

Dan Sachs '60 and the Daniel M. Sachs Class of 1960 Graduating Scholarship

EDITOR'S NOTE Dan was a friend to many of our classmates and admired by all for his achievements on and off the football field. Given the importance that the Scholarship created in his name has come to have, both to Princeton and to the Class, it seemed appropriate to dedicate a section of our 50th Reunion book to Dan and the Scholarship. I am grateful to Joan Sachs Shaw, Charles Gillispie, Hon. '60, and to our classmate Harry Lord for their encouragement, help and contributions to the section. The Memorial to Dan by Frank Deford '61 is reprinted by permission of the Princeton Alumni Weekly and Frank.

Dan's Life After Princeton

by Joan Sachs Shaw

In the autumn of 1960 Dan sailed to England to begin his studies as a Rhodes Scholar at Worcester College, Oxford. He read history with a special interest in Abraham Lincoln. He was elected to head the Junior Common Room, and he took up rugby, which he played for three years. He played for Worcester College and for the Oxford University Rugby Football Club. He won a Blue playing for Oxford against Cambridge at Twickenham. Dan was especially pleased about that honor, as Oxford does not like to award Blues to Americans.

Dan returned to America in the autumn of 1963 to enter Harvard Law School. Gaining a law degree was the next step in Dan's plan to go into politics and become a Republican senator for the state of Pennsylvania. Later, as Dan was studying one night, I was awakened to hear him speaking in a stentorian voice. When I asked him what he was doing, he replied that he was giving a State of the Union Address. I was taken back a bit, as I did know of his plans for Pennsylvania. He explained simply that "Every man wants to get to the top of his profession."

Dan and I met in Cambridge in the spring of 1964 and were married at Princeton in the University Chapel in September of that year. He finished law school in 1966, and we moved to Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. Dan began to practice law in nearby Allentown.

Our daughter, Alexandra, was born at Bethlehem September 15, 1966.



That was a joyful time for us even in the shadow of Dan's illness. He loved being a father and delighted in Alexandra, his greatest legacy.

Dan's cancer, a synovioma on his left knee, was diagnosed at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania in June, 1964, before our marriage. Shortly after that he had an extensive removal and resection at Massachusetts General Hospital, and we were told that the "edges" were clean. Dan was able to walk down the aisle when we were married that September, and he went on to finish the last two years at Harvard Law School. Frequent visits to the doctors showed no recurrence until August, 1966. He returned to Mass. General, where on the sixth of August they amputated his left leg above his knee. No glands were removed, and no further treatment was undertaken.

When we returned to Bethlehem, Dan learned to use his crutches and managed to hike up and down the three flights of stairs two and three times a day. He was my "Lamaze" coach for my labor and delivery of Alexandra on September 15. He continued to work at the law and did all the preparations necessary for his highly anticipated prosthesis. Unfortunately, more cancer showed up, and the rest of his leg and part of his hip were removed. Still Dan soldiered on, continued his law work and went on long walks with Alexandra and me. He also began regular trips to The Ravdin Institute in Philadelphia for chemotherapy treatment.

In the spring of 1967, Dan became too weak to continue practicing law but was still able to play with Alexandra, who was nine months old, and to have some last conversations with me. In the evening of June 19th, 1967, Dan sat up in bed and asked me for his weights so that he might work out to regain some strength. On the morning of the 20th, he began to have difficulty breathing. Alexandra crept across his chest, and he patted her head and smiled. A short time later, he tried to speak. Then he was gone.

Dan is buried in Niskey Hill Cemetery in Bethlehem. Friends and family helped me to find the perfect spot . . . under a splendid magnolia tree as a perpetual reminder of the evening walks we took in Cambridge, where we always passed under a magnificent magnolia at the Harvard Divinity School.

Alexandra, a charming and enchanting child, has grown up to be a magnificent woman, who is so like her father in many, many ways. She graduated from Harvard with a degree in East Asian Studies. After college she worked as an executive recruiter and as a development officer at Trinity College, Hartford, Connecticut.

Alexandra married Brooke Ablon, Amherst '89, and they have two children. Kate, 14, is an excellent student and an avid swimmer. Charlie, 12, is also an excellent student. Charlie is a fine athlete who loves all sports and is intensely competitive in all of them. Off the fields he is a gentle, soft-spoken lad. Alexandra is a full-time mother and a tireless volunteer for her community.

I did re-marry eventually, and, although I am not married now, Alexandra has two brothers and a little sister. They are Ben Shaw, University of Wisconsin '97, Daniel Shaw, American University of Paris '98, and Caitlin Shaw Henig, Harvard '98. Caitlin is married to Josh Henig, Princeton '90.

Princeton continues to honor the memory of Dan with the Daniel M. Sachs Class of 1960 Graduating Scholarship. The Scholarship is a living and amazing legacy in memory of one of Princeton's finest graduates, whose life was cut short much too soon.

In Memoriam: Dan Sachs '60

by Frank Deford '61

(from the *Princeton Alumni Weekly* of October 10, 1967)

There is a special attribute about the memories held of Dan Sachs. It is not elicited by any single recollection. The reflections of many of those who loved and admired him must be taken together, and only then does this extra response emerge: that each man who knew Dan Sachs found in him the quality which that friend valued foremost and hoped to be thriving in himself. He had a rare scope and penetration that made it possible for him to leave intense impressions upon the most diverse company.

The strong who speak of Sachs cite first his courage; the ambitious specify his drive; the intellectual, his love of learning; the tender, his understanding; the philosophical, his vision; the moral, his diligence to live by his own stern values. He won the respect of each man on his own grounds; yet always he was constant with himself.

His own search was for the heroic, and it can be judged that he found that. At the memorial service for Dan, the Rev. Milton Yeack said: "Life is not to be measured by accomplishments alone, but also by commitments." Daniel M. Sachs '60 died of cancer on June 20, 1967 at his home in Bethlehem, Pa., a few weeks before his twenty-ninth birthday. He left his wife, the former Joan Lundstrom, a brave young woman whose courage mirrored that of her husband, and their daughter, Alexandra, who was one year old this September 15. His own father, an Air Force colonel, died in a plane crash when Dan was only eight. "It is best that Dan did not have a son himself," says a close friend, "for Alexandra will not have to face the task of growing up to be her father."

Her father's standards were exceeded only by his goals. Dan Sachs' life could have been one of greatness. He prepared himself for that, not in cocky anticipation, but in studied precaution, so that if the opportunity ever did confront him, he would be prepared for it. Shortly after he left Princeton, as a Rhodes Scholar, he wrote: "If we fail to seize the vision now, in the years of intellectual strife when character becomes formed, then we can seldom hope to breathe life into the myth once we take up the tools of the world."

The possibility of making any concession to the ordinary forced him after excellence. "I fear mediocrity more than I fear anything else," he said. He came to Princeton with low College Board scores, the first ever to enter the University from Emmaus (Pa.) High School. He was graduated from Princeton a Rhodes Scholar and a Phi Beta Kappa, with High Hon-

ors in French. He also earned honors in History at Oxford, and was elected to office that is equivalent to class president in his college, Worcester. He endured Harvard Law next, not as a prelude to the Bar, but as an essential part of the structure of the career he planned in politics.

He never did like the study of law. It was too dry for his curious mind, one that raced in excited pursuit after ideas and experience. Sachs was a voracious and eclectic reader—history, philosophy, poetry, novels—and he pondered everything he read. He studied constantly. Yet—and more so in his last years—he also began zealously to scrutinize the people about him, especially—intentionally—those of different style and alien temperament. It began as a determined exercise, his own kindergarten for politics; it ended up bringing him an even more genuine appetite for life.

He probably never was satisfied that he was able, as he put it, “to become natural and easy.” He was envious of those with that facility, and showed his admiration for them—which is perhaps why those of wit and warmth now are determined to maintain that Sachs had much more humor than he was ever credited with. Dan himself was convinced that “my phlegmatic, essentially German soul” was capable of laughing only at his own inability to laugh. “How can people live just for the moment?” he asked with jealous perplexity after spending one weekend of a French visit with a tough, scurrilous Algerian truck driver and his whole ribald family. That question Dan posed in 1960. By 1964 he had answered it sufficiently to become the only elected member of an impromptu, outlandish social order among Harvard proctors and graduate students that was titled “The Select Committee of the Whole Group” and was solemnly devoted to accomplishing absolutely nothing except an occasional night of intramural bedlam, as practiced in the guise of fellowship. And he loved it; he was learning to relax.

From the time he met Joan, his ways were easier and happier. He was introduced to her one day in the spring of '64. “Well,” he told friends later that evening, “I just met the girl I am going to marry.” (He let her in on this observation somewhat later.) He courted her with walks, not because he was cheap or impecunious (though he never had much money), but because he was peculiar that way—Dan Sachs liked walks. Long, ambling, sauntering, meandering, striding, happy, serious—well, old-fashioned—walks. They were his parties. He reserved them for his best girl or for his good friends, as others save a bottle of wine or a newspaper clipping. With Joan, he walked along the Charles River that spring, and it was to be the happiest time in their lives.

Normally, despite the panorama of his successes, Sachs approached each new experience with trepidation. He was as wary and withdrawn when he came to Oxford as he had been when he first arrived in Princeton. Ease—much less confidence—would come only when he felt that he was in command of a situation. He was determined to play football at Princeton despite his slight, fragile build simply because he appreciated that the sport was the one thing he could be immediately proficient in; the football stadium was the one place where a young man could find a touch

of recognition. After he received one of the more serious of the myriad injuries he took from football, his faculty advisor asked him point-blank one day why he played the game when it cost so much suffering. Sachs answered directly. "But, sir, I must," was all he said.

He did truly love the game and sport. He won three letters in both football and lacrosse, and he remained at Oxford for a third year in order that he might become one of the few Americans ever to win a Blue, playing rugby against Cambridge. At Princeton, his many honors included the captaincy of his freshman football team, All-Ivy selection as a sophomore, winner of the William Winston Roper Trophy for all-around excellence in athletics, and co-winner of the John Prentiss Poe Cup for football. Coach Dick Colman feels that Sachs and Royce Flippin have been the two best running backs to play for Princeton since the War. Sachs' ability to accelerate was rated as without parallel.

His only deficiencies were, first, his size, and, second, his failure to accept that first deficiency. He permitted himself no special consideration; he ran, his coaches say, "too hard for his body." Why he played—"I must"—was why, too, he played as he did. Sachs wrote, after seeing his first bullfight: "Something of the medieval remains in my soul, I guess. Man against beast, the imminent threat of death, man armed with his skill and courage—this appeals to my sense of heroism."

It is not inappropriate then, despite the promise of his life and his incipient accomplishment in so many areas, that his only demonstrable public success was logged within the chalked lines of the playing field—a wispy number 46, the shock of black hair swept under his helmet, now dashing and hurtling around end. Yet even that image—preserved now in old game films that have been stopped and started a hundred times, to see how the left tackle blocked and where the linebacker moved—was denied the full exposure it deserved.

What caress of fame Sachs did have was restricted almost entirely to his sophomore season, a decade ago, the fall of 1957. That was the All-Ivy year, the only one even relatively free from injury. It is a conspicuous, but not exaggerated, analogy that Dan's football career, like his life, was more of promise than fulfillment. But the corollary to that is just as legitimate: in each episode of his life he began tentatively, searching, and ended successfully, mastering. The pattern for great accomplishment in a full life was clearly established.

The cancer was originally detected following his first year at Harvard Law, in June, 1964. It was located behind the left knee, an area which had previously been operated on because of a hamstring injury. Initially a local operation was performed. Later, in the spring, summer and fall of 1966, a further local operation followed by two amputations eventually took all of his leg, but failed to arrest the malignancy. Dan married Joan, finished law school, and had the joy of their daughter in the shadow of time left him. He practised his profession briefly in a law firm in Allentown in the intervals of hospitalization during the winter and spring of 1966–67. Near the end, while only the faint hope for miracle held amidst the pain, he dis-

played a strength of will, a selfless, continued interest in those about him, and also, a remarkable facility for detachment. He could calmly discuss the consequences of his impending death for his family; he was so concerned about what he considered a rude inability to remain alert for visitors, that he took to lifting weights on the day before he died in an effort to recapture some strength. There was massive dignity evident until he died peacefully on June 20, 1967, in the morning.

Dan approached his death with neither bitterness nor self-pity. "I am not afraid," he said. The emotion he did display was that of angry frustration, a torment that, simply, he should be denied his chance. "He was, after all," a friend says, "pragmatic more than philosophical, and romantic without being sentimental." He was an exceptional young man, cast out of qualities that rest easily in few men of any age, at any time.

In one of his moments of introspection, shortly after he left Princeton, he wrote: "This is a difficult time for me. The successes of my Princeton career are behind me and for the next ten years or so I pass into the shadows of the unknown. I feel the beginning of obscurity, and it has shaken my confidence. I've played before the crowds too long." The sorrow is as much for the crowds as for Dan Sachs that he was deprived of the chance to come before them again, that his life gave him time for only great commitment and a few bold Saturday afternoons in the autumns of a decade ago.

The Sachs Scholarship

by Charles Gillispie, Hon. '60

My connection with Dan started as his freshman-sophomore faculty adviser. It soon turned out that we both had family backgrounds in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. It was also a factor that his father had died in the service just after the War, and we soon became close friends in a way going beyond faculty-student relations.

When his illness first struck in the summer of 1964 everyone hoped that it could be contained. By early 1967 it was clear that it could not. Consequently his friends, both classmates and those from football, began to worry about what would happen to Joan and Alexandra. It fell to Jack Horton and me with Bob Goheen's permission to raise funds of which the initial purpose was to help support Joan and Alexandra with the income and, when and if that should no longer be needed, to revert to the University to found the Daniel M. Sachs Graduating Scholarship. That came about when Joan remarried in 1968.

Dennis Sullivan '70 was the first Scholar. Alex Barnard '09, the second Scholar to win the Pyne Prize, is the 40th. The two most widely known are Anne-Marie Slaughter '80, currently Chair of the Policy Planning Commission founded in the State Department by George Kennan '25, and Elena Kagan '81, Solicitor-General of the United States. By no means are they the only ones of whose careers we are proud. Far from it. The definition of the Scholarship is that it should go to the candidate whose prospective ca-

reer is most likely to be of benefit to the public. The purpose is to enlarge his or her experience of the world, as the Rhodes Scholarship did for Dan. The Scholar may choose to attend Dan's college, Worcester College at Oxford, as the majority have done, or to embark on a program abroad of his or her own devising.

The income from the fund has never quite sufficed. Bob Goheen and Bill Bowen were close friends of mine, knew Dan's reputation at first hand, and made up the difference out of the President's Discretionary Fund. That could not be expected of Harold Shapiro when he became President in 1987, the year of my retirement. It seemed providential that under Parker Harrell's presidency, the Class then instituted without my request the annual check-off of dues for the support of the Scholarship. That has yielded from \$8,000 to \$10,000 annually and has enabled us not to go into principal. Former Scholars are generously increasing their annual support, but that cannot be expected to replace the amount generated by the Class, which obviously will not outlive its members. Certain members of the Class have hoped, as have we, that the Class may raise enough endowment by the time of the 50th to provide comparable income as time goes on. There have already been a few generous contributions.

As to governance, I wanted Dan's approval before setting up the plan. I told him about it a few weeks before he died. He smiled and said, "That has scope." I also asked whom he would like to be responsible. He named his brother, Bill '66, Jack Horton, myself, and two close Oxford friends, Matthew Nimetz and Bob Orrill. Our position was Advisers to the Trustees of Princeton. The funds can be used only in the way the Advisers specify. At the time of my retirement, we handed that responsibility over to the Former Scholars. They elect an executive committee, which has long been chaired by David Loevner '76. In effect he is the administrator of the Scholarship. The members of the Selection Committee are all former Scholars and change each year. For the past 13 years, Harry Lord has been the Class's Representative to the Scholarship, and always participates in either the annual review and screening meetings or in the interviewing and selection process, often in both.

Finally, the connection is highly valued by Worcester College. The current Provost knew Dan. The College has named Dennis, Elena, Anne-Marie, and myself Honorary Fellows.

The Scholarship, the Scholars, and the Class of 1960

by Harry Lord

It is the rarest of Princeton Classes which puts in place, as ours did, its gift to the future right from the start. The prescience of Dan Sachs' "that has scope" seal-of-approval for the Scholarship that would bear his name has been validated by the performance and accomplishments of each of our long line of 40 Daniel M. Sachs Class of 1960 Scholars. From the beginning, Dan's brother Bill '66 has been actively involved in the screening

and the selection process, to assure consistency in the application of our Scholarship's lofty standards and goals. Only one Princeton senior is selected each year for this unique honor. The Scholarship is at the apex of the honors awarded at Princeton and has a level of prestige on the campus, and at Oxford and Worcester, comparable to that of the Rhodes and Marshall Scholarships.

The public service that the Scholarship recognizes and encourages is found in abundance in each of the Scholarship's broad-gauged honorees, all of whom like Dan have first of all compiled stunning academic records at Princeton. Leadership and performance is apparent both on and off the campus—and on our athletic fields. A number of Scholars played and excelled on the track, basketball, football, lacrosse, and soccer teams at Princeton. And several of those, plus another half-dozen or so, went on to display their athletic gifts on the Oxford or Worcester College teams, including crew, boxing, rugby, and British football. A number earned Blues for competing on Oxford's teams against Cambridge. Alex Barnard '09, an All-State track and cross-country athlete in Arizona, is now competing at Oxford and Worcester in track and crew.

The Class made a generous 25th Reunion gift to the Sachs Scholarship, when its endowment was approaching a low ebb and Oxford's tuition was rising, along with the attendant fees and expenses. In recognition of that gift, "Class of 1960" was then added to the Scholarship's name. Shortly after that, the 1960 Class dues check-off for the Scholarship was added. Providentially, that has produced a welcome and reliable, though small, revenue stream each year.

Our Class plans a significant endowment campaign initiative for the Sachs Scholarship after our 50th Reunion. Ahead of schedule, several generous contributions have already been made to the Scholarship by Class members. As a most impressive challenge to us, and as evidence of their fierce commitment to the cause, the collegial band of former Scholars has raised among them \$250,000 to launch this effort. Meeting and far exceeding this challenge will ensure for the Class of 1960 the permanent viability of the Scholarship and further assure the seamless relationship between our Class and the Scholarship, which we are privileged to have watched flourish over the decades.

Other Princeton classes have come up with varied and often elaborate, innovative, and well-funded ways to document their commitment, not only to the University in perpetuity but also to having a hand in making the world a better place. The Daniel M. Sachs Class of 1960 Graduating Scholarship was our choice, and a most worthy one it was and will continue to be. Like the ivy we will plant at Nassau Hall in May, next to our Class marker, it will continue to grow and thrive for all to see.