



Inna Feyns  
Moore

1989

Mom/  
Traveler/  
Photographer

Princeton was life changing!

My experiences during those magical four years shaped my perception of who I was and what I was capable of. My Princeton years gave me the confidence to be a successful businessperson, and then the strength and conviction to whole-heartedly embrace the next phase of my life when I dedicated myself to being a mom.

Those magnificent fleeting four years formed the foundation for my life that I will forever be grateful for. They taught me to stretch intellectually, to unabashedly embrace the love of learning, to feel true joy. They taught me the meaning of extraordinary, and I learned how to fearlessly pursue it in every avenue of my life: raising kids, traveling the world, business, seeking joy in every day experiences.

My four years at Princeton were a life-defining gift.



Sandi Bittler

1990

Real Estate Agent/  
Mother/  
Sports Enthusiast

It feels like a long time ago but I still remember starting out at Princeton feeling overwhelmed, homesick, and lonely; then over those four years transitioning into someone confident, proud, and part of something bigger than just myself.

My memories revolve around basketball, studying, finding a best friend, having my first boyfriend, navigating eating clubs and parties, and exposure to people unlike those in my small town. I'm sure my experiences sound similar to the experiences of many college students. The difference with Princeton was what came after graduation: opportunities that I'd never even thought about before and a confidence that I could do pretty much anything I set my mind to doing.

Being at Princeton opened up my world.

Jess Deutsch

1991

Advisor/Mother/  
Connector of  
people and places  
and stories

My time at Princeton, beginning in the fall of 1987, was transformative. I arrived naïve, uncertain, determined to prove myself to myself. Did I belong? Could I succeed? I realized that what actually mattered most would be the relationships that I could be part of if I relaxed, asked lots of questions, and was open to learning as much as I could from everyone around me. Everyone. And it was so much fun when I stopped worrying so much about everything.

My roommates and friends remain my best friends for life. Who knew it was possible to keep jokes running for 30 years. (In addition to raising families, advancing careers, and making it through the ups and downs of life...). Writing a thesis about autobiography of women's educational journeys transferred to a professional life of supporting students, at Princeton, across the country and internationally. Professor Bressler inspired me to do the work I am doing now with Princeton Athletics, including oversight of the Princeton Athletics Fellows program. Rockefeller College Director of Studies Mary Philpott was an impactful role model – such a compassionate advisor, who made Princeton feel real, and human, and aspirational, all at once. Being a community service and Class leader gave me the awareness and skills for a life of service. Yes, I met my husband here, too. A near miss- our first date was May of senior year. My life—academically, professionally, socially, emotionally, in every way– has been deeply enriched by my Princeton experience. That time really mattered. And lucky for me – I'm still here!



Christina  
Greweldinger  
Propst

1991

Mother/  
Physician/  
Activist

During my senior year P-Rade, as I sat with friends cheering the Old Guard and soaking in all things Princeton, I noticed the first coed classes approaching. Sprinkled with a smattering of women, some alums held signs proudly proclaiming the school's newfound coed status. Many of us rose to our feet and cheered...and then we heard the booing. Loud & brazen, it was unmistakable and unavoidable. We knew our trailblazing sisters could hear it as well.

Looking around, I spotted the source - a former Forbes College acquaintance and proud member of then still all-male Tiger Inn. Booing. At the top of his lungs. After a few excruciating moments, as disbelief turned to rage, I marched right up to the perpetrator, put my finger in his face and told him in no uncertain terms to "Shut the f@ck up." He looked completely and utterly stunned. I turned, walked back to my friends and continued cheering my courageous predecessors. There was not a single boo to be heard.

A few years later, while participating in 'Princeton in Asia' in Tokyo, I ran into him at a party. After briefly exchanging the requisite classmate pleasantries, he apologized profusely for his boorish behavior at P-Rade. I accepted his apology and we moved on. While we have chatted cordially at various reunions over the years, we have never again spoken of the P-Rade incident. I am quite certain, however, that neither of us will ever forget it.

Did I mention that he now has daughters? ;)

Nina  
Potsiadlo

1994

Mother/  
Fund Her  
Advisor/ Volunteer

For a naïve female athlete from Apple Valley, MN (I know, it sounds fictitiously idyllic), Princeton was the ideal place for me to matriculate in 1990. Princeton's women's athletics were in full force. I was thrilled to play soccer under Coach April Heinrichs who later went on to coach the US Women's National Soccer Team, and to follow the leadership of amazing teammates, including Princeton's current Director of Athletics, Mollie Marcoux '91.

Being on the women's soccer team made bickering for Cap and Gown an easy choice. Cap was dominated by male and female varsity and intramural student athletes. Almost all sports were well represented at Cap. More broadly in the classroom, it seemed that many of my peers identified as current or former athletes. I felt like I belonged.

During my sophomore season of soccer, I sustained a "career ending" injury. Unexpectedly, I was just a student. I began to see Princeton through a different lens. I began to appreciate being able to learn, study, and socialize in a relatively safe campus environment. I saw tourists taking pictures of the undeniably beautiful architecture and natural surroundings. Academics came to the forefront. I was enthralled by notable anthropologist Professor Hildred Gertz and by the renowned scholar, activist, author Professor Cornel West. I was equally enthralled with my student peers who were all unique and from a range of diverse backgrounds. Even without the title of student athlete, I felt like I belonged. I still do.



Chandler  
Fleming Todd

1994

Pediatrician/  
Musician/  
Family-  
(Wo)man

I remember the day I decided to go to Princeton. I was in middle school, my parents had gone off for the day, and somehow drove by Princeton They came home and said, "You should go to Princeton." I said, "OK" Only later did I realize my naiveté....

At Princeton, I felt as if I was living in a fairy tale. I studied books that changed the way I read the Bible, looked at trees, or opened the newspaper. I found that I actually do have a favorite poet. I remember walking around the campus in the evening, delighting in the shadows of the archways, lamp-posts, and ivy. My roommates came from around the globe and I learned that my world had previously been quite small. At Princeton, I learned how to crash and burn. I bombed my first orchestra audition, I bombed a lab report, I got dumped, I burnt my sleeve off in a Chem lab gone wrong. I called home and said, "I have never worked so hard for a B."

But, I had so much fun. I feel it still when I think about cozy dinners in the dining halls with my friends, yelling someone's name down the path and running to catch up, decorating a dorm room with cast-offs and found objects, dancing at the Street until my feet hurt. I spent far too much time in rehearsals and performances. I found best friends, study friends, my future sisters-in-law and brothers-in-law, and my husband. I look at my children, and think that I wouldn't have them if I hadn't gone to Princeton. I feel such deep gratitude, and an unwavering love of orange.



**My Time at Princeton, A Six-Word Memoir**

**Arrived with dreams, left with intentions.**

**Sarah  
Wingerter**

**1995**

**Physician/  
Optimist/  
Explorer**



Jenny Korn

1996

Activist/  
Scholar/  
Inclusive

This Thai Alabamian ciswoman, the daughter of immigrants, with a public high school education arrived at Princeton with abundant energy and insufficient preparation. She didn't understand points of reference that her cohort did, making her feel out of place academically. She didn't consume alcohol, which further alienated her socially from all of the partying going on around her. She received some Cs for final course grades at Princeton. The Model Minority Myth is harmful.

Eventually, she found her place at Princeton, socially and academically. Throughout her time there, she worked up to four part-time jobs concurrently, meeting other student employees with diverse socioeconomic backgrounds. She wrote her first successful grant for funding to create community based on her ethnicity by founding the Thai American Student Organization, which exists today as the much better-named THAIgers. She joined Terrace F. Club, where everyone that felt a little different from Princeton's mainstream coalesced into a thriving community. She ended up being the only person among her friends that did *\*not\** graduate with honors — yo, Cs really wreck a Sista's GPA! She is the only person she knows to graduate from WWS with a certificate in Theatre and another certificate in Gender Studies. She wrote, produced, and directed "Consequential Sex," which featured a cast of all Asian women performing a sold-out play that was based on her fieldwork of women sex workers in Thailand.

Jenny Korn learned what it meant to identify as feminist, a precursor to the intersectional feminism she practices now as an activist scholar of color.





Karen Livescu

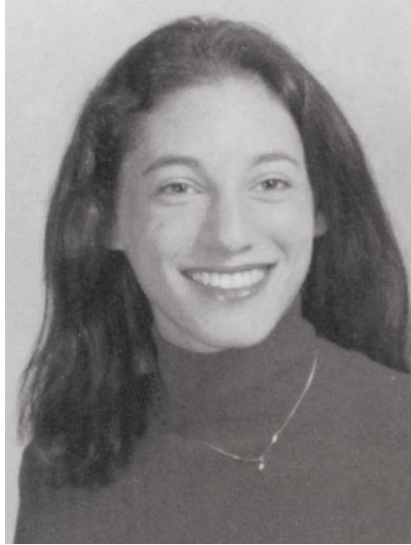
1996

Mother/ Computer  
Scientist/  
Music Lover

Princeton was the first place I was treated like an “intellectual adult.” This is perhaps to be expected, but it was really a formative experience. We were given a great deal of work with no spoon-feeding, and were expected to puzzle a lot of things out for ourselves, or in discussion with fellow students and instructors. I learned how to work through problems on my own, and also how to collaborate with fellow students to figure out challenging material together.

The other two major themes of my Princeton experience were singing and involvement in Jewish life. Although I grew up Jewish and always enjoyed singing, I had never done either in an organized way. Princeton gave me a wealth of ways to explore both of these parts of my life—the Glee Club, a cappella groups, Shabbat dinners and other activities at the CJL—and I am immensely grateful for that. I even had the opportunity to combine these two interests, by being one of the founding members of Koleinu, Princeton’s Jewish a cappella group.

As a woman at Princeton, I am fortunate that when I got there, it was no longer unusual or novel to be a female undergraduate. Although we were only two women out of twenty physics majors, I felt welcome and not at all out of place. I am grateful to the trailblazing women who came before, and to Princeton itself, for making that supportive environment possible.



Gayle Maltz  
Meyer

1997

Emmy-Award  
winner/Mom/  
Social activist

As an undergrad, I worked with the dining halls as part of my financial aid package. At the end of the school year, I even worked some of the big Reunions events for the “Old Guard.”

One alum, surprised to learn that I was a student at Princeton declared, “When I was an undergrad, they wouldn’t have let you in!” I wasn’t sure if he meant because I was a woman, Jewish or perhaps because I was willing to work my way through for financial assistance. I’m proud that I am and that I did, and that Princeton realized it was ready for a new guard.

Now every year that I return for Reunions I give a locomotive cheer for the banner that declares: 1969: Coeducation Begins.

Daisy Bassen

1998

Poet/ Psychiatrist/  
Mother

Cross-Country

A runner's eyes are set as stop signs.  
There's no contented history  
Under their slapping feet,  
In air worn out by their breath.  
Taut, their muscles swing away  
From tigers that used to chase them,  
Orange lightning that cracked  
The black egg around them,  
Smothered them, for a moment,  
In white, the bronze-headed men  
From Carthage and Marathon.  
The track team starts on an open field,  
An old tree full-armed against the highway.  
The women take off past a meadow  
Of drying ragweed. Around the bend,  
They disappear, one satin behind  
After another. When they return  
Their faces will be stripped bare  
By the reflecting underside of leaves  
And the gaining girl a yard back.  
She's always catching up, catching up,  
She hasn't time to smile when she passes.  
On the sidelines, you would know  
Each one when she grows old.