to prevent, delay, and cure Alzheimer's disease.



by Sam Scott

Illustrations by Catrin Welz-Stein

this fall marks 125 years since a German physician named Alois Alzheimer met the patient most responsible for his last name's haunting immortality. Auguste Deter—her identity not nearly as preserved as his—was a 51-year-old housewife who had been admitted to the psychiatric hospital in Frankfurt, suffering from worsening confusion, outbursts, and memory loss. Deter told Alzheimer she'd been in the hospital three weeks, but it had been one day.





MIND MATTERS: Alzheimer (top) wrote that in their sessions, Deter repeatedly said, "I have lost myself."

She couldn't recall the name of her husband, who had brought her there. She struggled to identify the food she was eating as they talked, referring to meat as potatoes. But it was only after her death five years later that Alzheimer was able to glimpse the pathology behind her plight. His postmortem revealed a "deposition of a peculiar substance" throughout the brain as well as a "tangle of fibrils . . . where a nerve cell had been."

More than a century later, those abnormalities remain the best-known hallmarks of Alzheimer's disease, the most common type of dementia, accounting for 60 to 80 percent of cases worldwide. The "peculiar substance" forms amyloid plaques—sticky clumps of a protein called beta-amyloid that begin to accumulate across the brain early in the illness. The neurofibrillary tangles—twisted bundles of a different protein called tau—accumulate later inside neurons in areas of the brain most ravaged by the disease, including the memory-making hippocampus. Together, plaques and tangles accompany—and appear to hasten—the loss of synaptic connections between neurons, eroding a person's memory, judgment, and independence. Today, doctors needn't wait until death to see either plaques or tangles: Advances in medical imaging mean both can be revealed in glowing detail in living brains, including in people with no outward symptoms. The technology has transformed our understanding of how and when Alzheimer's takes hold.

But in the most important way, Alzheimer's disease remains as far beyond the reach of science as it was in 1901. Since 2021, the Food and Drug Administration has approved a trio of drugs that each clear the brain of amyloid plaques, raising hopes of slowing neuro-degeneration. But the drugs have shown only modest effects on patient outcomes, and it may turn out that amyloid is more a consequence of the disease than its primary instigator (though it's possible anti-amyloid drugs may still prove effective if given earlier). Regardless, today, there are no therapies to prevent, halt, or cure a disease that affects more than 7 million Americans and has risen to become an aging country's sixth-leading cause of death.

It's a bleak bottom line, but to talk to Stanford scientists studying the disease is to hear reasons for optimism. Before you can treat a disease, you need to measure it, says Tony Wyss-Coray, a professor of neurology and neurological sciences who leads the Knight Initiative for Brain Resilience at Stanford. And leaps in imaging, genetics, proteomics, and immunology have led to an explosion of insight into the disease, revealing new flanks to attack. "I'm very excited because we have more shots on goal that we can try to translate," says Sharon Sha, a clinical professor of neurology and neurological sciences and chief of the Stanford Memory Disorders Center. "I think we'll get there in my lifetime, but we're not there yet." Here are four Stanford efforts to better detect, understand, and ultimately defeat Alzheimer's.

The Genetic Underpinning

As a physician, Stanford neurologist Michael Greicius doesn't generally advise people without any symptoms of Alzheimer's to get tested for the most common genetic risk for the disease. Such analyses—available from doctors as well as from companies like 23andMe—scan for a genetic variant called APOE4, which is the strongest known genetic risk factor for typical, late-onset Alzheimer's. But carrying the variant means you're more likely to develop the disease, not that you will. And Greicius questions if knowing you are APOE4 positive is worth the burden, at least until the day preventive therapies become available. "It would just make me anxious," he says. "Every time I forgot why I went into the living room to get something, I'd be like, *shit, this is it, now it's starting*."

But as a researcher, Greicius—a professor of neurology and neurological sciences who specializes in computational approaches to genetics—is anything but inattentive to APOE4. The gene and its variants occupy the lion's share of his lab's attention as the team looks for clues to its role in the disease, how its influence differs by sex and ancestry, and most tantalizingly, how rare mutations in the gene might point toward new treatments.

All of us have two copies of the APOE gene, one from

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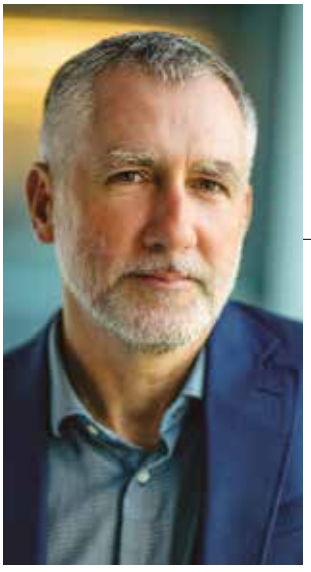
each parent, sitting on the long arm of our 19th chromosome. The gene comes in three main variants—APOE2, APOE3, and APOE4—that provide instructions for a protein that helps transport cholesterol and other fats throughout the brain and body. The exact role APOE plays in Alzheimer's is still unknown, but for decades researchers have recognized the gene as a key barometer of risk for the disease.



Tony Wyss-Coray

APOE2—the rarest of the three—reduces risk of Alzheimer's. APOE3—the most common—is considered the benchmark. And APOE4—present in about 15 to 25 percent of the population—confers the highest likelihood of developing the disease. Its effects vary by race and sex, but generally speaking, people with one copy of APOE4 have about a two- to four-fold risk of developing Alzheimer's, Greicius says. Those with two copies are at about a 10- to 12-fold risk. According to the National Institutes of Health, people with European ancestry who have two copies of APOE4 can have as high as a 60 percent chance of developing Alzheimer's dementia by age 85. Additionally, those with APOE4 tend to show symptoms five to 10 years earlier than others who develop the disease.

But there are exceptions that may reveal new lines of attack on the illness. In 2022, Greicius, along with first author Yann Le Guen, now assistant director of computational biology at Stanford, and an international team of collaborators, published a paper in *JAMA Neurology* examining genetic data from more than 544,000 people, including nearly 68,000 with Alzheimer's. They identified a mutation called R251G, found in about 1 out of every 1,000 APOE4 carriers, that changes just one of the 299 amino acids in the protein coded by the APOE gene. That tiny change cuts Alzheimer's risk roughly in half among people with APOE4. "It's a huge risk reducer," Greicius says. "Nature's sort of provided a blueprint for how to mitigate the Alzheimer's risk of APOE4."



Michael Greicius

An important question for Greicius is whether researchers can follow that blueprint to create a drug that mimics the effects of R251G. He has been working with Chaitan Khosla, a professor of chemistry and of chemical engineering and the director of the Innovative Medicines Accelerator, which helps turn Stanford discoveries into therapies. Before researchers can begin developing drugs, Khosla says, they need to determine exactly how APOE contributes to Alzheimer's and how R251G changes that process: "Nobody questions that APOE plays an important role in Alzheimer's disease, but nobody can tell you how it plays a role in Alzheimer's disease." But his team may be nearing an answer. "We are down to two, or at most 2 ½, possibilities," Khosla says. "I'm very optimistic. I wouldn't commit to this if I didn't genuinely believe that in the next two to three years, we are at the cusp of a real transformative insight into the disease."

Perhaps genetic testing for Alzheimer's will soon offer more than a reason to worry.

The Secret to Brain Resilience

Alzheimer's researchers have long known from autopsies—and increasingly from brain scans and blood tests in living people—that the disease begins in stealth. Amyloid plaques and tau tangles can accumulate silently in the brain for years, even decades, before memory problems emerge—if they emerge at all. One of the field's biggest unanswered questions is why in some people these biological changes ultimately progress to dementia, while others remain healthy despite harboring the same pathology.

That mystery lies at the heart of the Stanford Aging and Memory Study, or SAMS, a long-running project that follows older adults as they age. Since 2014, about 250 volunteers have enrolled, returning to campus every seven years for several days of memory testing, brain imaging, and biomarker measurements. "We do these measurements, and then we watch them and we see what happens," says Elizabeth Mormino, a research associate professor of neurology and neurological sciences who leads the study with psychology professor Anthony Wagner, PhD '97. "You really need the longitudinal piece to understand resilience versus risk."

Unlike many Alzheimer's studies, SAMS enrolls only people with no measurable cognitive impairment. (Mild cognitive impairment is considered the first step to possible

FROM TOP: GARY WAGNER; TIMOTHY ARCHIBALD/STANFORD MEDICINE

dementia.) Among these healthy volunteers, about one-quarter show elevated amyloid, and about 10 percent have elevated tau. After more than a decade of follow-up, about 15 percent of participants clearly stand out as cognitively declining (though very few meet the criteria for even mild cognitive impairment), while many appear resilient to memory decline, Mormino says. By comparing those divergent trajectories, researchers hope to identify the genetic, biological, and lifestyle factors that influence who progresses toward dementia and who remains symptom-free despite the disease's advancing pathology.



Elizabeth Mormino

SAMS has become an invaluable testbed, says Wyss-Coray, the neurologist who directs Stanford's Knight Initiative for Brain Resilience. Using samples from SAMS and five other research cohorts, his lab published a paper in *Nature Medicine* in 2025 showing that the ratio of two proteins—YWHAG and NPTX2, which help regulate communication at the brain's synapses—could help predict cognitive decline and the onset of dementia. People with relatively high levels of NPTX2 compared with YWHAG tended to remain cognitively stable over time, even with elevated amyloid or tau. Those with a higher proportion of YWHAG were more likely to decline.

> 'If we can delay it by 10 years, we eliminate 90 percent of Alzheimer's in the world.'

The findings not only suggested a way to better predict Alzheimer's risk but also pointed to a potential therapeutic target. In mouse models, boosting NPTX2 appears to protect synapses from damage caused by toxic tau. Delivering it in humans as a therapy could represent a new approach to treating the disease.

SAMS functions as a laboratory for developing and validating such biomarkers, Wyss-Coray says. Once researchers know which measurements are meaningful in a closely studied cohort like SAMS, they can apply those discoveries to datasets involving hundreds of thousands of people. "The initial discoveries are often made in smaller cohorts," he says. "And then you can say, 'OK, let's put up the money to measure the same thing in a large cohort.'"

The Role of Inflammation

Katrin Andreasson was a postdoctoral fellow at Johns Hopkins University when she became fascinated by a series of population studies around the globe reporting a striking pattern. People who regularly took common nonsteroidal anti-inflammatory drugs, or NSAIDs (including ibuprofen), appeared significantly less likely to develop Alzheimer's.

For Andreasson, that raised an intriguing possibility. If drugs that reduce inflammation seemed to protect against Alzheimer's, perhaps inflammation itself played a larger role in the disease than scientists realized. But in the late '90s, Alzheimer's researchers were so focused on amyloid plaques that it was difficult to get support to explore other ideas. "It just seemed like everybody was sort of looking, thinking one way," says Andreasson, '83, MS '83, a professor of neurology and neurological sciences. "I could not get a grant."

She found traction in the 2010s. Her research in the decades since has revealed connections between inflammation and Alzheimer's, leading to a provocative insight: Our vulnerability to the disease may be exacerbated by an inflammation-related energy shortage in the brain—one that appears reversible, at least in lab mice.

NSAIDs reduce inflammation by blocking enzymes that produce chemical messengers called prostaglandins. The blockade causes a broad range of effects, from easing pain to the more problematic consequence of raising blood pressure. Andreasson sought to isolate what in this array might protect against Alzheimer's.

Her search eventually centered on one messenger, prostaglandin E2, or PGE2, and a receptor on immune cells called EP2. During infection or injury, PGE2 acts like an alarm, mobilizing the body's immune defenses. It can be overzealous in its urgency—we often take an Advil to ease the resulting swelling, redness, and pain—but in the short term, it generally serves a useful purpose.

As people age, however, PGE2 levels rise, and the alarm rings more frequently and with less cause. Instead of standing down after a threat, immune cells remain in attack mode,

JEFF BAKER/STANFORD MEDICINE

becoming less effective and less focused on crucial work such as removing cellular waste and pathogens.

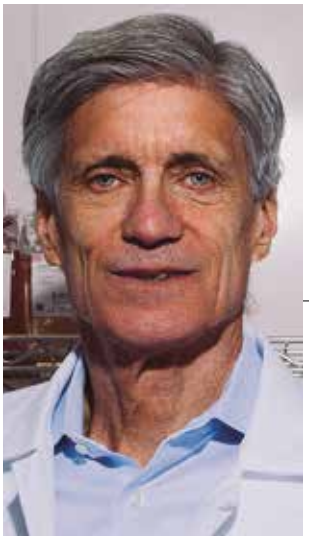
Andreasson's lab demonstrated the pathway's possible importance to Alzheimer's in a 2014 study of mice with amyloid plaques and other features of the disease. When researchers disrupted the PGE2–EP2 connection in the brain's immune cells, the cells cleared amyloid much more readily. The mice also showed less inflammation and performed better on memory tests.



Katrin Andreasson

A subsequent 2021 paper in *Nature*, with a team including first author Paras Minhas, MD '17, PhD '21, offered insight into why. The researchers found that PGE2–EP2 signaling told immune cells to stop using fuel for energy. Instead, the immune cells were instructed to put that fuel into storage, as if for a rainy day. But that rainy day never comes. Deprived of usable fuel, the cells became less capable of protecting the body and more likely to produce damaging inflammation. But when researchers blocked EP2 in old mice, the cells regained youthful vigor. The mice's memory also improved.

Why aging immune cells would hoard fuel instead of using it to do their job remains a mystery—one that may simply reflect evolutionary indifference. "Aging is probably not what nature intended—we're supposed to reproduce and then succumb to infections," Andreasson said in a 2022 interview with the Knight Initiative for Brain Resilience.



Frank Longo

Andreasson's lab has since found another way that inflammation may deprive the brain of energy in the face of Alzheimer's. This research focused on astrocytes, star-shaped cells that feed neurons and maintain synapses. In a 2024 *Science* paper, again with first author Minhas, the researchers found that amyloid and tau—the defining abnormalities of Alzheimer's—activated an enzyme called IDO1 in astrocytes. The resulting chain of events put the astrocytes into a slumberous mode, sapping their ability to keep neurons supplied with energy. But when researchers blocked IDO1, the astrocytes perked up, restoring the neurons' fuel supply and improving synaptic function.

The treatment restored memories in mice. In one experiment, mice were placed in the center of a brightly lit disk called a Barnes maze, which they had visited during several previous sessions. Eager to escape the glare, they hurried to find the hole along the disk's edge—an easy task for healthy mice who remembered the way but a struggle for those with Alzheimer's symptoms. Once researchers blocked IDO1, however, even the Alzheimer's mice went straight for the exit.

The team also tested IDO1 inhibitors on human astrocytes and neurons derived from Alzheimer's patients. Again, the experimental treatment restored normal energy metabolism.

It's a long path from demonstrating an effect in mice and human cells to showing that a treatment works in people. Andreasson says her team is working on how to translate its research in the clinic. But it may be that the secret to fighting Alzheimer's is in restoring the brain's ability to fuel its own defense.

Delaying the Disease

Professor of neurology and neurological sciences Frank Longo takes inspiration from the lucky few whose brains have extensive plaques and tangles but who never develop dementia. It's a tiny group—Longo estimates that about 5 percent of people with extensive Alzheimer's pathology never show symptoms. But they exemplify an important message. "Nature's telling us resilience is possible," he says.

That, he says, captures the grand challenge he has been working on for decades: creating a drug that gives everyone the same protection. Because Alzheimer's usually strikes late in life, even pushing back the onset of symptoms by a decade could have an enormous impact. "If we can delay it by 10 years," Longo says, "we eliminate 90 percent of Alzheimer's in the world."

Longo considers himself agnostic about what causes Alzheimer's. He says multiple biological processes likely drive the disease: amyloid plaques, tau tangles, inflammation, and probably others. Trying to stop any one of them is like playing Whac-a-Mole. Instead, his focus is on their common effect: the destruction of the synaptic connections through which

FROM TOP: COURTESY ANDREASSON LAB; MISHA GRAVENOR/STANFORD MEDICINE



neurons communicate and memories are made. He serves as chair of PharmatrophiX, a biotechnology company developing an experimental drug designed to protect those connections from multiple forms of damage. "The bottom line with this disease is you're losing your synaptic connections—that's what you need for cognition," he says. "We're making synapses resilient to whatever the causes are."

> 'This is the first time we're seeing a therapy lead to improved brain metabolic network function in actual Alzheimer's patients.'

The company traces its origins to research Longo and UCSF neurologist Stephen Massa began around 2000. They were interested in nerve growth factor, a naturally occurring protein that helps neurons grow, survive, and maintain their connections. But nerve growth factor is too large to cross the blood-brain barrier, the protective boundary that keeps many substances in the bloodstream from entering the brain. So Longo and Massa looked for a smaller molecule that could reproduce some of nerve growth factor's protective effects. After computationally screening hundreds of thousands of molecules, they identified a compound that became known as LM11A-31, or C31. Longo and his wife, Anne Chun Longo, '90, founded PharmatrophiX in 2005 to shepherd the drug through the long path of development.

The drug works by targeting a receptor on the surface of neurons called p75NTR. The receptor helps govern whether neurons and their connections are maintained or

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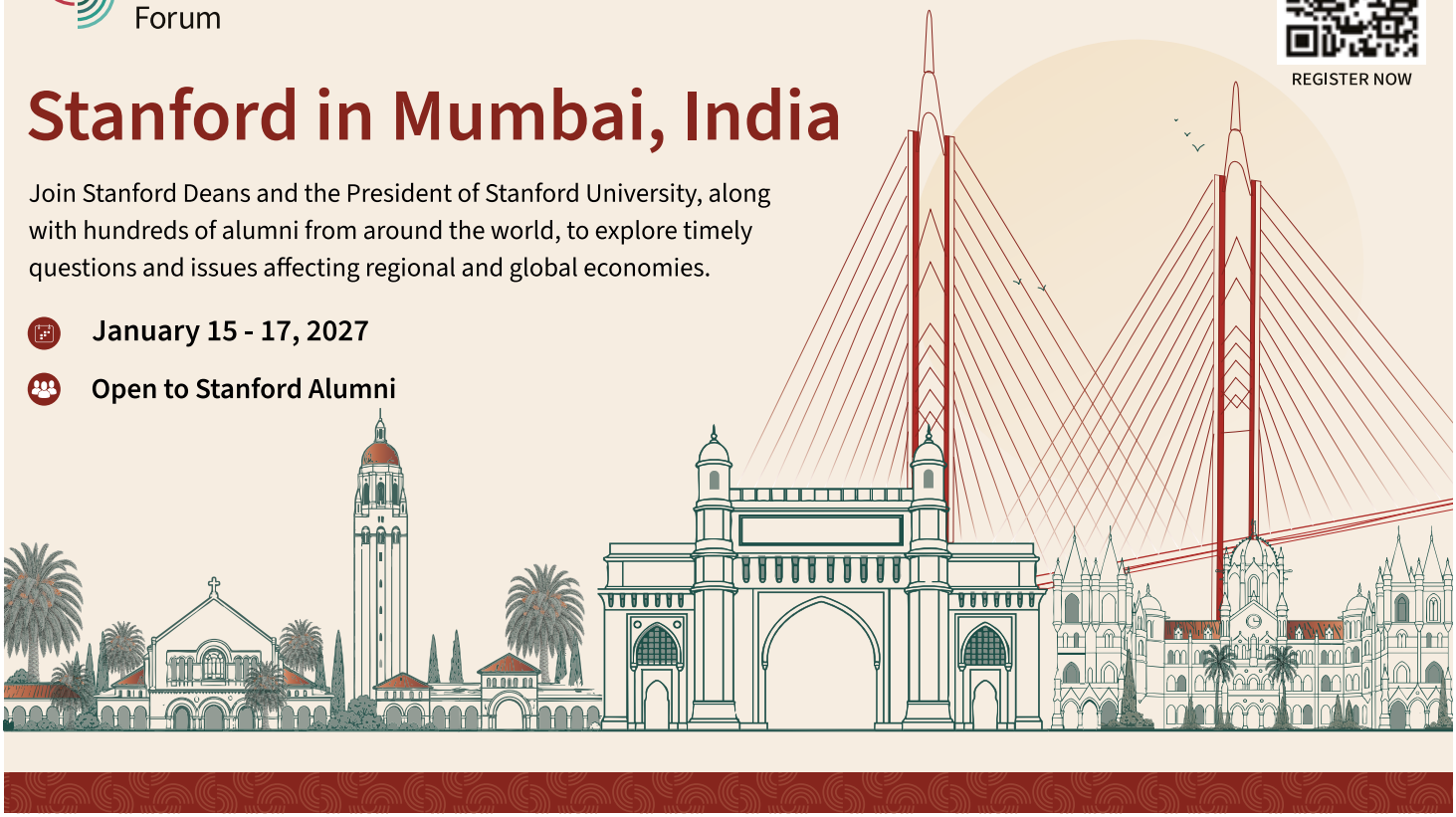
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dismantled. Under duress—as in Alzheimer's—its signaling tilts toward self-destruction. C31 targets the receptor, seeking to steer that message back toward survival.

Longo calls the evidence so far encouraging. In laboratory studies, the drug protected neuron-like structures from amyloid-related damage. In mice, he says, treatment restored some lost dendritic spines (tiny projections on neurons where synaptic connections form). And in a 26-week phase 2A trial involving 242 people with mild to moderate Alzheimer's disease in five European countries, brain scans and other tests suggested the drug may be slowing some aspects of the disease.

In a later analysis, researchers examined brain scans from 159 trial participants to assess how well regions involved in memory and other cognitive functions were working together. They found that C31 appeared to preserve—and in some regions improve—network efficiency. "We're not going to claim that we're reversing Alzheimer's," Longo says. "I'm very conservative, but this is the first time we're seeing a therapy lead to improved brain metabolic network function in actual Alzheimer's patients." The findings suggest the drug may have slowed cognitive decline, though Longo says confirming that benefit will require a phase 3 trial involving about 1,600 patients and costing hundreds of millions of dollars. If the trial succeeds, Longo says, the drug could receive federal approval within five years.

Longo believes Alzheimer's research has entered a new era. Advances in blood tests, brain imaging, and other biomarkers have given scientists an unprecedented view of the disease years before symptoms develop, opening the possibility of intervening before irreversible damage occurs. The brain is no longer a black box, he says. We can see things Alois Alzheimer could never have imagined. ■

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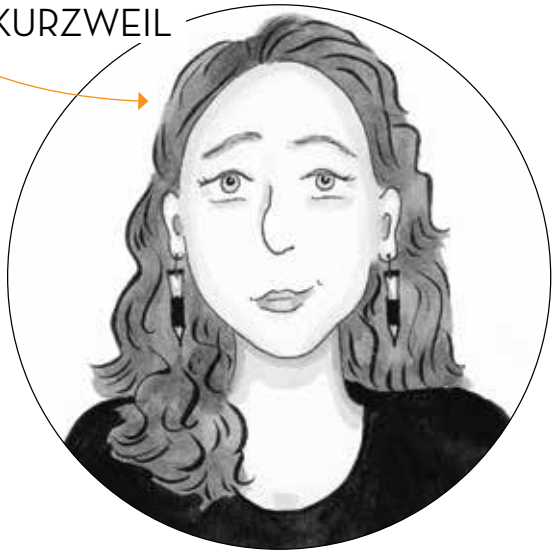
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AMY KURZWEIL



THE GAG ECON

HOW TWO CARTOONISTS MASTERED THE ART OF THE ONE-LINER. OMY



BY KALI SHILOH

Two *New Yorker* cartoonists walk into a classroom, and it's no joke.

Amy Kurzweil and **Kendra Allenby** are here, at Michigan's prestigious Interlochen Center for the Arts, to lead a weeklong graphic novel intensive for some of the country's most talented high school artists.

Both have taught art before. They've also written books and freelanced. Allenby, '10, has been a bartender and a hiking and biking tour guide. Kurzweil, '09, has taught dance, done speaking events, and been an adjunct English professor. The constant side hustling can be a struggle, but it's paved the way to the *New Yorker*, where the two artists create some of the best single-panel—or "gag"—cartoons in the country.

"When you nail it, it's the most satisfying thing in the world," says Allenby, who has published more than 40 cartoons in the *New Yorker*. (Kurzweil has published nearly as many.) "You're creating this little five-second play."

Being a *New Yorker* cartoonist isn't just a job or freelance gig. It's an identity. As soon as Kurzweil made her first sale, "I put it as the first line in my bio," she says. The 101-year-old magazine has become the Everest of the single-panel cartoon world, helping define American culture with foundational contributors such as Charles Addams, who famously spun his macabre characters into *The Addams Family* franchise. Placing a cartoon in the magazine's pages is a signal that a cartoonist has joined an elite club—in 2010, the cartoon editor wrote that just a few hundred cartoonists were responsible for more than 95 percent of the 75,000 *New Yorker* cartoons ever published.

In front of the high school students at Interlochen, Kurzweil and Allenby don't gloss over the challenges. "I often tell my students: 'If you want to do this, you have to be as creative about your career as you do about the cartoons,'" Allenby explains. But she and Kurzweil say they're deeply fulfilled by the form—the juxtaposition of words and images, the opportunity to boil down the common human experience to a kernel of insight both funny and profound. In the prime of their careers, the pair are still carving out their paths as artists, but today when they publish a cartoon, it appears next to those drawn by their icons, who are now mentors and friends. "To be part of that, artistically, is worth it," Allenby says.

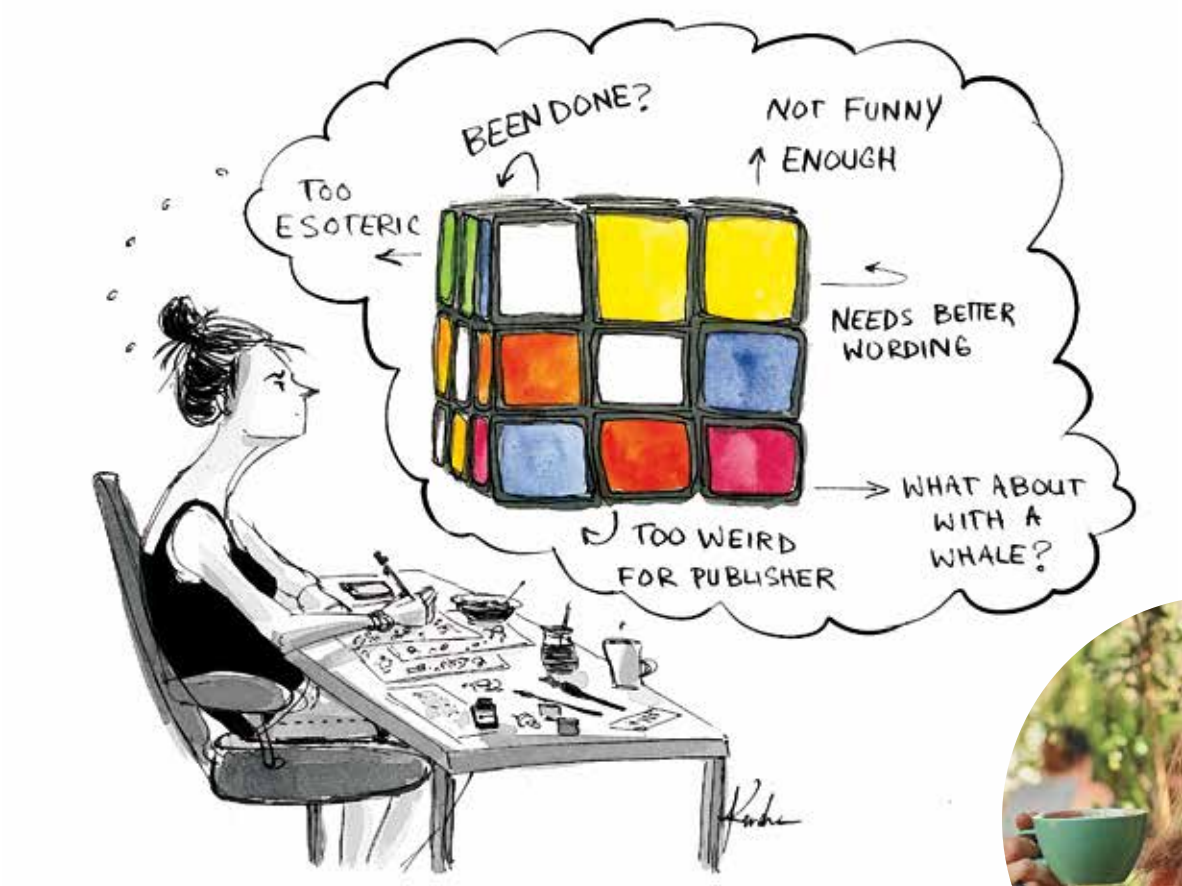




DRAWN TO CARTOONING

When the first issue of the *New Yorker* hit newsstands on February 17, 1925, an announcement in its pages read, "The *New Yorker* expects to be distinguished for its illustrations, which will include caricatures, sketches, cartoons and humorous and satirical drawings in keeping with its purpose." The magazine paid top dollar for one-off purchases, and the best few dozen artists were offered a generous contract, which over the years variably included even higher pay per cartoon, health care benefits, life insurance, and company stock. Even without a steady stream of income from the *New Yorker*, cartoonists could make a decent living. Many walked door to door in New York,

PREVIOUS PAGE, FROM LEFT: AMY KURZWEIL; KENDRA ALLENBY; THIS PAGE: AMY KURZWEIL (2)





FROM TOP: KENDRA ALLENBY; ESIN ÜSTÜNDAĞ

selling their rejected cartoons to dozens of other publications. Today, each *New Yorker* cartoon earns its artist $750, and regulars like Allenby and Kurzweil are unlikely to be published more than once a month. The magazine no longer offers new cartoon contracts, and nearly all of the other publications that used to pay for cartoons have either gone out of business or stopped buying.

But even in its heyday, cartooning was a grind. The artists were often self-taught, true as well for both Kurzweil and Allenby, neither of whom formally learned to draw until adulthood.

Kurzweil, an English major with a concentration in creative writing, didn't begin drawing until her senior year at Stanford. While reading *Maus*, a graphic novel about the Holocaust, for a course, she was struck by the author's ability to use images to capture a story that felt so real, and she drew her own comic as part of her coursework. She knew what it was like to receive feedback on her writing, and "the way people responded to the comic was different," she says. "There was a lot more love and exuberance and people wanting to read it." For her senior thesis, she created a 125-page graphic memoir, *Flying Couch*, which she published in 2016 after eight years of redrawing it and pitching it to publishers.

Allenby, who graduated a year after Kurzweil, didn't realize a career in art was something she could pursue until she was out of college. "I didn't know any practicing artists as I was growing up," she says. "No one in suburban New Jersey was doing that." Instead, she majored in anthropology at Stanford. "I wanted a juicy, academic major," she says. "My brain likes this question of, at heart, why are humans weird?"

During a cross-country bike ride after graduation, she began drawing one cartoon a day to document the trip and fell in love with the ink, the lines, and how the visual brain works with ideas.

She and Kurzweil didn't get to know each other at Stanford, and they remained largely unaware of each other as they each settled in New York and committed themselves to the idea of becoming *New Yorker* cartoonists. Allenby was in Brooklyn, where she spent four years as a bartender and temp worker while grinding through continuing education art classes at the School of Visual Arts in Manhattan. Kurzweil was learning to cartoon as she made her living crisscrossing the city to teach dance, writing, and drawing at public schools in the Bronx, Brooklyn, and Newark, N.J. She spent a year earning an MFA in creative writing. "People don't want to read my short stories," she remembers noticing. "They actually want to read comics."

About a decade ago, the pair finally met at the *New Yorker* headquarters, where they'd



"You're telling me I should leave the artists' commune that saved me from my stepmother's tyrannical élitism, where I have seven boyfriends, to become the impotent figurehead of another unjust power structure?"

joined the lineup of hopefuls pitching their works to cartoon editor Bob Mankoff. His rejections were swift.

PITCH IMPERFECT

Today, the *New Yorker* receives up to 1,500 submissions per week from its 200 regular contributors, plus hundreds more in a "slush" pile from unknown artists. The magazine buys 10 to 20 per week, an acceptance rate of around 1 percent. From 1997 to 2017, the editor sifting through all those submissions was Mankoff.

He'd begun his tenure with the *New Yorker* as a cartoonist in the 1970s. After 2,000 rejections, he finally sold his first *New Yorker* cartoon and later received one of the cartoon contracts (though notably, the word "cartoon" did not appear in the contracts, which instead used the term "idea drawing").

In a 2013 TED Talk, Mankoff explained that each *New Yorker* cartoon truly is an "idea drawing"—something that requires both the cartoonist and the reader to think. It should also somehow defy expectations and offer incongruity in a way that is humorous. The target of the humor, importantly, is always the readership—"us" rather than "them." "The humor is self-reflective," he said, "and makes us think about our assumptions." In Mankoff's most famous cartoon, a businessman stands in his office with the city skyline behind him and a phone at his ear. The caption reads: "No, Thursday's out. How about never—is never good for you?"

Even the most successful cartoonists struggle to predict which of their cartoons will resonate with editors and readers. "It's not like putting together a machine part," says Michael Maslin, who has made his living drawing *New Yorker* cartoons for nearly 50 years. Often, when it comes to identifying what makes a great cartoon, "we don't know," he says. "There's a lot of mystery to why they work and what other people think."

Before COVID, the magazine allowed cartoonists to submit their art in person. Every Tuesday, anyone who wanted feedback could show up at the *New Yorker* headquarters with up to 10 cartoons and personally hand them to Mankoff, who would either toss them back (a bad sign) or set some aside for further consideration. Although many cartoonists sent in their pitches via email or mail, up to 30 showed up in person each Tuesday, from newcomers to the most famous cartoonists of the day.

Allenby remembers her first pitch, in 2014. Mankoff "ripped me open," she says. "He was like, 'You can't draw. You can't draw at all. Your drawings aren't charming at all. Some people have wonky drawings and it's charming. Yours aren't charming. You might never be able to learn how to draw.'"

It was, she says, the experience of discovering that the impossibly critical voice in your head is incarnate, and he's the gatekeeper of your dream.

Her jokes, though, had something. Mankoff liked them.

"Can I come back?" she asked. Sure, Mankoff told her as he tossed the cartoons back across his desk.

For early-career cartoonists, "it was a bit of a speedrun of just over and over again getting noes," says Colin Stokes, Mankoff's longtime assistant. Persistence was key.

"The way I think of the dues I've paid at the *New Yorker* is that it was kind of a part of my education," says Kurzweil. "I went to grad school for writing, and then I went to grad school for cartooning under Bob Mankoff."

Kurzweil and Allenby's close friendship was forged waiting in the conference room just outside Mankoff's office. On pitch days, the quiet halls of the *New Yorker* office would fill with the chatter of dozens of feral cartoonists, who, after a week of sketching furiously in isolation, were desperate to commiserate. Legends like Sam Gross would amble up, his pitches for the week under his arm, same as rookies like Allenby and Kurzweil. Gross had been an accountant before becoming a cartoonist, and Allenby still remembers his thick Brooklyn accent as he'd bestow wisdom like, "Never sell your copyright!" Afterward, they'd all head to lunch, where newbies listened in as the old guard talked shop over plates of duck and glasses of wine.

"You're just bonding over a very vulnerable thing that you're doing," Kurzweil says. She and Allenby both attended elite New England prep schools before Stanford, and many of their friends and classmates found stable income while the two were still bartending

AMY KURZWEIL

or teaching dance. "There were times when it felt really scary to be spending that much time on something that might not come to anything," Allenby says.

They bonded, too, over traversing a career for which there is no road map. "I haven't prioritized having a family or having a house," says Kurzweil, who lives in San Francisco with her husband, Jacob Sparks. "Now I'm thinking about those things, but I'm almost 40, so it's a much later-in-life movement towards those things, and a lot of ambivalence towards those."

Allenby now lives with her husband, Ulrich Hammel, and their infant son in Bozeman, Mont. "Getting a house and having a kid is an expression of her artistry, too," Kurzweil says. "She's doing it in her own way. I think that's the artist's path."

'When you nail it, it's the most satisfying thing in the world,' says Allenby, who has published more than 40 cartoons in the *New Yorker*.

LINE WORK

Kurzweil published her first *New Yorker* cartoon in April 2016 and has since developed a reputation as a cerebral, profound artist. "Amy is like a professional deep thinker," says Ellis Rosen, a friend and cartoonist who met Kurzweil at a Tuesday pitch meeting. Kurzweil often connects her cartoons to larger themes—say, family and AI. "She tried to teach me what AI was before anyone was talking about AI," Emma Allen, the current *New Yorker* cartoon editor, said in an email interview.

Over time, Kurzweil has developed formulas for cartoons that she now passes along to her students. One place to start is with a trope—a well-established setting for a cartoon, like a therapist's couch, or a desert island, or Rapunzel in a tower. She then selects an observation, usually catalogued as a note in her phone, of something silly, or absurd, or deserving of mockery. "Then I just put together the trope and the observation, and that pretty reliably yields a cartoon," she says. "It's not always a good cartoon, but sometimes it's a great cartoon."

Whereas methods of craft, like show-don't-tell, subtlety, framing, and layout, can be learned through study and practice, "I think the thing that's harder to teach is that attention to a specific, interesting, overlooked phenomenon in human experience," Kurzweil says. "The quality of your observations is the thing that makes the cartoon sharp or good."

In one of her cartoons from 2023, a young girl in a toy-laden bedroom holds one smartphone and hands another to her friend. "You be the moral grandstander and I'll be the politically incorrect troll," reads the caption. The trope in that case, Kurzweil says, is children playing make-believe, and the absurdity is twofold: the idea that on social media, one must pick between two extreme personas, and that children imitate everything they see, including treating social media like a game.

Allenby also published her first cartoon in the *New Yorker* in 2016. Her creative process has tended to take two forms. "I think of one as the muse, and one as the Rubik's Cube," she says. The muse happens when an idea comes into her brain almost fully formed. Sometimes, that means a joke that is ready to draw. Other times, the muse gives her a "fuzzy cloud area" to dig into more later. Her phone is filled with notes and ideas from the muse.

On the other hand, "the Rubik's Cube is the sitting down a bunch of days when there aren't those ideas and just, like, tick tick tick tick tick tick," she says, shifting her hands as if working out an invisible Rubik's Cube. "You're like, let me see, if I put these two together, does it make a joke? No. If I put these two together, does it make a joke?"

When she was annoyed by the cost of printer ink, she sat down to Rubik's Cube that frustration into a cartoon. To find the best setting, she tried mixing and matching—dinosaurs and printer ink, pirates and printer ink, a boardroom and printer ink. She especially loves to layer the individual experiences humans share under the larger forces that shape us, like capitalism and Christianity. The cartoon she ultimately sold to the *New Yorker* showed two abbots whispering to each other in a monastery, with rows of monks writing studiously at desks behind them. Underneath, the text reads: "The monks are pretty cheap—the ink is where they get you."



KENDRA ALLENBY

We are doing something. You're just not good at it.



"They say your work sort of looks like you, and it's true of Kendra, too, somehow," Rosen says. Allenby's lines are quick but controlled, free and loose but still thoughtful. And there's a physicality to her drawings that mirrors her hiking, biking, pen-and-paper life. "She's just meant to have ink beneath her fingernails," says Sofia Warren, another friend and cartoonist Allenby met at a Tuesday pitch meeting. "I feel like she came out of the womb that way—a little bit of dirt and a little bit of ink."

Both Allenby and Kurzweil "have such cool and disparate interests and experiences, which gives their work such a unique feel," says Allen, the first female cartoon editor at the *New Yorker* and the youngest in its history. She has now been on the receiving end of their creative processes for nine years, and she's published dozens of their cartoons. "I want to make sure that the cartoons and comics continue to reflect the most talented and interesting people working in the graphic arts field," she says.

THE DRAWING BOARD

In-person pitch meetings have been on hiatus since the pandemic, so when artists pitch their cartoons today, they email them to Allen, whose standard reply is "O.K." when she wants to buy one.

"I just sent a batch this week," Allenby says. Those batches are smaller and less frequent these days. She spent much of the past year adapting to motherhood while working on a different kind of baby: a graphic novel with emotional underpinnings from "intense, contorted, difficult, darkly funny times" in her own life.

Kurzweil looked over an early manuscript as a friend and veteran of the publishing process. In 2023, she published a second graphic memoir, *Artificial: A Love Story*, about her attempts to help her father build an AI chatbot with his father's voice.

In June, as Kurzweil returned to Interlochen Center for the Arts to teach her ever-popular intensive on graphic novels, Allenby was pitching her manuscript around to publishers. In some ways, it parallels those early days waiting outside Mankoff's office, clutching her best idea drawings.

"I'm so grateful for my younger self for being the person who just showed up again and again at the *New Yorker*, even when, you know, I didn't sell, I didn't sell it, I didn't sell it," she says. "Now I'm doing a similar thing: Do a bunch of work that you care about and that you think is worth doing, and then—" She pauses. "And then see what happens." ■

KALI SHILOH *is a staff writer at* STANFORD. *Email her at kshiloh@stanford.edu.*



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FROM TOP: AMY KURZWEIL; KENDRA ALLENBY

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The Alumni Committee on Trustee Nominations is pleased to introduce four newly elected trustees.



Farah Champsi, MBA '85

Of Atherton, CA, has been a life sciences venture capital investor for 25 years, and currently serves as an advisor to Agent Capital. From 2020 to 2024, she was a partner at Population Health Partners. Previously, she was a managing director at Alta Partners, a biotech venture capital firm from 2000 to 2020, where she served on the management committee from 2003 to 2016. Farah has also served as a trustee of Smith College and as a board member of UCSF Benioff Children's Hospitals, Peninsula Bridge, an educational non-profit organization, and the U.C. Berkeley School of Public Health. At Stanford, Farah currently serves on the Stanford Health Care Board of Directors and on the executive committee of the Institute for Research in the Social Sciences (IRiSS) Advisory Board. Previously, she served as a member of the Interdisciplinary Life Sciences Council and the Graduate School of Business Trust. Farah earned her undergraduate degree in economics from Smith College. Originally from Zanzibar and Pakistan, she and her husband, Jim, have twin daughters.



Reiko Osaki, '00

Of Burlingame, CA, is President and CEO of Ikaso Consulting, a values-driven consulting firm helping state government leaders, which she founded in 2008. She has over 25 years of consulting experience serving 23 state government administrations. Reiko previously served on the executive governing board of the American Public Human Services Association and on the board executive committees for Episcopal Day School of St. Matthew and the PTA for her local elementary school. In 2022, Reiko received the Stanford Associates Governor's Award for her service. Reiko currently serves on the Haas Center National Advisory Board. Previously, she served as a member of the Stanford Alumni Association Board, chair of the Stanford Associates Board, co-founder and co-president of Stanford Alumni in Public Service, member of the Board of Trustees' Task Force for Minority Alumni Relations, member of The Stanford Challenge Leadership Council, and as a volunteer in many other areas, including for her reunions. She and her husband, Stephen, have three children.



Fred Harman, '82, MS '83

Of Woodside, CA, is managing partner of Oak Investment Partners, where his primary investment focus is on consumer internet and new media. From 1987 to 1994, he was a general partner in the Morgan Stanley venture capital group. Previously, Fred was part of the founding team of the predecessor to DirecTV. Fred has served on the boards of the U.S. Ski and Snowboard Team Foundation, Sacred Heart Schools Atherton, and the Golden State Warriors. In 2025, Fred received the Stanford Associates Stanford Medal for his service. Fred currently serves on the Stanford Live Advisory Committee which he has chaired for he past eight years. He has also served as a member of the Stanford Health Care Board, chaired the Parent and Family Advisory Board, and served as a member of The Stanford Challenge Leadership Council, the Interdisciplinary Life Sciences Council, and in many other roles, including as a volunteer for his reunions. Fred earned his MBA from Harvard. He and Stephanie have three adult children and two grandchildren.



Joshua Silverman, MBA '97

Of New York, NY, is executive chair of Etsy, where he previously served as CEO from 2017 to 2025. Prior to Etsy, he served as executive in residence at Greylock from 2016 to 2017, president of consumer products at American Express, CEO of Skype, CEO of Shopping.com, and managing director at eBay. He co-founded Evite and was CEO from 1998 to 2001. Josh currently serves on the board of Instacart, the executive council of TechNet, and the board executive committee of Partnership for New York City. He has served on the boards of Shake Shack, Code Nation, and Lincoln Center Theater. At Stanford, Josh has served in several volunteer roles for the Graduate School of Business, including as a member of the Management Board, as a mentor for students, and as a volunteer for his reunions and for business school admissions. Josh earned his undergraduate degree in public policy from Brown.

BACKGROUND ON THE PROCESS

Every three years, four new trustees are identified and nominated for a six-year term through a selection process administered by the Stanford Alumni Association on behalf of Stanford's alumni body.

This cycle, the nine-person Alumni Committee on Trustee Nominations (ACTN) considered many extremely competitive applications for trusteeship, from a wide swath of the Stanford alumni community.

The ACTN is made up of alumni volunteers with staggered membership terms. It presently includes Emily Alejos, MBA '91; Cynthia Gomez, '05, MA '06; Andy Howard, '98; Phil Kim, '07; Lloyd Metz, '90; Chelsea Priest, JD '15; Dimple Shah, '98; Tiffany Thomas, '02; Sam Yagan, MBA '05.

The next application process will begin in late 2028.
Visit alumni.stanford.edu/volunteer/trustee-nominations for information.

SEEING THE FOREST

THE 250,000 PEOPLE WHO SHARE STANFORD ROOTS.



Illustrations by Manuel Bortoletti



IF ALL 251,748 STANFORD ALUMNI clasped hands and stood side by side, we could reach Leland Stanford's mansion in Sacramento and return to his Palo Alto Stock Farm. There, the dry bed of Lake Lagunita would provide just the right amount of space for all of us to mingle at a cocktail party. And if we wanted to slip the surly bonds of Earth, we could stand head-to-foot and touch the International Space Station (where, incidentally, 14 alums have ventured).

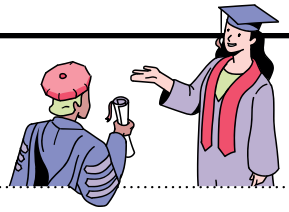
An alum, as defined by the Board of Trustees, is anyone who attended Stanford for three quarters or more in a degree-granting program. In June, the number of living Stanford alumni cracked the quarter-million mark for the first time. So, incidentally, did the number of public EV charging ports in the United States. To get a sense of the power in our numbers, read on.

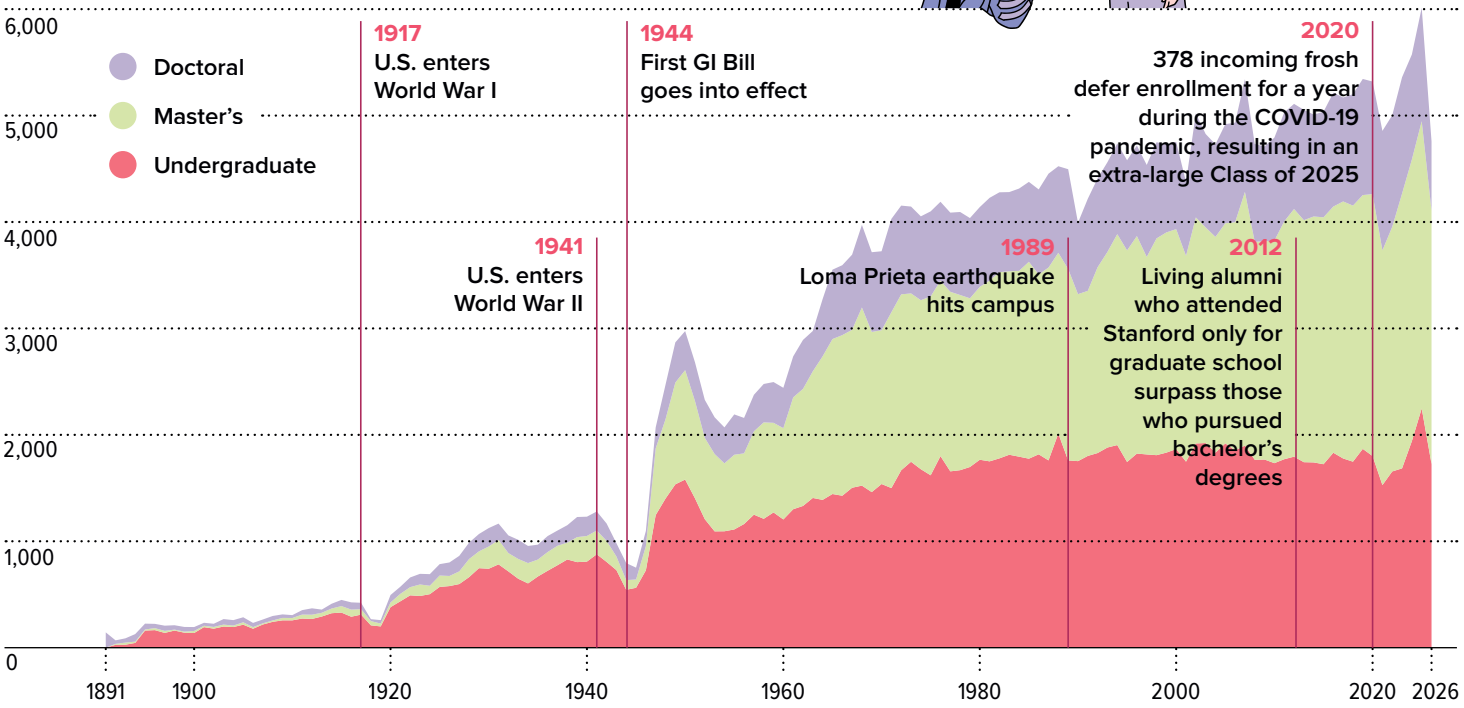
—Kathy Zonana, '93, JD '96

Data analysis by Jeremy Ware, Mark Covington, and Gina Johnson

How We Grew Over Time

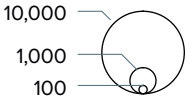
Degrees granted since the university's founding, including by the later-adopted Cooper Medical College.

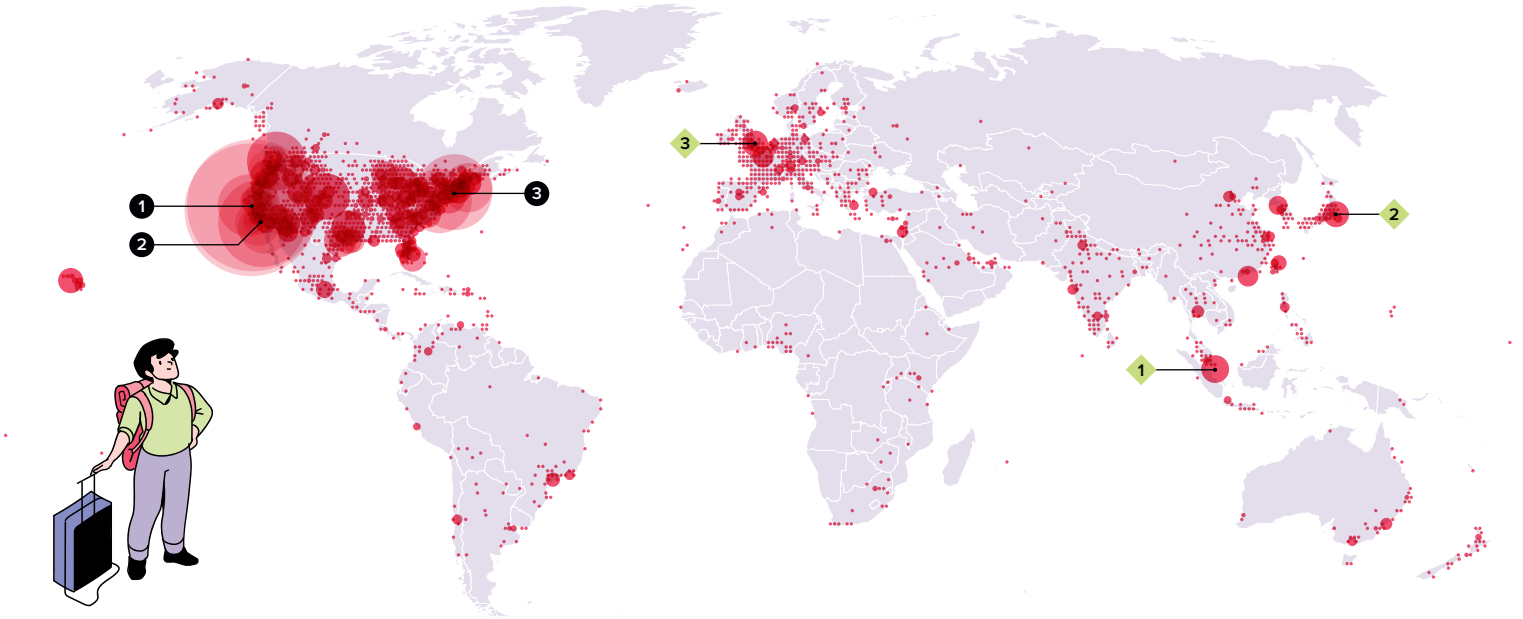




Where We Live

That's all 50 U.S. states and 162 additional countries, if you're counting (which we were).





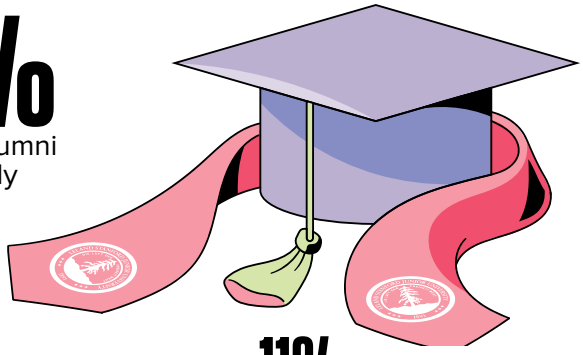
Top U.S. metro areas

1. **Bay Area** 56,728
2. **Los Angeles** 12,448
3. **New York** 9,329

Top international metro areas

1. **Singapore** 1,251
2. **Tokyo** 1,082
3. **London** 1,067

53%
of living alumni earned only graduate degrees

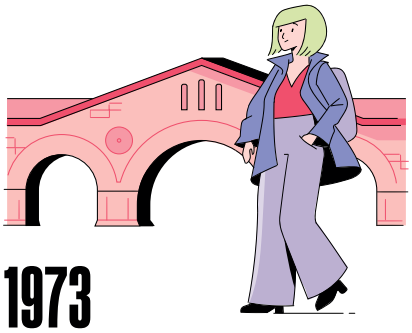


36%
earned only undergraduate degrees

11%
earned both

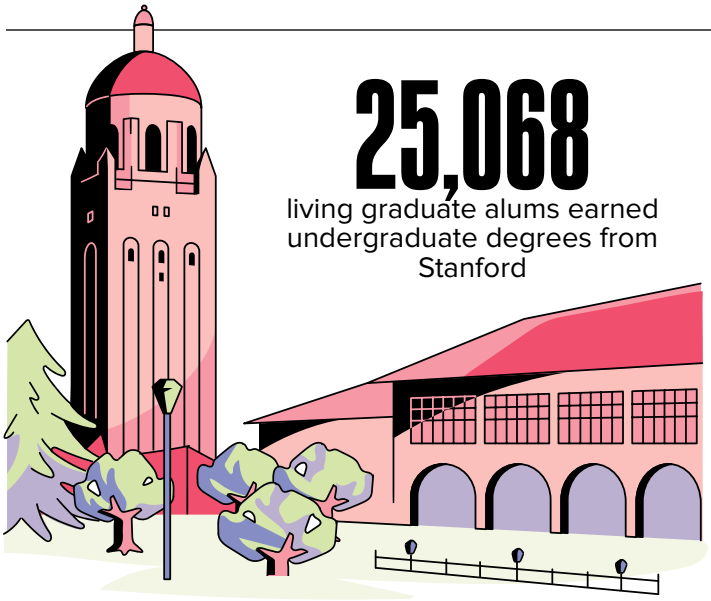
38
percentage of living alumni who are women





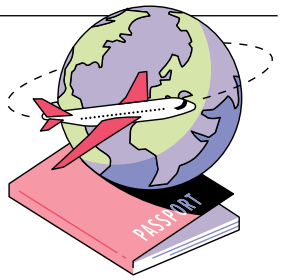
500
limit on women enrolled, per Jane Stanford's edict in 1899

1973
year that the limit, by then revised to about 40 percent of the student body, was lifted



25,068
living graduate alums earned undergraduate degrees from Stanford

33,826
living undergraduate alumni participated in a Stanford overseas studies program





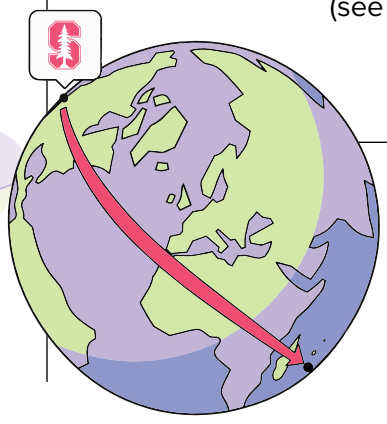
3,284
Cal grads made their way across the Bay, earning UC Berkeley second place on the list of undergraduate institutions represented



18%
of them went to Florence, Italy

60
years since worst flood in Florence history (see page 20)

142
years since university namesake Leland Stanford Jr. died in Florence



11,249.8
furthest distance, in miles, that an alum lives from the Frances C. Arrillaga Alumni Center

THE 250,000TH BRANCH

In which we go out on a limb to anoint the quarter-millionth alum.

STEVEN MILLER likes to build things.

He spent most of his six years of graduate school wearing gloves and goggles—a long ponytail hanging down his back—as he built molecules under a fume hood in a chemistry lab while jotting down notes on Post-its and sticking them to the wall. *Boron: 5263 mg. 60 ml THF.*

"I was probably in that lab 10 to 12 hours a day, six days a week," says Miller, PhD '26, who was a doctoral student in the lab of chemistry professor Justin Du Bois. "I piled up thousands of Post-it notes."

When Miller crossed the stage in June, he became, more or less, the 250,000th living Stanford alumnus. (A brief methodological aside: As of June 1, based on the order in which degrees are conferred, Miller was slated to become the quarter-millionth alum. But Commencement was on June 14, which left a couple of weeks in which his placement might have wiggled a little due to alumni deaths or students not actually graduating despite their declared intent. In other words, Miller is the 250,000th living alum for storytelling purposes. And now we return to those purposes.)

"It's pretty cool to know what number alumni I am," he says about the unofficial designation. But mostly he's excited to start a career as a medicinal chemist, using synthetic organic chemistry techniques to design and synthesize novel molecules or alter existing ones to help make medicines and other therapies.

As a kid, Miller liked to build box cars and go-karts. He thought about becoming an engineer, but his dad was an engineer, and he wanted to strike out into new territory. In high school in Virginia, he discovered a knack for chemistry, and in spring of 2019 he earned a bachelor's degree in the field from Virginia Tech University. That's where he found his passion for organic chemistry.

"I think it's something that a lot of people dislike," he says, laughing. But one of its subfields—synthetic organic chemistry, or the design and construction of complex carbon-based molecules—spoke to him. "What I really liked about it was when I discovered, like, oh, wow, it went back to this idea of building stuff. I was good at building molecules," he says. For his dissertation, he designed and built fluorescent labeling tools to follow neurons in microscopy experiments. Someday, they may enable researchers to better understand a chloride ion channel implicated in epilepsy.

"I get to make things," Miller says. "And even though they're really small—molecules may not be as satisfying to the eye as putting together something like a car—I'm using my hands to make something."

Miller also likes to use his hands in the kitchen, where he makes pot pies from scratch. He lives in Menlo Park with his girlfriend, Linn Allworth, who was his chemistry lab partner at Virginia Tech and is now a pharmacist at Stanford Medicine.

After graduation, Miller joined the lab of associate professor of medicine Justin Annes. Annes specializes in the treatment of endocrine disorders such as diabetes, and Miller provides chemical support for the lab's endocrine projects.

"I've always loved talking to biologists," Miller says. "I like having context for what I'm doing. It's exciting to open this new chapter in my life."

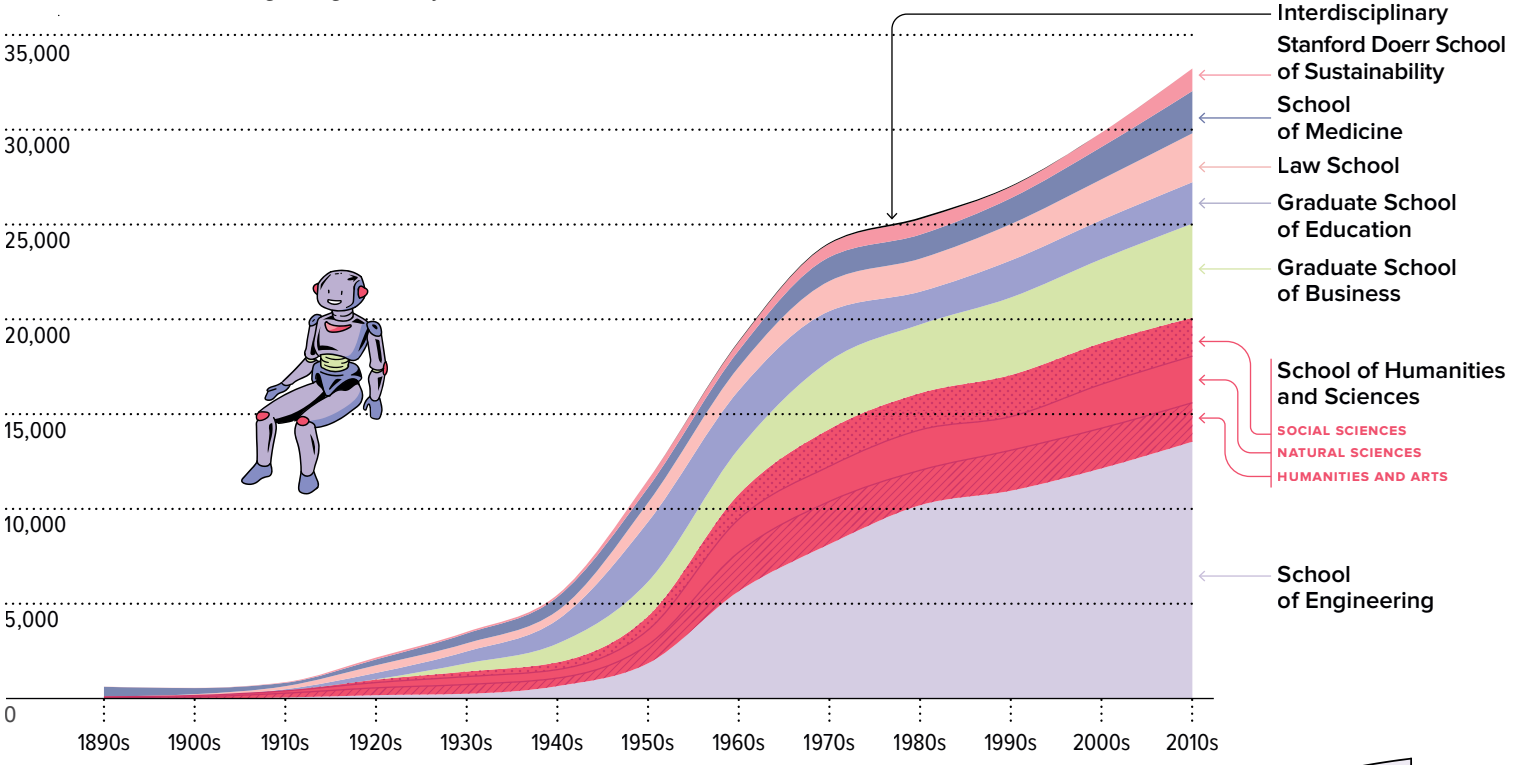
—Tracie White



KALI SHILOH

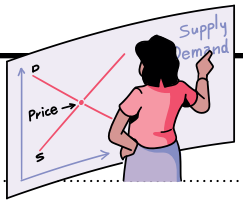
What We Learned in Grad School

Master's and doctoral degrees granted by each of Stanford's seven schools.



What We Learned as Undergrads

Each era's most popular undergraduate majors.



1891–1945

1	Economics	3,862 undergraduate students
2	History	1,719
3	English	1,523
3	Soc Sci/Soc Thought	1,523
5	General Engineering	1,244
6	Political Science	1,178
7	Undergraduate Law	1,091
8	Chemistry	1,070
9	Basic Medical Sciences	795
10	Biological Sciences	672

1946–1980

1	History	5,199
2	Economics	5,162
3	Political Science	4,206
4	Biological Sciences	4,044
5	Psychology	3,709
6	English	3,410
7	Electrical Engineering	1,708
8	Human Biology	1,263
9	Mechanical Engineering	1,247
10	Communication	1,239

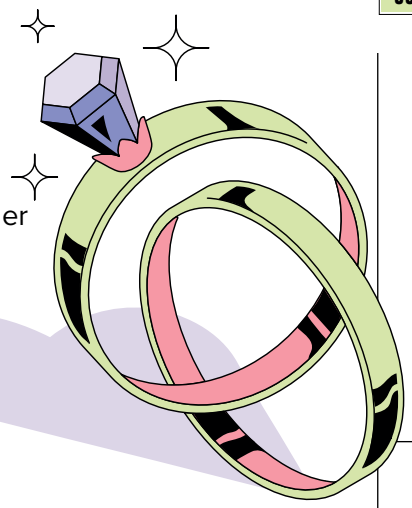
1981–2000

1	Economics	4,277
2	Biological Sciences	3,402
3	Human Biology	3,295
4	Political Science	2,291
5	English	2,255
6	Psychology	1,980
7	International Relations	1,782
8	History	1,651
9	Electrical Engineering	1,455
10	Industrial Engineering	1,195

2001–2026

1	Computer Science	5,281
2	Human Biology	4,152
3	Economics	3,230
4	Biological Sciences/Biology	2,703
5	International Relations	2,034
6	Political Science	1,987
7	Psychology	1,941
8	Management Science and Engineering	1,579
9	English	1,575
10	Mechanical Engineering	1,561

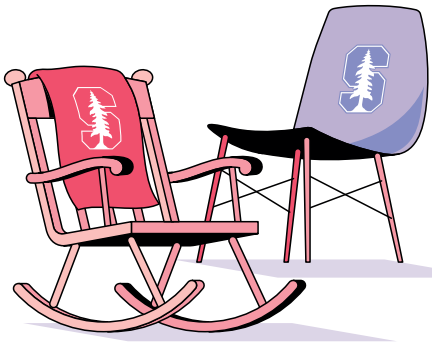
25,674
living alumni are married to each other (as far as we know)

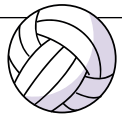


66%
of these are techies married to each other. (If you entered Stanford after *techie* exited the vernacular, it's a student pursuing a degree in a STEM field. Antonym: *fuzzie*)

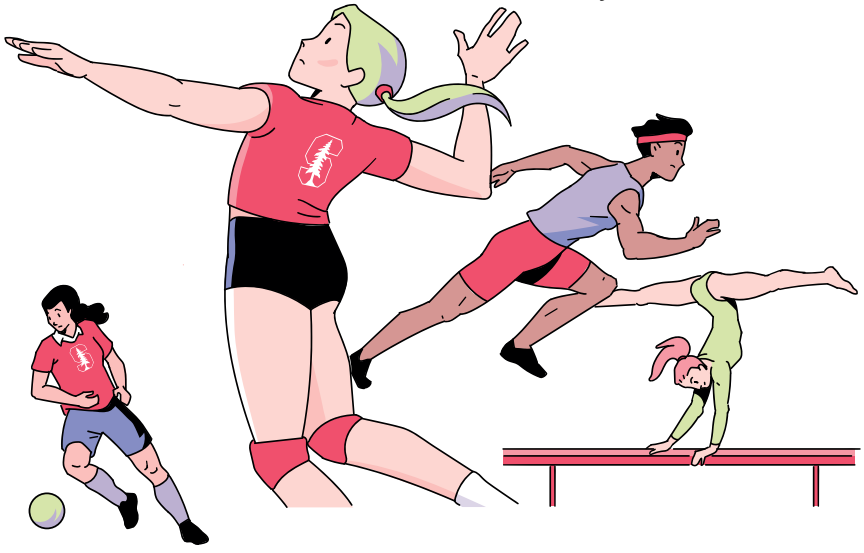
16%
are techies who married fuzzies, and vice versa

86
age span, in years, between the eldest known living Stanford graduate and the youngest

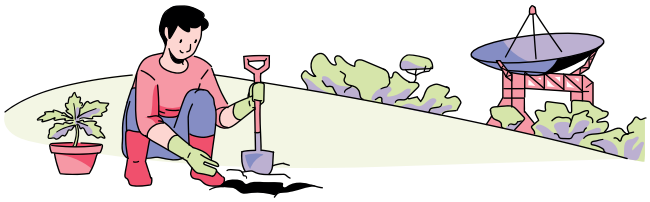




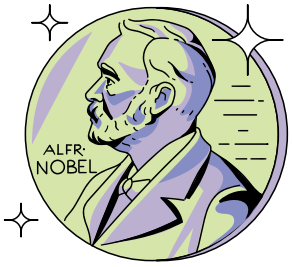
20,942
living alumni were Stanford varsity athletes

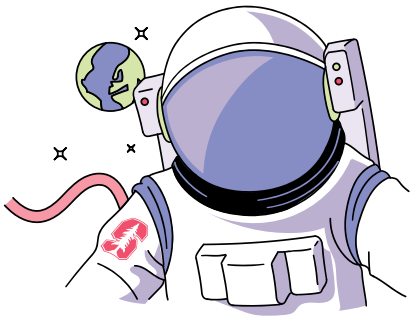


71,442
living alumni have volunteered for Stanford (as far as we know)



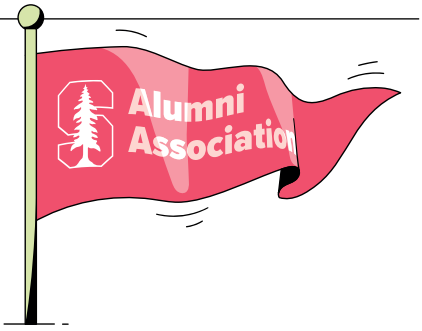
1 in 12,122
alumni (living and dead) became astronauts

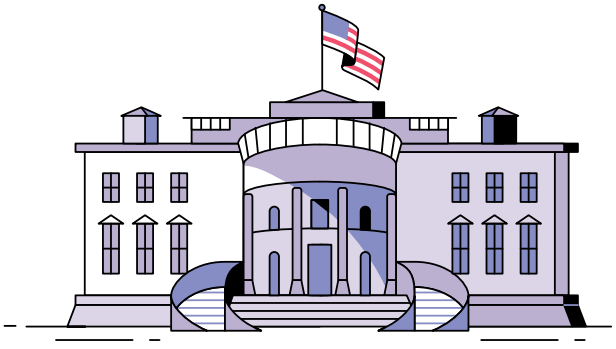




1 in 25,176
won a Nobel Prize

1 in 32,729
became president of the Stanford Alumni Association





1 in 327,294
became president of the United States

TREE TOPS

Wolf takes a bough and Landrey Cline replants herself.

ON JUNE 15, 1892, some 27 undergraduates and nine master's students participated in Stanford's first Commencement. They had only been on campus since October, when the university had opened its doors. And yet, says Carolyn Manning, '78, former vice president for alumni relations, "there was something that was going on that made people want to stay in community." They established a half-dozen clubs, hosted get-togethers, and launched a publication that included Class Notes. They were the Stanford Alumni Association.

Things have changed in almost every way. That fledgling group has grown into a throng of 251,748 living alumni. There are more than 8,000 attendees at Reunion Homecoming each fall, 1,500 annual alumni-led events, 240 clubs, 65 annual Travel/Study trips, and quarterly issues of this magazine. Still, says Manning, who worked for SAA for 44 years, "I feel like it's some of the same DNA."

The traits that emerge from that DNA might be most visible in SAA's leaders, starting with longevity. The position has been open just twice since 1977. The first time was in 2001, when **Howard Wolf**, '80, took the helm for what he figured would be a five- to 10-year stint. Instead, he retired on September 1, after 25 years and five months in the Frances C. Arrillaga Alumni Center. "I fell in love with the job," he says, and with "the idea that you're a part of a place that is so special in the world, and you can have one degree of influence on the trajectory of that rocket ship. How fantastic is that?"


Howard Wolf

Wolf's tenure spanned four university presidents, a shift in public perception of higher education, and nationwide changes in college athletics. The number of living Stanford alumni increased by 50 percent and many of SAA's offerings—from Reunion Homecoming to Senior Dinner on the Quad to online affinity groups—expanded, modernized, or transformed entirely. And for an organization founded on the gathering of people, there was no test greater than the COVID-19 pandemic. "Figuring out how we could still provide services, that was tricky," says Manning. "He was really transparent with people about what we knew and what we didn't know. We were very lucky to have him at the helm during that time."


Michelle Landrey Cline

Wolf directs the credit elsewhere. Each year, he says, 15,000 alumni volunteer for the university. "I think alumni are the secret sauce, in many ways, of Stanford's success," Wolf says. "[They] are some of the most amazing people in the world. I have a special place in my heart for our volunteers and our volunteer leaders, because they give so much of themselves to Stanford. They believe that if they volunteer for Stanford, it helps make the world a better place."

On August 31, one of those volunteers, **Michelle Landrey Cline**, '93, MBA '98, became the 10th SAA president and the university's vice president for alumni affairs. Landrey Cline's Stanford story began in the spring of 1989—when she was poised to decline her offer of undergraduate admission. The Beaverton, Ore., high schooler had hoped to follow in the footsteps of a neighbor she admired, Karin Fahlman Chesnutt, '88. "I always thought she was really cool," Landrey Cline says. "She played piano and had really cool feathered hair." But money was tight. Landrey Cline was the youngest of five kids; their father died when she was 8. And yet, the day she decided she would turn down the Farm, her mother appeared, midday, at her school locker. "She said, 'I think you have to go.'"

Landrey Cline matriculated—and promptly became homesick. She remembers running up her mom's long-distance phone bill to the tune of $300. "That was a lot back then," says Landrey Cline, who worked in the Overseas Studies office throughout her undergraduate years. (Of note: Landrey Cline, Wolf, and Wolf's predecessor, Bill Stone, '67, MBA '69, share the same frosh dorm: Wilbur Hall's Madera, which is now Okada. They're also each 13 class years apart, so Class of '06 Okada frosh, consider yourselves notified.)

But as soon as Landrey Cline decided to dive into campus life, she went straight to the deep end. By the spring of her first year, she was one of the student leaders of Admit Weekend. She became a tour guide, served as a frosh RA in Stern Hall's Larkin, and was president of the Stanford Student Alumni Network, which introduced her to the world of alumni relations—once by putting her in the literal driver's seat. She was asked to ferry

FROM TOP: ROWAN AHEARN; ERIN ATTKISSON

then-university president Gerhard Casper to the class parties during Reunion Homecoming 1992. Driving up to Hoover House to retrieve him in one of SAA's white vans, "I hit a curb," she says. "And I'm like, I have no business driving the president of Stanford."

In her time at the Graduate School of Business, Landrey Cline was co-president of the marketing club and an orientation leader. "I loved that time," she says. "Grad school is such a gift. When you go to high school and you go to college, these are expected things that you do. Grad school, it's like, wow, what a luxury that I get to just learn right now." Professionally, she has worked at Mobius Venture Capital, the Boston Consulting Group, Disney, and, from 2001 to 2005, at SAA as co-director of regional outreach and director of special projects. Most recently, she spent 15 years at the Business Talent Group, which supplies independent experts and executives on demand. In a volunteer capacity, she has chaired the Alumni Committee on Trustee Nominations, the Graduate School of Business Alumni Association Board, and the Stanford Associates Board of Governors. She has received the Stanford Medal, the Governors' Award, and the Award of Merit in recognition of her efforts on behalf of the university. "I think everything she's done has led her to this," says Manning. "She brings a broad perspective to the work. Personally, I'm thrilled there's finally a woman in the chair." (Landrey Cline's nine predecessors are male alumni.)

"Howard has been extraordinary, both as a leader of SAA and as a personal manifestation of the Stanford spirit," says Stanford president Jon Levin, '94. "For 25 years, he's written back personally to every email he's received and connected with tens of thousands of alumni at reunions and alumni events all over the world. We found a truly worthy successor in Michelle Landrey Cline, who has an incredible passion for Stanford and energy and love of people, Stanford alumni in particular."

Over the summer, Wolf brought Landrey Cline to an event on campus, planning to introduce her around. In minutes, he says, it was clear she didn't need a facilitator. "She's just so affable, so gregarious, and so easy to talk to, but at the same time, super smart and super strategic."

The SAA president reports directly to Levin, and part of the role is to represent alumni to university leadership. "I really see myself as a conduit," Landrey Cline says. "There's a lot of wisdom in the alumni body that you want to be able to share with leadership."

Over the summer, Landrey Cline relocated to the Bay Area from Austin, Texas. "I'm really excited to come home," she says. It's been foreshadowed for a while now. Thirty years ago, in her GSB application essay, Landrey Cline wrote that she envisioned herself as a leader of the Stanford Alumni Association. "Whether [I'm interacting] with students, or staff, or faculty, or alumni, I get so much out of it," she says. "So to be able to do that for my day-to-day—that fuels me."

—Summer Moore Batte, '99



Farewells

FACULTY

David Beaven Abernethy, of Portola Valley, Calif., January 30, at 88, of motor neuron disease in accord with California's End of Life Option Act. He was a professor emeritus of political science and a specialist in sub-Saharan Africa. He chaired the African Studies Committee, co-chaired the Program in International Relations, and published two books. He received two H&S dean's awards for distinguished teaching and the Lloyd W. Dinkelspiel Award for contributions to undergraduate education. He was predeceased by his first wife, Julia. Survivors: his wife, Susan; sons, Bruce and Brad; and four grandchildren.

Jorge Ruffinelli Altesor, of Stanford, February 4, at 82. He was a professor emeritus of Iberian and Latin American cultures and a leading authority on Latin American cinema. He wrote about thousands of films in 20 books, 500 articles, an encyclopedia, and several journals. He served as chair of his department and on numerous film festival juries, and he earned international stature as a leading cultural historian. Survivors: his wife, Cristina Meneghetti; children, Alvaro, Andrea, Gerardo, and Paula; and five grandchildren.

Ronald A. Castellino, of Woodside, Calif., April 22, at 88. He was a former professor emeritus and chairman of diagnostic radiology at Stanford and a former chairman of radiology at Memorial Sloan Kettering. He made significant contributions to cancer imaging, oncology, and lymphangiography. He received two Guggenheim fellowships and was the American physician for volunteers while serving in the Peace Corps in Brazil. He was an avid tennis, golf, bridge, and piano player. Survivors: his wife of 63 years, Joyce; sons, Jeff, Rob, '87, and Anthony; and five grandchildren.

Dagfinn Føllesdal, of Stanford, March 1, at 93. The Clarence Professor of Philosophy, Emeritus, he was known for synthesizing disparate philosophical beliefs, namely the so-called analytic and the continental traditions. He also helped connect teaching and research at Stanford with work in his native Norway and other parts of Europe. He was a member of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences and wrote or edited more than 25 books. He was predeceased by his wife, Vera; and one child. Survivors: his five children; 12 grandchildren; four great-grandchildren; and sister.

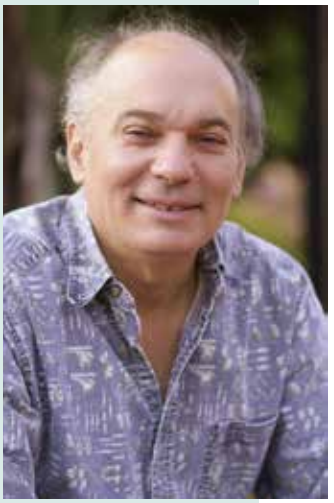
Paul Herman Nieberding, of San Mateo, Calif., December 23, at 93. Over the course of his career, he was a professor emeritus at the School of Medicine, an active staff member at Mills-Peninsula Hospital, and the owner of a private practice in otolaryngology. He was a steadfast member of Burlingame Rotary, a cyclist, and a Sports Car Club of America volunteer. He was predeceased by his daughter Tricia and stepdaughter Elizabeth. Survivors: his wife, Lynn; children, Paul Thomas, Kathy, and John; stepdaughters Amber, Janette, and Tiffany; and grandchildren.

Peter Hamilton Raven, of Saint Louis, Mo., April 25, at 89, of congestive heart failure. He was a faculty member in the department of biological sciences. A renowned botanist, he championed research to preserve endangered plant species and warned of the threats posed by overpopulation, climate change, and unchecked development. He directed and helped shape the Missouri Botanical Garden into a leading research institution, and received the National Medal of Science from President Bill Clinton. He was predeceased by his first wife, Sally. Survivors: his wife, Patricia; daughters, Elizabeth Raven McQuinn, Alice, Francis, and Kate, '05; and four grandchildren.

Donald John Roberts, of Stanford, January 23, at 80, after a long illness. He was a professor emeritus of economics, strategic management, and international business. He conducted pathbreaking research on game theory and organizational design while insisting that economic theory should illuminate how organizations actually work. He helped develop new economic models for analyzing competition between firms, co-wrote a foundational text on organizational economics, and urged young scholars to bring sophisticated theory to bear on real-world managerial problems. He was predeceased by his first wife, Kathy. Survivors: his wife, Jayne Lange.

Giovanni Tempesta, of Belmont, Calif., April 2, at 76, of a heart attack. He was a beloved lecturer in

Anthropologist Who Embraced Emotions



In the 1960s, anthropologists Renato and Michelle "Shelly" Zimbalist Rosaldo spent nearly three years in the mountains of northern Luzon, Philippines, studying the Bugkalot people, then known by outsiders as Ilongot. At the time, the Ilongot were notorious for headhunting, which involved killing people and severing their heads. But it wasn't until 1981, 14 years after Renato Rosaldo first heard them describe headhunting as a way to cope with negative emotions, that he finally understood the practice.

On a fieldwork trip back to the Philippines that year, Shelly slipped off a trail and fell to her death. "Only then was I in a position to grasp the force of what Ilongots had repeatedly told me about grief, rage, and headhunting," Rosaldo wrote. A year later, his mourning fueled his most famous academic paper, "Grief and a Headhunter's Rage: On the Cultural Forces of Emotions." Rosaldo's work contributed to a monumental shift in anthropology away from detached descriptions of other cultures and toward understanding reinforced by the personal experience of the author.

Renato I. Rosaldo Jr., a professor emeritus of anthropology and the founder of Stanford's Center for Chicano Research, died on May 26. He was 85.

The son of a Mexican father and an American mother, Rosaldo grew up in Illinois, Wisconsin, and Arizona. In a 2021 *Annual Review of Anthropology* essay, he recalled learning about being Mexican-American by observing his high-school friends in Tucson—an experience he referred to as some of his first anthropological field work.

After earning his bachelor's in Spanish history and literature and his PhD in social anthropology at Harvard, Rosaldo joined Stanford's anthropology faculty in 1970. Even before his landmark piece on the Ilongot, "he was already pushing a lot of boundaries on how we understand representation of culture," says Miguel Díaz-Barriga, MA '84, PhD '91, a former advisee who is now a professor of anthropology at the University of Richmond. Rosaldo's 1980 book on the Ilongot, as well as his 1989 book *Culture and Truth: The Remaking of Social Analysis*, offered examples of how to embrace emotion and positionality in the social sciences—that is, the idea that ethnographers, like all people, have particular viewpoints and, he wrote, "their analyses always are incomplete." Rosaldo later led his field as the president of the American Ethnological Society from 1991 to 1995.

After Shelly's death, Rosaldo focused his efforts closer to home and created the first large-scale annual review of Mexican-American anthropology. In 1985, he founded the Center for Chicano Research at Stanford, where he and his second wife, Stanford professor emerita of English Mary Louise Pratt, PhD '75, became pillars of support for the burgeoning Chicano community on campus. The couple moved to NYU in the early 2000s.

Rosaldo's embrace of emotion wasn't relegated to work. At dinner parties, his son Manuel recalls, he was known for his "giggle fits" after hearing a silly joke, which created an escalating volley of laughs until he was red in the face and out of breath. "I asked him once, did he always laugh so freely?" says Manuel, who works at Stanford's Haas Center for Public Service. "He said no, he learned to laugh that way after expressing a lot of grief. He laughed hard because he felt deeply."

In addition to Manuel and Pratt, Rosaldo is survived by his children Samuel Rosaldo and Olivia Rosaldo-Pratt; six grandchildren; and a brother. *—Kali Shiloh*

LINDA A. CICERO/STANFORD NEWS SERVICE

Italian for nearly 40 years. He wrote a textbook of Italian grammar, led summer immersion tours in Italy, and taught at numerous colleges, infusing his lessons with his love for Italy. He was predeceased by his ex-wife, Bonnie. Survivors: his partner, Trina Enriquez, MLA ’12; daughter, Daniela, ’02; and siblings.

1940s

Carter Quinby, ’49 (law), LLB ’51, of Palo Alto, April 6, at 102. He was on the *Law Review*. He served in the Air Force during World War II. A maritime attorney, he practiced law for 50 years, retiring as senior partner at Derby, Cook, Quinby & Tweedt. He was an avid sports fan who cheered for Stanford, the 49ers, and the Giants. He and his wife traveled widely and loved their A-frame Sierra wilderness cabin. He was predeceased by his wife, Shirley. Survivors include his four children and sister.

1950s

Wanda Lu Webb English, ’50 (education), of Phoenix, January 27, at 97. She worked as a teacher in California before moving to Arizona, where she later managed family real estate holdings. She was active in the Stanford Alumni Association, Phoenix Lions Club, and her church community. She enjoyed music, dancing, bridge, knitting, and especially time with family, generations of whom attended Stanford. She was predeceased by her husband, Ralph; and children, William and Celia. Survivors: her daughter Karen Hulwick; seven grandchildren; and 12 great-grandchildren.

Sigrid Leube Snell, ’50 (Spanish), of Haworth, N.J., June 24, 2025, at 98. She pursued graduate study in Spanish at Middlebury College and earned a master’s in international relations from New York University. She was a gifted amateur pianist, violinist, and violist who played in numerous community orchestras and chamber groups, including the Bergen Philharmonic and the Adelphi Chamber Orchestra. She also had a notable talent for sketching and painting. She was predeceased by her husband of 64 years, George; and daughter, Andrea. Survivors: her son, Dietrich; four grandchildren; and sister.

Margaret Ann Sherman Zukin, ’50 (education), of Los Gatos, Calif., April 3, at 97. She loved being a Cub Scout den mother, Brownie leader, and PTA member. For 50 years, it was her life’s mission to maintain sobriety, and she spent 18 years as an alcohol and drug counselor at Star Lodge Hospital in Scotts Valley, Calif. She enjoyed traveling the world with friends. She was predeceased by her husband, Joseph, ’49. Survivors: her children, Chris, Ann, John, Mary, and Michael; 15 grandchildren; and 25 great-grandchildren.

Merlin Wendell Call, ’51 (undergraduate law), LLB ’53, of Pasadena, Calif., January 6, at 94. He was on the *Law Review*. He was a first lieutenant in the Army JAG Corps during the Korean War. He practiced law at Tuttle and Taylor in downtown Los Angeles until 2000, and then spent 20 years as a solo practitioner in Pasadena. He was active in church life and served on the boards of many parachurch organizations. He was predeceased by his ex-wife, Kathryn. Survivors: his children, Christopher and Lori; and two granddaughters.

Otto Johann “Jon” Feucht Foyt, ’52 (communication), MBA ’55, of Walnut Creek, Calif., September 10, 2025, at 93, of prostate cancer. He was on the KZSU radio station staff. He served in the Army. His varied career included working in radio, commercial banking, and real estate. He completed 60 marathons and became a published novelist. He was predeceased by his wife of 59 years, Lois (Rehfeldt Feucht, ’79). Survivors: his children, Jennifer Marcus, Weston Feucht, and Randolph; eight grandchildren; two great-grandchildren; and companion of 14 years, Helen Munch.

Antone J. Ratto, ’52 (economics), MBA ’54, of Woodland Hills, Calif., April 4, at 95. He served in the Army. He spent his entire career in the aerospace industry with Lockheed Martin, working in Sunnyvale, Burbank, and Calabasas. He enjoyed a good vodka martini with two olives, and was a talented bridge player. Survivors: his wife, Ann (Thornton, ’54); children, John and Lisa; and three granddaughters.

Anne Virginia Ryan Dozier Young, ’52 (education), of Sacramento, Calif., February 24, at 94. She was a teacher, homemaker, and community volunteer. She enjoyed travel, reading, entertaining, interior decorating, and gardening. She created beautiful gardens wherever she lived. She was predeceased by her first husband, William Dozier, ’52, MD ’55; second husband, Keith Dozier, ’51; and stepchildren, Kathe Griggs and Keith, ’80. Survivors: her daughters, Betsy Dozier Salomon, ’77, MA ’78, and Annette Dozier, ’78, MA ’84; stepdaughter Nancy Dorociak; 11 grandchildren; and 11 great-grandchildren.

Richard Owen Kelson, ’53 (economics), MBA ’58, of Los Altos, April 12, at 94. He was a member of

Gap Co-founder Championed Art

Whenever Doris Fisher came back to the Stanford campus with her grandchildren, she walked it the way people do when they return to the places that made them. She pointed out buildings that had served other purposes—one had once housed a bowling alley. She noticed what endured (Roble Hall, where she served as an RA). Occasionally she would see a student sketching or just pausing in front of a piece of art. That, family members say, brought her a particular joy.



Doris Feigenbaum Fisher, ’53, who cofounded Gap Inc. with her husband, Donald, and built one of the most significant private art collections in the country, died May 2 in San Francisco. She was 94.

A San Francisco native, Fisher nearly didn’t make it to Stanford at all. She didn’t test well, says her son John Fisher, MBA ’89, but the head of her high school traveled to the Farm to make the case for her best student. Fisher was admitted, worked hard, and graduated with a degree in economics. The same year, she and Donald married.

The pair had three sons, and Fisher served on the boards of the schools they attended and volunteered at community organizations including Guide Dogs for the Blind. In 1969, the couple opened the Gap, a small shop in San Francisco, selling simply men’s Levi’s jeans, records, and cassette tapes. (Fisher named it for the generation gap.) Today the global retailer has more than 3,500 stores and includes the brands Old Navy, Gap, Banana Republic, and Athleta.

Encouraged by Fisher’s former roommate, the couple began collecting contemporary art. “Peggy [Walker, ’53] said, ‘Why don’t you go take a look at these artists?’ and then the more they did it, the more they fell down that rabbit hole,” recalls their daughter-in-law Sakurako “Sako” Fisher, ’82. “They both were deeply invested in the artists that they met.”

Today that trove counts more than 1,100 pieces, including works by Alexander Calder, Anselm Kiefer, Agnes Martin, Gerhard Richter, and Andy Warhol. The same eye for style that Doris brought to the Gap carried into their collection, wrote Donald Fisher in his 2002 memoir.

Doris Fisher worked as a volunteer at Stanford, serving on the Board of Trustees and advocating for art on campus. The couple supported the rebuilding of the campus museum after the 1989 Loma Prieta earthquake, and the building that arose—Cantor Arts Center—has been the beneficiary of many Fisher gifts and loans. Most physically prominent is artist Richard Serra’s *Sequence*, a pair of interlocking steel figure eights weighing more than 200 tons, which has its home on Cantor’s north lawn.

The family’s connection to Stanford now spans three generations. “This all started with my mom and her love for the school,” John Fisher says.

Fisher is survived by her three sons and daughters-in-law: Robert, MBA ’80, and Elizabeth; William, MBA ’84, and Sako (Daniel, ’82); and John, MBA ’89, and Laura (Meier, ’88); 10 grandchildren, including Claire, ’13, MA ’18, MBA ’18, Jill Bowen, ’14, MBA ’20, David, MBA ’26, Rose, ’17, MBA ’23, and Michael, ’19; and 13 great-grandchildren. Her husband, Donald, died in 2009.

—Christine Foster

GAP INC.

Phi Kappa Sigma. He served in the Navy. He worked in the financial accounting department at Del Monte Foods for nearly three decades. He loved traveling, especially to Italy, with Stanford Travel/Study, Caspin Journeys, and friend groups. He also loved Lake Tahoe, the outdoors, and hiking. Survivors: his wife, Lynn (Borders, '54, MA '54); children, Kathryn, '79, Keith, Carolyn Kelson Hasker, and Bruce; eight grandchildren, including Jessica Houghton, MS '23; and five great-grandchildren.

Joseph Rocco DiSano, '54, MS '55 (petroleum engineering), of Walnut Creek, Calif., January 25, at 103. He served in the Marines. After he and his wife opened Kip's Restaurant near UC Berkeley, and it became a success, he switched from being an engineer to a restaurateur. The couple later opened Village Pizza in Orinda, which became a destination for former Berkeley students who recognized them. He loved to travel—he and his wife visited their parents' birthplaces in Italy—and entertaining. He was predeceased by his wife of nearly 70 years, Adelaide. Survivors: his children, Linda Ehrich, Lisa Hennessy, and Mike; 12 grandchildren; and three great-grandchildren.

Dalton Wayne Martin, '54, MS '56 (electrical engineering), of Los Altos Hills, April 29, at 97. He served in the Army Air Forces. He co-founded the Vidar Corporation, a pioneer in instrumentation and digital telephony, and later held executive positions with other telecommunication companies. He was a private pilot, owner of a Cessna T210, and longtime member of the Peninsula Kiwanis. He was predeceased by his wife of 48 years, Virginia; and partner of 20 years, Mary Smith. Survivors: his children, Lori Hansen and Randal, MS '82; three grandchildren; and great-granddaughter.

Gerald Robert Bays, '55 (communication), of Lake San Marcos, Calif., February 10, at 92, of chronic obstructive pulmonary disease. He was a member of Sigma Chi. He served in the Marine Corps. He enjoyed a 30-year career with Sears, Roebuck and Co. He was a man of strong faith who liked to travel and play golf. He was predeceased by his wife, Marcia; Sylvia, the mother of his children; and grandson Nick. Survivors: his children, Lynn, Jennifer Roxstrom, Jamie Huber, and Matthew; stepchildren, Cindy, Steven, and David; 11 grandchildren; and great-grandchild.

Jay McDill Becker, '55 (communication), of Burton, Wash., January 25, at 92, after a stroke. He was on the *Stanford Daily* staff. After being drafted into the Army, he was stationed at Fort Riley, Kansas, where he founded a military publication. Later, he worked as an editor, reporter, and photographer at the *Vashon-Maury Island Beachcomber*, a newspaper that was at risk of closing when he and his wife purchased it in 1975. He loved RV trips, sailing, and building boats. He was predeceased by his wife, Joan (Cortelyou, '55). Survivors: his sons, David, Marc, and Alan; and three granddaughters.

Barbara Fraida Winer Levin, '55 (undeclared), of Los Angeles, December 16, 2024, at 90. She graduated from Smith College. She was an active community member, Girl Scouts troop leader, and 60-year member of the Sisterhood of University Synagogue. She later attained her adult education teaching credential from Mount St. Mary's and became the administrator of education for older adults in the LA Unified School District. She loved to travel, see wildlife around the world, and hike Kenter Canyon. Survivors: her husband, Gerald; children, Maurice, Sara Levin Hattenbach, Helen, and Eve; and four grandchildren.

Sylvia Ruth Marshall Meyer, '55 (speech & drama), of Port Angeles, Wash., November 29, at 93. She earned a master's degree in English at Wichita State University and a master's degree in social work from the University of Washington. She was an impassioned community organizer who believed in better community supports for all, even while moving 15 times. Notably, she helped build Parent Trust for Washington Children into a statewide network offering family support services. Survivors: her children, Adina, Mahlon, '88, and Rachel, '90; two grandchildren; and great-granddaughter.

Betty Byers Baerwald Nelson, '55 (psychology), of St. George, Utah, April 4, at 92. Survivors include her sons, Charles and Scott Tromblee.

Martin James Spangler, '55 (history), of Los Altos, May 25, at 92. He was a member of Delta Tau Delta and played rugby. He served in the Air Force and served his local community when he took over the family business, Spangler Mortuaries, which his parents started in 1935. He coached Little League and was the local Rotary Club president. He was predeceased by his wife of 70 years, Suzanne (Bailey, '56); and son Scott. Survivors: his children, James, '79, Linda Cave, and Kristen Bauer; 14 grandchildren; and 15 great-grandchildren.

Dwight Delong Clark, '56, MA '58 (political science), of Palo Alto, February 22, at 93, of cancer. He was on the KZSU radio station staff. He interrupted his doctoral studies at Stanford to accept a job as dean of freshman men and later became the assistant dean of men. He was a dedicated mentor who organized student volunteer opportunities in Asia. In 1963, he formed Volunteers in Asia, retiring as president to found Learning Across Borders. He was also deeply involved with Parami University, the first liberal arts college for Myanmar students.

Thaddeus Oscar Clevidence Jr., '56 (economics), of Costa Mesa, Calif., March 13, at 91, of kidney failure. He was a member of Kappa Alpha and later served as a captain in the Marine Corps. He spent 60 years as an insurance broker at the family firm, Ashbrook-Clevidence. He loved skiing, the beach, and racing sailboats. He enjoyed painting and was an excellent cook and ice cream maker. He was predeceased by his daughter Kim Leysen. Survivors: his wife of nearly 70 years, Patricia (Nicholson, '56); children, Kerry Clevidence Cody, '86, and Christopher; eight grandchildren; and two great-grandchildren.

Donald Gregory Peck, '56 (civil engineering), of El Segundo, Calif., December 10, at 91. He was a member of Los Arcos Eating Club. His successful career included working at Carnation Co., in the amusement park development division of Disney, and as a financial planner. He was the brother of actor Gregory Peck. Survivors: his first wife, Jo (Davis, '56); second wife, Sande Seitz; children, Thomas, Jennifer, Samuel, Maria, and Riley; and nine grandchildren.

Fred Warren Ruhland, '56 (economics), of Kentfield, Calif., April 10, at 91, after a brief illness. He was on the KZSU radio station staff and on the crew team. He served in the Army. He worked at the Pacific Coast Stock Exchange for 39 years and retired with Morgan Stanley Dean Witter as a vice president and mentor to young brokers. He was a maker, philanthropist, and extensive traveler. He was predeceased by his wife, Jena; and longtime companion, Gloria Neumeier. Survivors: his children, Kurt, Eric, Lisa, and Elizabeth; eight grandchildren; nine great-grandchildren; and sister.

Suzanne Bailey Spangler, '56 (biological sciences), of Los Altos, July 30, 2025, at 91. She and her husband were longtime owners of the family business, Spangler Mortuaries, serving their community with compassion and care. A woman of deep Christian faith, she found joy in studying the Bible. She was an avid game player and a lifelong learner. She was predeceased by her son Scott. Her husband of 70 years, Martin, '55, died in May 2026. Survivors: her children, James, '79, Linda Cave, and Kristen Bauer; 14 grandchildren; 13 great-grandchildren; and two sisters.

James Jefferson Waterbury, '56 (industrial engineering), of Sacramento, Calif., May 1, at 91. He served in the Navy. A pioneer in the computing industry, he worked for RCA, including three years in Heidelberg, Germany. He loved spending time in his garage-based woodshop, tinkering at the computer and keeping up with close friends in Mexico and Colombia who were like extended family. He was predeceased by his daughter Mary. Survivors: his wife, Carol "Suzie" (Williams, '57); children, Julie Steiger and Chris; three grandchildren; and four siblings.

Carl Frederick Blozan, '57 (chemical engineering), of Brevard, N.C., March 21, at 90. He earned a master's in industrial management from MIT. He worked as an analyst in the operation research office of Johns Hopkins University and later in the medical devices division at the Food and Drug Administration. In retirement, he became a certified public accountant. He loved a capella singing, softball, fishing, square dancing, and stamp collecting. Survivors: his wife of 63 years, Kathie; sons, William and Benjamin; and two grandchildren.

Meredith Lindley Babeaux Brucker, '57 (speech & drama), of Arcadia, Calif., April 28, at 90. She was on the KZSU radio station staff and participated in student drama. She was a producer, associate producer, and writer for CBS and MGM, and an assignment editor for KTLA News. She later became a romance novelist and published 10 books. She taught "How to Get Published" at the UCLA Writers Program and at Pasadena City College, where she organized the annual Writers' Forum. Survivors: her son, Carson; grandson; and former husband, Walter.

Sonia Gay "Sunny" Wakefield Shepard, '57 (education), of Atherton, Calif., August 18, 2025, at 89, of cancer. She was on the crew and swim teams. Committed to her community, she was a founding board member of the Lucile Salter Packard Children's Hospital and served on a number of local boards. An intrepid traveler, she led High Sierra horse pack trips for 40 years. She was predeceased by her first husband, Jack, '53, MA '55, MBA '57; second husband, Edgar McLellan, '57; and son Bradford. Survivors: her sons Roderick, Christopher, and David; eight grandchildren; and four great-grandchildren.

Betty Jean Stallings, '57 (social science & social thought), of Pacific Grove, Calif., March 11, at 91. She was on the *Stanford Daily* staff. She served in the Army from 1963 to 1984, including a tour in Vietnam, retiring as a lieutenant colonel. She earned a Bronze Star, Defense Meritorious Service Medal, Meritorious Service Medal, and Army Commendation Medal with two Oak Leaf Clusters. In retirement, she was an active volunteer. She was named Veteran of the Year of Monterey Bay in 2021. Survivors include her niece, Susan; and nephew, Daniel.

Charles A. Bonnett, '58 (biological sciences), of Bend, Ore., February 10, at 89. He was a member

of Alpha Kappa Lambda. He was a renowned orthopedic surgeon who pioneered surgical techniques using the Harrington rod to repair severe cases of scoliosis. Because of his speed, he could perform complex surgeries without having to rely on blood transfusions. After retiring from medicine, he became an investor and commercial real estate developer. Survivors: his wife of over 35 years, Britta; children, Julie Akau, Eileen Mahdi, Karen Joseph, and Bill; stepsons, Kevin and Brian Eastman; 12 grandchildren; and three great-grandchildren.

Irving Wesley Hall, '58 (undeclared), of Oxford, N.Y., March 8, at 89, after a long illness. He was a member of Phi Sigma Kappa. He was a professor, contractor, and lifelong political activist. He taught subjects including political science, economics, and philosophy at a number of California and New York colleges. He wrote political satire, was a documentary filmmaker, and owned and operated a contracting firm in Manhattan. Survivors: his partner, Ellen Anderson; and daughters, Jennifer and Jessica.

Frederick Stanton Hillier, '58, MS '59, PhD '61 (industrial engineering), of Redmond, Wash., January 9, at 89. He played in the Stanford symphony orchestra. He was a professor emeritus of operations research at Stanford whose textbooks, including *Introduction to Operations Research*, helped define the field for generations of learners. His research focused on making mathematical tools to solve practical problems, such as improving the flow of traffic through bottlenecks. He was predeceased by his wife, Ann (Lester, '58, MS '59). Survivors: his sons, David, John, and Mark, MS '91, PhD '94; and six granddaughters.

Morgan Frank Myers, '58 (economics), of Sunnyvale, Calif., April 3, at 89. He was a member of Phi Sigma Kappa. He worked as a senior executive at Macy's and director of compensation at Crown Zellerbach while earning a law degree. He later founded and was president of Morgan Myers and Associates, a compensation consulting company. In retirement, he volunteered with the Service Corps of Retired Executives. He was predeceased by his wife, Barbara (Stratton, '59). Survivors: his daughters, Melinda Myers Cook, '85, and Megan Myers Blair; four grandchildren; and two sisters.

John Sainsbury Caple, '59 (economics), of San Rafael, Calif., April 27, at 89, of heart failure. He was a member of Alpha Delta Phi and played basketball. He earned an MBA from Harvard and began his career at Procter & Gamble. After earning a PhD from Golden Gate University, he found his calling as an educator and joined the faculty of Dominican College, where he started the business school. He was the author of 15 books. He was predeceased by his daughter, Katherine. Survivors: his wife of 64 years, Anne-Marie (Lloyd, '61); son, Thomas; three grandchildren; and great-grandson.

Jane Margery Beardsley Lemeland, '59 (psychology), of Concord, N.H., December 5, 2024, at 86. She completed her undergraduate studies at Barnard College and earned a master's degree in French from Middlebury. She began her career as a high school French teacher, but later became a learning disabilities and reading specialist and an elementary school counselor. She was devoted to helping others, whether assisting a displaced refugee family or fighting for gay marriage. She was predeceased by her husband, Charles. Survivors: her daughters, Laure Lemeland Nawrocki and Lise, '89; and five grandchildren.

David Lawrence Lunt, '59 (undergraduate law), JD '61, of Santa Fe, N.M., April 22, at 89. He practiced law in Santa Fe for more than 50 years. A devoted Catholic and lay oblate of the Benedictine Order, he supported numerous charitable organizations serving those in need. He enjoyed traveling, skiing, hiking, reading, and spending time with family. He was predeceased by his wife, Peggy. Survivors: his children, Lucy, Mary McCarthy, Susan, Meg, and Herrick; stepsons, Andy, Charlie, and David Montgomery; six grandchildren; step-grandchildren; step-great-grandchild; and sister.

1960s

Frances Ann Scripps Conley, '60 (history), of Cupertino, Calif., April 10, at 88. A mainstay in the Long Beach, Calif., community, she served on the boards of the Ronald McDonald House, the Junior League of Long Beach, and Miller Children's Hospital. As an entrepreneur, she spun her love of needlepoint into the Alamitos Bay Yarn Company. She was a substitute teacher, a second mom to her children's friends, and a strong believer in social justice. Survivors: her husband of 67 years, Steve, '59; children, Chip, '82, MBA '84, Cathy, '84, and Ann; six grandchildren; and brother, Jack Scripps, '66, MBA '68.

William Lee Martin, '61, MS '62 (electrical engineering), of Auburn, Calif., January 31, at 86. He was a member of Theta Xi. From the late 1960s to early '80s, he worked as a defense industry engineering manager with briefings to the Pentagon and NATO. He then worked as an engineering executive in Silicon Valley. He taught college math at night for 25 years, deeply enjoyed Stanford Athletics, and was a football season ticket holder for five decades. Survivors: his wife of 64 years, Linda; children, Greg and Shelley; and two grandsons.

Nancy Ruth Paul, '61 (education), of Orange, Calif., April 22, at 86. She was a teacher in both primary and secondary schools. During her 43 years at Orange Lutheran High School, she taught English, history, math, and physical education. She also coached girls volleyball, softball, and tennis and served as athletic director and statistician for numerous football and basketball games. Survivors include her sister, Susan Paulsen.

Frederick C. Ho, '62 (biological sciences), of Los Angeles, March 12, at 88. A doctor specializing in allergy, asthma, and immunology, he devoted 49 years to caring for patients in his Pasadena practice. He was a champion tennis player as a child and remained an avid player into adulthood. He founded the Intercollegiate Tennis Association All-American Women's Tennis Championships and was inducted into the ITA Women's Hall of Fame in 2012. Survivors include his wife, Sally Kiernan; nephew, Timothy; and niece, Emily Kiernan.

Hans Raymond "Ray" Cairncross, '63 (political science), of Ketchum, Idaho, February 7, at 84. He was a member of Sigma Chi. He spent two years as a teacher in the Peace Corps in East Africa, then earned his JD from the University of Washington. He started his career at Perkins Coie before opening Cairncross and Hempelmann. He also launched a number of medical and biotech startups. He loved golf and collected antique cars, pens, and watches. Survivors: his wife of 42 years, Wendy (Reed, JD '79); children, Allison Stites, Caitlin Dietiker, and Christian; and five grandchildren.

Peter Crockett Jackson, '63 (history), of Ketchum, Idaho, June 5, 2025, at 82, of a heart attack. He was a member of Theta Xi and played water polo. He served in the Army. He received an MBA from Wharton and then joined Dempsey-Tegeler as a financial analyst. His family later moved to Sun Valley, Idaho, to enjoy the mountains and a slower pace of life. A fourth-generation Stanford graduate, he had a lifelong love for the university and Stanford Athletics. Survivors: his wife, Susan; children, Alexandra and Tyler; and three grandchildren.

William Ballard Moore, '63 (history), of Wheaton, Ill., April 12, at 85. He was a member of Alpha Delta Phi, in the marching band, and on the *Stanford Daily* staff. As an attorney, he served as corporate counsel, senior vice president, secretary, and general counsel with the Chicago-based Whitman Corporation (formerly IC Industries) before retiring in 1999. He loved anything related to railroads, built models, photographed steam locomotives, and collected railroad memorabilia. Survivors: his wife of 62 years, Barbara; children, Kyle, Kerry, and Bradley; and eight grandchildren.

Anne S. Lindsay Morton, '63 (history), of San Francisco, March 7, at 84. She played basketball. Instead of walking at her Stanford graduation, she chose to volunteer as a civil rights worker in Harmony, Miss. In addition to volunteer work, her lifelong passions included gardening, golf, opera, and travel. A gifted athlete, she taught her grandsons her perfect football spiral, was a heavy hitter in her softball league, skied beautifully, and paddleboarded into her 80s. She was predeceased by her husband of 48 years, Tom. Survivors: her children, Jane and Robert; and five grandsons.

Roger Douglas Smith, '63 (biological sciences), of New Orleans, September 22, 2025, at 83, of colon cancer. He was a member of Delta Kappa Epsilon. He served in the Navy. He was an influential neurosurgeon who co-wrote the definitive text on microneurosurgical technique. He was instrumental in establishing the Tulane-Ochsner Neurosurgery Residency Training Program, for which he served as chair and program director. He spoke seven languages and took medical service trips to Vietnam. Survivors: his wife, Georgie Exnicios Smith; sons, Douglas, Adam, and Ryan; four grandchildren; and two sisters, including Carole Smith Hales, MA '68.

David Michael Stoner, '63 (mechanical engineering), of Litchfield, Conn., November 30, at 84, of congestive heart failure. He was a member of Theta Chi. He served in the Air Force, flying over 100 combat missions as an F-4 fighter pilot during the Vietnam War and earning two Distinguished Flying Crosses and a Bronze Star. He then built a career in the software industry, helping to create companies that developed manufacturing software. Survivors: his wife of 61 years, Diane (Berger, '64); son, Michael; and three grandchildren.

Mark "Skip" Franich, '65 (economics), MBA '69, JD '69, of Los Altos, March 10, at 82. He was a member of Phi Kappa Sigma. He was an estate planning attorney and co-founder of Morgan, Ruby, Franich, Schofield, Bouchier & Fredkin. He served on the boards of the San Jose Children's Discovery Museum and the Salvation Army and was active in the San Jose Rotary. He loved traveling and playing golf. Survivors: his wife of 53 years, Nancy; sons, Brendan, MA '04, JD '09, and Darren, '07; two grandsons; and four siblings.

Michael Ludlow Frey, '65 (classics), of Los Angeles, July 20, 2025, at 82, after a long illness. He was a member of Phi Gamma Delta. As a member of the Peace Corps, he worked as a teacher in Liberia, administrator in Washington, D.C., and field officer in Sierra Leone. He was later an administrator at the Henry Street Settlement and a co-founder of STRIVE, both in New York City.

He was predeceased by his son Jordan. Survivors: his wife, Marilyn; former wife, Jaki Laney Florsheim, ’65; children, Malaika, Sacha, Christopher, and Kate; and six grandchildren.

Thomas Trebitsch Parker, ’65 (communication), of Menlo Park, March 15, at 82, of complications from Parkinson’s disease and diabetes. He was a member of Sigma Nu/Beta Chi and was on the *Stanford Daily* staff. He served in the Army Reserves and earned a master’s degree in creative writing. He co-founded Media West, creating multimedia productions for corporate events. He wrote fiction and nonfiction and received an O. Henry Award for one of his short stories. He taught writing at Stanford, the University of California, Foothill College, and privately. Survivors: his wife of 50 years, Kathy; son, Gabriel; and brother.

Clifton Tokuji Furukawa, ’66 (psychology), of Mercer Island, Wash., February 22, at 81, of sepsis. He graduated from medical school at the University of Rochester, served in the Air Force, and built a career at Northwest Allergy & Asthma Center. He laughed at his own punchlines and loved stalking a steelhead, throwing boomerangs, sharing the bounty from his garden, making glass paperweights, and petting parrots. He was predeceased by his son David. Survivors: his wife of 42 years, Renee; sons John, Chris Duston, and Matthew; and six grandchildren.

Samuel Edgar Johnson II, ’66 (geology), PhD ’73 (biological sciences), of Astoria, Ore., March 22, at 81, of pancreatic cancer. He worked as an assistant professor of zoology at Clark University, a researcher for the Bermuda Biological Marine Station, and in various roles at the Nature Conservancy. He held leadership positions at the Oregon Historical Society, Oregon Health and Sciences University Foundation, and Columbia River Maritime Museum, where he helped to grow the endowment and spearheaded the museum’s first major Indigenous exhibit. Survivors: his partner, Melody Mackey Allen; and brother, Jeffrey, ’61, MBA ’63.

Karen Jane Tiffany Loveridge, ’66 (psychology), of Davis, Calif., November 23, at 81, of lung cancer and chronic obstructive pulmonary disease. She sang in the chorus. She was a correspondence editor for the Navy Federal Credit Union and the chief training officer for a startup tech company. She later focused on raising her children, managing her household, providing volunteer support to the Davis School District, and other civic activities. She was an accomplished painter, a competitive tennis player, and a crossword devotee. Survivors: her husband, Gary, ’65; children, Kristofer and Tiffany; and four grandchildren.

Glenn Clyde Myers, ’66 (political science), of Ojai, Calif., February 11, at 81. He was a member of Delta Tau Delta and played football. He earned an MBA from the Wharton School and worked in commercial real estate and private equity. He was the vice president of BMA, president and CEO of Genstar Pacific Investments, vice president of development of Donahue Schriber Realty Group, and CFO of Sippl Investments. He loved golf and was devoted to his community. He was predeceased by his son Scott. Survivors: his wife, Sharon; sons Andy and Grant; and six grandchildren.

Gary Louis Pettigrew, ’66 (English), of Spokane, Wash., January 21, 2023, at 78, of myelodysplastic syndrome. He was in Kappa Alpha. He played varsity football and was signed by the Philadelphia Eagles in the second round of the NFL draft. He played for the Eagles as a starting defense lineman for nine seasons before a one-year stint with the New York Giants. After retiring from football, he worked as a sales representative for American Sign and Indicator. In 1986, he and his wife founded Spokane Exercise Equipment. Survivors: his wife, Patti; and brothers, Rick, ’70, Jim, and Tom.

Mary Lou Marsh, ’67 (biological sciences), of Solana Beach, Calif., May 26, 2025, at 80. She played varsity basketball. After Stanford, she went on to earn an MD at the Medical College of Pennsylvania in Philadelphia. She helped launch Ohana Medical Concepts, a medical device company that developed orthopedic and cervical spine traction equipment.

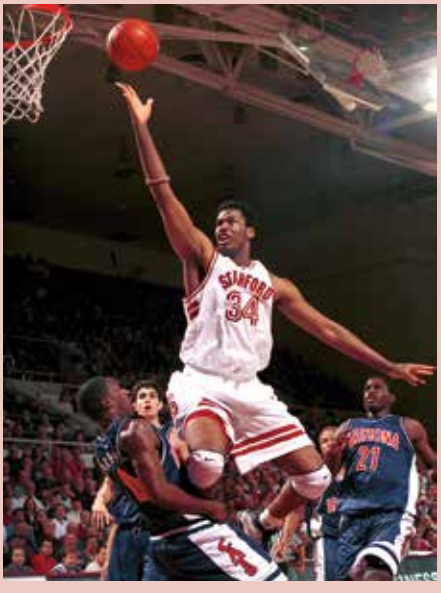
Frank Victor Westerlund, ’67 (architecture), of Bellevue, Wash., December 8, 2024, at 79, of complications from Parkinson’s disease. He spent 36 years at the University of Washington’s College of Built Environments, serving as an associate professor and, for a time, as department chair. A man of diverse interests, he was captivated by the intersection of history and the natural world. He was an avid amateur astronomer and built his own telescope. He was passionate about environmental conservation. Survivors: his wife, Fereshteh Dehkordi-Westerlund; and son, Cyrus.

Rolland Joseph Regnery Jr., ’68 (history), of La Quinta, Calif., December 15, at 79. He played

13-Year NBA Veteran Who Opened the Closet Door

On the basketball court, Jason Collins’s impact could be subtle for a nearly 7-footer. The center—who helped the New Jersey Nets to back-to-back NBA finals in his first two years in the league—was sometimes dubbed a “no stats All Star” for the way his teamwork and defensive presence could change games without showing up in box scores. But it was an explicit act of bravery late in his 13-year pro career that would define Collins’s greatness beyond all else. “I’m a 34-year-old NBA center,” he wrote in the cover story of the May 6, 2013 issue of *Sports Illustrated*. “I’m black. And I’m gay.”

With that, Collins, ’01, became the first openly gay male athlete to play in one of the Big Four American professional sports leagues. Collins was then a free agent—the NBA season had just ended—and it was unclear whether his revelation would impact his ability to sign for a new team. But he was largely embraced by everyone from President Barack Obama to NBA star Kobe Bryant to Tim Hardaway, a retired NBA great who’d previously made headlines for homophobic remarks. When Collins took the court for the Nets for the first time the next season—his last before retiring—the crowd applauded. Two days later his jersey topped sales on NBAStore.com.



“My message to other athletes, period, is just be yourself,” he said at the time. “Never be afraid or ashamed or have any fear to be your true authentic self.”

Jason Collins—a Stanford Hall of Famer who still holds the school record for field goal percentage—died May 12 of glioblastoma. He was 47. After his death, the website OutSports declared him a trailblazer “who had opened more closet doors in sports than anyone will ever know.” Even today, it’s a door not many professional male athletes have passed through. There are currently no openly gay active players in any of the four major U.S. men’s professional sports leagues.

After retiring from basketball, Collins became a public speaker, inclusion advocate, and ambassador for NBA Cares, the NBA’s outreach program. In May 2025, he married film producer Brunson Green, his partner of more than a decade. That summer, Collins began experiencing memory loss, difficulty concentrating, and other symptoms that led to the discovery of a brain tumor.

In December 2025, he returned with another powerful first-person essay, this time as told to Ramona Shelburne, ’01, MA ’01, of ESPN, to reveal the gravity of his situation and to reflect on his decision to come out. “I can honestly say, the past 12 years since have been the best of my life,” he wrote. “Your life is so much better when you just show up as your true self.”

In June, Collins was posthumously recognized at the ESPY Awards with the Arthur Ashe Award for Courage, which recognizes a person who has made a difference beyond the field of play by fighting for their beliefs. His twin brother, Jarron, ’01, likewise a former Cardinal and NBA player, accepted the award in his honor. “I’m grateful every time people I don’t even know come up to me and say how . . . my brother’s decision to come out impacted their life,” he said. “He lived his life with authenticity, with grace, and strength and joy.”

Besides his husband and his brother, Collins is survived by his parents, Paul and Portia.

—Sam Scott

DAVID GONZALES, ’93/STANFORD ATHLETICS

basketball and was a member of Sigma Chi. He served in the Peace Corps in Bolivia and later worked as a teacher in Panama. He went on to become a veterinarian, settling in Southern California and joining—and later owning—the Tri-City Veterinary Clinic. He was active in social causes, particularly Beyond War, an organization dedicated to peaceful global conflict resolution. He loved animals, the outdoors, and friendly competition. Survivors: his wife, Roxanne; children, Dawnelise Rosen and Noah; and sister.

1970s

Katherine Cast Danforth, '70 (art), of San Francisco, February 18, at 78, of Parkinson's disease. She earned a master's in early childhood education from Mills College. For more than 30 years, she shaped the field of early childhood education through scholarship, advocacy, and hands-on work with children, families, and teachers. She was head teacher at The Children's School at Mills College and later program supervisor and lecturer at San Francisco State's Child Study Center. She had a deep belief in children's capacity to think and create. She is remembered for her wit and whimsical spirit. Survivors include her husband, David Hammer, and three siblings.

Trisha Lynn Siemon Garlock, '70 (art), of Mill Valley, Calif., January 15, at 78, of complications of blood cancer. She spent 32 years leading Kiddo, an education foundation she co-founded in 1982 to support the Mill Valley School District. In 2014, she co-founded SchoolsRule-Marin, which supports students and foundations in all 17 Marin school districts by helping fund programs in the arts, technology, literacy, and health. Across both organizations, she helped raise millions of dollars for Marin school enrichment programs. Survivors: her husband, Jim; children, David and Lindsay, '07; and three grandchildren.

John Douglas Andrews Jr., '71 (psychology), of Reno, Nev., March 11, 2024, at 75. He was a member of Kappa Sigma. He earned an MD from USC and devoted his life to medicine. He was the life of the party, reveling in song and dance at every occasion. He loved nothing more than regaling family and friends with stories and jokes. Survivors: his wife of 22 years, Nancy Prahm; children, Liz and Jack; stepchildren, Jennifer Torres, Daniel Winston, and Ben Winston; eight grandchildren; ex-wife, Gayle Hurd; and sister.

Jerry Roemer Hite, '72 (humanities), of San Francisco, February 20, at 76. He was an avid Bay Area sports fan. He remained close with friends he made as a sophomore at Stanford's overseas study program in England; they called themselves the Raconteurs and he convened the group regularly over the next 50 years. He loved to guide family and friends on hikes in the High Sierras. He knew the names of flora and fauna, could identify stars and constellations, and once caught a California golden trout with his bare hands. Survivors: his siblings, Caroline, Florence, Aimee, and Lee.

Richard Carl Metcalf, '75 (geology), of Houston, July 13, 2025, at 72, of dementia. He earned an MS in geophysics from the University of Washington and a PhD in aqueous geochemistry from the University of Manchester. He worked as a geologist for Exxon early in his career and later as a scientist for Lockheed in Las Vegas. Eventually, he became a professor of geology at San Jacinto College. He enjoyed traveling, skiing, mountain climbing, and hiking. Survivors: his wife, Leslie; and brother, Russell.

Peter Douglas Witt, '78 (humanities), of Paso Robles, Calif., April 1, at 70, of cancer. He was on the track and field team and a member of Delta Upsilon. He earned his MD from Case Western Reserve University and became a pediatric plastic surgeon, repairing congenital facial abnormalities and traumatic injuries requiring reconstruction. He founded the plastic surgery division at Valley Children's Hospital in Fresno, Calif. He spent his last 10 years in Paso Robles, where he loved to dance with his wife, and was often seen wearing his Stanford tracksuit. Survivors: his wife, Alice; his children, Doug, '09, Alec, Elizabeth Yoo, and Joel; three granddaughters; mother, Marjorie; and brother.

1980s

John Michael Julius III, '80 (economics), of Coronado, Calif., March 23, at 67. He was a member of Phi Delta Theta. He worked as a litigator in Los Angeles and later specialized in employment litigation with Littler Mendelson in San Diego. After retiring from the law, he stewarded his family's real estate portfolio in Southern and Northern California. He was an avid golfer and former president of the San Diego Country Club. Some of his fondest memories were traveling with friends to play on world-class courses. Survivors: his wife of 39 years, Angela Yates; daughters, Sara and Shannon; and three siblings, including Joann Julius Law, '75.

Gregory Charles Gardener, '82 (industrial engineering), of Washington, D.C., March 21, at 65. He played football and was a member of Phi Delta Theta.

1990s

Kevin Lee Bennett, '90 (English), of New Orleans, April 22, at 57. He was a poet, philosopher, friend, and prankster. He won the 1991 University and College Poets Prize from the Academy of American Poets and worked as a technical writer at Dow Chemical. He struggled with mental illness, went missing after Hurricane Katrina, and lived unhoused in New Orleans for 13 years. He was eventually reunited with Stanford friends who helped him find an apartment in the French Quarter, where he wrote poetry and became a beloved figure known for his keen insights and untamed brilliance. Survivors include his mother, Sherrell; sister, Ruthanne; and countless friends.

2010s

Ryan Patrick Murphy, '11 (science, technology, and society), of Marietta, Ga., October 6, 2025, at 37. He was in Sigma Alpha Epsilon and played football, walking on as a defensive end. He liked to play pickleball, chess, and cornhole; do CrossFit; travel the world; and strum the guitar. He had a passion for the water and was a sophisticated linguist. As athletic as he was, he was just as poetic, and had a sly sense of humor. Survivors: his parents, Thomas and Mary Ellen; siblings, Kelly Doyle and Dillon; and grandmother.

BUSINESS

Edgar Newman Smith Jr., MBA '72, of Scottsdale, Ariz., March 16, at 82. He enjoyed a varied and successful career as a CPA, chief financial officer, and regional controller, working in Albuquerque, N.M., and later in Scottsdale. He liked to play golf, travel, garden, and care for his Southwest home in the beautiful Sonoran Desert. His 15 bicycle trips around the globe brought him immense joy and a lifetime of treasured memories. Survivors: his former wife of 38 years, Diane; and sister.

Stuart Edward McLaughlin, MBA '00, of Hillsborough, Calif., February 15, at 53, in a skiing accident. Over 25 years, he built a distinguished career as partner at Sansome Partners. He was a talented investor who brought patience and perspective to every discussion. He gave his time and expertise to many schools and education nonprofits. He had a gift for listening, asking insightful questions, and making everyone feel valued. Survivors: his wife of almost 20 years, Meg (Masuno, MBA '00); sons, Andy, Harry, and Peter; and parents, Carrick (Cruzen, '64) and Andy, '59, MA '64, PhD '70.

ENGINEERING

George Marienthal, MS '63 (industrial engineering), of Naples, Fla., June 3, at 87. He earned a degree in engineering from the US Naval Academy. After completing his military service as a captain, he spent more than 40 years working in the federal government and private industry with a focus on enhancing national security. He served seven years as deputy assistant secretary in the U.S. Department of Defense. He was a lifelong runner and conservative political activist with a boundless love for his family. Survivors: his children, Shawn Capon, Shannon Van Winter, and Patrick; nine grandchildren; and seven great-grandchildren.

Edmund George Filetti, MS '64, Engr. '66 (mechanical engineering), of Wake Forest, N.C., November 3, 2023, at 91. He served in the Air Force. He worked at the Franklin Institute Research Laboratories before founding Energy Technology Incorporated in 1972. After retiring in 1982, he taught mathematics at a Penn State satellite campus. His hobbies included bridge, pool, reading, and travel. He was predeceased by his wife, Ann; second wife, Marlene Workozeskie; and daughter Sharon. Survivors: his children, Lynn Wynn, Robert, Micheal, Dan, and Mark; eight grandchildren; great-grandson; and sister.

Samuel C. McIntosh Jr., PhD '65 (aeronautics and astronautics), of Sonoma, Calif., January 5, 2025, at 88. He graduated from MIT and focused his doctoral studies at Stanford on structures and flutter. After working at a small private company, he started a consulting business in aeronautical engineering working with small private company jets, which he dearly loved. Besides piloting his own airplane, he loved wine, chocolate, and classical music. Survivors: his wife, Beatrice; daughter, Carey; two grandchildren; and brother.

Harold Sandy Vitale, MS '65 (electrical engineering), of Los Gatos, Calif., October 31, 2025, at 92. He attended Stanford while working for General Electric. He later joined Fairchild Semiconductor, where he designed and built a computer-controlled system for testing the newest generation of semiconductors. In 1983, he co-founded Trillium, which went on to generate $500 million in sales. He then worked for Credence until his retirement. He was predeceased by his wife, Roberta, and his son John. Survivors: his son Bill and three grandchildren.

James Marvin Healzer, PhD '74 (mechanical engineering), of San Jose, April 27, at 90. He worked for General Electric in Massachusetts before relocating with the company to California to begin his career in the nuclear power industry. He later worked at S. Levy Incorporated and the Paul Scherrer Institut. He was an expert in the field of heat transfer and multiphase flow. A longtime fan of Cardinal football, he also enjoyed photography, skiing, gardening, music, and travel. Survivors: his wife of 63 years, Helen; children,

Kristen McNamara and Jim, ’85, MS ’85; four grandchildren, including William, ’22, and Katherine, ’26; and three great-grandsons.
Dana Gene Andrews, PhD ’75 (aeronautics and astronautics), of Seattle, January 10, 2023, at 78, of a heart attack. He worked at Boeing for 50 years, initially in the commercial aircraft division and then in the space division. In 2000, he joined his son’s company, Andrews Space and Technology, where he led projects to commercialize space transportation. Once retired, he mentored young engineers as an affiliate professor at the University of Washington. He published *Chasing the Dream*, a book chronicling the history of advanced space transportation and theorizing on our space future. Survivors: his wife, Anne; children, Jason, Christopher, and Sarah; and eight grandchildren.
Christopher Clark Badger, MS ’83 (engineering), of Portola Valley, Calif., November 9, at 67, of sudden complications while mountain biking. He was an entrepreneur and a technology evangelist. He was born in Massachusetts but fell in love with the rhythm of the West Coast, skiing in Idaho, duck hunting in the Bay Area, and biking year-round. Over 35 years, he and his wife transformed their Portola Valley property into a thriving homestead of fruit trees, chickens, horses, and his beloved beehives. He was deeply committed to land conservation, particularly in Idaho and New Mexico. A varsity rower in college, he remained a formidable athlete into his 60s. Survivors: his wife, Dene Rowell; sons, Jackson, Carson, and Macklan; mother, Betsy Carlson; and sister.

HUMANITIES AND SCIENCES
Chitra Joshi Adarkar, MS ’62 (statistics), of Manhattan Beach, Calif., October 31, 2025, at 91. She was born in Pune, India, and in 1959 joined the Indian Foreign Service, stationed in Vienna. In 1963, she and her husband moved to Southern California, and she taught math at El Camino College. Two years later, they moved to Manhattan Beach, where she would live for 61 years. Throughout her life, she found joy in her flower garden, tackling the daily crossword puzzle, and time with her family. She was predeceased by her husband, Dilip, PhD ’63. Survivors: her children, Swati, Ashwin, ’86, MS ’87, MBA ’92, and Sachin; seven grandchildren; and great-granddaughter.
Stephen Lane Portnoy, MS ’66, PhD ’69 (statistics), of McMinnville, Ore., December 28, at 83, of cardiac arrest. He taught at Harvard before returning to his home state to join the University of Illinois Urbana-Champaign. In 1985, he helped to found the department of statistics and retired as a professor emeritus. He was a preeminent statistician who published more than 100 research articles and served as an editor for the *Journal of the American Statistical Association.* Survivors: his wife, Esther (Glotzhober, ’66, MS ’68, PhD ’69); and daughter, Rachel Bradley.
Valerie C. Chase, PhD ’71 (biological sciences), of Parkton, Md., April 27, at 81. She served as chair of the biology department at Salem College in Winston-Salem, N.C. She later joined the National Aquarium in Baltimore as the staff biologist, retiring as director of conservation education after 20 years. Her hobbies included breeding Bernese mountain dogs. Survivors include her husband, William Johnson, PhD ’74.
Shelley Elizabeth Hunsaker Merello, MA ’72 (Spanish), of Eugene, Ore., April 14, at 77, of stomach cancer. After graduate school, she spent time on San Andres Island in the Caribbean and in Peru’s Sacred Valley. She eventually settled in Eugene and taught in the Romance languages department of the University of Oregon for 25 years. She was a world traveler, visiting three different continents in her last year. She was predeceased by her daughter Sirena Archibold. Survivors: her daughters Kusi, Lluvia, and Adalina-Alejandrina; and grandson.

LAW
Jean Louis Goutal, JSD ’75, of Paris, July 24, 2025, at 78, of leukemia and lymphoma. He spent a year studying law at the University of London and worked for several London law firms. From 1983 until his retirement in 2008, he was a professor at Pierre Mendès-France University of Grenoble, where he taught contract law, intellectual property, computer law, and maritime law. He also directed the Intellectual Property Research Center. Concurrently, he worked at the law firm of Jacques-Max Lassez in Paris. He was a passionate sailor who dreamed of sailing around the world and once made it as far as Australia. Survivors: his wife of 46 years, Catherine; children, Paul-Antoine and Caroline; and four grandchildren.

SUSTAINABILITY/EARTH
James Arthur Whitney, PhD ’72 (geology), of Athens, Ga., March 18, at 79, of cardiac arrest. He started as a temporary assistant professor of geology at the University of Georgia in 1972, retiring as a full professor in 2001. During that time, he served as department head of geology and associate vice president of academic affairs. He established what is now the Interdisciplinary Field Program, where students spend a summer learning geology, anthropology, and ecology as they travel across the country. Survivors: his wife, Sandra; sons, Nathaniel and Daniel; and five grandchildren.

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BY MELISSA HURLEY

Survival Skills

How a dorm game taught me confidence.



GROWING UP, I WAS A PEOPLE PLEASER. My family moved often, so I learned to do almost anything to make and keep friends. (Example: agreeing to be someone's "dog" for show-and-tell in the fourth grade.) At some point, I read self-improvement pioneer Dale Carnegie's *How to Win Friends and Influence People* and took to heart Part 2, Principle 2: Smile. From then on, I smiled relentlessly, even when—especially when—hurt, sad, or scared. Perhaps that's why, as a freshman in Lagunita, I surprised myself and my friends by signing up for Assassin, a game played across the dormitory complex that transformed obliging students into determined stalkers.

I was issued a standard Nerf gun and the name of my first "victim." The rules were simple: Eliminate your target, then take over that player's mark. There could be no witnesses. And there were safe zones, such as dorm rooms and bathrooms. The last person standing won the game.

My first few kills were uncomplicated—at that point, many players were not invested, and they took unnecessary risks like walking around unaccompanied. But as days passed and the number of players dwindled, few could be found without a bodyguard. Taking out targets required increasing amounts of patience, stealth, and the very thing I worked so hard to avoid: the possible wrath of friends and neighbors.

I went all in. Whereas before, I would avoid an alleyway or a shadow cast by a giant eucalyptus tree, these became places for me to hide as I tracked my victim. I found myself welcoming the arrival of dusk, so I could crouch unseen, Nerf gun in hand. Once, I stood for hours in a tiny broom closet across the hall from my target's room. I heard him approach his door and say, "Thanks, I'm safe now; you can go." Seconds later, I sprang from my hiding place and delivered a fatal shot. Unexpectedly, I found people respecting me as a worthy opponent.



Of course, during Assassin, I was not only a predator, I was also prey. When the guy who lived across the hall from me became my assassin, I felt the only choice I had was between the game and my sanity. So, one morning, with only a few players left, I walked across the hall and surrendered.

My undergraduate education provided many gifts, but the most important was probably courage. Courage has helped me leave a PhD program despite dire warnings from my thesis adviser, resign from my first job without another lined up, and trust my own instincts about child-rearing over the well-meaning advice of others. Moving away from what feels wrong and toward what feels right often requires displeasing others and facing the unknown. It hasn't led to fame and fortune, but—maybe better—to a life that's truly, uniquely my own.

I'd like to say I'm no longer a people pleaser, but that wouldn't be true. Almost 40 years later, I still smile all the time, even when—especially when—hurt, sad, or scared. But after playing Assassin, my victims didn't see me the same way. More importantly, neither did I. ■

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