Bahamian standout Jonquel Jones took a 900-mile leap and has landed as a coveted WNBA prospect.
The Hat n’ Boots gas station in Seattle caught the eye of American studies professor Richard Longstreth as he crisscrossed the nation more than 40 years ago. With traffic rerouted by a new interstate, the station closed in 1988. Its structures, now restored, have been moved to a city park.
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As president of New York’s Metropolitan Museum of Art, Daniel Weiss, BA ’79, finds his way anew on familiar turf.
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The Bahamian standout took a 900-mile leap and landed as one of the WNBA’s top prospects.
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With the automobile boom in the rearview and the Interstate Highway System ahead, a professor spent much of the late 1960s and ’70s documenting a moment in time on the American road.
/ By Danny Freedman, BA ’01 /
What Goes Up

ON THE COVER OF THIS ISSUE, we write that basketball star Jonquel Jones is here after taking a leap—from her country, from her family, from being the biggest fish in a small pond. So did Daniel Weiss, the new president of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, who later in the issue talks about quitting a good job and sleeping on a friend’s floor while he went back to school for a PhD. And so did American studies professor Richard Longstreth when he took up a scholarly interest in a subject that was barely recognized by other academics.

Leaps make for good stories. What goes up must come down, and every time—whether we’re on the street or flipping the channels on TV—there is something that compels us to pause for a moment to see whether they land on their feet. If they do, great. If not, also great. It almost doesn’t matter. Bystanders get to live through the leap, if only for an instant. And the person making the leap is doing what they must.

We hadn’t planned for this issue to revolve around the subject, but it does seem fitting. The unwrapping of a new year is prime time for leaps—whether it’s a divergence or a decision to stay the course, even if the future is murky. Maybe in perusing these pages you’ll catch the memory of your own leaps. Maybe you’ll be inspired to take a new one. Or maybe, more simply, you’ll be moved by the courage and heart of the people in these stories and feel good seeing them stick the landing.

Danny Freedman, BA ’01
MANAGING EDITOR
I picked up a copy of your fall *GW Magazine*, and I have to tell you, whoever did the cover—that is a brilliant, eye-catching piece of art direction.

You should submit this cover for magazine awards for 2015 for art direction. I think you could win a prize for it. It’s just a brilliant cover, so striking. I rarely see really great covers like that. Congratulations.

Donald Fischer (not an alumnus, but saw the magazine on campus)
Springfield, Va.
Fair point, and the staff list has fluctuated in both directions over time. We’re happy to note, though, that also in the staff box you’ll see most of the people we report to—and that we work closely with on the magazine—are women: the vice president for external relations, the associate vice president for communications and the executive director for editorial services, as are some of the contributing writers from GW Today and others vital to the publication. —Eds.

Thanks, But ...
Congratulations on a wonderful edition of GW Magazine. It is the first one I can say that I actually read rather than flipped through. From the delightful “Found Poetry” to Irvin Yalom’s “Homage to Ellie,” the magazine conveyed creativity and sensitivity on deep and meaningful topics.

My reading also included the staff listing. Managing editor, male. Assistant editor, male. Photo editor, male. Art directors, male. Competent, obviously. But diversity? None of these top positions are filled by women (if the names are any indication). Because, as the Canadians realize, it is 2015.

Margaret Scrymser, BA ’80
Arlington, Va.

All Write!
We want to hear from you, too. Contact us through our website, gwmagazine.com, on Twitter (@TheGWMagazine) or send a note to:

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“A vice president is totally a reflection of the president. There is no inherent power—none, zero—and it completely, thoroughly, totally depends on your relationship with the president.”

VICE PRESIDENT JOE BIDEN (P. 10)

The Sweet Life

Behind the newly named Honey W. Nashman Center for Civic Engagement and Public Service is an American story more than a century in the making.

// By James Irwin

Honey Nashman—wearing a pin with the image of friend and boxing great Joe Louis—at her home on Lake Barcroft in Falls Church, Va.
“WE WOULD GO FOR A WALK AND SHE WOULD SAY, ‘STOP, HONEY, TAKE A DEEP BREATH. ISN’T THIS WONDERFUL?’”

The bench was in Foggy Bottom, somewhere around what is now James Monroe Park, a rectangle of grass bisected by Pennsylvania Avenue. On top of that bench, more than 100 years ago, slept a homeless, 11-year-old Polish immigrant.

There, just a year or two ahead of the university’s 1912 move to the neighborhood, is where an extraordinary story begins. In the blocks surrounding the park, the boy’s eventual daughter, Honey Nashman, would spend 43 years on the GW faculty. It’s where she would cement an academic culture of “service learning.” And it’s where this past September, after she and her husband, Alvin, made a significant donation to support that culture, the university’s Center for Civic Engagement and Public Service was renamed in her honor.

“She is a pioneer on this campus,” says Peter Konwerski, a mentee who now is GW’s vice provost and dean of student affairs.

But Honey—“Call me ‘Honey,’” she insists, and she is too delightful to turn down—has...
been more than a remarkable educator. She has led a remarkable life framed by the courage of her parents and her personal connections that have shaped her sense of community.

**AFTER A FEW WEEKS** on the bench, Isadore Weinstein left Washington for Boston. There, he learned how to be a tailor by sewing linings into raincoats at London Fog. He eventually moved to Pompton Lakes, N.J., where he opened a small shop on Wanaque Avenue, and in 1934 married Rose Rothman, a Russian immigrant.

Isadore, bearded and long-legged, was almost Lincoln-esque in appearance. He and Rose lived in an apartment above a drugstore, on the same block as his business.

“I knew everybody on that street—it was that kind of town,” says Honey Nashman, who now holds the title of associate professor emerita of sociology and human services.

She was an only child and showed a precocious sense of empathy and an interest in the courage of others. Chief among them was her mother, who was diagnosed with breast cancer in 1940. Rose Weinstein would live 20 years with the disease. (Sloan Kettering told her it was the longest case of cancer they had on record, Honey says.) It instilled in her a deep appreciation for life.

“We would go for a walk and she would say, ‘Stop, Honey, take a deep breath. Isn’t this wonderful?’” she says. “Between the two of them—my father’s appreciation for America and my mother’s deep appreciation for life—I learned the importance of living with death close at hand and that it was important to make a difference in the lives of others.”

She grew up an athlete on an all-boys block. Her father, a popular figure in town, was Babe Ruth’s tailor. As a teenager, she befriended heavyweight boxer Joe Louis, who trained in Pompton Lakes. She would race home from school, grab her bike, put the family Bedlington terrier in the front basket and ride to Doc Bier’s training camp to watch Mr. Louis practice. She sat ringside for his fights at Madison Square Garden, once beside Elizabeth Taylor.

Mr. Louis’ bouts with German champion Max Schmeling in the late 1930s were laced with racial tension, but Honey also knew him as a philanthropist and human rights advocate. He held a charity fight to raise funds for the first ambulance in Pompton Lakes, and enlisted in the Army during World War II.

The two remained close for years, through Honey’s time as a student at New York University in the 1950s.

“I was an enormous fan of his,” she says. “He promoted social justice. He really promoted democracy in America.”

**RELATIONSHIPS** have shaped Honey’s philosophy as an educator. Her approach blends personal, academic and moral transformation, says Amy Cohen, who serves as director of the Nashman Center.

“She sees the humanity and dignity in people,” says Ms. Cohen, who has known Honey for 20 years. “When you talk to her, she is very present in the moment. She is really focused on the best for the student, the community and the academic mission. She holds all three things in her mind.”

The world can be a coincidental place. Honey did not know about her father’s immigrant story until after she began teaching at GW in 1967. Once she arrived in Foggy Bottom, she never left.

She began working in civic engagement and philanthropy at GW by partnering with religious organizations on campus—among them, the Newman Center and Hillel—and serving on university committees, including the Black Peoples Union, in the 1960s and ’70s. One of her mentors was Marcella Brenner, a professor and founder of GW’s graduate program in museum education.

Ms. Brenner invited Honey to teach a service-learning class in the early 1980s.

“From that I developed an absolute love for scholarship of engagement,” Honey says.

Service learning was growing rapidly during this era, Ms. Cohen says. The national nonprofit Campus Compact was created in 1985 to support college students’ community-based learning and engagement. Americorps launched less than a decade later. As the field evolved from singular, co-curricular service events to include faculty research and student scholarship, so too did the service topics, from prison reform to human trafficking to public health. Honey’s students were among the first to conduct research on the caretakers of AIDS patients in D.C.

In 1993, she and Dr. Konwerski, then a graduate student, co-founded an office of community service at GW. Now the Nashman Center, it facilitates opportunities in academic service learning and community service, including service careers.

“We are in nonprofit nirvana, more than 6,000 nonprofit organizations are in the Washington area,” Honey says. “What better way for undergraduate students to weave their theory into practice?”

Transformation has followed—for the university, the students and the community. And for Dr. Konwerski. Together, he and Honey co-taught his first course as an instructor, in 1994.

“It was watching a master teacher connect with students,” he says. “I think that was some of her best work, helping students realize how consequential the experience would be—and that it was OK it was opening their eyes to something.”

She was affected, too. Students keep journals of their experiences, and reading them is an emotional undertaking.

“You get to know them at such a deep and wonderful level that it’s a gift,” she says.

**IN TIME** Honey’s career, spent within blocks of where her father’s American journey began, has overlapped those of her children and grandchildren. Her husband received an honorary doctorate from the university in 1986. All three of their daughters graduated from GW. A grandson, Jordan Chmara, is enrolled in the School of Business.

Two daughters live within blocks of the family home in Falls Church, Va., tucked in a wooded cul de sac on Lake Barcroft. The house is filled with handcrafted art, mostly from travels—wood masks from Mali, paintings and sculptures of animals—that reflect a love of creativity and humor. A small dish of shellacked mini bagels and combination locks sits on the edge of a glass desk in the study.

“That’s my ‘bagel and lox,’” Honey deadpans, breaking into a smile.

When the family gathers for dinner, she takes an empty bottle of Izze soda and puts a rose in it so her parents can be at the table.

The house is made for activity. It’s less than 100 steps from the deck door to a small dock, where the Nashmans keep their kayaks. The water is a special place for Honey—a rejuvenating experience. The property is eight miles from GW but, on a gray November morning, it could pass for upstate New York.

“Sometimes I’ll paddle and push myself,” she says. “Other times I just stop and sit. And it’s just beautiful.”

A few times a month, Honey returns to GW for lunch or coffee with friends. Her presence, though, can still be felt every day—in the 70 academic service-learning courses now offered, in the more than 655,000 volunteer hours logged in 2014, and on the fifth floor of the Marvin Center, where her caricature hangs on the GW Wall of Fame. A block away, students criss-cross University Yard on their way to class. Wood benches line the sidewalk, waiting for someone to sit down.
Walter Mondale and the Modern Vice Presidency

Vice Presidents Biden, Mondale reflect on the changing influence of their post, once considered “the most insignificant office”

When Joe Biden was offered the vice presidency, the first person he called was former Vice President Walter Mondale.

“I said, ‘Tell me about ... the modus vivendi you and President Carter worked out,’” Mr. Biden recalled in October at an event in GW’s Jack Morton Auditorium honoring the life and career of Mr. Mondale.

Mr. Biden said he had contacted Mr. Mondale about the office because he wanted to build on the leadership the former vice president had established. And Mr. Mondale provided him with a memorandum of essential elements that made the Carter-Mondale partnership successful.

At the event, Mr. Mondale detailed some of those qualities. He was keenly aware that anything he said could be attributed to the president. He also made sure that he and President Jimmy Carter came across as partners, and that any disagreements they had happened in private.

“A vice president is totally a reflection of the president,” Mr. Biden said. “There is no inherent power—none, zero—and it completely, thoroughly, totally depends on your relationship with the president.”

Both agreed the modern model has the potential to remain.

“This is all personal to the president,” Mr. Mondale said. “What we’ve seen over these last years in particular is that this is so spectacularly, obviously, the best thing to do to strengthen a president and make a president succeed.” —Julyssa Lopez

Initiatives

Partnership Aims to Increase Students’ Access

High-achieving students from Atlanta will enter GW in groups of 10 beginning in fall 2016.

The university announced in October that it is partnering with the Posse Foundation, a nationwide college access and youth leadership development program, to offer full-tuition leadership scholarships to select Atlanta-area public high school graduates.

The Posse Foundation identifies students with academic and leadership potential who may be overlooked by traditional college selection processes and prepares them for admission to top colleges. Ten Posse scholars will join GW each year, beginning in fall 2016. Posse Foundation scholars have a 90 percent graduation rate.

“The Posse Foundation has created a powerful model for expanding college access to students from diverse backgrounds and supporting them in ways that ensure their success,” says GW President Steven Knapp.

“This exciting partnership will enable us to enrich our campus with a new source of talented students and broaden the network of citizen leaders we provide to this nation and the world.”

The foundation has more than 50 partner institutions—including Boston University and Cornell University—with which it has awarded $800 million in scholarships.

After being selected for the program, Posse Scholars meet weekly with foundation staff and their cohort of 10—their "posse"—for team-building and leadership workshops. At GW, the foundation’s campus program will work to ensure their retention and to increase their impact on the university.

Separately, the university announced in December the creation of the GW District Scholars Award, which will help ensure that D.C. high school students accepted to GW will be able to attend regardless of their financial circumstances.

A city tuition program provides D.C. students up to $10,000 per year to attend public universities nationwide and $2,500 for D.C.-area private institutions. The $7,500 GW grant will make up the difference for qualifying students.
The Student Lens

Freshman takes over GW Instagram

For one week this fall, GW turned over its Instagram account to freshman Harrison Jones. You might know his work from the Today Show, Fast Company and Discover Magazine—all of which featured his picture of the so-called “supermoon” over the Washington Monument. During his week manning @gwuniversity, he captured everything from student life to nature, even President Barack Obama. To see more of Mr. Jones’ photography, check out his website, HarrisonJonesPhoto.com, or find him on Instagram at @h.jonesphoto.

1. The Jefferson Memorial at twilight ♥ 859 likes
2. President Obama outside the Metropolitan Club ♥ 778 likes
3. Great Falls Park ♥ 658 likes
4. Union Station ♥ 654 likes
5. George on a rainy day ♥ 618 likes
6. Marine Corps War Memorial at night ♥ 498 likes
7. Students watch a Republican debate in a dorm ♥ 457 likes
8. Corcoran lion ♥ 450 likes
9. A 13-second exposure of a dark room ♥ 394 likes
10. Male house sparrow on campus ♥ 384 likes
11. Sculpture professor David Page ♥ 223 likes

*Likes as of Dec. 28, 2015
‘A Growing and Disturbing’ Trend

Study: U.S. terrorism arrests at highest level since 9/11

Not since 9/11 have U.S. authorities made as many terrorist-related arrests as they have in the past year, according to a new study.

The report by GW’s Program on Extremism found that 56 individuals have been arrested in 2015 for activities involving the Islamic State of Iraq and Syria, or ISIS, and 71 have been charged since March 2014.

“The phenomenon of Americans joining jihadist groups is not new,” says Lorenzo Vidino, director of the program and co-author of “ISIS in America: From Retweets to Raqqa” with deputy director Seamus Hughes. “But the size of the ISIS-related radicalization and mobilization is unprecedented.”

The six-month study, released in December, tracked nearly 300 social-media accounts and used more than 7,000 pages of legal documents related to the 71 individuals charged, finding that they differed widely in race, age, social class, education, and family background.

“Other than size, diversity is the other main characteristic of this phenomenon,” Dr. Vidino says. “We have seen cases in big cities and rural towns. The individuals involved range from hardened militants to teenage girls, petty criminals and college students. While some seek to join the self-declared caliphate in ISIS-controlled territory, others plan attacks within the U.S. It’s a growing and disturbing phenomenon.”

The level of involvement among sympathizers also varies. Some people only identify with ISIS’ message and do little more than post online—the Internet is a primary recruiting tool—while a small number have become mid-level leaders in the organization.

“You cannot put the kid who radicalizes in his parents’ basement and has never really interacted with the real deal … with people who have physically gone to Syria and Iraq and have reached some pretty senior status, in some cases, in the organization,” Dr. Vidino says.

According to the study, the average age of those charged is 26 and the vast majority are U.S. citizens or permanent residents. Eighty-six percent are male and about 40 percent have converted to Islam. Fifty-one percent of the individuals have traveled or tried to travel abroad, and 27 percent were involved in plotting attacks on U.S. soil. The most arrests were made in New York and Minnesota. The youngest person arrested was 15. The oldest was 47.

There are more than 900 active investigations of ISIS sympathizers in all 50 states, with arrests made in 21 of them, according to the study.

To combat the influence of ISIS in the United States, the researchers recommended more funding and more programs dedicated to “countering violent extremism.” The study also noted the importance of the government creating a framework for intervention by non-law enforcement groups, since the cases against these individuals often aren’t strong enough to justify an arrest.

Find the full report online at cchs.gwu.edu
A Big, Diminutive Find

An 11.6-million-year-old partial ape fossil is challenging assumptions about the last common ancestor of gibbons and hominids, the group that includes humans and great apes. Scientists have thought that small apes evolved from larger ones, but the new evidence suggests they may have begun together, or that the ape line may have emerged from something more akin to the new gibbon-sized ancestor, which weighed around 10 pounds and bore features of both living great apes and gibbons. The findings, by researchers from GW and the Institut Català de Paleontologia Miquel Crusafont in Barcelona, were published in October in the journal Science.

Brain Plasticity Sets Humans Apart

The human brain has a greater capacity to be molded by environmental factors than do the brains of chimpanzees, according to a new study that may offer insights into a link between biological and cultural evolution.

The study, published in November in the Proceedings of the National Academies of Sciences, is the first of its kind to compare the heritability of brain organization in humans and chimpanzees, mankind’s closest living relative.

“We found that the anatomy of the chimpanzee brain is more strongly controlled by genes than that of human brains, suggesting that the human brain is extensively shaped by its environment, no matter its genetics,” says lead author Aida Gómez-Robles, a postdoctoral scientist at GW’s Center for the Advanced Study of Human Paleobiology.

Researchers used MRI scans of 218 human brains and 206 chimpanzee brains to study the role of genetically inherited factors in brain size and in the organization of the brain. Among humans, the brains were from twins (identical and fraternal) or siblings. The chimpanzee brains had a variety of familial relationships, including mothers and offspring or half-siblings.

The study found that for both humans and chimpanzees, brain size was greatly influenced by genetics. Brain organization was found to be highly heritable in chimpanzees, while the human brain showed “increased plasticity,” or capacity to be shaped by environmental factors, the researchers wrote. The data aligns with the notion that humans evolved away from a more genetically-controlled brain circuitry, “especially in areas related to higher-order cognitive functions,” they wrote.

“The human brain appears to be much more responsive to environmental influences,” says Dr. Gómez-Robles. “It’s something that facilitates the constant adaptation of the human brain and behavior to the changing environment, which includes our social and cultural context.”

CSI: Machu Picchu

Researchers from GW, the University of California, Santa Cruz and Yale University will be the first to analyze DNA from skeletal remains that were buried at Machu Picchu, the 15th-century architectural marvel built by the Incas in the mountains of Peru. The researchers hope to better understand the function of the site, as well as patterns of diversity, migration and labor diaspora in the Inca Empire.

The estimated national tab for severe obesity-related medical expenses in 2013, roughly 40 percent of which was paid for by federal and state resources, according to a study co-authored by Michael W. Long from the Milken Institute School of Public Health. More than 1 in 3 U.S. adults is considered obese and 1 in 7 has severe obesity.
Endowed Gifts: A Primer

Becoming an endowed faculty member is a never-forget-where-you-were moment.

When it happened to Lynn Goldman, she was making pies on Thanksgiving in 2013. She’d just finished the crusts when philanthropist Mike Milken, benefactor and namesake of the then-unnamed Milken Institute School of Public Health, called her.

“That’s when he told me they had made the decision to make this first gift,” Dr. Goldman says. “Kind of a down payment on the whole thing.”

Dr. Goldman was installed as the Michael and Lori Milken Dean at the Milken Institute School of Public Health in January 2010—it’s a rare endowed deanship—following what would ultimately be an $80 million combined gift from the Milken Institute, the Sumner M. Redstone Charitable Foundation and the Milken Family Foundation.

“It’s an honor, the highest of the honors a university can bestow on a faculty member,” Dr. Goldman says. “Having endowed professors elevates the reputation of the university, [it] helps recruit better faculty.”

The university has more than 1,300 individual endowments, which provide for scholarships, programs and professorships, among other things, in perpetuity. In the case of faculty members, endowments provide an annual funding boost that can be used to fuel research or other initiatives.

GW added another endowed position in October, the Max Ticktin Professorship of Israel Studies. Funded by a grant from the Morningstar Foundation, the family foundation of Susie and Michael Gelman, the position honors longtime Professor of Hebrew Max Ticktin, 93, who retired in 2014.

Elsewhere in the fall, three professors were installed in endowed positions: James Wade in the Business School (Avram S. Tucker Endowed Professor in Strategy and Leadership); Ahmed Louri in the School of Engineering and Applied Science (David and Marilyn Karlgaard Professor); and Robert H. Miller of the School of Medicine and Health Sciences (Vivian Gill Distinguished Research Professor).

Dr. Goldman, a noted epidemiologist and pediatrician and a former Environmental Protection Agency administrator, says her endowment was the result of about a year-long process that became final six weeks after Thanksgiving. She says she uses it to fund student scholarships and faculty research.

“I know that those younger faculty members are not going to get their first grant from the National Institutes of Health unless they’re already bringing in some preliminary data,” she says. “This is money that can do that.”

MAKING HISTORY

The campaign for GW

To learn more about endowed gifts, visit campaign.gwu.edu/endowed-gifts

ENDOWMENTS, AT A GLANCE

1832

The year the university’s oldest endowed professorship, the Congressional Professorship, was created by an act of the U.S. Congress.

1,300

The number, approximately, of individual endowments, which provide funding for an entity—for example, a scholarship, professorship, a program, a library—in perpetuity. The sum of a university’s endowments are part of its total endowment. As of June 2015, GW’s endowment was $1.616 billion.

$100,000

The minimum gift to create a named endowment. The minimums for a professorship, department head and deanship are $1 million, $5 million and $10 million, respectively.

5%

The average rate, approximately, at which endowments pay out annually. For example, a $1 million endowment would yield $50,000 per year in funding. The rest accrues interest, which funds the endowment in perpetuity. In FY15, distributions from the endowment, in total, were $73.7 million.

Lynn Goldman
This Fall, a Trio of New Exhibitions

Three new exhibitions opened this fall at the George Washington University Museum and The Textile Museum, including two that chronicle the history of Washington. “A Collector’s Vision: Creating the Albert H. Small Washingtoniana Collection” showcases highlights from the 1,000-object collection that Mr. Small donated to the university in 2011. “The Art of Lily Spandorf,” co-curated with the Historical Society of Washington, D.C., presents the work of late Austrian-born watercolorist and journalist Lily Spandorf documenting the city’s changing urban landscape, beginning in 1960. Both are on display until the summer.

Meanwhile, “Old Patterns, New Order” examines the socialist realist art movement in Central Asia. Artists in the region were strongly influenced by Soviet political rule in the 20th century and created images that both embraced modernity and idealized the past. The exhibition, on display through May 29, was organized with GW’s Central Asia Program and pairs paintings with examples of the traditional textiles they depict.

For more information on upcoming exhibitions, visit museum.gwu.edu.

“IN THE OLD DAYS IT WAS ABOUT CREDENTIALS. TODAY WE LOOK MORE FOR PERSONAL CHARACTERISTICS, SUCH AS DRIVE, PASSION AND WANTING TO MAKE THE WORLD A BETTER PLACE.”

—Charles Schwab Foundation President Carrie Schwab-Pomerantz, MBA ’87, speaking at a GW School of Business master class, “Leadership in a Disruptive Century,” that kicked off Fortune magazine’s annual, invitation-only Fortune Global Forum, held in November in San Francisco. Ms. Schwab-Pomerantz noted that just as companies now go “beyond the résumé” in recruiting employees, many job-hunting millennials are interested in a company’s values and corporate causes.

The panel discussion was introduced by GW President Steven Knapp and led by Fortune Editor Alan Murray. In addition to Ms. Schwab-Pomerantz, the panel featured GW School of Business Dean Linda Livingstone, McKinsey & Company Global Managing Director Dominic Barton and Marketo CEO Phil Fernandez.
A first-of-its kind master’s program is being launched to train biomedical engineers in navigating the regulatory process and speeding innovations to market. The degree will be offered by the School of Engineering in partnership with the School of Medicine and Health Sciences.

President Steven Knapp was named the inaugural chair of the academic advisory council of the nonprofit 100,000 Strong Foundation, which is dedicated to increasing the number of U.S. students studying in China and learning Mandarin.

Five-hundred-fifteen students gathered in October for a crowded (though not record-breaking) game of “Red Light, Green Light,” the culmination of a sexual-consent awareness campaign by GW’s chapter of fraternity Zeta Beta Tau and Jewish Women International.

Lisa M. Fairfax, the Leroy Sorenson Merrifield Research Professor of Law, has been nominated by President Obama to serve on the Securities and Exchange Commission, pending confirmation by the U.S. Senate.

Teresa Murphy, the senior associate dean for academic affairs in the Columbian College of Arts and Sciences, will serve as deputy provost for academic affairs beginning Jan. 1, 2016, serving as chief deputy to incoming interim Provost Forrest Maltzman.

Two major gifts were announced, including a donation that makes the museum one of the largest U.S. collections of Central Asian ikats, textiles that provide a link to the Silk Road. The other gift of 284 textiles reflects ethnic minorities in southwest China.

The amount of material diverted from the landfill from July 2014 to July 2015 under the Division of Operation’s ReUSE program, which sent desks, chalkboards, cabinets and other furnishings to more than 100 university departments and 50 nonprofits and charities.

The ribbon was cut this fall on a 3,000-square-foot skills and simulation lab amid celebrations surrounding the school’s five-year anniversary.
The Smith Center Turns 40

It has been a fixture on campus since 1975, anchoring a tract of land bordered by 22nd, G and F streets NW. The Charles E. Smith Center has witnessed great moments in the four decades since its opening—hosting presidents, musicians and comedians, tournaments, current and prospective students.

Bob Dylan performed there, so did Ray Charles, the Beach Boys and the Black-Eyed Peas. Bob Hope, Jon Stewart, Whoopi Goldberg, Robin Williams—they all delivered punchlines there to sold-out crowds. Joe Biden packed kits for military service personnel. There was even an early 40th birthday present, delivered in November when the men’s basketball team beat the then sixth-ranked University of Virginia—the program’s biggest upset win at the Smith Center in 20 years.

It was dedicated Dec. 6, 1975, prior to a men’s basketball game against Wake Forest University. Gerald Ford was president of the United States, and One Flew Over the Cuckoo’s Nest was the nation’s top-grossing film. Washington’s first Metrorail stations were four months away from opening.

The Smith Center, which underwent a massive renovation from 2008 to 2011, always has been about more than sports and famous names. It has served as a home base for the GW community—a place of history, entertainment and celebration.

“Athletics, I think, engendered that,” says David Bruce Smith, BA ’79, the grandson of real estate developer and Washington philanthropist Charles Smith, who served as a member of the Board of Trustees from 1967 to 1976 and whose family gifts were key to the original construction and renovations.

“Papa Charlie used to say there were three circles of life, and in order of importance they were family, friends and community. You have families coming here, you have friends coming here and you have the community coming here. I think this place really, if my grandfather could see this, it is the perfect metaphor for what he envisioned.” —James Irwin
“Just by numbers alone, we can collectively be the difference—and be equal in what’s happening—at the ballot box.”

Rock the Vote President Ashley Spillane, BA ’06, who was among the panelists at a November event hosted by GW and The Washington Post to discuss the political impact of millennials. The generation now outnumbers baby boomers by nearly 10 million.

“We in the Pentagon must think, as I put it, outside of our five-sided box.”

Defense Secretary Ash Carter outlining plans to better attract and retain top talent by borrowing the best practices of the business sector. In a November speech to students at the Elliott School of International Affairs, he said plans include revamping internship programs and building a LinkedIn-type system for matching troops with job openings.

“I think I understand why some people think we were doing activism and not journalism, but I would argue that the best examples of journalism that we have are when, as a journalist, you challenge those in power.”

Univision anchor Jorge Ramos, frequently called the Walter Cronkite of the Spanish-speaking world, speaking at a School of Media and Public Affairs event in September about his decision to challenge Donald Trump on Mexico and immigration during one of the presidential candidate’s press conferences.

“Headliners at University Events”

GEORGE WELCOMES
“Now when people stop me on the street, they don’t ask, ‘Are you Jon Stewart?’ Instead, they ask, ‘Are you OK?’”

Comedian Jon Stewart, newly woolen in the two months since stepping down as host of The Daily Show, during the first of two sold-out shows headlining Colonials Weekend in October. It was his third appearance at Colonials Weekend in 10 years.

“We don’t tell these stories to make you feel further despondent or discouraged. We want to tell them with an element of inspiration.”

Slumdog Millionaire actress Freida Pinto at an October discussion and screening of the 2013 documentary Girl Rising in celebration of the International Day of the Girl, hosted by the Milken Institute School of Public Health, GW’s Global Women’s Institute and the United Nations Foundation’s Girl Up campaign. The film tells the stories of girls from nine developing countries who have overcome enormous obstacles to pursue their dreams.

“There is nothing ‘establishment’ about being a woman in office.”

House Minority Leader Nancy Pelosi (D-Calif.) responding to a student’s question about whether Hillary Clinton’s political experience would be a turnoff to anti-establishment voters. The October event was part of the School of Media and Public Affairs’ “Conversation Series” with the school’s director, Frank Sesno.

“We used to be looking for a needle in a haystack. Now we’re looking for a needle in a pile of needles.”

Deputy Director of the Defense Intelligence Agency Doug Wise remarking at Lisner Auditorium in October on new problems facing the intelligence community brought on by the wealth of data available. He appeared—along with Central Intelligence Agency Director John Brennan (upper left), Director of National Intelligence James R. Clapper (middle right), Robert Cardillo, director of the National Geospatial-Intelligence Agency (lower left), Director of the National Security Agency Adm. Mike Rogers (top), among others—at a conference hosted by the CIA and GW’s Center for Cyber and Homeland Security.
before 1500. The manuscripts are even older. Among the books are 15 editions of the *Malleus Maleficarum*—the “Hammer of Witches” in English—and among them is an abused, annotated travel-size grimoire-looking copy from 1495.

It’s Associate Dean for Information Services and Director of the Law Library Scott Pagel’s favorite piece in the rare-book collection that he and Director of Special Collections Jennie Meade have, through auctions, book fairs and eBay, built out over more than two decades from a single glass-enclosed bookcase.

Written around 1486 in Latin by Heinrich Institoris, a priest and college professor, the *Malleus* dealt with witchcraft and demonology and was the definitive handbook for detecting, trying and executing witches for nearly 300 years.

“For example, if a witch is being brought into a courtroom,” Mr. Pagel says, “the witch must be brought in backwards because if the
Bambergische Peinliche Halszgerichts-Ordnung, 1580
This illustrated penal code set out explicit rules for living in 16th-century Bamberg, Germany, including how torture could be used for obtaining a confession.

For more books from the collection, including a beautiful illuminated text from 1470, visit magazine.gwu.edu

witch sees the judge before the judge sees the witch, the witch has control over the judge.”

The *Malleus Maleficarum* has been described as “the most portentous monument of superstition which the world has ever produced.” Mr. Pagel just calls it “evil.” As for why it’s his favorite? It’s the history.

“You can almost palpably sense that somebody used this book,” Mr. Pagel says. “And what they were using it for was wrong. And that’s one of the books that to me is the most terrible and the most meaningful.”

The *Malleus* is important in the Burns library rare-book collection because it deals so flushly with the intersection of church and state law, a topic of particular significance to the library.

“If the church found somebody guilty, they couldn’t execute them,” Mr. Pagel says. “They had to turn them over to the state to execute them, so it’s basically the state doing the bidding of the church.”

If it seems esoteric, it is. But that’s the point. Only a small handful of university law libraries in the country have a collection as extensive as GW’s, which fills the basement and a medium-size room upstairs that holds about 5,000 more books. Mr. Pagel wanted a research library, not a museum, that would attract scholars from all over—something like they have at Columbia University, where Mr. Pagel had one of his first librarian jobs and where he would spend his free time perusing the rare-book stacks. Asked why this means so much to him, Mr. Pagel tells a story about a researcher going to the Providence Athenaeum library in Boston.

“He’s looking for a very specific edition of a book and he’s just amazed they have it there,” Mr. Pagel says. “They get it from the stacks and they bring it to him, and he asks the librarian, ‘Who did they buy this for?’ And the response is, ‘Well, they bought it for you.’”

“The idea is that, someday, somebody will want this book and it will be there waiting for them, and that’s the idea of a true research library. You’re not necessarily buying for today’s users, but you know that somebody, someday will want it and you’ll have it for them. I don’t know who will want the *Malleus Maleficarum* from 1495, but when they do, we will have it for them.” —Matthew Stoss

William Thomas Carroll’s college notes, 1817
William Thomas Carroll was one of the first two law professors at GW, and these notes—among 12 volumes on hand—are from his own studies at the Litchfield Law School, the nation’s first law school. He served as the clerk of the U.S. Supreme Court from 1827-63.

A French deed, 1199
This is the oldest piece owned by the Burns library. It is one of 28 parchments relating to the Abbaye de Clairmarais, a now-ruinous abbey in northern France. This document is a deed for two farms owned by a 12th-century French nobleman.
Growing up in Georgia, Maggie Heyn Richardson was surrounded by pork barbecue, sweet potato pie, boiled peanuts and fried chicken. She still seeks out those foods when she visits family, but she considers them “Southern” rather than “straight-up Georgia.” Her adopted state is different.

“There are dozens of foods that belong exclusively to Louisiana,” she says. "There’s an intense, seasonal relationship with food. And food is highly ritualized.”

Louisianans who relocate “are famous for ordering foods from home, like Mardi Gras king cakes, to share with new friends or with other Louisiana expats they’ve sought out,” Ms. Richardson says.

The book combines spot illustrations—of food and of people cooking and eating meals—by Elizabeth Randall Neely with Ms. Richardson’s stories about Louisianans who prepare some of the state’s most iconic dishes: from a dairy farmer who makes traditional creole cream cheese to a “lanky man in chest waders” who harvests crawfish. Between chapters, Ms. Richardson includes related recipes (mostly her own), which, she writes, “have fed my family and my soul, as I hope they will feed yours.”

“I struggled with how much of my own story and perspective to include while trying to capture Louisiana’s wonderfully bizarre food culture,” she says. “But food is universal, and I think people choose to read food writing because they love both the culinary discussion and what it can unlock: those shared universal experiences like love, loss, belonging, discovery and so on.”

Readers will learn about the history of—and some of the people responsible for maintaining—Louisiana’s love affair with staples like crawfish, jambalaya, creole cream cheese, snoballs, file, red boudin, tamales and oysters, and the roles of those traditions in “one of the most intact culinary cultures in the country.”

And for anyone curious about what a food writer eats, Ms. Richardson, who has a husband and three school-age kids, says, “I order pizza as much as the next guy.” But she tries to cook most nights: red beans and rice (a “simple, homey tradition” on Mondays), crawfish etouffée, gumbo and jambalaya (autumn), locally caught fresh shrimp to grill on skewers. “Sometimes, it’s just fresh vegetables from the farmers market, since we have a year-round growing season,” she says. “Everything I make is pretty simple and straightforward.”

Showcasing New Books by GW Professors and Alumni

**Eater’s Digest**

You can’t talk about Louisiana without mentioning its rich culinary traditions. In this historical, narrative-driven book, Baton Rouge-based writer Maggie Heyn Richardson, BA ’90, excavates stories of the state’s food heritage.

/By Menachem Wecker, MA ’09 /

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**Hungry for Louisiana: An Omnivore’s Journey**

*Louisiana State University Press, 2015*

Maggie Heyn Richardson, BA ’90

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**BY MENACHEM WECCKER, MA ‘09**

**BOOK COVER: ZACH MARIN**

Maggie Heyn Richardson
After Apollo? Richard Nixon and the American Space Program
(Palgrave Macmillan, 2015)
John M. Logsdon, professor emeritus of political science and international affairs
The founder of the Elliott School’s nearly three-decades-old Space Policy Institute begins this book with a question fitting for a galactic field: Neil Armstrong took that “one small step for man, one giant leap for mankind,” but what next? The Nixon administration’s response—including a reduction in scope of post-Apollo space programs—rippled into the 21st century. While the decision to go to the moon is well understood, the book aims to bring the same clarity to the constellation of factors surrounding the policy shift away from it.

Your Leadership Story: Use Your Story to Energize, Inspire, and Motivate (Berrett-Koehler Publishers, 2015)
Timothy J. Tobin, EdD ’02
“It you look closely, you might say I have leadership coming out of my ears,” writes Dr. Tobin, Marriott International’s vice president of global learning and leadership development. But, he admits: “There are just too many moving parts to leadership for anyone to be able to nail it all the time.” The book doesn’t over-promise, delivering tips and philosophical, introspective context with an audience of emerging leaders in mind.

Lee K. Pennington, MA ’98
After Japan surrendered to the Allies in 1945, a segment of the population became effectively disenfranchised in the decades to come. “In an era of memories and memoirs filled with the voices of failed kamikaze pilots, bereaved families, and atomic-bombing survivors, there was little room remaining for the tales of war-wounded, leftover servicemen,” writes Dr. Pennington, a U.S. Naval Academy professor. His book provides just that room.

Gayle Wald, professor of English and American studies
This book opens with Chester Higgins’ photographer’s note about giving “visual imagery to the black consciousness that arose out of the civil rights era and African studies.” That’s the book’s aim, too, as it explores Soul!—one of the earliest black-produced TV shows, lasting five seasons from 1968 into the 1970s. No other show in U.S. history, the author writes, has so intently examined the “variety and vitality of black culture,” yet it receives “scant mention” in broadcast histories.

The Sound of Hilo Rain (Watermark Publishing, 2014)
Roy Kodani, LLB ’64
In Mr. Kodani’s native Hilo, Hawaii, the rain is light and soft, thunderous and majestic; its “symphony” is the “unconscious soul of Hilo.” Rain even has different names depending on its intensity and season. The memoir tracks friends and acquaintances who grew up in Hilo, on the Big Island, in the 1940s and 50s and the struggle there between people and nature, which has something in it of The Old Man and the Sea. “The sea nourishes us, feeds us, provides us with a livelihood,” Mr. Kodani writes, “but the sea also destroys us.”

No other show in U.S. history has so intently examined the “variety and vitality of black culture,” yet it receives “scant mention” in broadcast histories.
Fashion Forward

New fight-song themed uniform deepens the Colonials’ closet
// By Matthew Stoss

Years ago as the men’s basketball coach at the Catholic University of America, Mike Lonergan, in the name of style and ornithological correctness, switched his alma mater’s school color from maroon to red. He didn’t mean for the change to stick. He just wanted his basketball uniforms to better reflect CUA’s mascot.

“We were the Cardinals, and for recruiting and stuff, I thought it was just too maroon,” says Mr. Lonergan, who became GW’s coach in 2011. “So my athletic director, Bob Talbot, let me use red more. And so now, Catholic U. is all red, black and white.”

Mr. Lonergan has always been into uniform design—into “gear.” Back in the day, he had about 10 pairs of Nike Air Force 1s, all different colors. His CUA teams took the court pre-game in University of Indiana-style, candy-stripe warm-up pants, and Mr. Lonergan still remembers when the University of Maryland wore black alternates in the early 1980s.

“They always wore red and white,” he says. “And then one year—Lenny Bias was there—they broke out these beautiful black uniforms with gold lettering. I mean, incredible. Just to get fans—everybody—fired up.”

He loves this stuff, and today the fifth-year coach has more to love than ever.

In the past 10 years, fueled by greater television exposure and attention to branding, as well as competition among clothing manufacturers, universities are increasingly offering their athletes larger uniform closets, adding one, two, three or more alternates. GW, which has 25 of 31 regular-season games on TV this year, is no different.

“Our uniforms are emblematic of many different branding initiatives we have undertaken in the past several years,” Athletics Director Patrick Nero says. “From bus wraps on D.C. Metro buses and in New York City, to Metro station [advertising] takeovers and branding within the Smith Center, it is important for us to show that GW athletics is part of the community. Specific to the uniforms, we have had several iterations of uniforms that connect with people in different ways.”

The Colonials have five uniforms this season, their wardrobe anchored by the home whites and the away blues. Complementing the standbys are a buff set, a D.C. landmark-inspired gray set, and, new this year, an all-white, fight-song themed kit that debuted Nov. 16 in a nationally televised home game against the University of Virginia.

“The D.C. monument uniforms were to identify that GW is located in the heart of the nation’s capital. We’re proud of that,” Mr. Nero says. “This is unlike any city in the world. This year’s new uniform has the words to our fight song printed on the sides. ‘Raise high the buff, raise high the blue, loyal to GW’ is our tribute to our fans that support us every day.”

Mr. Lonergan has kept the Foggy Bottom wardrobes deep since he took over—but he’s not alone. Alternate uniforms are a big trend in college athletics. Paul Lukas, who in 1999 founded Uni-Watch.com and now writes for ESPN, says the trend started with the University of Oregon’s football team in the mid-2000s.

“Nike’s relationship with Oregon is what got all this started,” Mr. Lukas says. “Because Oregon’s on-field performance happened to get a lot better during the period when they were becoming established in this kind of visual carousel, that was seen as a validation of the approach. I think if Oregon had done the exact same uniform progression but had been really lousy on the field, I’m not sure it would have made the same impact.”

The Ducks, not including this season, have played in six BCS games since the 2009 season, including two trips to the national championship game. From 1958 to 2008, they played in just two elite bowl games.

MODEL ATHLETES

Seniors Patricio Garino, Kevin Larsen and Joe McDonald have been starters since their freshman year, helping GW in 2014 to its first NCAA tournament appearance since 2007. Here, they’re modeling the newest addition to the Colonials’ on-court wardrobe: an all-white fight-song themed uniform.

21 KEVIN LARSEN
HEIGHT/WEIGHT: 6-foot-10, 265 pounds
POSITION: Center
HOMETOWN: Copenhagen, Denmark
MAJOR: Sociology
BIGGEST FEAR: The dark. Mr. Larsen says he sleeps with a light on because he’s “not going to get surprised by anything.” He’s also a pretty good cook, specializing in sauteed shrimp and steamed broccoli. His pasta and white sauce isn’t bad, either.

22 JOE MCDONALD
HEIGHT/WEIGHT: 6-foot-1, 190 pounds
POSITION: Guard
HOMETOWN: Lorton, Va.
MAJOR: Organizational sciences
STRANGEST SPORTS INJURY: A miniature golf incident. When he was 6 years old, he says, he got “too nosy” while studying his sister’s backswing. The result? He got whacked in the face with a putter.

13 PATRICIO GARINO
HEIGHT/WEIGHT: 6-foot-6, 210 pounds
POSITION: Guard/forward
HOMETOWN: Mar del Plata, Argentina
MAJOR: Sport, event and hospitality management
HE COLLECTS: Sugar packets. He has a box filled with thousands of them. Every time he finds one with a different logo, he pockets it for the collection. He can also surf and play the piano, although not at the same time.

The lyrics to the fight song are inside the blue trim.
Regardless of any connection between gear and wins—Mr. Lukas says there isn’t one—branding has become immensely important in college athletics. That applies to everything from uniforms to court design. GW’s has D.C. landmarks: the Capitol, the White House, the Washington Monument.

“Being on TV, announcers always compliment our court,” Mr. Lonergan says. “And I just think the whole setup of the Smith Center … it’s all done the right way so that we look really good on TV.”

There’s also been an explosion of fan interest in on-field/on-court fashion. Mr. Lukas has more than 93,000 followers on Twitter and he says fans ask him constantly about when their team is getting a new look.

Universities have grown hip to the fad. Many college equipment room staffs now have Twitter accounts, posting their squad’s game-day ensemble. This covers helmets, jerseys, pants, shoes and even ...

“The sock game is exploding,” says GW Director of Basketball Operations Matt Lisiewski, estimating that GW has seven or eight different pairs.

Mr. Lisiewski is in charge of designing the base look for the Colonials’ uniforms, working with an in-house graphic designer during the four-month process of creating and ordering new duds through Nike’s build-a-uniform website. GW is averaging about one new uniform per season. It sounds like he’s been doing a nice job, too.

Mr. Lukas says he likes the D.C. landmark jerseys, which, like the Smith Center floor, showcase the Capitol, the White House and the Washington Monument. They’re in a row below the numbers on the back of the jerseys.

“That design is interesting to the extent that it’s asymmetrical,” Mr. Lukas says. “Most of the rear jersey designs that we see … often, they’re symmetrical. They have like a seal look to them, and this one is asymmetrical, which I kind of like, actually.”

Mr. Lonergan, of course, agrees. He also lives in the Golden Age of Uniforms, Gear and High Athletic Fashion, a time when no flourish is too small. A GW logo in the center of the shorts waistband? Sure. Three warm-up shirts (warm-up pants have been kicked out of vogue) in three colors? All right. Blue accent on the jersey collar? No prob.

“When I played, gear was important to me, and it’s important to our players,” Mr. Lonergan says. “I don’t like to be too flashy but I like that we have different options, and guys get excited when they put on their uniforms.”

“A Foreign Incursion

International students fuel GW’s nationally ranked squash programs

Squash, the racket sport Americans know mostly from health clubs, is bigger overseas than in the United States. Across the Atlantic, particularly in Egypt, the United Kingdom and countries formerly under British rule, there are professional leagues and big tournaments.

But if a player doesn’t go pro and still wants to (and can) play at a high level, the U.S. college athletic system is their best option. As a result, college squash in the states is dominated by international players, and the best team’s rosters are filled with them.

“The standards here are a lot higher,” says Oisin Logan, an Irish sophomore on GW’s men’s team. “All the internationals come here if they’re not going pro and they want to keep playing squash.”

Five of the 12 GW men’s players are from foreign countries. Mr. Logan is from Dublin and a veteran of Ireland’s national team.

Last year he went 14-6, leading the Colonials in wins en route to being named the team’s most valuable player. He plays a patient, traditional style predicated on forcing his opponent to make a mistake.

On the women’s side, five of the 13 players are from abroad, led by Gabby Porras, a senior from Bogota, Colombia.

Among coach Wendy Lawrence’s all-time most-coveted recruits, Ms. Porras—thanks to a more aggressive style—has been named a second-team All-American three times by the College Squash Association, the sport’s governing body that rules an agglomeration of about 140 men’s and women’s Division I, II, III and club teams that compete as equals.

“The best programs—the strongest programs for junior squash—are in other countries,” says Ms. Lawrence, who’s coached the men since 2007 and the women since 2010 and built two nationally ranked programs. “The United States is strong, but in other countries it’s similar to soccer, where a lot of the best people don’t go on to college.”

They go pro. That leaves a lot of very good players with nowhere to go but to the United States, where squash is popular in small circles.

“Here, I feel like some people will know and they will love the sport,” says Ms. Porras, who went 11-4 in 2014-15, including 9-1 in her final 10 matches. “Other people will have no idea and think it’s a vegetable.”

—Matthew Stoss
The Tao of Scoring a Game-Winning Goal

To close the women’s soccer team’s regular season, first-team all-conference junior forward Mackenzie Cowley overcame a midseason scoring funk to net the game-winning goal in each of the Colonials’ final three games.

On a wet and dreary November afternoon, Ms. Cowley met GW Magazine to discuss how she did it, whether it can be taught and how she’d like to climb Everest for the bumper sticker. —MS

GW Magazine: Can you train yourself to score game-winning goals?
Mackenzie Cowley: No, I don’t think so.
GW: So is this something that’s innate?
MC: My whole life, everyone’s said: You’re not a soccer player, you’re a goal scorer. It’s so true. You give me a soccer ball—I can’t even juggle, you know what I mean? It’s sad. I don’t have the foot skills. I don’t have that, but I have something in me—I have like a knack: I can score goals, which is pretty interesting because a lot of people, if they’re in that situation, would crack under pressure.

I’ve heard people say when they get in front of goal they get nervous. They’ll hit it wide, just kind of panic. But I kind of notice when I’m in front of goal, I just have the confidence to know exactly where I’m going and I put the ball right there.
GW: Do you enjoy that?
MC: It’s my favorite feeling in the whole world.
GW: What does it feel like?
MC: It gives me confidence, and I guess because I’ve been able to do it before, I know I’m able to do it [again], so it’s just exciting when I get in those situations. I have the confidence in myself to go and put this ball away, and we’re going to win the game because of that.
GW: Does your heart beat faster? Do you relax? Do you briefly phase into a parallel dimension?
MC: I don’t really remember what’s happening because I just focus on putting the ball in the net. I don’t hear anything. My parents will be like, “Oh, did you hear us?” And I’m like, “I hear nothing.” I’m in my own zone with the goalie and the ball.
GW: Do you remember the first time you went in your “zone”?
MC: I’ve always had it and it’s just always been the same thing my whole life. I’ve just been able to calm myself and put the ball in the net.
GW: Does any of this bleed over into your non-soccer life?
MC: I don’t think so.
GW: So your connection to the Soccer Force dies?
MC: It dies. I wish it was in [regular] life. That would be awesome. But I’m very intuitive. That’s one thing I’ve noticed. I always have a gut feeling about something, and it’s usually right.
GW: Like what?
MC: I was in Greece this past summer, and me and my friend were walking out to dinner, and I was just like, “Something is just not right. We should go back.” ... Something was just weird and, literally, there was a riot that was going on a couple blocks away ... and I had no idea. There was absolutely no sign of anything. It was quiet—it was too quiet. I was just noticing there weren’t really any cars. There was usually traffic.
GW: Do you have any other talents?
MC: I can wiggle my ears.
GW: What about secret dreams? I’ve always wanted to learn the “Thriller” dance, tell no one, then break it out at a wedding.
MC: I was thinking maybe I want to climb Mount Everest.
GW: That’s really hard.
MC: I heard that there’s a potential that you won’t make it.
GW: Yes, there’s a very large one.
MC: But I think it would be kind of interesting.
GW: Maybe you could start with a smaller mountain.
MC: I’d probably have to train myself to do it, but I feel like it would be a really cool accomplishment to say that I’ve done it—like really cool, like a bumper sticker on my car.
GW: I’d at least get a tattoo.
MC: Oh, you’d have to.
YOU ARE HERE
Among more than a million objects at the Metropolitan Museum of Art—between Renoir portraits in gilded frames and full-body Rodin sculptures cast in bronze—there are hidden hallways and secret pockets that lead to the nervous system of the institution. The 2.1-million-square-foot building tucks its office and operational spaces behind almost 400 majestic galleries like a secret labyrinth.

Swing through an inconspicuous door next to a Renaissance painting and you may find 15 conservators staring up at you from a restoration lab on the other side. A staircase could lead to a row of cubicles where members of the marketing and external relations department are answering media inquiries. In the southwest corner, you could end up in the facilities department, where around 175 employees provide support services for the monumental museum. These areas are where objects are cared for, where exhibition labels are written, where financial plans are made.

On the ground floor, a small, shadowy corridor snakes behind a security desk and leads up a few floors to a control room of sorts. This is the realm of Daniel Weiss, BA ’79, the Met’s new president and chief operating officer, and the man in charge of the bustling metropolis behind the country’s largest museum. He is the mechanic keeping all the museum’s gears in motion.

Dr. Weiss has only been in his position since July, but already his office feels lived in. His baroque desk is covered in neat stacks of paper that detail the museum’s day-to-day operations. A book on portrait painter John Singer Sargent, who was featured in one of the Met’s exhibitions last year, sits on a tabletop. A packet with updates about the museum’s new public space, the Met Breuer building, lies nearby, decorated in a mosaic of Post-it notes.

The new leader is settling into a rhythm and learning to navigate the complexities of the 145-year-old museum. As the former president of Lafayette College and, most recently, Haverford College, Dr. Weiss knows how to find his way around large institutions. He compares the Met to a college campus, with dozens of departments, personalities and dining options.

But that doesn’t mean the Met’s numerous wings and winding layers aren’t a challenge. The space can be a nightmare for a new employee trying to get a lay of the land.

“It’s almost like Batman’s mansion, the public and private space here,” he says.

Dr. Weiss squints through his round-rimmed glasses and walks toward his window.

“Can you see that?” He taps on the glass, gesturing toward a line of rooms visible on the other side of the museum. People the size of ants move around inside.

“Right there. Those are laboratories for object conservation. They’re in pockets all over, and you wouldn’t know it from inside.” He stands for a moment watching the conservators from afar. He’s still learning how each piece moves and connects to the whole. But he’s figuring it out quickly—he has to, now that he oversees 1,500 of the museum’s 2,200 full-time employees in all administrative areas.

When news circulated that Dr. Weiss would take the helm as president of the Met, The New York Times noted the museum’s decision to “combine both business acumen and scholarly credentials” by hiring a “medievalist with an MBA.” Dr. Weiss studied psychology and art history at GW and got a master’s degree in art history from Johns Hopkins University in 1982. He then earned an MBA from Yale University in 1985 and spent years as a consultant for the management firm Booz Allen Hamilton.

Dr. Weiss returned to Hopkins and, in 1992, completed a PhD, with a concentration in Western medieval and Byzantine art. He taught there for several years, becoming the dean of the Krieger School of Arts & Sciences. Later, he served as president of Lafayette College and Haverford College.

His new role can be seen as the culmination of those experiences. He was brought to the museum to be a “thought partner,” Met Director and CEO Thomas Campbell told the Times, and to supervise departments that range from fundraising to the museum’s archives and its shops. Technology and information services, legal affairs, security and construction, and merchandising and government relations are just some of the responsibilities that fall under Dr. Weiss’ purview now.

He must find his footing at a time when the Met is in the midst of expanding its digital presence and duplicating its collection online. It’s also renovating several galleries and preparing to open an outpost for modern and contemporary art at Manhattan’s landmark Breuer
“IMAGINE HAVING THE OPPORTUNITY TO SPEND TIME IN YOUR FAVORITE PLACE IN THE WORLD EVERY DAY.”
building, the former home of the Whitney Museum of American Art.

If Dr. Weiss is overwhelmed, he doesn’t show it. His posture is relaxed in his dark suit in a way that communicates approachability. He is enthusiastic, quick to crack a smile as he discusses his new role. He trusts his experiences will guide him.

But there’s something else to the way Dr. Weiss talks about his job: a touch of incredulity. After all, he is an arts lover who gets to operate what is arguably the most important cultural institution in the country.

“Imagine having the opportunity to spend time in your favorite place in the world every day,” he says.

Dr. Weiss walks around his office and extends a finger toward the pale green walls, which are minimally appointed with paintings that he handpicked from the museum’s collection. He remembers, as a freshman, going to the National Gallery of Art and buying a poster of a painting by British Impressionist Alfred Sisley. He mounted it proudly over his bed in Thurston Hall.

Now, a real Sisley—an oil painting of a wintry scene—hangs to the left of his desk.

IT’S SOPPING WET ON AN OCTOBER AFTERNOON IN Manhattan. A category 4 hurricane that had been projected to hit the city veered off course but still left juddering winds and a bitingly cold rainstorm. Pedestrians on Fifth Avenue seem to have the same idea in mind: Find shelter.

The towering structure of the Met, with its sculptural columns and Beaux-Arts façade, offers relief from the weather—and New Yorkers and tourists alike know this. Crowds of people slosh up the building’s majestic stairs under the canopies of their umbrellas.

“It’s bigger than I imagined,” one woman says, her rain boots squeaking as she makes her way through the Met’s massive doors.

She cranes her neck up at the museum’s main artery, the Great Hall. The stunning entrance unites several galleries. It’s also the principle route Dr. Weiss takes to get through the schedule of meetings that his assistant leaves on his desk every morning. The itinerary is printed on two or three double-sided index cards that fit neatly into Dr. Weiss’ jacket pocket.

He often bustles from one corner of the museum to another, running directly to tourists gaping at the building’s palatial arches.

“Sometimes I have to remind myself I’m not in Grand Central,” Dr. Weiss says with a laugh. “When people are walking slowly, they’re doing exactly what they’re supposed to do. They’re enjoying the art.”

His morning started at 8 a.m. today when he walked into the museum from the Park Avenue apartment he is renting a short distance away. He had back-to-back meetings with two of the museum’s trustees—he has scheduled several of these every week to get to know the board members individually. Then, Dr. Weiss walked down a flight of stairs to introduce himself to lawyers in the general counsel’s office and staff members from the archives department.

Because of the severe weather conditions, Dr. Weiss convened the museum’s senior staff and led a meeting to examine emergency and preparedness protocols. Leaks caused by storms can be the mortal enemy of centuries-old paintings and delicate sketches on paper. Part of his role includes the guardianship of the collection, so he has to think about everything that could affect the museum’s more than 1.5 million objects. The paradox is keeping the museum both accessible to the public and also secure. (Weeks later, he held a similar meeting to address security in the wake of the Paris attacks.)

“The most important thing an art museum does is protect the art,” Dr. Weiss says. “If you don’t do that well, everything else doesn’t
The Met
BY THE NUMBERS
As president and chief operating officer, Daniel Weiss’ domain is the day-to-day operation of the massive museum, from the finance department to IT and the gift shops. Here’s a closer look at the institution:

In FY2015

6.3 million
museum visitors

2,200
full-time employees; Dr. Weiss oversees 1,500

32 million
visits to the website

28,422
events held

1.5+ million
objects in the collection

69
exhibitions

6,259
school visits

2.2 million
square feet, approximately

matter.”

At lunchtime, he walked across the street to one of the restaurants dotting Madison Avenue for a meeting with his predecessor, Emily Rafferty. She retired last spring after almost 40 years at the museum.

Exalted for her fundraising skills and poise, Ms. Rafferty was the first woman to helm the Met’s operations. She also seemed to possess an alchemical ability to be in multiple places at once. She’d represent the museum at events across New York City, appearing elegant and perfectly coiffed every night.

Hers are difficult—and stylish—shoes to fill, but Dr. Weiss is stepping into the role with aplomb. As Ms. Rafferty did during her tenure, Dr. Weiss serves as an ambassador of the museum at galas and donor receptions. One of his assistants guesses that he has an event almost every night, which stretches his daily schedule to nearly 12 hours.

The parade of meetings makes every day different for Dr. Weiss. He was up early one morning to give the prince of Japan a private tour of the Asian galleries. Another day, he met with a young woman interested in starting her own arts business in Manhattan. His agenda is about as unpredictable as the splatters of a paintbrush.

“It’s a very big portfolio—the entire administrative side of the museum,” Dr. Campbell, the museum president and CEO, says in a phone interview. “But Dan has an insight to problems and judgment and experience that I think is exceptional. I already feel secure in having him in charge of the various parts.”

As an art historian, Dr. Weiss also understands the cultural context and pedagogy that goes into the museum’s exhibitions and programming. He has been visiting the Met since he was a high school student on Long Island, N.Y., and as a professor he would bring students to the galleries to experience art firsthand.

“I’ve taught here, I know the material and I understand the museum very deeply,” Dr. Weiss says.

His years of art history seep into daily conversations. Just this afternoon, he found a 20-minute gap between his hourly meetings and phone calls and used it to wander to the expansive Tisch Galleries and watch the installation of the fall show “Ancient Egypt Transformed: The Middle Kingdom.” He spent time with the curators, discussing the 230 works that represent Egypt’s artistic and cultural traditions between 2030–1650 B.C.

Dr. Weiss’ affinity for art history started his freshman year at GW. He had enrolled as a psychology major and needed one more class to round out his schedule. He ended up taking an art history class with Jeffrey Anderson, now a professor emeritus of art.

“He was absolutely transformational for me,” Dr. Weiss says. “He was this young guy who was super articulate, extraordinarily passionate about what he was doing and wicked smart. I was just mesmerized by him and his passion for this art.”

Back then, Dr. Weiss admits, he was a bad writer. The first paper he wrote in a freshman English class got a D-minus. (“And even that was a gift,” he says.) Dr. Anderson helped him improve his writing. At the end of his senior year, Dr. Weiss won an award for the best paper in the art history department.

The experience energized him and compelled him to stay on the art history track. And he won a lifelong mentor and friend—he visited Dr. Anderson in Chicago just before starting his job at the Met.

ASIDE FROM HIS ART HISTORY EXPERIENCE,
Dr. Weiss has something else working for him in his new role. Dr. Campbell is quick to point it out: “He’s got a fantastic sense of humor, which is hard to find in people.”

He is good-natured and relaxed on a day-to-day basis. When the museum’s finicky glass elevator makes a painstaking pause on every floor, Dr. Weiss doesn’t stress over showing up late to a meeting. He
diffuses the situation. “We’re on the local train, guys.”

He appears unfazed even when it comes to large-scale projects. Among the Met’s top priorities is preparing for the opening of the Met Breuer building, which will focus on modern and contemporary art.

The new location opens with two exhibitions in March 2016, a debut that comes with some pressure. Observers have been waiting since 2011 to see what the Met will do in the space.

Meanwhile, the museum’s staff is building up the Met’s digital presence and offering ways to engage with the collection online.

Both projects are designed to engage art lovers all over the world—and they are mammoth undertakings. Yet Dr. Weiss talks about them calmly and says that his lengthy career guides his thinking and leadership on these two initiatives.

“There are certain central themes that unite all the institutions where I’ve worked: the primacy of hiring outstanding people, providing staff with the support they need to do their jobs, listening carefully to what it is that they do,” he says.

Some of his management philosophies were adopted from his time as a consultant for Booz Allen. The job required him to pay attention precisely to the needs of clients. It taught him to listen, he says, and to try to understand his colleagues’ perspectives as much as possible.

He started the job shortly after receiving an MBA from Yale in 1985. He was working in New York and building a professional portfolio. But despite the skills he was gaining, something was off.

“I wasn’t reading The Economist on the train. I was reading The Art Bulletin,” he says.

Dr. Weiss would think back to his undergraduate art history classes and eventually realized that he hadn’t just enjoyed the material—he had unlocked his passion. So he quit his job.

“It was risky,” Dr. Weiss says. “I gave up a good job and a good income to sleep on the floor in my friend’s apartment and live on a graduate student’s stipend while I got a PhD—and I knew that when I finished the degree, there would be no guarantees of a job.”

His wife, Sandra Jarva Weiss, BA ’80, JD ’83, saw it as a much more straightforward decision.

“It was clear that seeing art on vacations wasn’t going to be enough for Dan,” she says. “He needed to fuel that interest and that passion.”

She understood his dedication to art. It was their mutual interest in the subject that brought them together at GW.

They have identical memories of the day they met. Dr. Weiss had taken a part-time job at the Kennedy Center shop his sophomore year. Ms. Jarva Weiss had come to the Kennedy Center during her first few weeks at GW and scored a job as an usher. She’d seen him walking back and forth along the halls to stock the shelves.

He remembers noticing a beautiful blonde in the Kennedy Center’s black-and-burgundy uniform. She remembers him nodding a shy
"It was clear that seeing art on vacations wasn’t going to be enough for Dan," his wife says. "He needed to fuel that interest and that passion."
hello and making small talk about the shows on view at the theater.

The next day, Dr. Weiss had to wake up early for his 9 a.m. shift. He wandered into Thurston Hall to grab coffee before heading to work.

“On a Saturday morning, at 8 o’clock, there’s no one down in the basement of Thurston having breakfast—except for one person,” Dr. Weiss says.

It was Sandra, the girl he had met the day before, clad in her Kennedy Center uniform.

“It hadn’t come up that we were both students at GW,” Ms. Jarva Weiss says. “But there we were.”

They became fast friends. Dates involved biking to the National Gallery of Art and enjoying the Smithsonian museums.

Now, more than 30 years later, dates involve strolls through the Met’s Greek and Roman galleries at night, after the tourists have gone.

Dr. Weiss splits his time between New York and Pennsylvania, where his wife still lives while their youngest son finishes high school. Ms. Jarva Weiss plans to move to New York next year. Dr. Weiss says he makes the distance work—he hops a train on the weekend and occasionally comes home during the week. A couple of days ago, he rushed to Pennsylvania for his son’s back-to-school night and then was back in New York by 5 a.m.

He inevitably has had to reduce the number of things on his to-do list. Among them, he put aside the book he’s writing about a Vietnam War poet named Michael O’Donnell.

Dr. Weiss learned that Mr. O’Donnell was a pilot who was shot down shortly after publishing one of his poems. The anecdote moved Dr. Weiss enough to start the project and he got deep into the research but had to stop when he took the job at the museum. He promises he’ll get back to it once his schedule settles down a bit.

“I feel very drawn to this character and his powerful story,” he says. “If something moves you, the odds are that there’s something there that you can tell others about.”

The idea reflects, in a way, how Dr. Weiss feels about art history. The stories found in the museum grip him repeatedly as he’s walking through the galleries. He’s getting ready to wrap up his day and jump on a train home to Pennsylvania for the weekend when suddenly a room full of portraits by John Singer Sargent catches his eye. He doesn’t have a lot of time before the train leaves.

“Ten seconds—just 10 seconds!” he says to the staffer trying to get him through this final meeting, and he darts into the gallery.

He stops in front of a 9-foot portrait Sargent painted in 1899. It depicts the beautiful Wyndham sisters, who came from an aristocratic family in London. They lounge in their glimmering silk dresses and illustrate the elegance of the era’s society women.

“Henry James said of Sargent that at the very beginning of his career, when he was still very young, it was clear he had nothing else to learn. He was that good,” Dr. Weiss says.

He lingers in front of the painting a few more moments. Then he turns and begins walking out of the gallery when a voice interrupts him.

“Daniel Weiss? Daniel Weiss!” A security officer is peering over excitedly, waving an outstretched hand. “How are you?” she says. “I haven’t been able to meet you yet!”

Dr. Weiss smiles and waves back. “It’s so nice to meet you.” He stops for a few moments to talk with her.

More and more, he is becoming a fixture in the museum.

“I’ve only been here three months, but it doesn’t feel like that. In some ways it feels like I’ve been here a long time,” he says. “I’m gradually not the new guy.”
JONQUEL'S BEST SHOT
Bahamian standout Jonquel Jones took a 900-mile leap and landed as one of the WNBA’s top prospects.

// BY MATTHEW STOSS
ll 6 feet 5 inches of Jonquel Jones—purveyor of hugs, GW’s Bahamian women’s basketball star and projected WNBA first-round draft pick—was folded into a chair. It was afternoon, late summer, and hot blue through the windows. A reporter asked what seemed like an intelligent question: Is there professional women’s basketball in the Bahamas?
“In the Bahamas?” she says. It wasn’t an intelligent question. You could tell by all the laughter. She laughed with her body, all arms, legs and dreadlocks. She celebrates it when she laughs, the way people should but usually don’t.

When the laugh passes, she explains why the Bahamas, while lovely, isn’t the place to make a basketball career, and why, at age 14, she left her family and the option to wear shorts comfortably year-round to go 900 miles to suburban Maryland to live with people she didn’t know and make new friends at a $10,000-a-year private school she couldn’t afford.

“It was definitely a difficult decision to leave home and all that,” Ms. Jones says. “But I’d been nagging my mummy for a very, very long time to come over. So I would always be telling her, ‘I just want to play basketball. They take basketball seriously over there.’”

Somewhere between the fourth and seventh grades, Ms. Jones figured out that she had to leave the Bahamas to play big-time women’s hoops—the kind that comes with cable airtime, endorsement deals and the squealing adulation of 9-year-old girls.

In Freeport, Ms. Jones’ hometown of about 45,000 souls, there are three proper basketball gyms, one each at two high schools and a third at the local YMCA. There are outdoor courts, too, but in terms of the fancy developmental infrastructure that an aspiring young American hoopster might recognize—facilities, coaches, elite youth leagues—there’s not much.

“If you don’t come over here,” Ms. Jones says of the United States, “it’s really difficult to be seen and get the opportunity.”

So, she came over. That was September 2008, when she was 5-9, more talented than skilled, a little terrified but confident enough. She got winter clothes, found a second family and made new friends with the help of the private school’s small cafeteria.

Oh, and she got to play basketball.

Last season as a junior, Jonquel Jones averaged 15.3 points and 12.5 rebounds in 30 games for GW, stats that ranked sixth and first in the Atlantic 10. She was named the league’s Player of the Year, as well as its Defensive Player of the Year, becoming just the fourth player to pull the two-fer since the defensive award was created in 1997.

As of late December, she was again averaging double-digit points and rebounds. Ms. Jones also broke the school record for rebounds-in-a-game when she grabbed 26 in a double-overtime win over the University of Iowa in November.

Although officially a power forward—she’s got to be listed some way on the roster—she can play any position. She’s a threat from anywhere on the floor but most potent near the basket. She can rebound, block shots and score, preferring short-range turnaround jumpers. She can also get to the rim using any of a catalog of finesse-based low-post moves predicated on the length of her arms, or improv in air.

During an October morning preseason practice, she pulled off a shot that teased sky hook, turned scoop shot in the middle and finished as some genre of finger roll. Asked to repeat it a few weeks later, she had no idea what she did.

“What about this?” she says.

“No, ‘A drop step?’”

“Kind of.”

“Was it on a fast break?”

“Maybe.”

“What about this?”

“Not that, either.”

From the perimeter, Ms. Jones’ jumper is controlled minimalism, repeated sweetly over and over, as if she’s rotoscoping herself each time. Even if her shot hits the rim with all the grace of a large appliance, there’s still a smoothness to how it left her fingertips. And it always feels like the next one’s going in.

Her fade away?

“Legit,” she says.

“What about something ridiculous, like a 45-footer?”

“‘I can knock that down, too.’”

Ms. Jones’ game is protean, and that is the crux of her pro appeal.

“She’s ready to play at that level physically,” says Doug Feinberg, who has covered women’s basketball for The Associated Press for the past 10 years. “The other thing, she’s not just purely a post player. I mean, [6-foot-5], 10 years ago, you would think, ‘OK, that’s somebody who goes in the post and they’re a center and they do post-up moves—but she can hit the 15-footer.’ She can hit the mid-range jumper, which makes her more attractive. She can do some other things on the floor, which make her more valuable to WNBA coaches.”

In the olden days of women’s basketball, size largely defined position, with 6 feet being the approximate divider between guard and center or forward. In the last five to 10 years, position became less contingent on size. No longer are big players exiled to the low post and shamed for taking anything greater than a layup.

The shift occurred first in men’s basketball, spurred by the influence of the European game, which emphasizes an all-around skill set for players of all sizes. It helped create an NBA in which LeBron James, at a very post-sized 6-9, 250 pounds, can play point guard. The same evolution is now happening in the women’s game, with players like Ms. Jones and WNBA superstars Candace Parker and Elena Delle Donne. These big players are able dribblers and outside shooters, unlike the centers and forwards of recent yore, who seemed clunked from a monolith factory—immovable objects with names like Patrick Ewing and Shaquille O’Neal.

“It’s the progression of women’s basketball,” GW women’s coach Jonathan Tsipis says.

The sport has grown a lot since the 1972 passage of Title IX, a law that, in part, assured equal funding for women’s sports at the college level and effectively led to the creation of the WNBA in 1997, not to mention a proliferation of resources for girls at the youth level.

Today, boys’ and girls’ hoops are as equal as they’ve ever been. Players are nourished in well-funded, nationwide, elite amateur leagues—a whole to-do centered on getting a college scholarship that’s produced convention-bending players like Ms. Parker, Ms. Delle Donne and, now, Ms. Jones, who as a high school senior was one of the top players in the country.
Collegiate Girls Basketball Report, a recruiting website that rates high school players, ranked her as the 38th-best player for the class of 2012, her senior year.

Dan Olson—who founded Collegiate Girls Basketball Report in 2006 and also directs ESPN’s girls’ basketball recruiting website, HoopGurlz—spends 50 weeks a year watching girls’ basketball in gyms across the United States, seeing as many as 5,000 high school-age players. Years later, Ms. Jones still stands out.

“That’s what everybody covets is a kid like her,” Mr. Olson says. “I mean, she’s [6-5], can handle the ball and she’s wiry, long and lean, and she’s a star in the collegiate scene. There’s no doubt about that.”

WNBA scouts have been regular guests at GW practice since Ms. Jones’ sophomore year. In September 2015, Washington Mystics guard and ESPN women’s basketball analyst Kara Lawson described Ms. Jones as one of the “more intriguing” prospects in the 2016 draft.

After the University of Connecticut’s Breanna Stewart, the consensus no-duh best player in the draft who is projected to go No. 1 to the Seattle Storm, there isn’t a lock to go No. 2. Maybe it’s Ms. Stewart’s teammate, Moriah Jefferson. Maybe it’s the University of South Carolina’s Tiffany Mitchell, the two-time Southeastern Conference Player of the Year. Maybe it’s Jonquel Jones.

“It’s obviously still early but her name is being mentioned,” says Mr. Feinberg, the AP reporter. “Definitely in the first round, if not the first five picks.”

Jonquel Jones wanted to go to America to play basketball
basketball. She begged her parents for years but they always said no. Money was a problem, as was Ms. Jones’ young age and maturity. Her family also didn’t know anyone in the United States, although overtures were made to a private school in Jacksonville, Fla.

The Joneses weren’t against their daughter moving to the United States. It was an issue of logistics.

But in the spring before Ms. Jones’ freshman year of high school, the Joneses got in touch with Diane Richardson through a family friend who had done exactly what Ms. Jones wanted to do: She went to the United States for high school and played Division I college basketball.

Ms. Richardson now is an assistant coach at GW, but at the time she was the head coach of the powerhouse, nationally ranked high school team at Riverdale Baptist School in Upper Marlboro, Md., its roster replete with elite players, many of whom got D-I scholarships, including Jurelle Nairn.

Ms. Nairn, nicknamed “Jello” by Ms. Richardson, lived with a host family while at Riverdale. She went on to play at North Carolina A&T, where she graduated in 2006. She’s currently an assistant coach at Salisbury University in Maryland.

“We stayed in touch and all that,” Ms. Richardson says. “And she said, ‘Coach, there’s a kid ... in the Bahamas that I think would benefit from being in the states, much in the same way I did.’ I said, ‘Well, Jello, tell me a little bit about her.’ And she said, ‘Nice kid and everything ... but needs to get away and have the experience of being in the states.’”

Ms. Richardson intervened. She got the Joneses on the
phone and talked to an endearingly shy, “Yes, ma’am”-prone 14-year-old Jonquel and her parents, pitching herself, her family and Riverdale Baptist. It all sounded nice but the tuition cost too much. Plus, Riverdale isn’t a boarding school. That meant Ms. Jones needed a host family. She didn’t have one.

Nothing came of that phone call but Ms. Richardson kept in touch with Ms. Jones and her mother, Ettamae, building a rapport through that summer. Ms. Richardson also kept thinking.

“I had in the past taken kids under my wing, so to speak, because I came from a really difficult background and someone did that for me,” Ms. Richardson says. “My husband and I talked about it, and I said, ‘Why don’t we sponsor her?’ which was different than before, where kids would come and stay with me for a little bit and go home. This took a lot more.”

Ms. Richardson grew up in the 1960s and ‘70s in Southeast D.C., on Benning Road, in a two-bedroom house she shared with her mother and her four siblings, her aunt and her aunt’s five kids, as well as her grandparents. She says she wore her brothers’ and cousins’ hand-me-downs and that she’d get into fights at school when the other kids picked on her for dressing like a boy.

Eventually, Ms. Richardson, a superlative athlete—she says her brother used to race her against the boys and bet $2 she’d beat them (she never got a cut of the winnings)—went to Largo High School in suburban Maryland. There, a teacher named Norma Trax became more than a mentor. With Ms. Trax’s support, Ms. Richardson went to Frostburg State University, where she played basketball and graduated in 1980, going on to found a lucrative investment firm, RCI Financial. She sold it in 1997.

Ms. Richardson credits Ms. Trax, with whom she remains close, for changing her life.

“I got to see where people have grass, picket fences,” Ms. Richardson says. “She got me from being so rough around the edges, stopped me from being so defensive. ...And she stayed on me. Whenever I got unruly, she would take me to her house, and I got to grow up with her kids. She would take me places. She would take me to the fair. She would take me with her kids.”

In September 2008, Ms. Richardson and her husband, Larry, invited Ms. Jones and her parents to visit. The trip started at BWI (with Ms. Jones going to basketball practice immediately after) and lasted about a week, becoming, in essence, an interview for the franchise rights to be Ms. Jones’ American parents.

“I remember being terrified,” Ms. Jones says. “...I met Coach Rich. I was walking up and she was full of energy and stuff, like this lady I hardly even knew is bumping me, saying, ‘You ready? You gonna be strong in the paint?’ and all this stuff like that.”

Before the trip, there was an understanding that Ms. Jones may not go back to the Bahamas, even though she brought little more than a suitcase’s worth of clothing, none of it cold-weather useful. The two families had made arrangements in case the meet-and-greet went well.

It did.

“It was like I knew Coach Rich,” Ms. Jones’ mother, Ettamae, says by phone from the Bahamas. “It was as if Jonquel was Coach Rich’s daughter and I was helping to raise her until she got to that age and I was giving her back to her mother because there was no doubt in my mind that this was going to be the best place for Jonquel, the best family for her to be with.”

Later, the Richardsons became Ms. Jones’ legal guardians in the United States. She’s on their insurance, in their wills and listed in Ms. Richardson’s online bio as one of her four children. The Richardsons paid Ms. Jones’ full tuition at Riverdale Baptist and the basketball court at their house in Ellicott City, Md., now has lights because Ms. Jones insisted on practicing even when normal people were sleeping.

“One of the things with Jonquel, the whole time she’s been here, is she did not want to be sent back home,” Ms. Richardson says. “She didn’t want to fail and have to go back home.”

But Ms. Jones had to get physically stronger. She had to refine her basketball skills to match an athleticism honed through a multi-sport childhood in which she excelled at soccer and track and field. That athleticism went mostly untouched by the gawkiness of a growth spurt that just won’t die.

After a year in America, Ms. Jones was still raw, unburnished, more potential than payoff. She didn’t make varsity full-time until her junior year and didn’t start until her senior year, following a disheartening cameo as a sophomore.

That season, Riverdale played for a national championship in Erie, Pa., and after the bus ride back to Upper Marlboro, while in the car on the way home to Ellicott City, Ms. Jones asked Ms. Richardson a question.

“I had moved her up to varsity,” Ms. Richardson says. “She was the only person who didn’t play. I saw a tear afterwards and I was like, ‘Oh, man,’ you know? Of all the kids, my kid. ... And on the way home, she said, ‘What do I need to learn to get better?’”

No one moment convinced Jonquel Jones that, to pursue basketball, she needed to leave the Bahamas. Instead, a series of events and realities coalesced inside her brain and over time pointed her in one direction.

As a kid, she watched the Junkanoo Jam, a Thanksgiving-time basketball tournament in Freeport, and she saw the skill gap between the American players, the Bahamian players and herself. Ms. Jones’ mother says her daughter asked her at the time if she thought she’d ever be as good as those American players.

Then there was family friend Yolett McPhee-McCuin. Twelve years older than Ms. Jones, she went to the United States to play college basketball, becoming, it’s believed, the first Bahamian woman to get a basketball scholarship without first playing in the United States.

It was also just the state of girls’ basketball in the Bahamas. Outside of Ms. McPhee-McCuin’s father—Gladstone “Moon” McPhee, who nearly 30 years ago founded a youth basketball program focused on coaching and skill development—there weren’t opportunities for girls to play at a high level. Ms. Jones says her school season was 10 games, if that, and they played the same three or four teams. There’s also nowhere to go after high school, and U.S. college coaches typically don’t recruit the Bahamas.

Then Ms. Jones faced Americans for the first time. A squad from Boynton Beach, Fla., visited the Bahamas
for a game when she was about 10, and well, more competitive basketball has been played.

“They bust our butts,” Ms. Jones says. “This is back when I’m really young... and you think you’re good, and then you’re stepping on the court with these players and you’re like, ‘What the heck? She’s the same age as me and she can do all this? And she’s better than me.’”

The problem with girls’ basketball in the Bahamas isn’t talent, says Ms. McPhee-McCuin, the coach of both the Bahamian national and the Jacksonville University women’s teams.

The athletes either play other sports—track and field is especially popular—or aren’t cultivated as basketball players. It’s a lack of emphasis, interest, infrastructure and resources. The talent, Ms. McPhee-McCuin says, is underdeveloped, the competition is weak and there aren’t enough coaches.

A little girl, about 10 years old, on a neighboring island is doing a report for her P.E. class on the daughter of Preston and Ettamae Jones. The little girl’s mom telephoned them to ask for anything—pictures, memorabilia, a brief oral history—that might help her daughter put together something A-worthy.

Fortunately for the little girl, the Jones family dining room is multipurpose. You can, of course, eat there—it has a glass table and four black leather chairs, for the easy service of chicken souse, chicken curry and Johnny bread—but the dining room’s also good for archival research, especially if you’re a little girl doing a report on your favorite Bahamian women’s basketball player: Jonquel Jones.

The organization of that archive, however, Ettamae Jones admits, needs work.

“I have to really try to organize it in a more fashionable way,” she says, laughing.

Looking through the mementos of her daughter’s basketball career usually turns a mess of baskets, envelopes and zip-shut plastic bags into a bigger mess of baskets, envelopes and zip-shut plastic bags. There used to be more but a hurricane destroyed the pre-high school stuff when they lived in Freeport. Not long ago, they moved to the Abacos, a Bahamian island group less than 100 miles west of Freeport.

In a more arranged future, there will be one authoritative scrapbook (but probably more) and perhaps color-coded, alphabetized files and the hiring of a professional who specializes in the conservation of memories. In short, there will be order. Glorious order.

The volume of material demands it, as does the fact that there will be more to archive. Ms. Jones still has the rest of her senior season, the Atlantic 10 tournament and, if all goes well, the NCAA tournament. The Colonials made it last year for the first time since 2008, securing the league’s automatic bid by winning the A10 championship. GW last won the A10 title in 2003.

After that, for Ms. Jones, it’s the WNBA draft. As of fall 2015, two thirds of the league’s 12 teams had inquired about her, according to Mr. Tsipis, who is in his fourth season as the Colonials’ coach. He guessed that by the time the draft gets here in April, every team will have scouted his star senior, who transferred from Clemson University eight games into her freshman year.

It’s expected that Ms. Jones will be the first GW WNBA draft pick since 2009. That year, the Phoenix Mercury took Jessica Adair in the third round and 34th overall. None of the five GW players drafted have gone higher than 26th overall.

Folded in the chair and putting out a contemplative vibe, hands mostly still—she’s not really a gesticulator—Ms. Jones considers this.

“I would say anybody in my situation, any player across the country that says they don’t think about it—one someone who wants to play basketball as their livelihood—they’d be lying. I definitely think about it a lot. Well, not a lot—but a good bit. But I try not to let it negatively influence me.”

If it has or does, Ms. Jones doesn’t show it. She walks around campus, laughing and hugging, long, tall and smiley. Mr. Tsipis says she might be the most recognizable athlete in Foggy Bottom.

“She’s 6-5, and with her dreads, she’s closer to 7 feet sometimes,” he says. “… I think anybody that’s been in a class with her, met her, that’s what they always remember: this giant smile, this gangly kid who probably gave them a hug, and I think she leaves that lasting impression.”

She has in the Bahamas. There among the 700 or so islands and islets, Ms. Jones is unconditionally adored. When GW played in the 2014 Junkanoo Jam, her presence alone filled the 500ish-seat gymnasium at St. George’s High School with spectators.

Kids got out of class early to go, showing up en masse and in their school uniforms to watch her play. The adults came in homemade blue and white GW T-shirts featuring Ms. Jones’ name and number. Later, Ms. Jones ended up on the back page, New York Post style, of The Freeport News, her picture ample above the fold and the crop agreeable to her fame. She was on the front page, too. Ms. Tsipis keeps a copy in his office.

And on the day the team arrived, when everyone else went to swim with dolphins, Ms. Jones went to meet Bahamian Prime Minister Perry Christie.

“She’s a celebrity there,” Mr. Tsipis says.

Jonquel Jones remembers crying after Riverdale Baptist lost that national championship game. That was the game she didn’t play because her coach and mother (American version) thought she wasn’t ready, that there would have been “matchup problems.” Ms. Jones, called up from JV, was the only player who didn’t see the floor.

She cried for a lot of reasons. Riverdale lost. Her teammates were crying. She felt bad for the seniors who didn’t win a title. She didn’t play. She didn’t help. The moment overcame her.

“I just didn’t do anything to contribute to the team at all,” Ms. Jones says. “It was tough because it was a situation where you leave your family, you leave everybody behind, and then you come into a place and the one thing you came over to do, you’re not getting the chance to do.”

Failure is hard, but this didn’t qualify as failure. Action is a prerequisite for failure, and Ms. Jones was denied her action. That is worse than failing. At 16 years old, she—in her mind, at least—was a basketball star manqué.

“It wasn’t even that I felt like she was being unfair
as a coach,” Ms. Jones says. “I knew I wasn’t ready to play at that level and I wasn’t proving it in practice.”

That all seems dramatic, but none of the other kids traveled 900 miles just to play basketball and then not play. It was hard and it hurt, but even then she could cope like maybe other heart-crushed teenagers couldn’t, because those kids (likely) didn’t have Ms. Jones’ unusually philosophical understanding of hugs.

In late October, Ms. Jones is at GW’s media day. She’s folded up again, this time at a table, in sniffing distance of the catered sandwiches, and talking to a reporter again. She’s wearing her uniform (the home whites) and the interview’s gone on for a while.

“Are we really having a 20-minute conversation about hugs?” she says.

Yes, but it’s her fault.

“Whenever she meets somebody,” Mr. Tsipis says, “whether it’s the first time she’s meeting them or somebody she’s known for 10 years, she makes you feel like you’re the most important person in the room. And usually, with her giant arms, she’s going to hug you.”

Mr. Tsipis’ kids, ages 11 and 9, still talk about meeting her and getting arm-swaddled when she brings it in for the real thing.

“My son and daughter say it’s like being hugged by an octopus,” he says.

When Ms. Jones talks about hugs, you feel like you’ve been hugging wrong all your life—that you should call your mom immediately and ask forgiveness for all the years of shabby affection.

Ms. Jones, she has it worked out, speaking deeply and scientifically on hugs and their emotional value. The most important part, she says, is committing. Go in with all your might, assert your heart’s dominance, and if it all comes up awkward, just leave with a smile.

“It’s a like a free throw,” Ms. Jones says. “If you go in like, ‘Oh, I think I’m gonna miss it,’ then you’re more than likely going to miss it.”

If someone comes at her with the handshake and she’s feeling hug, Ms. Jones has devised a maneuver to function as a reverse into her octopus embrace. It starts with the handshake, but she pulls you in close for a chest-to-chest (the “dap”) and finishes with a series of back pats.

“A hug is like, ‘Oh, she really wants to get to know me,’” Ms. Jones says. “Or ‘She really feels comfortable around me,’ or ‘Dang, she just really made me feel comfortable.’ So I think the hug definitely puts people in an area or a situation where they feel more like you’re really invested in them, regardless of how long they’ve known you.”

It’s philosophical for Ms. Jones. It’s psychological.

The hug is the manifestation of whatever it was that made her—after an ego-rending benching—get up early the next morning and practice. Wherever those hugs come from, it’s the same place that steeled a shy 14-year-old girl enough to leave her home and chase a basketball career 900 miles, to make new friends at a new school and to find a second family.

“GW players that have been selected in the WNBA draft: Jessica Adair (2009); Kimberly Beck (2008); Ugo Oha (2004); Cathy Joens (2004); and Tajama Abraham Ngongba (1997)”

“In life, you have to be able to find moments where you just have to be able to uplift yourself, you know what I’m saying?” Ms. Jones says. “No matter what kind of situation you’re in. If you can’t do that, then who’s going to be able to bring you up? If you can’t love yourself, like they say, how are you going to expect someone else to love you? I think that’s one of the big situations where people let their surroundings determine how they’re going to be that day. Sometimes I’m a victim of it, too, because I’m a human being, but at the same time, you have to know when to be able to pull yourself out of that kind of mess and be able to just move on.”

“My son and daughter say it’s like being hugged by an octopus.”
The Ship Hotel, built in the 1930s, sits in the snow along a bend on U.S. Route 30 in February 1971. The building burned down in October 2001.
With the automobile boom in the rearview and the Interstate Highway System ahead, a professor spent the late 1960s and ’70s documenting a moment in time on the American road.

// By Danny Freedman, BA ’01
A motel on U.S. 40 north of Baltimore, Md. (seen here in July 1970), bears a typical single-story-row construction and boasts one of the luxuries of the post-World War II era: air conditioning.
ooling across U.S. 14 in South Dakota in a 1964 Buick Skylark, Richard Longstreth came upon three gas pumps, stubby pillars of red, white and teal on a dirt landscape beneath a bunched-up blanket of clouds. He took out his camera.

He did the same when he reached a snowy bend along U.S. 30 in Pennsylvania and saw the Ship Hotel, looking for all the world like a steamer moored to an Allegheny mountainside. Snap.

And at the fluid contours of Ralphs grocery in Beverly Hills, Calif., the charming stone faces of the Melinda Motel in Springfield, Mo., the starched angles of the Wake Up gas station in Indianapolis—snap, snap, snap.

It was the early 1970s, and Dr. Longstreth was attempting to capture a piece of the American road’s loose and laissez-faire adolescence while some part of it remained. Half of the monolithic Interstate Highway System already had been built. The expanse—now nearly 47,000 speedy miles of pavement and knotted interchanges—would, ultimately, steal the pulse of the old U.S. Highway System, the scraggly network of arteries that had been spreading across the nation since the 1920s, trumpeting the era of the automobile.

Dr. Longstreth, an American studies professor
who arrived at GW in 1983, spent more than a dozen years traveling
those routes as life bounced him around the country, first as an
undergraduate student in the late 1960s, then during a stint in
the U.S. Navy, as doctoral student, a husband, a father and as the author
of an architectural guide to Philadelphia.

Back and forth and back again, manifest destiny with a V-6 engine.
All told, he guesses he covered 60,000 miles.

“I was the voyeur,” Dr. Longstreth says, looking back on the
pursuit four decades later. “I was passing through and probably took,
many were vacant or abandoned and could be wandered
summer cottages from the 19th and early 20th centuries. At the time,
and cityscapes. Across from the desk, five steel card-catalog-style file
stations and the modern lines of a high-flying supermarket sign.

And he does it without nostalgia, opting instead for the practical
disposition of a scientist: One landscape degrades and creates
another, as it always has.

“In the mid-20th century, [highway commerce] was really a
distinctly American thing,” he says. “None of this was really
thought of as long-term. It was developed to capture a specific market
at the moment, and investment was not such that it was going to
last—or if it did, it would transform itself again and again and again.”

“Like yea?”

Dr. Longstreth is posing outside under an October drizzle. He’s
wearing a tie and houndstooth blazer with a handkerchief, taking
directions from a photographer to look this way or that.

He is accommodating and jovial and speaks with a graceful
polish—an unnamed colleague is “thus-and-such,” the word “rather”
comes out as the softer “rah-ther.”

He didn’t intend during his travels to produce this book. Instead,
over time, the photos became mainstays of Dr. Longstreth’s lectures
and informed his research. But a few years ago he felt one of those
now-and-then waves of public interest in the American roadside and
decided to hop on. The fact that the book exists and that he is the
encyclopedic authority behind it would have been surprising at one
point in his life.

“My father being an architect, I thought that would be the last
thing I wanted to do,” he says from behind his desk in a rowhouse on
G Street, surrounded by the stuff of a life enamored of architecture
and cityscapes. Across from the desk, five steel card-catalog-style file
cabinets—and the shelf they create—are filled with slides, 180,000
or so, he figures. Behind him, a busted parking meter’s red flag is
sprung, blaring “Time Expired.”

His father, Thaddeus Longstreth, worked first on the West Coast,
then the East, with the influential architect Richard Neutra, before
building a name for himself as a prominent modernist architect in
Philadelphia and New Jersey.

Richard Longstreth, though, wasn’t interested in the subject
until he went to high school outside Newport, R.I., and encountered
summer cottages from the 19th and early 20th centuries. At the time,
he says, many were vacant or abandoned and could be wandered
through freely. “It seemed like a lot of it was simply going to vanish.”

He landed at the University of Pennsylvania as an undergradu-
ate in the mid-1960s and was surprised to find that it was, he says, the
epicenter of the study of American architecture, and he took that on
as his major. At that time, “if you were a serious art historian you did
Renaissance or medieval, or something like that; became a classicist,”
he says. “And doing modern, especially U.S.? ‘Wellll, if you can’t hack
the real stuff ...'

“Not everybody felt that way, but there was still something of a
residue.”

By the early ’70s, Dr. Longstreth’s interests had solidified around
architectural history, and he enrolled in a doctoral program at the
University of California, Berkeley, where “there were, for the first
time, actual faculty members with whom you could discuss this
sort of thing.” Among them was foundational lecturer and essayist
J.B. “Brinck” Jackson. But even he faced an uphill battle in higher
education. “I confess,” Mr. Jackson once wrote, “it was mortifying to
realize that landscape studies, however important to me or acceptable
to students, had no claim to academic legitimacy.”

Dr. Longstreth funneled his research energy into early 20th-
century architecture, particularly in San Francisco, though by then
he also had a budding interest in so-called roadside vernacular
architecture.

“If I said I wanted to look at the filling station or something like
that, the most liberal of professors would have said, ‘No, no, I don’t
think that would be very wise for you to do if you want to get gainful
employment anywhere.’”

So he continued with it as more of a hobby, as he had since the
late ’60s. On short jaunts and long regional stretches, he drove the
old highways with a Nikon F camera at the ready. There was no plan,
other than getting from Point A to B. “You just go. You just go and
see.”

The 1970s brought a “generational shift” in the thinking, “a
broadening of scope of what is worth investigating,” he says. “You
have the ‘new history’ of the early ’70s. It’s no longer just famous
politicians and generals. It’s looking at broader patterns and other
A B-17 Flying Fortress (as seen in 1974) hangs over the Bomber gas station in Milwaukie, Ore. The plane arrived in 1947 and remained after the pumps closed in 1991, luring travelers to an on-site restaurant and motel. In 2014, the bomber came down to undergo restoration by the nonprofit B-17 Alliance.

Dr. Longstreth in his Foggy Bottom office and the cover of the new book.
The structures, he says, all “have stories to tell about reception, about marketing, about the economy.”
By the 1940s, thousands of motels had popped up along the highways, often with a dozen rooms or less and typically as detached cabins, like this one on U.S. 1, south of Baltimore, Md., shot in 1971. Some diners, especially early ones, were built from old trolleys and railcars—like Bing’s Diner in Castroville, Calif. After World War II, diner design paid homage to that while adopting a “slicker, streamlined appearance,” Dr. Longstreth writes.

OPPOSITE Pioneer Take Out in Los Angeles, shot in 1974
The architectural DNA of the highway shows how ... buildings represented a playbook for attracting eyeballs at breakneck speeds.
things, and that was happening in architectural history, as well.”

In the case of roadside architecture, Mr. Jackson and, later, Dr. Longstreth, believed that its very ubiquity in American life made it intrinsically worthy of study.

Dr. Longstreth’s own underlying interest in these buildings was—and remains—hard to define, he says. “It wasn’t the subject of any deep thought or anything of that nature. It was just things that I was looking at that seemed rather fascinating in their exuberance and, oftentimes, in their ad-hocism.”

On the road, he says, “it’s hard not to be interested if you’re looking.”

The U.S. Highway System, with its iconic numbered shields, was born in 1926. It effectively brought order to an agglomeration of existing roads and mapped out new ones, each built for the same reason that civilizations have been building roads for thousands of years: conquest—of people, of markets and, in more recent times, of curiosity and nature’s magnificence.

Before and since, the story of the American road and the commerce that sprouted alongside it has had an almost meditative rhythm of growth, decline, cannibalism and, through it all, evolution.

Roads and businesses that prospered with the stagecoach suffered through train travel and the growth of cities, then bloomed again in the automobile age. In his seminal 1985 history, From Main Street to Miracle Mile, scholar Chester Liebs—who rode along with Dr. Longstreth on some of his trips—wrote that the neglect of rural roads spurred the 20th-century improvements that solidified the highways. Farmers needed to move goods. But there also was a blitz of new drivers. The ranks of registered cars rocketed from 8,000 in 1900 to more than 450,000 in 1910—and to 8 million in 1920, according to Dr. Liebs. And up and up it went, leading Dr. Liebs to call the view from the windshield “that most ubiquitous of twentieth-century vantage points.”

Along the way, roads consumed paths, and businesses moved into the shells of ancestors or built new storefronts, and revised, improvised and accessorized as needed.

Inside of three decades, though, parts of the U.S. Highway System were already feeling cramped and unsafe.

The Interstate Highway System, signed into law by Dwight Eisenhower in 1956, would change that—and a lot of other things.

The interstate system spread the breathing room of 12-foot-wide lanes, 10-foot shoulders and limited points of access. Gone were the days of sudden stops for left-hand turns that sent speeding drivers darting to safety in the right lane. And gone were the days of needing to lumber along a two-lane highway going only “as fast as the slowest car,” Dr. Longstreth recalls.

Historians consider the interstate system a marvel—“When in the history of the world has a public works program like that been undertaken?” Dr. Longstreth asks—even as they study what has been lost in all that was gained.

(And it’s only here, when prodded, that Dr. Longstreth admits a bit of nostalgia. “As one of my professors said … historians will write about Attila the Hun; it doesn’t mean they’re rooting for him.”)

By the time Dr. Longstreth began documenting the road, the saturated Virginia stretch of U.S. 1 had been “obviated” by I-95, he says. The interstates would roll right over some of the old routes and bypass others. Interstate 5, for example, siphoned traffic from the highway on which the Hat n’ Boots gas station sat in Seattle; it closed in 1988. Even that outlasted the archetypal Chicago-to-L.A. Route 66, which was decommissioned in 1985. In some cities, the interstates carved through neighborhoods and provided a pipeline to the suburbs that drained urban populations.

Driving the interstates, Dr. Longstreth found, “you don’t really … engage with the landscape around you, you’re separate from the communities that you are passing nearby,” encountering only franchises “in little oases that are generally divorced from even the communities they’re near to.”

On the old two- and four-lane highways, he says, “you really get to see stuff. And not knowing what you’re going to see, I think, is part of the fun of it.”

Those structures all “have stories to tell about reception, about marketing, about the economy.”

The architectural DNA of the highway shows how service stations morphed from places that fix horse-drawn buggies into ones that gas up cars. It shows the evolution of road food, from hamburger stands to diners built in the husks of old rail cars, drive-ins and, eventually, the making of a few fast-food kings of the road. And it shows how buildings represented a playbook for attracting eyeballs at breakneck speeds, which might explain why you’d have a statue of Paul Bunyan holding a hot dog or a gas station with a decommissioned bomber perched overhead.

It’s like theater makeup, “which, if you see close up, is really frightening,” he says. “But the audience is a distance away so it has to be exaggerated in order to be visible at all.”

In photographing the buildings Dr. Longstreth says he wanted them to appear no prettier or messier than they are in everyday life. He wants the images to be up for interpretation.

Where there are people in the photos or some whimsy to the pieces—the California gas station attendant wearing a white apron or the two old cars with fins alone in a parking lot facing different directions, like steel codgers—the photos seem to capture a lived moment in time.

But photos of buildings can also carry an eerie idleness, an abandoned feel. Part of that, Dr. Longstreth points out, is practical: People and cars tend to get in the way of photographing a building. And, of course, “motels during the day are not places of hyperactivity,” he says.

Elsewhere, though, the places are as still as they seem.

Flipping through the book, he points to a quiet, commercial strip in San Antonio that once thrived but was boarded up by the time he arrived. “That’s urbanism,” he says. Vacancies are “just part of the equation.”

To be sentimental about it would almost be missing the point. As his Berkeley professor J.B. Jackson wrote: “Ruins provide the incentive for restoration, and for a return to origins. There has to be … an interim of death or rejection before there can be renewal and reform.”

Which is to say: What Dr. Longstreth saw then, all that we see now, is not nearly the end of the road.
Plane Jane

Competing in a four-day, women-only transcontinental air race, Carol Scanlon-Goldberg, MS ’83, follows a path plied by some of history’s greatest aviatrices. // BY MATTHEW STOSS
Carol Scanlon-Goldberg, MS ’83, has more than 60 books about flying. There’s Flight of Passage and Sagittarius Rising, Flying South: A Pilot’s Journey and Wind, Sand and Stars. And then there’s Daughter of the Air. Published in 1999, it’s a biography of Cornelia Fort, a pilot during World War II in the Women’s Auxiliary Ferrying Squadron and likely the first American pilot to see Japanese Zeros on their way to Pearl Harbor. In 1943 at age 24, Ms. Fort became the first U.S. female pilot killed on active duty.

Ms. Scanlon-Goldberg is a pilot, too, ever since she paid $27 in June 1994 to pass an off-day in Lubbock, Texas, sitting left seat in a prop plane 1,500 feet above the cradle of Buddy Holly.

She says she struggles to describe the transcendentalism of being a flyer—“I’m not a poet. There are so many people that have such gorgeous quotes, but I’m not one of them”—but, really, she’s not so bereft of poetry.

“It’s like,” Ms. Scanlon-Goldberg says, “you’re flying in the hands of God.”

Still, she prefers the words of Cornelia Fort.

“I loved the sky and the planes, and yet, best of all, I loved flying,” Ms. Scanlon-Goldberg reads from Daughter of the Air.

“I loved it best perhaps because it taught me utter self-sufficiency, the ability to remove oneself beyond the keep of anyone at all, and in doing so, it taught me what was of value and what was not.”

This past June, nearly 21 years from her first flying lesson, Ms. Scanlon-Goldberg competed in the Air Race Classic, a women-only, 2,400-mile transcontinental prop plane derby founded in 1929 by women like Ms. Fort, those first, beatific aviatrixes—Pancho Barnes, Louise Thaden and Amelia Earhart.

“They were out to inspire other women and to prove that not only men could do challenges, but women could do challenges, too—and survive,” Ms. Scanlon-Goldberg says. “To be part of that history was just amazing.”

Ms. Scanlon-Goldberg and her friend and teammate, Tamra Sheffman, finished 40th out of 54 teams, flying a Cessna 182P. The race started in Fredericksburg, Va., and finished in Fairhope, Ala.

For the slight, 70-year-old Ms. Scanlon-Goldberg, a cross-country air race was just something you do.

Born at an Army airfield in Michigan, she grew up in North Jersey, the daughter of a World War II bomber pilot, reading adventure novels and riding horses while her classmates went to Friday night football games.

Since retiring in 2005 to Fort Lauderdale, Fla., with her husband and fellow pilot, Donald Goldberg, after a 22-year career as a nursing home administrator in southern California, Ms. Scanlon-Goldberg has traveled to Cambodia, India, Norway, Sweden and all over Europe. She bussed the Blarney Stone in Ireland and rode an elephant in Sri Lanka. (“An elephant is an amazing creature,” she says. “Have you ridden one lately?”)

A lifelong equestrian and former barrel racer, Ms. Scanlon-Goldberg once faced down a Brahman bull, as Hemingway might a male lion, while retrieving a lost earring in a rodeo arena. Then there was the time she snorkeled (accidentally) with a bull shark in the Bahamas.

“I was over a reef, and everyone else swam back to the boat, and I didn’t pay attention until I looked up and no one else was there except for myself and this gentleman swimming underneath,” Ms. Scanlon-Goldberg says. “That was a little too close for comfort. I guess he wasn’t hungry.”

As a female pilot, her chemistry all molecules of zest and idealism, she has eyed the ARC for two decades.

That first Women’s Air Derby, also known as the Powder Puff Derby, was a seminal moment for female aviators.

The inaugural race, run from Santa Monica, Calif., to Cleveland, had a 20-woman field and featured a pantheon of first-generation female flyers. Ms. Earhart was the first woman to fly solo over the Atlantic Ocean. Ms. Barnes was the first female Hollywood stunt pilot. Ms. Thaden won the 1936 Bendix Transcontinental Air Race in its first-ever co-ed running.

“Men were playing an important role in aviation at the time, setting records...
and coming up with new aircraft, and the women weren’t really allowed to race with the men,” says Dianna Stanger, a director of the Air Race Classic, two-time ARC winner and fighter jet owner. (Her Aero L-39 Albatros still has the missile-fire switch but, for legal reasons, is unarmed). “Some of the earlier racers that you’ll see from the 1929 Powder Puff are pretty aggressive women, and they decided if they weren’t allowed to play with the men, they’d make their own race. And that’s what they did.”

The purpose of the race—held on and off since its inception and every year since 1977, when it was renamed the Air Race Classic—is the same as 1929: advocate, encourage and promote women in aviation.

Modern racers, Ms. Stanger says, know the history and what the first derbies meant to their forebears—one of whom, 29-year-old Marvel Crosson, died in the 1929 race when her plane crashed in the Arizona desert—and what it still means to the latter-day aviatrices, especially when, according to 2013 Federal Aviation Administration data (the most recent available), only 6.6 percent of the 599,086 licensed U.S. pilots are female.

“When I was young, there were things I couldn’t do,” Ms. Scanlon-Goldberg says. “When I was doing my bachelor’s program, I remember, I always liked to volunteer for things, and I ended up being in charge of the advertising committee at Fairleigh Dickinson [University]—or the club. But because I was a female in the ’60s, I wasn’t allowed to go to the conventions because women weren’t allowed. And then you see these young women [in the ARC]. I mean, the whole world has opened up.”

“Four days are for racing. The other six are for safety courses, briefings and debriefings. The teams plan their own routes and use modern avionics, unlike the early racers who consulted charts in lieu of iPads. The race is designed to make competitors navigate all terrains and altitudes, going as low as 200 feet and as high 18,000, the maximum allowed by the Federal Aviation Administration. Any higher and racers would have to file flight plans and worry about oxygen, pressurizing cabins and colliding with jet airliners.

Most importantly, the race just helps women fly.

“I think the early participants would be happy with what it’s become,” says Ms. Stanger.

Ms. Scanlon-Goldberg thinks so, too, but she, always careful of language, stops at calling herself an aviatrix. To her, it’s an old word, aged by honor and akin to saint.

“I think of an aviatrix as Amelia Earhart, as Pancho Barnes, as the amazing women during World War II that ferried pilots to airplanes,” Ms. Scanlon-Goldberg says. “To me, they are the aviatrices. They’re the ones that had set out and done so many wonderful things that the rest of us only dream of. So I just think of myself as normal, everyday pilot who’s a female, who loves to fly.”

A daughter of the air.
More than 2,000 grads came back to Foggy Bottom for Alumni Weekend 2015, which featured more than 60 events over three days.

**A Curated Tour of Alumni Weekend 2015**

GW’s new head of alumni relations offers some highlights

Matt Manfra, who, in August became associate vice president for alumni relations, could have been an outstanding docent. He’s affable, speaks clearly and laughs in a way that makes you want to laugh, too.

With all this in mind, we asked Mr. Manfra to help us recap Alumni Weekend, which attracted more than 2,000 graduates and crammed more than 60 events across three days in late September. As the new head of alumni relations, he was the behind-the-scenes host of the extravaganza, but also something of a tourist, as new to the event as a 2015 alumnus.

“Alumni Weekend was our best-attended ever,” Mr. Manfra says. “I was impressed with the variety and number of events—we truly had something for everyone. I had a chance to meet so many alumni from around the world who are passionate about their alma mater and spread the good news of GW wherever they go.”
Friends gathered and made new connections at a networking reception hosted by the LGBT Alumni Association.

ATHLETICS HALL OF FAME
The Class of 2016 was announced ahead of the Feb. 20 induction ceremony. The honorees are: the 1927 women’s rifle team; Corky Devlin (men’s basketball, 1952–55); Matt Hane (men’s tennis, 2001–04); Debbie Hemrey (women’s basketball, 1992–95); Sarah Hokom (volleyball 2000–03); Laura Hostetler (lacrosse, 2004–06); Ugo Oha (women’s basketball, 2001–04); Dirkk Surles (men’s basketball, 1989–93); and David Zenk (men’s swimming, men’s water polo, 2006–09).
ALUMNI ACHIEVEMENT AWARDS

For 2015, the five honorees were, from left to right: Gregory H. Williams, JD ’71, MPhil ’77, PhD ’82, a former president of the Association of American Law Schools, the City College of New York and the University of Cincinnati; Richard D. Heideman, JD ’72, a former GW Law School Alumni Association president who specializes in representing victims of terrorism; Christyl C. Johnson, PhD ’12, a deputy director for technology and research at NASA’s Goddard Space Flight Center; Elad I. Levy, MD ’97, one of the youngest tenured professors in the history of the State University of New York system, who is also involved with cutting-edge innovations in stroke treatment; and Jay S. Kaplan, BS ’08, MS ’09, a former NSA agent and founder of cybersecurity startup, Synack.

CELEBRATION OF VALOR

This reunion for GW’s military-affiliated alumni was sponsored by GW VALOR, an initiative that coordinates several university offices that help members of the military, veterans and their families. Mr. Manfra (right) shakes hands with keynote speaker Rear Adm. Fernandez Ponds, MS ’03 (left), who the next day was given an IMPACT award from the GW Black Alumni Association. Also pictured is Jeremy Gosbee, BA ’98, MA ’02 (center), the GW Alumni Association president.

“Institutions need to remember that veterans are part of our community,” Mr. Manfra says. “They’re playing big roles in the classrooms, either as students or professors, and they’re giving back to campus, as well. Being that we’re in the United States capital, I think the light is even brighter on these folks.”

For a video wrap up and more photos from the weekend, visit alumni.gwu.edu/alumniweekend.
We Asked.

This summer, the Office of Alumni Relations asked all alumni: **how can we better serve you?** This is the fourth survey of its kind in the last 10 years, marketed on our website and via email and social media. Last time we asked for your input, you said you wanted an opportunity to network with the GW community – so we invested in growing the GWAA LinkedIn group, industry programming, and virtual networking opportunities. As before, we’ll include your feedback as we plan our future programs and services.

You Answered.

**SO WHAT’S NEXT? YOU TOLD US YOU WANT TO HEAR MORE ABOUT...**

- Career Services and Networking Programs
- Benefits of Being a GW Graduate
- GW’s Academic Growth

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- 60 current and former Fulbright scholars
- 70+ service-learning courses

**WHO TOOK THE SURVEY?**

- **2,800+ alumni** (half of whom graduated in the last 15 years)
- **50%** of respondents are graduate degree recipients
- **45%** undergraduate degree recipients
- **5%** dual degree
- **57%** of respondents are current or former donors
- **49%/51%**
- Alumni from around the world
  - **815** DC metro
  - **638** Northeast
  - **494** South & Midwest
  - **342** West Coast
  - **245** International

**Where can we improve?**

You want more opportunities for alumni to interact with students and faculty, and continued career development and professional networking programs. **We hear you!** Stay informed of new alumni events, programs, and benefits at alumni.gwu.edu.
**FROM THE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION**

**Fellow Colonials:**

By now you’ve probably heard the phrase “Colonials Helping Colonials” a few times. It’s how the GW Alumni Association expresses its philosophy that, as fellow graduates, we all have a responsibility and a desire to help one another succeed. It’s a powerful sentiment and one that I am grateful to our former GWAA president, Steve Frenkil, BA ’74, for encouraging us to be vocal about.

Now the GW Alumni Association is taking the notion of “Colonials Helping Colonials” a step further. At our fall meeting, the GWAA Board of Directors unanimously approved a proposal to create the Colonials Helping Colonials Fund. This endowed fund—part of the university’s groundbreaking “Making History” philanthropic campaign—will help provide financial assistance to students who wish to benefit from an unpaid internship but are unable to do so because they need to work to support themselves financially.

The program we will be supporting, the Knowledge in Action Career Internship Fund, was created in 2013 through the support of GW trustees, alumni and others and has become a popular resource. The number of students who would like to participate far outweighs the funds available.

Vice Provost and Dean of Student Affairs Peter Konwerski often says that “internships are GW’s football.” They are a defining characteristic of the GW experience: More than two-thirds of the undergraduate student body will participate in at least one internship during their GW years. I was one of those students. My internship on Capitol Hill taught me an incredible amount about our government—knowledge I could not have acquired in the classroom. I know that many of you have similar stories to tell.

Please consider joining us in supporting the Colonials Helping Colonials Fund. Visit go.gwu.edu/chcfund to learn more and to make a contribution. Your gift will help provide support for generations of GW students to come.

Hail to the Buff and Blue!

Jeremy Gosbee, BA ’98, MBA ’02
GWAA President, 2015–17
gwaa@gwu.edu

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**CLASS NOTES**

**corporate and securities practice group.**

**Ron Fricker, MS ’92,** is a professor and head of the Department of Statistics in the College of Science at Virginia Tech. Previously, he served as a professor in the Operations Research Department at the Naval Postgraduate School.

**Pam Jenoff, BA ’92,** wrote *The Last Summer at Chelsea Beach* (MIRA Books, July 2015), a poignant tale of love, redemption and survival, set against the backdrop of World War II.

**Gary Kravitz, JD ’93,** joined Maddin, Hauser, Roth & Heller as a senior attorney in the firm’s real estate, corporate and business, and franchise practice groups.

**Mehmood Kazmi, BA ’94,** a partner with Share Investment Company in Greenbelt, Md., was appointed to Virginia Tech’s Board of Visitors in the State Council of Higher Education.

**Jeremy Gosbee, BA ’98,** MBA ’02
GWAA President, 2015–17
gwaa@gwu.edu

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**This endowed fund ... will help provide financial assistance to students who wish to benefit from an unpaid internship but are unable to do so.**

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**Matt Katz, BA ’00,** and a team from WNYC radio won a Peabody Award for their coverage of New Jersey governor Chris Christie and the bridge scandal.

**Heather McKee Hurwitz, BA ’01,** received a PhD in sociology from the University of California—Santa Barbara on June 14. Dr. Hurwitz’s dissertation was titled, “The 51%: Gender, Feminism, and Culture in the Occupy Wall Street Movement.”

**Ryan Sutton, BA ’01,** won a James Beard award—the Craig Claiborne Distinguished Restaurant Review Award—for his work on Eater.com: “Artisanal—Everything Roberta’s Defies the Stereotypes,” "Once an Icon, Per Se is Showing Its Age” and “Six Reasons Why Cosme Is One of NYC’s Most Relevant New Restaurants.”

**Beth L. Weiss, BA ’01,** is a partner in Fox Rothschild’s litigation practice group, within the firm’s
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The maestro of the Musical Instrument Museum offers favorites from the collection.

April Salomon, MA ’07, dabbled in music as a kid and recently took up the ukulele. But if she wanted to learn to play a 10-string Peruvian guitar built from the hairy shell of an armadillo, or to plunk out a few notes on the piano John Lennon used to write “Imagine,” she would know where to find them.

In November 2014, Ms. Salomon became the executive director of the Musical Instrument Museum in Phoenix and the steward of more than 15,000 pieces from all eras and ends of the planet, from the Neolithic period to Taylor Swift. The 200,000-square-foot, desert-paleted modernist structure includes 80,000 square feet for exhibits and a 300-seat theater.

“The Musical Instrument Museum was one of the most unique opportunities that I had ever encountered,” she says. “I never imagined this for myself, but MIM is one of a kind and I consider it an extraordinary privilege to lead this institution.”

There are other music museums: There’s one in Brussels and, of course, the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame in Cleveland. But while the Brussels museum has a Western-instrument lean and the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame specializes in (surprise) rock and roll, the MIM does it all.

An interest in art history led to a career in museums for Ms. Salomon. (She says she’s never been especially musical.) Since starting at the MIM as executive assistant to the director and president in 2007, the year the museum was founded, she has worked her way up to the helm, overseeing a staff of 100 and 500 volunteers and a collection that has grown fivefold in as many years.

—Matthew Stoss
Alumni news

When I first learned I had been accepted to GW, attending seemed impossible due to the financial burden of tuition. But because of generous contributions of alumni like you, the scholarship I received has opened doors for me that I always dreamt about. Today I am pursuing a degree in biomedical engineering without worrying about the burdens of loans. Thank you for this opportunity.

-Nada Kamona, SEAS ’18

Please support students like me by making an annual gift today.

go.gwu.edu/give2gw
After arriving in Philadelphia in September, Pope Francis stops on the tarmac to kiss Michael Keating, a young boy with cerebral palsy.

tarmac for the arrival of the pope’s plane in Philadelphia. “I’m supposed to be objective but I’m like, ‘Oh my God, what has just taken place? It was so beautiful.’

Name a media entity—MTV, Fox News, Cosmo, People, The Huffington Post, even The Telegraph in London—there’s a good chance it’s called Joe Gidjunis recently. He even went live on a Philadelphia morning show for three minutes to talk about his Pope Francis photos. And his clients at JPG Photography? Mr. Gidjunis says they’re impressed. Kind of.

“My next shoot after the papal event,” Mr. Gidjunis says, “I went back to work and I had a wedding that same week, and everyone’s excited for you. They’re like, ‘Wow, you shot the pope, but what are you going to do for us?’”

Everything, it seems—even praise—has a caveat. That’s what Mr. Gidjunis is left to consider as he comes off the greatest success, in terms of distribution, of his more than 11-year photography career.

“If I ever get this attention again, it would be nice,” Mr. Gidjunis says. “It would show that I’m still creative and still producing something that not many others are doing. But to say for certain I would go viral again is anybody’s guess.”

Even after taking a photo that brought him to tears, Mr. Gidjunis had to poll the 25 or so other photographers on the tarmac to confirm whether they saw in the picture what he saw. “I’m looking at this photo and I’m like, ‘Is this a really good photo?’” Mr. Gidjunis says. “Or is it just a really good photo because I was there?”

So what has he learned from his brush with fame? If anything, Mr. Gidjunis is more confused. While grateful for the attention, he’s overwhelmed by the experience and its abruptness, by what it means for his business and his craft. Months later, he’s still just trying to sort it out.

“No one has been calling me because I took a picture of the pope,” Mr. Gidjunis says, laughing. “No one’s been like, ‘I want to give you money right now.’ None of that happens. So you have to go back to, ‘I’m here to serve. I’m going to make their [wedding] day amazing, make them feel great and do my job as best as possible.’”

As for what makes a picture go viral? Mr. Gidjunis has some theories but really...

“I couldn’t tell you,” he says.

—Matthew Stoss
Happenings

Chardonnay By the Bay

Malbec met braised duck mini tostadas, pinot noir found roasted pork tenderloin bruschetta, and sangiovese was introduced to autumn-spiced red beets on endive as more than 100 GW alumni, parents, prospective students and other guests also mingled during a November afternoon of food and wine pairings in San Francisco.

The event, sponsored by the Office of Alumni Relations, spotlighted the wines of the award-winning Selby Winery, owned by Susie Selby, MBA ’84, within the warm, wood- and red brick-tones of Forgery Bar, owned by John and Ann Marie Conover, parents of GW senior Madeline Conover.

The event came on the eve of the Fortune Global Forum (p. 15), Fortune magazine’s invitation-only conference of CEOs and other business leaders for which the GW School of Business served as the education partner.

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Knight on The Town

Ciarán Devane, MS ’06, is freshly knighted and at the helm of the influential British Council

“When you open the newspaper and see your name on that list, it feels unreal—it’s not something you can ever imagine will happen to you.”

That’s the way Ciarán Devane, MS ’06, describes the feeling of learning this past June that he was to be knighted by Queen Elizabeth II. The native Dubliner but longtime United Kingdom resident—who gave a lecture on campus this fall (see sidebar)—was selected for knighthood in recognition of his leadership of Macmillan Cancer Support, a British organization that he grew into one of the most recognized and impactful charities in the UK.

The loss of his wife to cancer in 2003 led Mr. Devane to pursue a new path after two decades as an engineer and consultant. “I always had an interest in international politics, and studying that discipline gave me a chance to recover from what was going on at the time and head off in a different direction,” he says.

He looked to a program in Washington because, he says, “that’s where the work is done.”

After GW, the path eventually led in 2007 to becoming chief executive of Macmillan Cancer Support, an organization for which Mr. Devane had a strong affinity following his wife’s illness.

At that time, it was an organization that had made significant contributions over its 100-year history. But Mr. Devane saw an even better organization wanting to get out. Under his leadership, Macmillan doubled the size of its reach and impact and moved increasingly beyond clinical care to place more emphasis on whole-person care: mind, body and spirit.

Mr. Devane says that his proudest accomplishment was overseeing development and dissemination of the “Nine Outcomes”—the nine issues that people with cancer in the UK say matter most to them.

“When my wife was ill with cancer and dying of it, she had the best possible support,” he says. “I wanted the next person diagnosed to get the care and support we got.”

In January 2015, after seven years at the helm, Mr. Devane left Macmillan to serve as chief executive of the British Council, an organization specializing in international educational and cultural opportunities.

Established in 1934 and receiving a royal charter in 1940, the British Council was created in response to global instability—Britain was suffering through a depression after the Wall Street Crash of 1929, and Russia, Italy, Spain and Germany all had extremist-driven regimes come to power. The organization aimed to create a “basis of friendly knowledge and understanding between the peoples of the UK and other countries,” he says.

And that mission is just as necessary today as it was at the organization’s founding, he says.

“The flip side of a connected world is that while there are opportunities for good to be done, there are also a lot of opportunities for bad things to happen,” he says, citing the threat of extremist groups and pointing out the parallel to the extremism in Europe leading up to World War II.

“Just as we saw extremism then, we are also seeing it today in organizations like ISIS,” Mr. Devane says. “A culture of understanding is one of our best tools against extremism, so there is a huge opportunity for organizations like ours to make an important contribution. It is all about giving people those opportunities to connect and better understand one another.” —Gray Turner, MPS ’11

At a November event, Mr. Devane emphasized “smart power” strategy to combat extremism. “This is not about economics alone, not about security alone,” he said. Traditionally people tend to divide into camps favoring either a military response, a diplomatic response or one that considers history, he said. “We have these three separate conversations, and then the person making the policy decision will pick A, B or C. The response actually needs to be all three.”

For more on this story, visit gwtoday.gwu.edu.

Kacy Sellers Lawrence, MPP ’10, joined the Virginia Tech graduate school as a data reporting and assessment administrator. She will collect, organize and analyze data and reports to support and strengthen decision-making and planning for the graduate school and the university.

Jared B. Brenner, BA ’11, has joined Wilmer Cutler Pickering Hale & Dorr as an associate in the firm’s New York office. Mr. Brenner will work in the corporate practice group on transactions for startups and technology companies.

Richard Davis, BA ’11, joined Hall, Render, Killian, Heath & Lyman as an attorney in the firm’s Milwaukee office.

Roberta Richardson, CERT ’11, presented at the 64th Annual International Hearing Society Convention and Expo, held in Orlando, Fla., from Sept. 10-12. She may be contacted for speaking engagements on health care quality and other topics at grr@gwmail.gwu.edu.

Sheri Byrne-Haber, MBA ’12, was named global accessibility program manager for McDonald’s in its San Francisco digital office. Ms. Byrne-Haber has dedicated the last 15 years to assisting people with disabilities in obtaining the goods and services that they are entitled to under the Americans with Disabilities Act, as well as the Individuals with Disabilities Act.

Jake Miner, BA ’12, joined the U.S. Department of State as a foreign service officer. Mr. Miner will start his first tour of duty as a political officer in May 2016 in New Delhi.

Cody Pennetti, CERT ’12, was named an associate in Dewberry’s Fairfax, Va., office. He specializes in site infrastructure design and has more than nine years of experience as a project civil engineer.

Jacob E. Thayer, BA ’13, graduated with a Master of Public Affairs from the Lyndon B. Johnson School of Public Affairs at the University of Texas-Austin. Mr. Thayer was also recognized by the U.S. Coast Guard out of a pool of 31,000 as the 2014 Auxiliarist of the Year.

Alexis Melchionne, BS ’14, joined Structura Inc. as a staff engineer in Rockville, Md. She will provide support on a variety of design projects, including the Landmark Mall Redevelopment and the Brightview Rockville Town Center.

AND WHAT ABOUT YOU? Submit your own class note, book or Artists’ Quarter update:

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IN MEMORIAM

Franklin P. Michels, AA ’43, BL ’48
July 6, 2015
McLean, Va.

Vincent H. D.Abbey, LLM ’51
June 15, 2015
Seattle, Wash.

Fred Samuelson, AA ’51, BA ’53
May 16, 2015
Ashland, Va.

Geraldine Smith Solberg, BL ’53
July 14, 2015

Norman F. Slenker, JD ’55
June 26, 2015
Hilton Head, S.C.

Christyna E. Mecca, BS ’60,
MS ’63, PhD ’69
July 7, 2015

George P. Stavros, JD ’61
Aug. 13, 2015
Ashland, Ky.

Floyd Loop, MD ’62
June 11, 2015

Robert L. Adams, MS ’70
July 23, 2015
Mableton, Ga.

Marion Pasteur Lelong, JD ’72
July 7, 2015
Falls Church, Va.

Gil Thurm, JD ’72, LLM ’74
July 31, 2014
Brookline, Mass.

Joyce L. Bartoo, JD ’81
July 18, 2015
Washington, D.C.

Diane Jean Stubbs, JD ’81
July 18, 2015
Annapolis, Md.

Lorraine R. Breitman–Eras, BA ’82
Nov. 1, 2014
Teaneck, N.J.

Jessica N. Ball, JD ’15
July 6, 2015

Faculty, Staff, Trustees

Ozgur Ekmecki, EdD ’05
Associate Professor and Interim
Chair of the Department of Clinical
Research and Leadership
Sept. 19, 2015
Sterling, Va.

Carlos Talbott
A World War II fighter pilot, retired Lt. Gen. Carlos Talbott, MA ’64, died Feb. 26 at age 95. Lt. Gen. Talbott served 34 years in the Air Force. As a P-47 pilot during WWII, he flew 96 combat missions. He served two tours in Vietnam as director of air operations, and in 1955 he won the Bendix Transcontinental Air Race.

Frank E. Petersen Jr.
Retired Lt. Gen. Frank E. Petersen Jr., BA ’67, MS ’73—the first black Marine Corps pilot and general—died Aug. 25 at age 83 from complications related to lung cancer. Lt. Gen. Petersen served 38 years after enlisting in 1950, flying more than 300 combat missions in Korea and Vietnam. He was the first African American to command a fighter squadron and was promoted to general in 1979.

A long-serving superintendent and a reformer of Washington, D.C., public schools, Floretta McKenzie, EdD ’85, died March 23 from complications related to Parkinson’s disease. She was 79. Dr. McKenzie was superintendent from 1981 to 1988 and oversaw a period of stability for the troubled D.C. school system.
Fluid Dynamics

As a child in the 1950s, Alexandra “Alex” Tolstoy created oil sketches of Rembrandts and of angels in Michelangelo paintings, “I started with something easy,” Dr. Tolstoy, BA ’68, MA ’72, jokes of the latter.

But at age 9 she hung up her brushes after deciding to focus on science. She had always planned to return to art, and she did—at 60 years old. A few years later, after retiring in 2012 from a career in ocean acoustics, which built upon her doctoral work in applied math, Dr. Tolstoy began to devote even more time to her art.

Starting again was a challenge. “As a kid, you just throw stuff out there, and it works,” she says. And she didn’t make it any easier by shifting to watercolors, a notoriously unforgiving medium in which colors can quickly get muddied.

Dr. Tolstoy’s technique might best be described as the Zen of watercolor. She talks of “letting the watercolor do all the work,” and being “free” and “standing back” from the materials. (Aficionados will want to know: She uses Arches paper, and Winsor & Newton paint—because it “granulates”—or sometimes gouache.)

Although she does wonder what her work would be like if she hadn’t taken a 51-year-hiatus, she says, “I’m glad I did science.” And she brings to painting a scientist’s curiosity and appreciation of results that can’t always be predicted.

“I tend to think of oil painting like chess. You make a move; there’s no randomness involved. It’s very cerebral, and that’s wonderful, but there’s a flipside,” she says. “If you play backgammon, you’ve got to throw the dice and you don’t really know what you’re going to get. To some extent, watercolor is like that. You have this sky that’s going on, but there’s a real element of randomness. And that, to me, makes it so much more interesting.”

—Menachem Wecker, MA ’09

Dr. Tolstoy’s art will appear in a solo exhibit at the Torpedo Factory in Alexandria, Va., in June 2016. To learn more about the artist, visit atolstoyart.com.
How To Sound Smart About Architecture ...

And impress friends, significant others, your parents who didn’t want you to get that liberal arts degree

Ever wanted to sound smart about architecture but without learning all that math and buying drafting tools? Us, too. So we asked Sarah Groesbeck, MA ’10, to help us cheat a little. She is a D.C.-based architectural historian at Louis Berger, a global architecture, engineering and construction firm, where she specializes in historic preservation. She also evaluates buildings for the National Register of Historic Places.

Ms. Groesbeck took time out from all that to give us a crash course in common architectural styles. Here is a handy, illustrated guide so, like George Costanza, you, too, can pretend you’re an architect. —Matthew Stoss

**Googie**
*Ships Coffee, Culver City, Calif.*

**Defined by:** kitsch; neon; geometric shapes; Atomic/Space Age influence and imagery; common for motels, diners, gas stations, bowling alleys

**Context:** Flamboyant and fun, it’s meant to get your attention and is tied to the culture of Route 66. It’s also a favorite of Ms. Groesbeck.

**Queen Anne**
*You think it’s Victorian ... but it’s not*

**Defined by:** asymmetry; complicated rooflines; towers; porches; gingerbreading

**Context:** “Victorian” is an era, not an architectural style, but if someone describes a house as “Victorian,” they probably mean Queen Anne.

**Second Empire**
*Eisenhower Executive Office Building, Washington, D.C.*

**Defined by:** mansard roof; dormer windows; molded cornice below the roofline

**Context:** It’s named for the Second French Empire, which lasted from 1852 to 1870. The Second Empire style stayed popular for another 10 years or so.

**Craftsman**
*Every bungalow you’ve ever seen*

**Defined by:** low-pitched roofs; porch; horizontal lines; solid columns (often stone) in front

**Context:** A uniquely American style, it’s name comes from the Arts and Crafts movement in the late 19th century, which rejected anything that looked mass-produced.

**Colonial Revival**
*Woodrow Wilson House, Washington, D.C.*

**Defined by:** symmetry; plain facades; centered, decorative doorways; often brick

**Context:** It’s everywhere, typically residential, and came into vogue around 1876 as a result of the nation’s centennial. Ms. Groesbeck jokes that “it’s the style that won’t quit.”
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<td>vs. LA SALLE</td>
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<td>12:00 PM</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>FEB. 24</td>
<td>at Richmond</td>
<td>ASN</td>
<td>7:00 PM</td>
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<tr>
<td>FEB. 27</td>
<td>vs. VCU</td>
<td>NBCSN</td>
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<tr>
<td>MAR. 1</td>
<td>vs. GEORGE MASON</td>
<td>ASN</td>
<td>8:00 PM</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MAR. 5</td>
<td>at Davidson</td>
<td>NBCSN</td>
<td>3:30 PM</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>WOMEN’S BASKETBALL</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>JAN. 3</td>
<td>at Saint Joseph’s</td>
<td>CBSSN</td>
<td>3:00 PM</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>JAN. 6</td>
<td>vs. RHODE ISLAND</td>
<td>NBCSN</td>
<td>12:00 PM</td>
</tr>
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<td>JAN. 10</td>
<td>at Dayton</td>
<td>CBSSN</td>
<td>2:00 PM</td>
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<tr>
<td>JAN. 17</td>
<td>at Duquesne</td>
<td>ESPNU</td>
<td>12:00 PM</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>FEB. 14</td>
<td>vs. DAYTON</td>
<td>ESPNU</td>
<td>12:00 PM</td>
</tr>
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ASN: Visit americansportsnet.com/schedule for local listings

Home or away, the Colonials always have the advantage thanks to the support of Buff & Blue Fund donors. Be a part of this winning team.

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