

YALE 1963
AT 55
IN MEMORIAM SERVICE
BATTELL CHAPEL JUNE 2, 2018

OBITUARIES, EULOGIES AND REMEMBRANCES

"How Bright Through Memory's Haze"

Dedicated with reverence and respect,
to the classmates who have departed us,
since our In Memoriam Service in Battell Chapel
at our 50th reunion in 2013.



*"If tomorrow starts without me,
don't think we are far apart...
For every time you think of me,
I am right here in your heart."*

*"And if tomorrow starts without you,
I will know we are not far apart.
For every time I think of you,
You are right here in my heart."*

The Yale Class of 1963 expresses its profound gratitude and appreciation to our classmate Jon H. Larson for his work in formatting and producing this In Memoriam Book, and for maintaining the Class of 1963 Website upon which it is based.



Arons, Daniel L. - August 6, 2014

Ashcraft, Darrel E. - March 17, 2014

Batten, Michael E. - May 5, 2015

Billings, Stephen Robb - July 1, 2015

Bowen, John Canada III - May 13, 2013

Bramley, Christopher Wilson - October 5, 2016

Brodsky, Louis Daniel - June 16, 2014

Budding, David W. - January 5, 2018

Buxton, Ernest Perry III, M.D. - March 15, 2015

Christie, Thomas F. Jr. - February 3, 2016

Elkus, Christoper James - July 16, 2014

Ellis, David Heath - January 28, 2015

Erekson, Edward A. "Ed" - May 30, 2009

Gildehaus, Thomas A. - March 10, 2014

Gilfillan, Edward Smilth III - December 14, 2017

Gilmore, Michael T. "Timo" - March 3, 2014

Glass, Joseph C. III - February 25, 2016

Godfrey, Peter Stokes - January 8, 2015

Greenberg, Robert A. - March 4, 2013

Harrah, Richard French - May 12, 2015

Hoff, John C. - June 3, 2017

Holcomb, Harry Sherman, II - September 19, 2013

Hopper, Richard Magnus - January 2, 2016

Hsia, Sven Erik - February 13, 2016

Hunt, Walter A. - May 27, 2016

Hyde, Joseph Harold - February 6, 2017

Irwin, John K. "Jack" - November 23, 2015

Jacunski, Richard N. - September 24, 2013

Keyworth, George A. - August 23, 2017

Johnson, Charles "Chuck" - September 5, 2013

Kneeland, Yale III. - August 24, 2014

Knight, Robert E. - August 13, 2016

Lane, Richard Harris "Harry" - July 9, 2013

Laub, Roger - November 4, 2015

Letcher, Frank Scott - December 17, 2015

Livingston, Robert - September 8, 2016

Lucas, John Mitchell - January 18, 2018

MacKenzie, David J. - March 3, 2015

Mason, Edwin T. - January 17, 2013

Miller, McCook "Cookie" Willis Jr. - September 12, 2017

Neubert, Richard Norman - October 14, 2010

Nichols, Robert H. II - November 22, 2013

Palmer, Mark M.H. (Robie) - January 28, 2013

Parker, Stephen Baillie - April 25, 2015

Phipps, Ogden Mills - April 6, 2016

Rasche, Robert - June 2, 2016

Reinhardt, James O. - August 16, 2016

Rewis, Richard Smart - January 25, 2015

Rogers, Bryan - May 30, 2013

Saltus, Seymour - July 14, 2017

Seamans, Richard Chandler - September 27, 2015

Smith, Frederick - August 11, 2017

Stevens, Jerald L. - September 5, 2014

Stifler, William C. III - November 27, 2015

Stirlen, William - June 19, 2013

Tabor, James 'Kimo' - February 3, 2016

Teitz, Richard - June 19, 2017

Tomain, Robert Francis - August 1, 2015

Truebner, Peter Louis - January 23, 2015

Ware, James H. - April 26, 2016

Wikler, Joseph Martin - September 19, 2014

Wilberding, Stephen - June 7, 2016

Wilmotte, James H. - April 25, 2016

Wood, Peter Jennings - September 5, 2014



Daniel L. Arons



Daniel L. Arons, Dr. Daniel L. Age 72, of Cambridge and Wellfleet, formerly of Newton, on Wednesday, August 6, 2014. For 46 years, he was the beloved husband of Dr. Elissa (Beron) Arons. Loving father of Rebecca Arons and her husband Eric Fastiff, Dr. Dara Arons & her husband Jeremy McDiarmid, and Abigail Arons & her partner Matthew Bennett. Cherished grandfather of Eli and Tessa Fastiff and Hazel, Leah, and Rose McDiarmid. Dear uncle of Edward and Zachary. Dr. Arons was a dedicated and caring physician and teacher. Remembrances may be made to Massachusetts General Hospital Cancer Center, 55 Fruit St, Boston, MA 0211

from Richard Rosenfeld:

A week before Dan died, I wrote him, "You have been so important to my life, kind of a redeemer of my past."

The past to which I referred was my time at Yale.

My Yale undergraduate experience had been positive in many respects, but it had also been very flawed, due in large part to my own emotional deficits. In consequence of this, as of fifteen years after graduation, I had never returned to Yale, nor made any donations to the alumni fund or otherwise. In my own mind, I had left my Yale experience far behind.

Dan Arons changed all this. Persuading me that I should reconsider my relationship to Yale, Dan got me to join him and other classmates at one of Dan's pre-game tailgate parties by the Harvard Boat House on the Charles River. I had a great time and decided to reconsider my relationship with Yale. Rosenfeld Hall was just one consequence of this.

From his medical practice to his relationship with family and friends, Dan's life was a life in service to others. As a beneficiary of his kindness and his friendship, I will never forget him.

from Philip Boyle:

It is with profound sadness that I inform you that our Board colleague, Dan Arons, died earlier this week of esophageal cancer after an 18 month battle. He was a true friend and a very gentle man. Dan was on our Board from 2002-2005 and was an important contributor to our work for Yale. He has a long resume of volunteer activity for Yale, following his graduation from Yale College in 1963 and the Yale Medical School in 1967. His Yale pedigree reaches back to his father ('25) and uncle ('18), as well as two of his three daughters

('96 & '99).

Dan was a primary care physician at the Massachusetts General Hospital for his entire career in medicine, seeing his patients right up to 10 days before his death. He held a teaching appointment at the Harvard Medical School. He and his wife of 46 years, Elissa, also a physician, lived in Newton for many years before recently moving to Cambridge.

We will miss Dan immensely. The world is a far better place because of him.

RIP Dan Arons.

from Ron Sampson:

I got to know Dan best in the context of Yale activities after graduation. He was always willing to pitch in, whatever the issue, and his counsel was invariably deliberate, thoughtful and on the mark. At the recent memorial service for him one of his daughters recounted that he had the same considered, practical and loving approach to dealing with family: prospective sons-in-law were judged in part on how competent they were in operating a dishwasher, and all three daughters were helpfully admonished: "Girls don't burp at the dinner table!" Our class will miss his kind presence and good counsel. Ron

from Hank Higdon:

I remember seeing Dan on January 8 in Boston when I called him on one of my frequent business trips there and said I wanted to stop by and see him in Cambridge in the afternoon, which I did. We thus spent slightly more than one hour in his relatively new magnificent apartment overlooking the Charles River and the Harvard playing fields. I felt I was in heaven. Dan had christened the apartment in November of 2012, by hosting many of his friends and classmates there, after a Yale/Harvard game. This of course followed his traditional tailgate on the river before the game which would require him to show up at about 6:00am to claim his traditional spot between the boathouse and the bridge, and immediately across from the stadium.

Dan had just closed on the apartment a day or two before that game in 2012 and thus it had zero furniture in it, but it was still a beautiful setting for the post-game cocktail party. The apartment on the day of my visit earlier this year, of course, was fully furnished, absolutely elegant, and was the space where Dan had hoped to spend his future years with his bride, Elissa.

It was a wonderful visit with Dan and when I left he rode down on the elevator with me to say good-bye. He also made sure I did not leave empty-handed and insisted that I take with me a book on the history of Yale football, which he had had forever, as well as an empty wine bottle, which memorialized a Yale/Harvard get-together at the Harvard Club of Boston in honor of Carm Cozza. It has an appropriate Yale/Harvard label and Dan thought I would treasure it more than he did. He was right. I will treasure it forever.

from Robert Barker:

Dan always seemed an island of calm in a sea of turmoil. He had a wonderful, gentle sense of humor, and a gritty stoicism that served him well even as his illness progressed. After graduation our paths crossed occasionally, but not often enough, and each encounter ended with my hoping that we see each other soon. It's hard to accept that 'soon' will never come.

from Mike Skol:

I didn't know Dan at Yale. As with so many of my classmates, we met years later at a reunion (a priority reason to keep going every five years). When Claudia & I discovered that not only did Dan and Elissa have an apartment in Manhattan (only blocks away from ours), but also a house on Cape Cod (a few towns distant, but not that far from ours), the friendship was joined and we saw each other with some frequency. A great couple, always gracious. I remember Dan perhaps best as consistently kind, acutely sensitive to others' feelings (I even found it tough to argue with him about politics: he was so polite in the face of my [occasional] diatribe, that I had to take rhetorical steps backward.) Claudia adds that, whenever she talked with him, she had the feeling that he was listening intently to what she was saying (and not thinking about what he would say next). A great doctor, I assume, carries that bedside manner everywhere.

from Bucky Buxton:

I lived across the hall from Dan in Bingham Hall during Freshman Year. We then roomed together for the next three years in Silliman, along with Kit Wilcox and Ron Alessio (now Allison), across the hall from Bob Barker, Steve Wilson, John Helming, and Kit Sheridan. The eight of us tended to socialize together and had many memorable (and other) good times. I remember Dan being conscientious, articulate, even-tempered, friendly, fun, fit, and very Yale-spirited (see Phillip Boyle's Remembrance regarding his Yale family history).

I saw Dan only every few years since then, mainly during my periodic visits to Boston for Harvard medical update courses and recent Yale reunions. He and Lisa (Elissa) were invariably hospitable and kind, and my wife G.G. and I enjoyed keeping up with reports of our families, etc. We kept up a telephone correspondence for the past 2-3 years about our respective medical conditions. Last month we were fortunate to visit Dan and Lisa and most of their extended family at their wonderful Cape Cod home, which was a poignant and very special experience.

I agree with all the previous Remembrances regarding Dan's character and nature. Warm, calm, wise, humorous, sympathetic, caring, dedicated. He loved his practice, his teaching, his friends, Yale, and his family.

from Avi Nelson:

Dan was quiet and sensitive and of gentle bearing but passionate and resolute about those things that were important to him.

from Carter V. Findley:

Dan Arons was the kind of man who made me glad I went to Yale.

I did not know Dan well at Yale. I certainly knew who he was, and seeing his graduation photo on the memorial website brings back instant recognition. I got to know him better later, mostly through the reunions. At one of the reunions, probably '03, he and some other docs organized a panel on women's health issues. My wife and I attended, and we both later followed up on a preventive measure that Dan, specifically, recommended. I remember thinking how thoughtful it was at a Yale reunion, not otherwise noted for being crowded with events designed for women, to have this panel. On another occasion, Dan contacted me to ask if one or more of his

daughters could stop over with us in Ohio on her way back from the west coast. Of course, we said yes. I always tell my bicoastal friends that if they ever come out to flyover country, they are bound to run into us, and we'd love to see them. This is one time it happened. Dan's daughter Dara and my daughter were classmates (Y '96), and I think they actually saw more of each other than Dan and I had at Yale. The main point: people like Dan make me glad that even I was able to go to Yale.

Darrel E. Ashcraft



Darrel E. Ashcraft, 72, of East Taunton, MA died peacefully in his sleep on March 17, 2014.

He had spent the previous weekend doing many of his favorite things: celebrating with his family, singing in church, watching the Red Sox, and reading. Darrel/Dad/Grampy will be missed by wife Linda, son Jeremy, daughter-in-law Tedra, treasured grandchildren Cooper and Ellie, extended family members, and friends.

Darrel kept buckeyes displayed on a bookshelf as a reminder of Cincinnati, Ohio where he was born and raised by his parents Hilda and Virgil Ashcraft. Jeremy has referred to his dad as a Renaissance man, and in many ways this was true: Darrel studied History, Religion, and Library Science.

He earned degrees from Yale, Concordia Seminary, Stanford University, and Simmons College and was usually surrounded by books. During his lifetime, he taught religion at a high school and junior college, served as a Lutheran minister, and worked as a reference librarian. Darrel also loved to sing in choirs, and he particularly enjoyed his role as Asher in a church production of "Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat".

Another memorable experience was as a chorus member for "The Magic Flute" at Stanford. In addition to choral music, Darrel appreciated organ music and had recently subscribed to a journal of organ builders.

Darrel and Linda lived in Mainz, Germany for almost three years where Darrel was a student at The Institute for European History. In addition to travels to other countries while there, the best thing that happened was the birth of Jeremy, who was his dad's pride and joy. Highlights of other special trips included communing at the garden of Gethsemane in Jerusalem, attending Evensong in cathedrals in London, swimming with dolphins in Bermuda, and cheering for the Red Sox at Spring Training in Sarasota, FL. Since retirement, Darrel delighted in leisure activities with neighbors in Powhattan Village.

Although Darrel dealt with a variety of medical issues, he was nonetheless quite positive and didn't complain. He knew his life had been filled with blessings. The family requests contributions to Bread for the World 425 3rd Street SW, Suite 1200 Washington, DC 20024 (www.bread.org) or a charity of your choice.

Michael E. Batten



Batten, Michael E. Age 75, passed away Wednesday, May 6, 2015 at his residence.

Michael was born in Racine, April 14, 1940, son of the late John and Katherine (Nee Vernet) Batten. On July 6, 1963 at St. Mark's Episcopal Church in Milwaukee he was united in marriage to Gloria E. Strickland.

He earned a Bachelor of Arts degree from Yale University and Masters of Business Administration from Harvard University. Mike worked at Twin Disc, Inc. for forty-three years, serving as its chief executive officer for thirty years.

Upon his retirement in 2013, Mike continued to serve as Chairman. Prior to Twin Disc, Mike was an Account Executive with Ted Bates & Company in New York. Mike held directorships with Walker Forge, Hypro Inc. and Racine Commercial Airport Corporation. Former directorships at: Briggs & Stratton Corporation, Sensient Technologies Corporation, Firstar Corporation and Simpson Industries.

His civic activities included: Past Chairman and Director of Racine County Workforce Development Board, Past member of Forward Racine, Corporation Director of Milwaukee School of Engineering, Former Chairman and Director of Junior Achievement of Racine, Former Chairman and Director Greater Racine Committee, Former Chairman and Director Racine Area Manufacturers & Commerce, Former Chairman & Director Racine County Economic Development Corporation, Former Director, The Prairie School. He received the following awards: Trustee Emeritus Racine United Way Heritage Award, Leadership Racine Community Trustee Award, Sam Johnson Volunteer Award, Racine Business Person of the Year, Junior Achievement National Gold Leadership Award, and Racine Citizen of the Year Award.

His professional Associations included: Manufacturers Alliance for Productivity & Innovation, Board of Trustees Society of Automotive Engineers, Member National Association of Manufacturers, Director, Public Expenditure Survey of Wisconsin and Former Director Equipment Manufacturers Institute and Former Member. Mike's passions in life were spending time with his family and friends in Northern Wisconsin, being a part of the lives and careers of Twin Disc's global employees and traveling the world with Gloria on new photo safaris. Retiring away from Racine was never an option.

Mike's first home was in Racine, and he always knew that his final one would be as well. There are just too many people, both still with us and passed, who Mike would speak of fondly when promoting the many attributes of Racine.

He will be greatly missed by his loving wife of fifty-one years, Gloria; his children, John (Jane) Batten of Racine, Elizabeth (Dirk) Stribrny of Malvern, PA, Louise (Geoff) Crabb of Clarendon Hills, IL, Timothy Batten (fiancée,

Morgan Laske) of Racine; his ten grandchildren, Eleanor, Michael, and Elizabeth Batten, Sydney, Taylor, Madison, and Zachary Stribrny, Sophie, Jack, and Henry Crabb; sister, Linda Batten Barrington of Englewood, FL; brother-in-law, Joseph Strickland of Waccabuc, NY; and first cousins who came to live with his family after the death of their parents in 1957: Lisa (Bob) Murphy Charles, Ranchester, WY; Frank Nagle, Albuquerque, NM; Paul Nagle, Topeka, KS, and Peter Nagle, Cable, WI; nieces, nephews, other relatives and many dear friends. In addition to his parents, Mike was preceded in death by his brother, Peter Smith and cousin Raymond Murphy.

Stephen Robb Billings



The Rev. Stephen Robb Billings, 74, of Haverford, an Episcopal priest and advocate for those oppressed or in need, died Wednesday, July 1 of lymphoma at his vacation home in Falmouth, Mass. He had fought the disease since 2010.

The son of Elliot A. and Priscilla Robb Billings, Mr. Billings grew up in Coral Gables, Fla. He sensed he might be called to minister in the Episcopal Church, but initially dismissed the idea, feeling unworthy of such a calling. "Only later did he come to understand that it was not a matter of his worthiness but rather of God's purposes and Grace" he said in a biography prepared for his 50th reunion at Yale University.

As graduation from Yale drew near in 1963, Mr. Billings prepared for graduate school there but was nominated to receive a oneyear fellowship to the Episcopal Divinity School in Cambridge, Mass. A careful, deliberate man, Mr. Billings accepted the fellowship to test the vocation and never looked back. He graduated from Episcopal Divinity School in 1966 and underwent clinical pastoral education at Worcester State Hospital. That study laid the foundation for a fulfilling and challenging life as a priest starting in 1967.

Between 1966 to 2006, he served many local churches and agencies. He was curate at Church of the Messiah, assistant rector at St. Mary's Episcopal Church, Ardmore; executive director of Community Youth Services NGO (a drug and alcohol abuse prevention effort in Bryn Mawr); rector of the Church of the Holy Apostles and the Mediator, Philadelphia; and director of the department .of church and community ministries at Episcopal Community Services, the social services arm of the Diocese of Pennsylvania.

While holding these positions, he served as an associate chaplain at Children's Hospital of Philadelphia and the Institute of Pennsylvania Hospital as a part time therapist and also as a teacher of pastoral care. "He cared deeply about people and advocated for those who were oppressed or in need, recovering from addiction,

incarcerated, mentally ill, or marginalized," his family said. He received a postgraduate certificate in marital, family, and sex therapy from Marriage Council of Philadelphia (now Council for Relationships) and was a clinical member of the American Association for Marriage and Family Therapy. He served on the boards of Episcopal Community Services North Penn Visiting Nurse Association, Family Services of Montgomery County, Montgomery County Child Day Care Association, Florence Crittenton Services, Family Support Center, Red Cross Disaster Relief, and the Haverford Civic Association. While at Yale, he sang in the Glee Club and organized the club's 1963 European tour. In later years, he was active in reunions.

A member of Church of the Redeemer, Bryn Mawr, he enjoyed singing in the choir, teaching fourth and fifth grade Sunday school, serving on the Outreach Grants Committee, and participating in the African Children's Mission committee which he chaired. Since 2004, he had been engaged in the ministry to the poor in Malawi, AIDS orphans and others affected by HIV, malaria, and food shortages. He made mission trips to Malawi in 2005, 2007 and 2009.

He was an avid gardener, swimmer, and runner, and in earlier years was a bicyclist. It was routine for him to mow the lawn, trim the hedges in his yard, and then go for a run or swim. Along with his father and brothers, Mr. Billings raced sailboats on Biscayne Bay in Florida in the winter and on Buzzards Bay in Massachusetts in the summer. He was a lifelong member of the Quissett Yacht Club in Falmouth and taught sailing there. Handy around the house, he liked to do home repairs and repurpose found objects for creative, unexpected uses. He loved caring for his grandchildren and his pet dogs.

He is survived by his wife Barbara Morrison Billings; a daughter, Melissa J.; four grandchildren; three brothers; and many nieces and nephews. A daughter, Laura Elizabeth Billings, and a brother, Roger Billings, died earlier. His former wife, Charlotte Billings, survives.

Contributions may be made to Episcopal Relief and Development, Box 7058, Merrifield, Va. 22116; Episcopal Community Services, 225 S. Third St.; Philadelphia 19106; or African Children's Mission, Church of the Redeemer; 230 Pennswood Rd., Bryn Mawr, Pa. 19010.

from Charlie Dilks:

My involvement with Stephen was centered around Yale singing. We sang together for four years as undergraduates. In our senior year, we worked together as manager and assistant manager of the Yale Glee Club - not only for our year-long events but also on a European tour following graduation. We hooked up again on Stephen's return to Philadelphia after he had been ordained as an Episcopal minister. We teamed up to bring the Yale Glee Club to Philadelphia on three different occasions sponsored by the Yale Club of Philadelphia. We arranged all the logistics including housing for the undergraduate singers. Steve loved music and particularly choral music as well as helping others. He was dedicated, faithful and a tireless worker for those needy individuals with whom he came in contact. He had a long bout with his cancer but continued his connection with his friends and, for that matter, his Yale Class and Yale singing. In fact, our last event together was when he came to our Philadelphia/Yale Class Mini-Reunion and led the group in Bright College Years. He will be sorely missed!

from Jon Larson:

My involvement with Steve was centered around Calhoun College and our intramural crew where Steve was our coxswain. We had a good boat, some really big guys in the middle, and my own innate gift of good musical timing as the stroke setting the variable SPM (strokes per minute) pace cadence which compensated for my lack of physical bulk/power. We won our fair share of races with Steve "in charge" of the boat. Most if not all of

us had rowed in high school and Freshman year. Steve really enjoyed taking us out on the water. He was a stern task master. As stroke sitting right in front of Steve, he would communicate his recommendations and orders with us including windage, race strategy, and the stroke pace. As the "least tall" person in the shell, he took command and enjoyed harnessing eight "race horses" into a smooth oiled machine all pulling together with immense but controlled power and finesse. We enjoyed our time on the water together with Steve.

What Steve lacked in physical stature, he more than made up for with a deep voice and an engaging manner. Deeply principled, his inner strength and presence came through. I am grateful for the time we spent together at our 50th and for his relating to me his special challenges Freshman year at Yale making the adjustment to college life, roommates, and the Yale demands. Reading his obituary above reminds us all of how many "small people" he must have counselled over the years as he sought to minister to their needs. Another good Yale man taken before his time. Steve's passing now, of a big man in the true sense of the word, leaves us with yet another reminder that each day we are here together is a gift, not to be wasted.

from David Boren:

On July 1, we lost a very special member of the Class of 1963, the Reverend Stephen R. Billings. Steve was the best possible roommate, always thoughtful and kind and always there for Dale Hershey and for me when we needed him. He was that way for the rest of his life. Steve was a loving son, husband, father, uncle and brother. But his love did not stop with his family. He truly loved humanity. His actions as a pastor, advocate for the poor, the helpless, the mentally ill and children speak far more eloquently than any verbal description. He filled multiple posts for the Episcopal Dioceses of Pennsylvania. He was a rector for several congregations, a director of faith services, and a chaplain for the Children's Hospital of Pennsylvania.

Steve also loved Yale. As a former Glee Club member and manager he especially loved Yale's great singing tradition. For Steve singing meant beauty, inspiration, and good fellowship. Any time Bright College years is sung, Steve's spirit will be with us.

His beloved wife, Barbara, was constantly at his side during his last illness. He died peacefully at the vacation home in Falmouth, Massachusetts near the home where his parents had lived.

from Dale Hershey:

Steve Billings, David Boren, and I first met as freshmen in Mr. Tappan's French 10 class. We did not become instant French speakers, but we did quickly become friends. The three of us roomed together in Calhoun College as juniors and seniors. After graduation my friendship with Steve continued when we were both in Cambridge, he at the Episcopal Theological School and I at the law school.

Steve came from a large, active family--four brothers and a sister. The family home was near Falmouth on the Cape. I spent a happy Thanksgiving there and made other trips, sometimes biking and sailing. Steve was precise about small things; for example, his shoes were always perfectly shined. He had a special shining technique. I always think of him on those rare occasions when I shine my own. Somehow, with his large family orientation and his capabilities with all tasks, Steve always found himself in a large group of people, interrelating, laughing, and working toward some useful goal. So he sat in the shell of the Calhoun College crew, using his strong voice as coxswain. And he was a manager of the Yale Glee Club, one of his lifelong passions.

At Yale Steve rarely hinted that he might seek orders in the Episcopal Church. He was a man of faith, but he was not doctrinaire. His manner was to act out his generosity, his strong desire to be useful in a worthy cause. It was clearly this impulse within him that led him to the ministry. In the end, the list of causes he adopted and

pursued successfully is staggering. He worked with organizations, but he also aided people one by one. He could calm and reassure and reconcile. He knew how to do practical things. He stepped in when these skills were most needed. His broad, friendly smile, along with wise counsel, could put anyone at ease.

Steve's "best friend," as John and Abigail Adams once used the term, was his wife Barbara. Throughout their marriage, Barbara has joined and sustained Steve in his all his work. Through the ups and downs of his long illness, Barbara was tireless in giving care and maintaining Steve's ties with his friends. She is an accomplished person who has always had her own commendable commitments. I do wish her the best.

John Canada Bowen III



John Canada Bowen III, a vascular and gastrointestinal surgeon for over 42 years, died at home on May 13, 2013, just before our 50th Reunion, at the age of 72.

Johnny had an extraordinarily successful career, serving with such distinction in the Army during the Vietnam War that he was awarded the Bronze Star. He was the Chair of the Department of Surgery at the Ochsner Clinic Foundation in New Orleans from 1993 to 2002.

In 2012, Ochsner presented him with its highest award, The Spirit of Leadership Lifetime Award. He was also awarded the Medal of Honor posthumously by the Society for Surgery of the Alimentary Tract.

He and his beloved wife Mimi lived in a fine house in New Orleans, where they welcomed visiting friends with lavish hospitality.

At the Memorial Service at our 50th Reunion, his Whiffenpoof colleague Dan Rowland remembered him as follows:

“Johnny ‘Slide Trom’ Bowen was a legendary member of the Whiffenpoofs of 1963. Though he had no musical training, he tried out for the Baker’s Dozen by singing Elvis’ version of ‘Love Me Tender’. Johnny had an absolutely sensational natural voice, singing the biggest solos for both the BDs and the Whiffs, most famously the Whiff arrangement of ‘Slap That Bass.’”

If he was a stranger to the insular world of Yale singing, he was our portal to the wider world outside of Yale, where his strikingly handsome presence, self-confidence, and savor-faire impressed everyone he met, including most famously Princess Grace at a post-concert reception in Monaco.

Johnny's outsized and completely generous personality was an even greater contribution to our Whiff group than was his magnificent voice.

As we gather for our 50th Reunion, Johnny's so-recent death leaves a gaping hole in the hearts of all of his Whiff colleagues, our families, and all of his classmates."

Christopher Wilson Bramley



Christopher Wilson Bramley passed away on October 5, 2016 in Westborough, MA, following a six-month battle with leukemia. He was surrounded by his loving family.

Chris was a long-time resident of Westborough, and a graduate of Lawrence Academy, Yale University, and the University of Chicago Graduate School of Business.

He spent his long professional career in the banking industry. He rose to the senior executive level, holding positions as Chief Executive Officer of Shawmut Community Bank, Safety Fund National Bank, and TD Banknorth Massachusetts. A director of numerous professional organizations, including the Massachusetts Bankers Association, Chris served as President of the Massachusetts Housing Investment Corporation.

Over the course of three decades, Chris was a leader and supporter of the Boy Scouts of America at both the local and council levels. He served on the boards of many nonprofit organizations. Throughout his life, Chris loved his time on the golf course, and was an exceptionally accomplished golfer.

A devoted family man, Chris also loved hiking, fishing, traveling, and spending time with his wife, children, and grandchildren. He is survived by his beloved wife of nearly 52 years, Charlotte (Price) Bramley, his children Christopher, Jr., Candice (Silverberg), Craig, and Curtis, and several grandchildren.

Louis Daniel L.D. Brodsky



Louis Daniel “L.D.” Brodsky died on June 16, 2014 in his home in St. Louis, MO.

L.D. was born and grew up in St. Louis, where he attended St. Louis Country Day School. Besides his academic excellence, he was an all-around athlete, playing varsity football, varsity soccer, and varsity baseball, and serving as President of the Athletic Association in his senior year.

L.D. earned a B.A. in Spanish, magna cum laude, at Yale in 1963, where he played freshman soccer and rowed crew all four years, earning the Major Y Award and Numerals. He received an M.A. in English from Washington University in 1967, and an M.A. in creative writing from San Francisco State University in 1968.

L.D.’s passion for writing poetry began in 1963, and over his career he wrote close to 12,000 poems and authored 83 volumes of poetry, which garnered praise from Maya Angelou, Elie Wiesel, and many other notable authors. He also wrote 25 volumes of prose, including nine books of short fiction. In 1988, he founded Time Being Press (later Time Being Books), a publishing company specializing in poetry.

His final endeavor was writing *The Words of My Mouth and The Meditations of My Heart* (Time Being Books, 2014), chronicling his year-plus-long journey living with brain cancer.

In addition to his writing, L.D. was a leading William Faulkner expert, authoring nine books of scholarship on Faulkner and amassing, over a 30-year period, one of the four largest collections of William Faulkner materials in the world. In 1988, he transferred ownership of his collection to Southeast Missouri State University and continued to serve as curator of the collection, developing it on behalf of the university.

Although L.D.’s writing and collecting brought him great joy, his greatest accomplishments in life, he said, were his daughter and son, Trilogy Mattson and Louis Daniel Troika Brodsky III.

David W. Budding



David W. Budding, 76, of Westborough, passed away on Friday, January 5, 2018 at the Metrowest Medical Center in Framingham.

He was the husband of Martha M. (Mirly) Budding.

Born in Quincy, he was the son of the late John and Isabel (Nickerson) Budding. He was educated at the Cathedral Choir School at St. John the Divine in Manhattan and at South Kent School in South Kent, CT. He graduated from Yale University and earned his graduate degree at Columbia University.

David taught history at Hampton Institute in Virginia, then worked on education policy issues at the national level, first at the U.S. Office of Education, then at the National Institute for Education. Following his time in Washington, he worked at ABT Associates in Cambridge on housing policy and spent the later part of his career building and managing medical databases with Tufts Medical Center, Lifespan and Perot Systems.

David was a passionate gardner and most of all loved music which gave him the greatest joy in his life and connected him with his beloved wife, Marti. He has been a resident of Westborough since 2015 previously living in Ashland, Medfield and Lexington.

In addition to his wife he is survived by four children, Lauren Budding and her husband, Pieter Cohen, of Brookline, Anthony Budding and his wife, Jamie, of Santa Cruz, CA, Jeffrey Berndt and his wife, Kristin, of Ojai, CA and Nathan Berndt and his wife, Malka, of Lexington; a brother-in-law, Frank Kemp of Darien, CT and ten grandchildren, Kaila Lopez, Austin Cohen Sophia Cohen, Niels Cohen, Tyler Berndt, Erik Berndt, Kendell Berndt, Edie Berndt, Colin Sprague and Mason Sprague. He was the brother of the late Judith Kemp.

Donations in his memory may be made to Garden in the Woods, 180 Hemenway Rd., Framingham, MA 01701.

Ernest Perry Buxton III, M.D.



NEWPORT NEWS - Ernest Perry Buxton, III M.D. died March 15, 2015, age 73, in Newport News, Virginia of pancreatic cancer. He was born September 12, 1941, in Richmond, Virginia, son of the late Dr. Ernest Perry Buxton, Jr. and the late Anna Heath Williams Buxton, both of Richmond.

He was predeceased by his sister Jane Buxton Paddock. Dr. Buxton graduated from St. Christopher's Episcopal School in Richmond, Yale University, and the University of Virginia School of Medicine. He did postgraduate medical training at Vanderbilt University, University of North Carolina, and Duke University medical centers. He was proud to have brought the subspecialty of Gastroenterology to Newport News and started the gastrointestinal laboratory at Riverside Hospital in 1974.

With Dr. John R. Stephens he founded Peninsula Gastroenterology in 1976 and practiced his subspecialty in Newport News until his retirement in 2007. He survived and recovered considerably from a serious cervical spine injury in 2011. In addition to numerous medical organizations, he was a member of St. Andrew's Episcopal Church and the Warwick Rotary Club, and served on the Board of Directors of the Peninsula Fine Arts Center.

Besides his devotion to his family, other interests included international travel, golf (especially with G.G. and with his grandson, Trip Gilmore), studying history and science, and classical music, especially opera. He is survived by his wife of 50 years, Georgia (G.G.) Saunders Buxton, of Newport News, his daughters Georgia Saunders Buxton Barnes and her husband Larry of Raleigh, NC, Elizabeth Buxton Qualls and her husband Todd of Cary, NC, and Courtney Buxton Gilmore and her husband Spencer of Newport News, his grandchildren Georgia Shepard Barnes, Anne Lassiter Barnes, John Spencer Gilmore, III, Carter Buxton Gilmore, Elliott Buxton Qualls, and step-grandson Joshua Thomas Qualls. He is also survived by his sister Anna (Anne) Buxton Blabey and her husband Richard of Cooperstown, NY, and their children Tom Blabey, Margaret Young and Anna Smith, and by his late sister Jane's children, Virginia Shaw and Guy Paddock. Memorial gifts, if desired, may be made to St. Andrew's Episcopal Church, Warwick Rotary Club, Peninsula Fine Arts Center, the Golf Museum at James River Country Club or the Mariners' Museum.

from Steve Wilson:

June 2, 2018 Battell Chapel

Yale Class of 1963 – 55th Reunion In Memoriam Service

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Bucky was a wonderfully kind and trusting individual. His patients and friends could not say enough nice things about him. While others accomplished their achievements with ambition and taking command, Bucky led with a soft, courteous and caring disposition. His wife of almost 50 years was the light of his life. He dealt with some awful adversity and always smiled his way through it. As an example, he fell when getting out of bed for a bathroom visit and broke his neck rendering himself paraplegic. Through considerable will power he completed an extensive rehabilitation to return to playing golf. Just as he was getting to enjoy retirement without a visit to the rehab clinic, he was struck with this horrible, quickly terminal cancer of the pancreas.

Steven K. Wilson, MD, FACS, FRCS
Editor-In-Chief ISSM Video Journal of Prosthetic Urology

from Bob Barker:

A few days ago Ron Allison honored me by asking me to write a note in honor of Bucky Buxton. I feel inadequate for the job but here goes: Bucky was, as am I, a gastroenterologist, who appears to have suffered the misfortune of beating me to the finish line by dying of pancreatic cancer. Of the eight of us who inhabited the double quads at Silliman, Dan Aron appears to have come in first.

As you may know, Dan was also a physician. In addition to Bucky, Dan, and me, Steve Wilson and Ron Allison also went into medicine. Somehow I feel that this does not bode well for us surviving M.D.s. Bucky was not just a 'Southern gentleman,' but a gentleman in the best sense of the word. He maintained a modest, quiet, unassuming, and gentle demeanor. His attire was always appropriate, as was his language.

The love and respect with which he was beheld by his family is reflected in letters sent by his daughter to keep us apprised of the course of his illness and suggest that the kindness and consideration for others which he exhibited in public, were practiced at home as well. We will all miss him.

Thomas F. Christie Jr.

Thomas F. Christie, Jr., 76, passed away peacefully at Stamford Hospital on Wednesday, February 3, 2016.

He was born on December 28, 1939 in Mount Vernon, NY, to the late Thomas F. Christie and Dorothea Brancard Christie.

He graduated from Yale University in 1963 and served as a Naval officer and aviator for five years before starting a long career as a banker.

He is survived by his wife Gail Hashagen Christie, his sons, Thomas Christie (wife Monica) and Peter Christie (wife Melanie), three grandsons, Jonathan Christie, David Christie and Colin Christie, his sister Martha Christie Nash (husband James), brother-in-law, John Hashagen (wife Huntly), and three loving nieces.

Donations in memory of Thomas F. Christie may be made to Disabled American Veterans, P.O. Box 14301, Cincinnati, OH 45250-0301.

Tom led an extraordinary life. And we're here today to remember and celebrate that life, a life that endures through his *family* that was the center of his universe, his many *interests*, and his *friends*.

I treasure our friendship. We first met, sopping wet, as lifeguards and swimming instructors at the New Haven YMCA in 1962. Wet or dry, our friendship was close, and has endured over five plus decades and long distances.

Tom was multi-talented and brilliant. In college he held a national merit scholarship, played football, soccer, baseball, and was on the freshman swimming team. He played the guitar and sang in the Freshman Chorus, Apollo Glee Club, and the Augmented Seven.

I was a witness to love at first sight – of Tom being hit by a gigantic lightning bolt. His singing group, the Augmented Seven, had performed at a freshman mixer at Smith. He saw this stunning 17 year old, two weeks into her freshman year. He was transfixed. He contrived to leave his guitar behind to have an excuse to see her again. They started dating and Tom was overwhelmed by her.

Scholarship students were not allowed to own cars. Tom got a sports car and hid it a few blocks from campus so he could rocket up to Smith. So by 19 Gail found herself not a college sophomore or junior but a navy wife.

So many stories about the wonderful Tom Christie. When he took me for a ride in his new sports car. Ignoring that it was night and raining, he turned out the lights, put the top down, and in the storm blindly drive us around and through the bushes around Yale Bowl...Tom learning to fly while an undergraduate and having the engine of his plane cut out over Manhattan. As he thought about gliding into Yankee Stadium, he remembered to switch from the empty gas tank to the full one...in the navy managing to pilot a 30 year old transport with a young ensign sticking his head into the cockpit, gesturing to the rear. Finally, what is it? Tom snapped. F,f,f fire!

Almost ten years after college, Tom honored Jo Anne and me by becoming our best man. And in typical Tom fashion, he was superb at it. He knew that we would kneel at the altar in our Catholic service. So before the ceremony he spit shined the soles of my shoes, so that everything would be perfect. He also gave me a special wedding present. A Springfield model 1906 bolt action military rifle. I think the statute of limitations has expired, so I can share that Tom stole the rifle from ROTC. I treasure it.

Tom came home from Vietnam with a chest full of medals. And he and his beloved Smith freshman built a wonderful life together. As the years went by, he saw his Gail as the extraordinary confident, complete, caring, connected core of the family and their lives and the family grew, first with the two wonderful young men of whom he was so proud, Tom and Peter. And then the smart and caring Monica and Melanie. And in recent years Tom's heart was filled with the addition of Jonathan, David, and Colin.

A full life. Well lived.

Finally, I'd like to share the blessing with which Tom toasted Jo Anne and me at our wedding:
an old Irish blessing.....

May the road rise up to meet you.
May the wind always be at your back.
May the sun shine warm upon your face,
And rains fall soft upon your fields.
And until we meet again,
May God hold you in the palm of his hand.

Christopher James Elkus



Christopher James Elkus passed away peacefully at his home in Ligonier, PA on Wednesday, July 16, 2014, following a long and progressive illness. He was born in New York City on February 7, 1941, and was raised in Pittsburgh, PA, the son of James H. Elkus and Lenore R. Elkus. His mother was a founder of WQED-TV in Pittsburgh and a Distinguished Daughter of Pennsylvania. His father was an industrial engineer. His paternal grandfather, the Hon. Abram I. Elkus, served as a U.S. Ambassador to Turkey under President Wilson and as a judge on the New York State Court of Appeals. His maternal grandmother, Hulda Lashanska, was a celebrated American concert soprano.

He is survived by his wife of 42 years, Gretchen M. Elkus of Ligonier, PA; his son James M. Elkus; and granddaughter, Sonya R. Elkus of New York City; and his sister, Peggy H. Elkus of Pittsburgh. His brother, Jonathan H. Elkus of Geneva, Switzerland, died in 2003. He is also survived by his stepchildren, William M. Duryea of Tampa, FL; and his children, William, Peter and Andrew Duryea; and Melissa Duryea Lewis of San Anselmo, CA and her children, Olivia and Augusta Lewis.

Mr. Elkus was a graduate of St. Paul's School in Concord, NH, Yale University, and New York University School of Business. He resided in New York City throughout most of his adult life, where he worked as an investment manager for large corporations and organizations such as the United Nations.

He was a dedicated member of his community and served as President of the Lenox Hill Neighborhood House, a multi-service organization that has served people in need on the East Side of Manhattan and on Roosevelt Island for over 120 years. He later founded Waterford Capital Management upon his retirement to Ligonier, PA.

He was an avid sportsman, traveler and lover of the outdoors. While at St. Paul's, he excelled at football, rowing, and wrestling. Following his competitive sports years, he enjoyed skiing, fishing, hunting, golf, squash, and tennis. He was a member of the Racquet & Tennis Club and the Brook Club in New York, the Piping Rock Club on Long Island, and the Rolling Rock Club in Ligonier, Pennsylvania.

His family extends their warmest thanks to his doctors and his dedicated caregivers Nan, Trudy, Tracy, Tammy M., Sue, Karen, and Tammy T.

Donations may be made to St. Paul's School with 'Elkus Family' in the memo section (Attn: Gifts Manager, 325 Pleasant Street, Concord, NH 03301, 603-229-4713), or to the Lenox Hill Neighborhood House with 'Christopher Elkus' in the memo section (Attn: Development Department, 331 East 70th Street, New York, NY 10021). THE J. PAUL McCracken FUNERAL CHAPEL, INC., Ligonier, PA is assisting the family, 144 E. Main St., Ligonier, PA 15658

David Heath Ellis



David Heath Ellis, 73, of Brookline, died January 28, 2015, at Beth Israel Hospital in Boston, of an apparent heart attack.

He was born in Haverhill on Feb. 24, 1941, to the late Donald Dana Ellis and Billee Heath Ellis.

He graduated from Governor Dummer Academy in 1959, and Yale University in 1963. He served as an officer in the U.S. Coast Guard from 1963 to 1967. In his youth, he was a competitive golfer. He worked for more than 40 years at the Chilton Club in Boston. He also taught mathematics for many years at Bunker Hill Community College in Charleston and was a substitute teacher in the Boston School System.

Mr. Ellis is survived by two brothers, Robert of Charlotte, N.C., and Peter of St. Augustine, Fla.; a sister, Pamela Hill of Concord, Calif.; five nephews and nieces. He is also survived by his family of friends at the Chilton Club and his neighborhood.

He was predeceased by a brother, Donald Dana Ellis Jr.

At the request of his family, funeral services were private. Internment will be at the convenience of his family in the family plot at Linwood Cemetery, Haverhill. Arrangements are by the H.L. Farmer & Sons Funeral Homes and Cremation Service Haverhill and Bradford. Condolences to his family may be made at www.farmerfuneralhomes.com.

Edward A. "Ed" Erekson



Services for EDWARD A. "ED" EREKSON, 67, of Kilgore, Texas were held Monday, June 1, 2009 at Ten o'clock in the morning at the First Baptist Church in Kilgore with the Reverends Eddie Hilburn and David Hampton officiating.

Mr. Erekson was born June 20, 1941, in Texarkana, Texas, son of the late Owen and Lillie Erekson. He earned a full scholarship to Yale, attended Southwestern University, and would later complete his education at the University of Houston.

Mr. Erekson worked as a data processing manager and specialized in the banking industry.

He was an active member of the First Baptist Church of Kilgore where he belonged to the Brantley Sunday School Class.

Mr. Erekson enjoyed writing poetry, solving crossword puzzles, sketching/painting as well as gardening. He loved spending time with family and friends especially his grandchildren.

Ed will be remembered by family and friends for his unique sense of humor. He is survived by his two daughters and son-in-law Christine and Mike Langford of Kilgore and Catherine Erekson of Keller; two brothers Charles Erekson of Los Gatos, CA and Homer Erekson of Ft. Worth; four grandchildren Miles Jennings of Saginaw, Brian Langford, Jonathan Langford and Megan Langford all of Kilgore; two cousins Linda Shult of Madison, Wisconsin and Eleanor Shult of Orange; niece Amy Varga of Rust Linn, Oregon; a nephew Andrew Erekson of New York City as well as many loving friends.

Thomas A. Gildehaus



Forever the optimist, the late Tom Gildehaus was a leader, a wonderful strategist and a man with deep community roots. He long loved the arts.

Mr. Gildehaus, a retired Deere & Co. executive, died Monday in Orlando, Fla., after a brief illness. He was 73. A longtime Moline resident, he had moved last year to Davenport.

Doug Cropper, president and CEO of Genesis Health System. Shared an email response about the civic-minded Mr. Gildehaus, noting he was a passionate and caring Genesis Health System board member for many years.

"Genesis is saddened by the loss of Tom," Mr. Cropper wrote. "This is a loss not only for us at Genesis, but for many community organizations Tom served over the years. He was a vital part of the Genesis family as a member of our board of directors since 2003. Before that, he served on Genesis Medical Center, Davenport, board.

"We will miss not only his leadership, but also his personality and his willingness to be involved in organizations benefiting the Quad-Cities. Tom's expertise in finance, tax issues and compliance were invaluable to Genesis and to other organizations."

Mr. Gildehaus' civic-minded dedication knew few boundaries. In addition to his work with Genesis, he was instrumental in bringing Davenport's Figge Art Museum to life.

A 1963 graduate of Yale University, Mr. Gildehaus earned a master's degree in business administration from Harvard University in 1970. He found his way to Deere & Co. in 1981 as an executive vice president. The next step in a career that featured stops in manufacturing, investing, banking and consulting came in 1992, when he accepted the position as president and chief executive officer of UNR Industries Inc., in Chicago. Next, Mr. Gildehaus took his talents to Northwestern Steel and Wire Co. in Sterling, where he served as chairman and CEO-

In retirement, the Little Rock, Ark., native was tireless, especially in his efforts with the Figge. From leading the fundraising campaign to at one point serving as an interim director, Mr. Gildehaus in many ways showed his support for the art museum, as well as the arts in general throughout the Quad-Cities.

Remembrance from Ian Robertson

Gentlemen, our teammate on the Undeclared '59 Frosh, Tom Gildehaus, passed away March 10. Tom was first team All-New England center at Andover (class of 1958). Fellow Andover graduate Hank Higdon recalls Tom: "Gildehaus was a star center and killer linebacker. He truthfully was the Ben Balme of our team—quick, strong, explosive, smart, and he had an unmistakable mean streak in him. He was a hitter. He had the mentality, ferocity, and field presence of a Jim Pappas. I thought Gildy would start on any college team, any place, in any league." Tom took a year off before coming to Yale and joining the '59 Frosh. He competed at the center position against a very deep and richly talented group of athletes: Tex Younger, 1958 All New England; Erik Jensen All State Iowa; Robert Clark All American (high school); Jim Thompson All Metropolitan (DC & Maryland) as well as Mike Freeland and Gar Murtha who were both standout players for their prep schools. Gildy, as we called him, was a tough competitor. He played a lot freshman year and was asked to come to fall football camp as a sophomore but broke his arm and was lost for most of the season. Tom and I had a good relationship as undergraduates. He told me how it was that he came not to graduate from Andover, but to matriculate a year later with our class. At Yale we both endured the consequences of the exuberant profligacy of youth and managed to undermine our athletic prospects. Tom, despite his extraordinary athletic talent, was unrecognized.

As Hank Higdon says, sometimes our disappointments are more instructive than our successes, provided that we refuse to feel sorry for ourselves or dwell on what might have been. Tom and I had our disappointments. We both profited from them...in my case all I had to do was to remember the lessons learned on "the playing fields of Choate" and as they say in Tex Younger's neck of the plains, "dance with what brung me." Tom went on to a brilliant academic career at Harvard Business School. Classmate Peter Kiernan recalls that Tom graduated as a Baker Scholar, the Harvard version of Phi Beta Kappa. After business school Tom was a senior executive at John Deere and was one of two individuals considered for the CEO position. Although he was not selected, according to one John Deere heir, Tom was the family favorite to take the helm of that company. After John Deere Tom was the head of UNR Industries Inc., a company that made cell towers and was the largest manufacturer of grocery shopping carts in the U.S. Thereafter he was a co-investor with Kohlberg & Co., ran a steel company in Illinois and a small grocery chain in Arizona. Tom retired in 2000 and spent his time serving on boards and travelling. Tom was a very special man. In recent years, I was fortunate to speak with him several times, urging him to come to New Haven for the opening of the Kenney Center in 2009, the 50th reunion of the '60 team in 2010 and our 1963 class reunion. Had his wife not been in poor health during the football gatherings, he would have joined us. He was considering coming to the 50th Class Reunion but did not. Perhaps he knew something that he did not share with us. As he remarked in his class essay he had more than his share of heartache, losing two wives and a son. I shall miss Tom, but whenever the urge of Hawaiian Hedonism is upon me I shall think of him, smile and remember "the coaches are watching." Aloha Gildy, Ian

from Pete Kiernan:

I knew Tom Gildehaus in a number of contexts and admired a lot of what he showed us. Eric Jensen hit it on the head in his description of Tom as "older, more mature, and mysterious."

Tom's route to Yale was unusual.

After he left Andover and before Yale, he spent what they now would call a gap year in Central or South America. And he was married early while at Yale. I think he and Husky Williams shared a bit of the same way of life in that sense and were good friends.

I recall Hank Higdon telling us what an outstanding football player he (Tom) was at Andover, really exceptional and very tough.

At Yale, Tom gave football a serious shot and was a real contributor but eventually had injury problems that got in the way and also decided that his studies and responsibilities as a husband came first, and he left the team.

Senior year I got to see a lot of Tom again and to know him a lot better as we were in the same society . Again "mature" comes to mind. He was more of a man already; most of the rest of us were still boys and would be for some years.

Then after a short stint in banking, Tom came to Harvard Business School just after I was there. He made a great showing at HBS and was a "Baker Scholar," their version of Phi Beta Kappa.

And he went on to a distinguished business career. He was at one time in the running to be the head of John Deere but just missed out on that. He then was the head of UNR Industries, a company that made cell towers and was the largest manufacturer of grocery shopping carts in the U.S. His business skills clearly were well regarded, and it is my sense that even in later life he was sought after as a consultant, although he made a decision to devote his time primarily to his second wife, who like the first predeceased him, and to his children and many grandchildren.

Tom knew his own mind and always seemed to have the self-confidence to find his way through some tough periods at Andover, at Yale, and thereafter. He charted his own course and in large measure did so successfully and in a fashion that did him great credit.

We have a great group in the class of '63, and we all benefited from having Tom as one of us.

from Eric Jensen:

I had not heard of Tom's death. I had a long conversation with Tom last spring regarding our reunion, etc. We really had a great talk. It was, in itself, a mini-reunion. I didn't get any indication that he was in ill health. I sincerely wish he had been able to join us. It is a good reminder that at this point we often don't get a second chance.

I, of course, met Tom through freshman football. To me, he was older, more mature, a good hard nosed football player, and a bit mysterious. I was a bit in awe of him. I never knew him outside of football. I don't today remember him being involved sophomore or junior year. He shared some interesting history with me last spring in that he was accepted and entered Yale never having graduated from Andover. Seems that he had some issue with the administration relating to some rule issue. He did not clarify the infraction.

He was of the opinion that he was rather unique in being a Yale freshman without any kind of high school diploma. My impression was that he was quite proud as well.

He was, indeed, a good guy. I'm really pleased that I had the opportunity to renew our past friendship last spring.

Thanks all you guys just simply for being "you guys".

from Hank Higdon:

Men of Yale Football:

Thanks for all the wonderful memories, especially from Gildy's fellow linemen. He was a special person.

Gildy was a year ahead of me at Andover and a senior when I showed up as an 11th grader. That was an absolutely great and talented team, and Gildehaus was one of the true standouts (Manchester Wheeler, our quarterback, later played for the Buffalo Bills), Gildehaus was a star center and killer linebacker. He truthfully was the Ben Balme of our team—quick, strong, explosive, smart, and he had an unmistakable mean streak in him.

He was a hitter. He had the mentality, ferocity, and field presence of a Jim Pappas. I thought Gildy would start on any college team, any place, in any league. Gildy's year off, I would agree, did affect his competitive sharpness and then his injury, I guess, ended his Yale career. Since he was married to Barbara as an undergraduate and lived off campus for a while, the guys on the team didn't get to know him like they might have. I remember being on a business trip to Puerto Rico in the 1970s and stopping by to see Gildy when he was an up-and-coming banker with Citibank.

We had lunch and I remember being so impressed with his maturity, wisdom, business savvy, fluency in Spanish, and worldliness. This news hits me hard, not only because of the wonderful Andover connection, but it reminds me that I had such affection and admiration for Gildehaus and yet I did not stay in touch with him these last many years.

This is my loss. It is also my loss not seeing all of you as much as I should or would like to. Gildy would be pleased, however, if he knew that his departure from this earth has once again brought us all together.

Gildy's loss adds to those Yale teammates of ours who also shared the Andover experience and who have also passed on to the next world, including both Jacunskis, and Roger Ahlbrandt, whom I think about frequently.

Greetings and love to all on the '59 frosh team.

from Stan Riveles:

I was not close to Gildy at Yale. Though we practiced and played together, honestly, I hardly knew him. I saw him only once after Yale but that one time he did me a solid. For that I have always remembered him with good will.

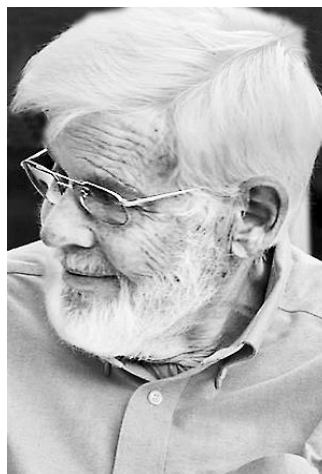
It was before our 25th reunion. There was a pre event at the River Club sometime late 1986 or early 1987. We were deep in negotiations with the Russians on Reagan's major nuclear arms reductions treaty. I was in charge of Washington backstopping. At the last minute, I decided to take a train to NYC for the event. But I needed to be back in DC for opening of business the following day. The last train departed about 8:30 in the evening. I needed to be on it.

Gildy and I were seated together. The evening was in full swing but I had to leave. When I explained why, he suggested we fly down together the next morning. Since I had checked the commercial flights I knew there wasn't a flight that would deliver me soon enough. No, he said, he was flying to DC on a company jet and he would arrange to arrive so I could get to the State Dept by 8am. He called the pilot to adjust the schedule. He was as good as his word.

I have one memory about our conversation on the flight down. Routinely, I asked if he planned to attend the 25th? Probably not. Yale had rejected his son's application. He was clearly hurt. In fact Gildy did not attend the 25th, nor, indeed, any thereafter, as far as I'm aware.

I'm sorry our paths never crossed again.

Edward Smith Gilfillan III



Ed passed away after a brief illness on Dec. 14, 2017.

Ed is survived by his wife of 53 years, Katherine (Kathie).

Ed was born on June 1, 1941, to Edward Gilfillan II and Ruth Chadderdon Gilfillan and grew up in Manchester, Mass. He graduated in 1959 from Manchester High School.

At Yale University, he majored in zoology and earned a bachelor's degree in 1963, followed by MSc (1966) and PhD (1970) degrees at the University of British Columbia, where he studied zooplankton ecology.

In 1970-1971, Ed was a postdoctoral fellow at the University of Massachusetts Marine Station, and from 1971 to 1974 he was a senior research associate there. He then went on to be a researcher at the Bigelow Laboratory of Ocean Sciences in Boothbay Harbor. He joined the Bowdoin faculty in the fall of 1977 as adjunct professor of chemistry and lecturer in environmental studies, becoming director of the Bowdoin Marine Research Station at Bethel Point the following year.

Ed joined with Professors David Page and the late Dana Mayo to engage in collaborative research in response to a critical need for scientific information on the complex interactions of petroleum and toxic metals in the marine environment. This unique partnership featured the involvement of Bowdoin students who studied the effects of petroleum and other pollutants on marine life. This research generated important scientific data for other researchers, policy makers, the oil industry, and government agencies charged with environmental protection and public safety. It also gave Bowdoin students the opportunity to participate in real-world projects.

The oil-spill research took Ed around the world, and he coauthored more than 70 papers on the environmental impacts of oil spills, from incidents in the Gulf of Maine to the significant releases of oil from the grounding of the Amoco Cadiz on the coast of Brittany in 1978 and the 1989 Exxon Valdez accident in Prince William Sound, Alaska. Ed and his colleagues received support from the National Science Foundation, the National Research Council of Canada, the State of Maine, the American Petroleum Institute, the Mobil Foundation, the ExxonMobil Foundation and many other public and private agencies for their pioneering research.

Ed's professional commitment to environmental protection also extended to public service as well; he served on the Marine Research Board, the Casco Bay Estuary Partnership, the Research Excellence Partnership Advisory

Board of the Maine Science and Technology Commission, and on the Research Advisory Committee of the Wells National Estuarine Research Reserve, the Maine Maritime Museum and others.

Ed taught in the Environmental Studies Program at Bowdoin for 24 years. He was a natural teacher. He brought his extensive experience, natural curiosity and passion for the environment into the classroom and lab. He engaged young people in his work at many levels. In the field, he brought alive the wonders of the marine environment. In the classroom and lab, he brought his real-world experience to engage the interests of his students.

He had many Bowdoin students over the years working with him in the field on real oil-spill studies in Alaska, Puerto Rico and many coastal locations in New England. There are many Bowdoin graduates who are doing what they're doing now because of their experience with Ed.

Upon his retirement in 2001, he was elected an honorary member of the Bowdoin Alumni Association. His colleagues in the chemistry department and his students remember Ed's many kindnesses and the Labrador retrievers who often accompanied him in Cleveland Hall.

After his retirement, Ed remained active professionally and focused his energies on travel, his passion for learning as a voracious reader, the outdoors as an avid hunter and engagement with his large network of friends, family and former students. He and Kathie took particular joy in keeping up with former students, being Host Parents for current Bowdoin students from away and participating in the Society of Bowdoin Friends.

Andy Barclay remembers:

"Ed and I were in Berkeley together and had many uproarious times, much to the dismay of the Master. Ed had a fascination with weapons and owned some interesting pieces including a .350 Nitro Express which he used to test-fire in the second floor shower.

My favorite Ed story, though, was when we were in a bar in Gloucester, a notoriously tough fishing town, and we were approached by a seedy-looking character who pulled out a straight razor and flicked it open at us. He said, 'You guys got anything to beat this?' Ed said, 'Yeah,' and pulled out his .357 which he always carried. 'Well,' said the dude, 'beats me,' and slunk away. Ed and I finished our beers. I always felt safe with Ed."

Michael T. "Timo" Gilmore



Michael T. Gilmore, professor emeritus of English, died on March 3, 2014, after a brief, serious illness. He was 72.

Known affectionately as Timo, he came to Brandeis in 1974 after earning his PhD at Harvard University. He helped Brandeis' English department achieve a national reputation in the study of American literature, particularly in 19th-century literature and culture.

Timo wrote eight books and dozens of articles during his years at Brandeis, beginning with "The Middle Way: Puritanism and Ideology in American Literature" (1977). His scholarship paid particular attention to the relationship between literature and politics, and he brought to his literary study the skills and learning of a historian and the deep political commitments that marked his Michael T. Gilmore sensibility. His second book, "American Literature and the Marketplace" (1985), and the collection "Rethinking Class: Literary Studies and Social Formations" (1994), edited with Wai Chee Dimock, showed the tangled relationships among American authors, the literary marketplace and world economics, and the engagement of American authors with issues of class difference and class struggle.

Two later works, "Differences in the Dark: American Movies and English Theater" (1998) and "Surface and Depth: The Quest for Legibility in American Culture" (2003), explored how American politics and American economic history gave a distinctive cast to American works across genres and periods. His last book, "The War on Words: Slavery, Race and Free Speech in American Literature" (2010), discussed how the struggle over slavery and race from the American Renaissance through the end of the 19th century was also a struggle over freedom of expression, with the urgent call for racial justice always contending with forces that would repress or divert criticism.

At the time of his death, Timo was hard at work on a study of literary radicalism in his beloved Cambridge.

Timo served as chair of the English department several times. His lecture survey on 19th-century American literature was a "must-take" course among undergraduates, and his seminars gave the English graduate program its unique flavor. He was a generous, patient and demanding graduate adviser who helped many doctoral students find their way through their dissertation. His students are teaching American literature -in ways shaped by his influence -at colleges and universities around the world. Most of all, he was a wonderful colleague and a devoted friend to all of his students.

from Charles Faulhaber:

Frank Wentholt and I roomed with Timo Gilmore freshman year in Welch Hall. In some respects we were the odd trio. I would get up early for an 8:00 a.m. class. Timo would arise sometime in the afternoon but never went to bed before 2:00 a.m.

He was truly a polymath (but never seemed to study), an aesthete, a skeptic, and neatness challenged. (We had to keep his bedroom door shut at all times). With his hours we didn't socialize a lot, but he thought incisively and critically and could seemingly write top grade work with ease and grace.

from Tom Greenspon:

It was in the dorm room that you describe, Charles (maybe you were there?), during an evening of general conversation and revelry, that I wandered into Timo's lair and into a discussion that changed my life. As an exemplar of Prep School Syndrome, I was enjoying the great freedom of college life, including a certain freedom from serious thought. I was pre-med at the time, although that would change in due course as I aimed instead for graduate school; Timo's basic message to me, sage that he was, was that I might want to get serious about my academic career if I wanted to pursue the goals I said I had. I wouldn't have heard it from many adults at the time, but Timo's perceptiveness launched my ascent, by year's end, to near the top of our class. Timo and I later joined others to co-found the Yale Student Peace Union; he and some of his friends were part of a group that I felt especially close to and enriched by. Time and change had made these friendships more distant, but indeed not broken. I am profoundly sad for Timo's family, and, given my experience with him, for all of his students and colleagues as well.

Joseph C. Glass III



Joseph C. Glass III died of colon cancer on February 25, 2016 in Montclair, NJ. Joe grew up in Brownsville, PA, and was a state champion debater in high school. Accepted at Brown, Harvard, and Yale, he felt immediately at home at Yale, and his attendance there was his proudest achievement.

After his first year at Yale, he lived for a year in New York City, working as a bank teller and spending every penny he made going to the theater and attending concerts. When he returned to Yale he was ready for success.

After graduating from Yale, Joe enlisted in the U.S. Air Force, and was stationed for several years at a weather station in Alaska. From 1968 to 2008, Joe worked for major financial institutions, including Hutton, UBS, and several others.

He was one of the first Black men to have a seat on the NY Stock Exchange. He earned an M.B.A. from Columbia University. Joe continued to work part time as a broker with Royal Alliance until December 2015, when he officially retired.

Joe and his first wife, Muriel, had two daughters, Jessica and Rachel. When the girls were approximately six and eight years old, Muriel died, leaving Joe to raise his daughters alone, with the help of his mother. A few years later Joe married again and had a son, Phil. This marriage ended in divorce, and Phil moved with his mother to Delaware. Joe did not remarry.

Nuala Pacheco, Joe's friend during his last five years, wrote: "Joe had an amazing memory for people and events. He remembered the name of every person he'd ever met, going back to Kindergarten days. He loved music and was quite an accomplished classical pianist. His grand piano was one of his cherished possessions. His other great passion was reading. Joe was a lifelong learner and could turn his mind with interest to any topic. He enjoyed travel and was very interested in art and architecture.

When I met Joe in 2011, he had already been diagnosed with the colon cancer that took his life. He was diagnosed at Stage 4 and had several surgeries before he began biweekly chemotherapy. Despite all this, he maintained his positive attitude, and he never let the diagnosis get him down. He'd recently had his DNA tested and was tickled pink to learn that he had a 28% European heritage and was 66% Bantu. When I'd ask him how he was doing, he'd respond, "'Bantu Guy' hasn't given up the fight!" He died with the same dignity with which he lived, grateful for the fulfilling life he'd led, in full control of his senses, refusing all pain medication, and accepting death peacefully."

Leonard Chazen recalls: "Joe was one of the most interesting people I met at Yale. He rejected political correctness even before the term was invented, and proudly intended to make his mark on Wall Street, which he eventually did. For me the highlight of our 50th Reunion was getting together over lunch with Joe and Yale Kneeland, and it's sad to think that they're both gone."

Peter Stokes Godfrey



Peter Stokes Godfrey died on January 8, 2015 at age 73, in Scottsdale, Arizona.

Husband, father, mentor, and friend, he leaves behind a lifetime of memories; sailing all over the world, rowing at Exeter, Yale and Cambridge, and a long and successful career in risk management. Peter is survived by his wife of 48 years, Nancy, and their children Alexandra and Thompson and their families.

from Jon Larson:

Pete was another of my many Yale colleagues who always appeared bigger than life to me. He was taller (by 4"). He rowed on the Yale heavyweight crew and for Trinity Hall/Cambridge while I was consigned to the intramural rowing captainship of the Calhoun crew. He sailed a sleek fast 44' Swan 441 Ron Holland-designed racing machine, the ultimate ocean-going, performance, luxury sailing yacht of unrivalled build quality, on Long Island Sound off Connecticut and in ocean team racing as far away as Bermuda, while I sailed my 41' slower heavier self-built ketch the Hanalei on San Francisco Bay and gunkholed port to port on my own close to shore up and down the West Coast.

I settled for a more traditional job and career at IBM while Pete was attracted to and excelled in the "high risk" management insurance business. In fact, he started a new position with a new company in this past year. But I did equal him in one important area. We both met, fell in love with, and married tall, socially engaging, vivacious, beautiful women who were both considerably smarter than ourselves with impressive academic credentials of their own. Unfortunately, I actually outdid Pete in one area, Karen and I made it to 50 years while Pete and Nancy were interrupted at 48.

I know many stories about Pete but one of my favorites was Pete recalling how he drove 100 mph in January 1973 from Boston to Manchester, VT for the birth of their second child, Thompson. He just made it. Pete and Nancy came to visit us just four months ago in San Francisco. We assembled the Bay Area Yale 63 contingent and enjoyed the evening with them at the St. Francis Yacht Club. He had lost over 60 pounds from the chemo fighting stage four cancer but he seemed fit though gaunt and he maintained his relaxed manner, perennial smile and piercing wit about him and showed no sign of the dread he must have felt inside. He told me he thought he had at least a good year left during which he planned to travel and ready his premature goodbyes in case he jkhhkjdsfdfsdfsneeded them while he waited the outcome of his chemo treatments. He mentioned he and Bob

Hanson were planning to get together soon in Arizona and reestablish the Yale connection. Unfortunately, that was not to be. We were fortunate San Francisco was on his first stop.

We all miss the big guy. He faced the end head on like everything else he encountered and accomplished in life. He fought and finally lost the good fight that each of us will also eventually lose in time, the privilege of remaining with the living here on Earth. But Pete remains ali

ve forever in the minds, memories and hearts of his family, his Yale 1963 classmates, and everyone who knew him because I cannot imagine anyone not liking Pete, even the competitors he beat soundly rowing crew, sailing the open oceans, and insuring high risk business transactions.

from Bill Petty:

On January 8th Pete went to the "boathouse in the sky" after a long courageous battle with cancer. We first

met in the fall of 1959 at Yale, where we went on to row together for four years – beating Harvard two out of four times! We both married Nancys and spent a lot of time helping them accumulate a boatload of sailing trophies. Pete leaves Nancy, his wife of 48 years, a sister, Consuelo Dodge, a daughter, Alexandra, a son, Thompson, and five grandchildren. An avid competitor and a lifelong true friend.

Robert A. Greenberg



Robert A. Greenberg died on March 4, 2013. He was born on November 20, 1939, and graduated from Hillhouse High School in New Haven, CT.

He entered Yale with our Class in 1959.

At the time of his death, he was living in Elizabeth, NJ.

Richard French Harrah



Richard Harrah received his degree in 1964, but his social class was 1963.

Dick Harrah died May 12 after a 21 month fight against cancer, at his home in the Santa Cruz mountains where he had been living for around 40 years. Dick's first wife, Sara, died in 1999. He married Laurie Corn in May 2014. She survives him as well as his two daughters, Torun Harrah and Anna Carr, Anna's husband and their three children, Roman, Simone, and Holden; Dick's brother, David, and his sister, Deborah Murdoch.

Dick's roommates at Yale included, over 4 years, Sandy Noyes, Chris Herbert, Jim Kelley, Jim Aspin, John Benton, and Basil Cox. He would have graduated in 1963 but under financial duress had to take his senior year off to work various construction jobs in New York City and San Francisco, earning the tuition to graduate in 1964.

Dick arrived at Yale from Toledo a prepster, just like most of us, but it quickly became evident that he was going to carve out a life that would be unlike most of us. For a while it seemed as if Jack Kerouac and Neal Cassidy would be the model as Dick hitch-hiked all over the country, soaking up Blues, Jazz, architecture, pot and women. Sometime in 1964 the roommates all gathered together at a lakeside cabin in Norfolk CT, where he regaled us with the pleasures of getting stoned, the first time I had heard of anybody actually smoking pot.

Then he started to grow roots in California, getting a Master's Degree at SF State, living in San Francisco, teaching at a few places in Northern California. He married Sara Malone in 1968 at an epic "Summer of Love" wedding on Mt. Tamalpais, guests all in costume, reception on the beach, air heavy with weed. Next came a few years at "Chicken Hill," a commune in the Santa Cruz Mountains. Then he set more roots by building his house out of two double-wides, set on a beautiful rise just around the corner from the commune, and started out on his life's work of raising a family and educating kids who in various ways had made it clear that they did not want to be educated.

If the New Yorker had done a profile of Dick, I believe he would have been instantly famous and might have had a major influence on education in America. In an email to Sandy Noyes last year, Dick wrote:

“I think of a passion as a kind of calling, a *voca*. What we do with that calling is up to us. Either we try to ignore it or repress it, which can be disastrous to the health of our souls, or we can accept it and work with it. I think where people get screwed up with their passions is when they simply take them at face value and try to act them out -- all unaware, all unconsciously. Your passion is your art, assuming you nurture it and refine it and try to understand why you've been given this difficult gift. Passions are a bit like dreams. They speak the language of metaphor. They need to be understood and interpreted to be correctly birthed into this more literal world.

So I believe in accepting those passions I experience, but not naive acceptance. First acceptance (which can sometimes be a pretty depressing experience), then some kind of pact with the passion so that your and its shadow side doesn't run rampant, and finally an alchemical refining of the passion to distill it to the beauty implied in its essence. That's what I'm after.”

John Clifford Hoff



Resident of Sunnyvale, California, John entered the world two months prematurely in Lincoln, Nebraska. The fourth child of Viola Heyne Hoff and J. Norman Hoff, he grew up in Kansas City.

John died at home on June 3, 2017 after ten months of in-home hospice care for emphysema and heart issues. He is survived by his loving wife of 44 years, Linda Hoffman Hoff of Sunnyvale, and sons Nick, Andrew, and Chris of San Francisco. He was predeceased by his parents, siblings Douglas Hoff, Barbara Hufnagel and Joanne Knight.

To all who knew him, John was kind and gentle, with a dry humor and formidable intellect. He loved family and friends, philosophy study sessions with his sons, singing barbershop, playing trumpet, languages, word puzzles, practical jokes, limericks, baseball, spirited discussions, reading, woodworking, math and Dixieland jazz.

John possessed a lifelong, insatiable pursuit of knowledge. Awarded an academic scholarship to Yale University, he graduated in 1963 (B.A. Math). He went on to earn a Masters degree in applied math from Purdue University (1965). In 1968 at Purdue he was the eleventh person ever in the world to receive a doctorate in computer science.

After 2 years at Service Bureau Corp. of San Jose, he pursued academia as a professor for 5 years at the University of San Francisco, followed by 10 years as an entrepreneur developing statistical business software, published in that field. For several years he was a senior software engineer for semiconductor inspection equipment, finishing his career in the flat panel display industry.

John's family suggests a contribution to San Francisco Parks Alliance (specify Alemany Farm/John Hoff), addressed to Alemany Farm, John Stokes, 162 Hearst Avenue, San Francisco, CA 94131.

Harry Sherman Holcomb III



Harry Sherman Holcomb III died on September 19, 2013 at his home in Franktown, VA.

His roommate Ron Sampson remembers Harry as follows: Harry's medical career was remarkably adventuresome, including work at a mission hospital in Ghana and volunteer medical work in Mexico. I was always impressed by his naval service as the only doctor at the U.S. research station at McMurdo Sound, Antarctica, including several months during which the base was entirely cut off from the outside world. Harry established a practice as an orthopedic surgeon on Virginia's Eastern Shore, a perfect place for him given his great love of the sea and sailing.

After 20 years he gave up his local practice and concentrated on 'locum tenens' work, endeavoring as often as possible to be in places with access to water and sailing. The last several years he became extraordinarily active in local affairs on the Eastern Shore, especially history-related. He was a much beloved and admired figure. Once fully retired from medicine and when not otherwise engaged in community activities, he continued to enjoy sailing and traveling the world with his wife Nancy.

"You don't room with the same guy for three years unless he's fun to be with, decent, and respectful of others, all of which Harry was in spades. His principal activity at Yale was as a Deacon at Battell. Mostly he worked very hard as a History major, while at the same time struggling, as did many, with the science courses necessary to obtain admission to Yale Medical School."

"Harry looked and sounded fine at our 50th Reunion, which I'm glad to say he enjoyed very much. Apparently he had already been diagnosed with the blood disease which ultimately took his life, but it was not expected to be so fast-acting. As I mourn Harry, I think of his life as one exceptionally well lived, with earnest dedication to profession, community and family."

Richard Magnus Hopper



Richard Magnus Hopper (Dick) died at home in Denver on January 2, 2016 at the age of 74 of brain cancer. He was born on February 4, 1941 in Oneonta, NY to Richard C. and Frances S. Hopper. Dick is survived by two younger siblings, Denton (Joan) Hopper of Bloomfield, CT and Gail (Robert) West of Farmington, CT and Park City, Utah. Dick grew up in Hudson, NY and graduated from the Berkshire School in Sheffield, MA in 1959. He then went to Yale, where he met and roomed with Michael P. Green with whom he remained a good friend throughout his life.

After graduating in 1963 Dick moved to Colorado to attend the University School of Law where he was on Law Review, graduating in 1966. While at law school he met and roomed with Reed L. Winbourn who would become and remain a lifelong friend and neighbor in Denver. After law school, Dick joined the Colorado Air National Guard in 1968 and was sent to South Korea where met another lifelong friend, Duane Houchens.

After his discharge Dick worked for the IRS as an attorney, then joined the First National Bank of Denver where he served as a Senior Trust Officer for over 10 years. He left the bank to join the law firm of Lentz, Evans and King as a partner and retired in 2010 after 30 years. He was recognized as one of the outstanding estate attorneys in Colorado. He met and married his kindred spirit, Barbara Lasko. They were together for 40 happy years and laughed together every day.

Dick was a faithful member of the Kiwanis Club of Denver and greatly enjoyed his association with La Confrerie des Chevaliers du Tastevin. In addition to his wife, Barbara, his siblings and their families, he is survived by his sister-in-law, Rita Lasko of Salt Lake City, UT as well as many friends and neighbors who loved and admired Dick and miss him greatly. He is remembered for his many fine attributes, particularly his sharp wit, his prodigious memory, his fun loving personality and sense of humor and his kindness to everyone he met. He was a blessing in our lives.

Dick loved his home which included his two cats, Boy and Trilby. Contributions in Dick's memory would be appreciated and may be sent to Cat Care Society, 5787 West 6th Avenue, Lakewood, CO 80214

Marc Lavietes remembers:

“Dick and I were two of a very heterogeneous group of five people (Mike Green, Bill Stirlen, and Lee Weisberg were the others) who moved together from Calhoun to Stiles in our Senior year. We shared many dinners together and as Senior year progressed spent more and more time over bridge games and social events. Dick was the most congenial among us and thus often brokered our disagreements over bridge games, current events, and the like. My path has crossed many times with Dick and Barbara over the years. I am grateful that we got to spend a delightful day together in Denver last spring while on my way to San Francisco!

Wick Murray recalls:

“I first met Dick in my junior year at Berkshire – and from that first meeting, I quickly came to value his wonderful, dry sense of humor, his fund of sharp, amusing witticisms, and his love of conversation. Boredom was simply not in his vocabulary. I shall deeply miss his friendship and the possibility of future times with him.”

Sven Erik Hsia



Sven Erik Hsia, 75, passed away February 13, 2016.

He was born in Stockholm to Sung-Yo and Suzanne (Chow) Hsia. Sung-Yo was from a prominent diplomatic family in Shanghai. He is survived by his devoted wife, Ay-Whang Hsia.

His early years were spent in Sweden, and in 1950 Sven and his recently widowed mother immigrated to New York City.

He is an alumnus of Phillips Academy (Andover), Yale University, University of Virginia School of Law, and NYU Stern School of Business. His early career was with the Wall Street firms of Bache & Co., Evans & Co. and White Weld, among others. In 1980, Sven founded Kensington Capital Management, Ltd. which merged with the Roosevelt Investment Group in the early 1990's, where he was a Managing Director.

Sven retired in 2015. His interest in education led him to participate in the following organizations; The Duke of Edinburgh Foundation, East Side House Settlement, Youth Foundation of New York, Holland Lodge Foundation, and Thomas J. Watson Library at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. He was a member of the Union Club.

Contributions can be made in his name of the Youth Foundation and the East Side House Settlement.

Walter Alexander Hunt Jr.



Walter Alexander Hunt, Jr. FAIA, a design industry veteran who helped shape a global reputation for Gensler and served as president of the American Institute of Architects' (AIA) New York chapter, passed away peacefully on Friday, May 27, 2016. He was 74 years old.

Walter is survived by his beloved wife, Judith Tansey Hunt; sons David Alexander Hunt and Christopher William Hunt of Denver, CO, and Stephen Austin Hunt of Basking Ridge, NJ; daughters in-law Erin Crowley Hunt, Sarah Anschutz Hunt, and Mary Matthews Hunt; grandchildren William, Madeleine, Eleanor, Taylor, Caroline, Ryan, Hannah, and Alexander; sister Bonnie M. Hunt of Holderness, NH.

Originally from Summit, NJ, Walter attended The Pingry School Class of 1959. He earned a Bachelor of Arts degree from Yale University in 1963, followed by a Masters of Architecture degree from Yale in 1967. Upon completion of his studies at Yale, Walter moved his family to San Francisco and commenced a 38-year career at Gensler. In 1978 he relocated to Denver to lead that office, followed by a move in 1985 to co-lead the New York office. His career included projects worldwide. He served on the Board of Directors and became the Northeast Managing Director and Vice-Chair of the firm, retiring from the firm as Vice-Chairman Emeritus in 2012.

Hunt spent more than four decades in the design industry, serving on the Board of Directors of the AIA's New York Chapter from 1997-1998 and as the President in 1999. He went on to serve on AIA's New York State Board from 2000-2001. In 2001, Hunt joined the Board of Directors of the New York Foundation for Architecture and was elected President of the Board of Directors in 2004. He was an active fundraiser for Yale's School of Architecture since 1978, serving on the Board of Directors of the Yale Alumni Fund since 1992 and receiving the President's Award from Yale Alumni Fund in 2004 for his service to the School of Architecture. Hunt served on the Board of Downtown Denver, Inc. from 1980–1984 and was the President of the Metropolitan Denver Arts Alliance from 1982–1984.

Hunt was elevated to Fellow in the American Institute of Architects in 2005 and received both the President's Award and Harry B. Rutkins Award from the Center for Architecture/AIA – New York Chapter in 2006. He

received the James Kubeny Distinguished Service award by AIA New York State in 2012. Also in 2012, the Center for Architecture Foundation established the Walter A. Hunt Jr. Scholarship Fund in honor of his efforts. The fund promotes and encourages the study of architecture for New York City public high school seniors accepted to a New York State NAAB accredited School of Architecture.

After retirement, Hunt founded ONE@@TIME Project Consulting, which provided pro bono consulting services exclusively for not-for-profit organizations. Walter had a real love for travel, food, and wine.

A Memorial Celebration will be held at the New York Athletic Club, 180 Central Park South, on June 28th, 4:30 – 7:00pm. In lieu of flowers, donations in his honor are suggested to the Center for Architecture – Walter A. Hunt Scholarship Fund, 536 LaGuardia Place, New York, NY 10012; or to the Judith and Walter Hunt Fund in Architecture, Yale University, to support faculty and student travel related to courses at the Yale School of Architecture.

from Rees Jones:

Walt Hunt was a great roommate, a loyal friend and a wonderful person to be around. He was the real deal. I think this explains how he thrived in his field of architecture and how dedicated he was to his family, who truly loved and admired him. He had a good life. He will be missed by all who were fortunate enough to know him.

from Dave Hilyard:

Walter and I were born and grew up in the same town and then roomed together for four years at Yale. I have never known anyone more patient and tolerant and less judgmental of others. What we all saw was an altogether cheerful, altogether friendly guy who had a great sense of humor and who enjoyed making up words that he could use in conversation as a kind of exclamation point. His favorite was " Egatz!!! ". He enjoyed the sound it made, and he used it to signify great emotion.

As easy as he was on others, Walter was ruthless with himself. He set very high goals, worked tirelessly, and was a great worrier. This was unfortunate because he did extraordinarily well, gaining admission to the Yale School of Architecture at the end of his junior year, and going on to be the managing partner of a top New York architecture firm. The most important person in his life was his wife " Judy. " Judy was younger and a lot shorter, but she took Walter on and never let go. She was always there for him, his helpmate and his biggest fan.

Joseph Harold Hyde



Joseph Harold Hyde passed away on February 6, 2017.

The son of Harold DuPuis Hyde and Verna Elizabeth Potter Hyde, Joseph was born in Ansonia, Connecticut.

A graduate of The Taft School and Yale University, he was an electrical engineer with the Central Intelligence Agency, Western Electric and Lucent Technologies.

He volunteered for many years with the Ohio Senior Health Insurance Information Program.

A proud member of the US Marine Corps, he is survived by his wife Mary Jo Cotter Hyde; his daughter, Mary Elizabeth and Trent Black; two grandchildren; and his sister, Marion Grace Hyde.

Contributions in his memory may be made to the Taft School, Watertown, Connecticut 06795.

Semper Fi.

John K. "Jack" Irwin



John K. Irwin, known to his friends as Jack, passed away peacefully on Monday evening, November 23, 2015, in Newport Hospital, with his wife, Karyne Wilner, at his side. Since 1995, Jack owned and operated Forest Park Mobile Homes and the Redwood Management Company.

Born on February 5, 1942 in Pittsburgh, PA, he was the son of the late John K. and Jeannette Irwin.

Jack graduated from Langley High School in Pittsburgh, PA in 1959 and from Yale University, with a degree in economics, class of 1963, a member of Davenport College. He served in the US Army Reserves as a First Lieutenant, Field Artillery, receiving an honorable discharge in 1975. Prior to owning Forest Park Mobile Homes, Jack worked for McMichael Yacht Brokers Limited in Mamaroneck, NY, as a consultant to the banking industry in New York City, and in corporate management and real estate in Boston MA and Newport, RI.

Jack's numerous hobbies included sailing, photography, reading, and contract bridge. He enjoyed auto racing in Seekonk, baseball in Pawtucket, and was an avid fan of Nascar and the Boston Celtics. In the past he was a member of the American Contract Bridge League and Race Committee Chair of the Ida Lewis Yacht Club. Recently he hosted an exchange student from China for her junior year, Jianning Li, who attended Portsmouth High School.

Jack generously contributed to Waterfire in Providence and to The Rhode Island Philharmonic Orchestra. He was a member of First Unitarian Church of Providence and active in the church's small group ministry program.

He is survived by his loving wife Karyne and his daughter Nicole, both who are grateful to have had an opportunity to experience his kindness, love, loyalty, and wisdom. He leaves his brother Jim Irwin of Canandaigua, New York and his sister Janice Wagner of Wadsworth, Ohio. The uncle of Steve, Linda, Joyce, and Rusty, and great uncle of Jenny and JJ, he enjoyed sharing with them at many family gettogethers. A devoted husband, father, son, brother, and uncle, he will be missed by all including the family dogs, Kerri and Micah.

Jack's large group of friends and colleagues are spread out geographically, but he has kept close ties with them from childhood through adulthood. Relationships with people from high school, college, and the business community have added color and beauty to his life.

Donations may be made to the Rhode Island Philharmonic, 667 Watennan Ave, East Providence, RI 02914 or to Waterfire Providence, 101 Regent Ave. #2, Providence, RI, 02909. A celebration of Jack's life will be held in the spring when the days get longer and brighter and the boating season begins.

from Doug Jenner,

Jack was my freshman year roommate and was the very first person I met when I arrived at Farnam Hall on the Old Campus in the fall of 1959. This tall kid with a flat-top haircut from Pittsburgh looked like he could have just stepped off the set of American Bandstand. It was easy to become friends with Jack, and lots of us did, because he treated everybody well, was not intimidated or overly impressed by anyone, usually had something smart or funny (or both) to add to any interaction and had a wide range of interests.

Jack's friends included scientific types like Kirby Klump, Aaron Bloch, and Steve Wilson, brilliant intellectuals like Harry Silverstein and Fred Thiel, ultimate prepsters like Ridge Hall and Jerry Bogert, business and economic stars like Pepper Stuessy, Doug Wickham, and Jim Rogers, athletes like Hank Hallas and Erik Jensen, and a whole bunch of people I couldn't categorize except as great guys and good friends -- Nichols, Laing, Milikowsky, Throop, Jeter, Ross (nobody used anyone else's first name in those days).

By the end of freshman year, a diverse group had come together who moved to Davenport College the next fall, and we quickly found additional terrific friends there. Once at Davenport, we put lots of energy into creative ways to have fun, with Jack often in the lead. I remember bridge, late-night pool, endless Frisbee,

football weekends, and late-night coffee at the Yankee Doodle. Jack was a lot more of a student than he usually let on, but if you were up late enough at night that became clear.

After Yale, I kept up but didn't see Jack for many years, until he and Karyne and Nicole came to Colorado for a visit about 5 years ago. We had a chance to introduce them to our mountain community of Evergreen and to catch up over a leisurely lunch at our favorite lakeside restaurant, and the years melted away almost instantly. Jack, the essential bachelor for so many years, was extraordinarily pleased and proud to have a family at that stage of his life, and clearly it added a great deal of meaning to his life. We also had an enjoyable connection at our 50th reunion, and sadly that was the last time I saw him.

from Fritz Thiel,

Jack Irwin and I lived in the same entrance in Davenport and began a friendship which only ended with his recent death. We were two different personalities, and yet personalities which augmented each other very well. Jack was a very good-looking young man, slender and with carefully combed hair. He easily interacted with other people.

During a psychology course in our senior year, I was required to perform an extensive study of an individual. I chose Jack as my subject. To a large extent, he accepted my judgments, but in some cases not. Nothing however led to serious controversy or arguments, and we both found it quite engaging.

The obituary tells of the four different business activities Jack was engaged in during his life. Unlike a lawyer, doctor or professional executive, his career allowed him to move back and forth between unrelated fields. I was particularly fascinated to hear of his efforts and ability to sell expensive yachts. Then, at our fiftieth reunion, he shared something most impressive with me. I asked him how he had become the owner of Forest Park Mobil Homes, a mobile-home rental park. He said: "After years of moving from one business area to another and always being responsible for reports to a manager, I finally realized that I would much prefer to be my own boss. And giving this thought, I decided that a mobile-home rental park would be just fine. Yes, my workers and I have to constantly deal with standard recurring problems: plumbing, broken fences, damage one person has done to another's property, and so on. But we just deal with it. And owning the rental park allows me to earn enough to live decently and be fully independent."

I understood this well. It struck me as a very successful conclusion to the development of a many-sided career. Jack Irwin, that highly interactive person whose friendship I had always enjoyed, had ultimately come to understand and realize his own self-identification. I will never forget him.

from Terry Throop,

Jack and I first knew each other from shared road trips to and from Pittsburgh in our early years at Yale.

We got to know each other well in recreational pursuits. We shared many nights playing bridge at Davenport; living in the same entry Junior and Senior years led to many opportunities to do other things together as well.

Jack and I lost touch after Yale. I was surprised to run into him in the only gourmet grocery store in Newport, RI in the early 80s. We reconnected easily and spent quite a bit of time together, during what I now know was a very stressful period before Jack began his most satisfying and rewarding years.

We introduced the "Standard Davenport" bidding system to the duplicate bridge tables in Newport. We didn't always win, but we had fun and got the attention of others for our unique approach to the game.

We also crewed together in Beer Can races on my boss's sailboat in Narragansett Bay. Jack was a fierce competitor, always wanting to go a little harder or a little closer.

This is the period when Newport had just lost its place as the home of the America's Cup races. Although we were both members of the Ida Lewis Yacht Club at that time, I don't think we ever raced together there. It was probably his fierce drive to excel and his ability as a sailor that led him to be selected as the Race Committee Chair at Ida Lewis.

I moved from Newport in 1987. Jack had labored for years to make a small, struggling real estate operation successful. He had accomplished that, but continued disagreements with the owners left him unsatisfied.

I was surprised to learn years later that he had found his niche as the "mayor, sheriff and tax collector" of a mobile home park near Newport that he bought.

Then Karyne and he got together and his life was fulfilled. I regret that I didn't meet Karyne until our 50th reunion, and our time together there was too short.

from Hank Hallas,

Jack and I entered the class of 1963 with "Great Expectations" in the fall of 1959. After the football season of 1962 Jack and I became thick as thieves in Davenport. Jack became a fifth roommate or so it seemed. He and I knew we had succeeded the Yale part of our life and such a big part it was in those days. We had the grades, we had the discipline to succeed and the goal line was within sight! But the thing I think we both shared at that special moment is that we were clueless about the next chapter. We knew we had bagged the degree but what the hell were we going to do with it? So we drifted through those final months, very lost little sheep as the song goes.

We shared an interest in the same music, cynical reflections, smart ass remarks, occasional drinks, late night racquet ball and on and on. I did have a plan or so I thought, get married, go to law school and make a zillion dollars. Life dealt a different hand. I occasionally would query Jack about finding the right girl and getting married. But as his friends mention he was the essential bachelor.

I saw Jack only a few times after Yale before our 50th. He was a hoot and always seemed on top of his game but still the essential bachelor. The last time I saw him before the 50th was on the Cape at an Ed Smick gathering of 63' Davenporters. He hadn't changed and he was a delight. When the 1963 50th Class Reunion book came out I was thrilled to read his entry. He and his wife would be coming. He and his lovely wife were among the many highlights of that glorious reunion. He and his wife and adopted daughter had visited Yale and decided to come. I am sure he was very proud to show his University to his family as we all are. I was personally very happy for him and how things worked out. We both weren't so sure back in the spring of 1963.

I miss him every day.

Richard Jacunski



Richard R. Jacunski died on September 24, 2013 at Southern Ocean Medical Center in Barnegat, NJ.

Dick and his twin brother Bob (who died in 2011) entered Yale with our Class in 1959. As Dick wrote in our 50th Reunion Class Book, he and his brother Bob were “blessed and honored to play end on undefeated 1959 Freshman Football and undefeated 1960 Yale Football teams.”

Dick took a leave of absence after his knee was broken in a football practice accident, returning in 1963 and graduating in 1965. Dick earned his MBA with honors at Seton Hall University, and worked as a business broker and as a negotiations engineer in Sales Marketing for Westinghouse in Newark, NJ.

Dick is survived by his wife, Joyce Dul-Jacunski; three daughters, Johanna Weinberg, Elizabeth Purcell, and Barbara Nina; and six grandchildren.

Hank Hallas remembers Dick and his brother as follows:

“When I first met Dick and Bob at our first Freshman Football practice I had the first of several ‘what the hell am I doing here’ moments during my speckled football career. We always referred to them as ‘the Twins’, and none of the other ends were very good at telling them apart. The Twins were the quintessential Yale Football ends. They were tough, they were fast, they knew the Yale system, and they could catch. They also played hard every snap, never complained, and were always gentlemen.

The one liability, which most of us didn’t consider as such, was that their father was the Yale End Coach. Truth be known, I never saw any favoritism issued to either man. It wasn’t until after graduation that I began to reflect on the burden on the Twins to have a Green Bay Packer Hall of Fame father as a coach.

My primary recollection of both Dick and Bob is the outstanding football skill they possessed and their dedication of effort while maintaining a gentlemanly approach to their fellow ends. I salute them both.”

Ian Robertson recalls:

“Richard Jacunski (RJ) and his brother Bob had distinguished high school football careers in New Haven. In after years, RJ, in an obituary for his brother, mentioned that Bob had been an All New England end. Typically, RJ did not mention that he too had been named All New England.

It was my privilege to ‘compete’ with RJ for playing time at left end. During our Freshman Football season, RJ and Dillon Hoey were the starting ends. Although most of us played in every game, RJ was clearly the superior

athlete. In 1960, RJ did particularly well in preseason camp, but not well enough to crack the starting lineup of a stellar end squad.

The 1960 season was the stuff of dreams. It was Yale's last unbeaten untied season, the last time Yale finished as a nationally ranked team, and the last time Yale won the Lambert trophy. RJ and Brother Bob got to be part of all that. In the Dartmouth game that year, RJ proved himself to Head Coach Jordan Olivar. RJ played hurt but rose to the occasion.

Had he not broken his knee the next fall, he would have had an outstanding football career at Yale. He was always a gentleman, a pleasure to compete against, and remained a beloved member of the undefeated '59 Freshman team."

Reese Charles "Chuck" Johnson



Rees Charles "Chuck" Johnson died on September 5, 2013 at his home in Portland, OR. Chuck grew up in Tigard, OR, a suburb of Portland, where his father was an attorney and state senator, and graduated from Tigard High School in 1955.

Chuck was in the United States Army from 1955 to 1959, and attended the Army Language School, where he excelled in Russian.

Chuck graduated from Yale College in 1963, and from Yale Law School in 1966. After graduation, he returned to Portland and established a successful law practice, specializing in wills and estate planning (he authored the Oregon Wills and Estate Planning Handbook).

Chuck was fond of spending time with his family, hiking, running, and visiting the Oregon coast.

He is survived by his wife, Ginger Gormley, his son Peter and daughter Sarah, a granddaughter, Olivia, a sister, Carol, and several nieces and nephews.

Martin Wand remembers Chuck as follows:

"Chuck was an extremely intelligent person, but was also very quiet and modest, so that it was difficult to learn about his many interests and accomplishments. My wife Karen and I had the honor of introducing Chuck to his wife, Ginger Gormley. Ginger, a nurse, and Karen, a music teacher, lived in the same apartment building in New Haven when Chuck and I were in law school and medical school, respectively. They married in 1966, the same year as we did, and had a wonderfully loving and supportive marriage for almost 47 years.

In 2005 Chuck was diagnosed with a particularly fulminant form of Parkinson's Disease. As might be expected of Chuck, when offered to enroll in a trial of a new medication for Parkinson's, knowing that he had an equal chance of being given a placebo, he was eager and willing to help in a study that could benefit other patients with Parkinson's. Ginger told us that to the very end he maintained his intellectual curiosity to learn if this new treatment was proving to be beneficial, tragically something he never found out."

George A. Keyworth II



George "Jay" Keyworth

George A. Keyworth II, a science adviser to President Ronald Reagan who strongly backed the anti-missile plan known as Star Wars and came to see it as an important factor in the Soviet collapse, died on August 23rd in Monterey, Calif. He was 77.

Known as Jay, he was born on Nov. 30, 1939, in Boston, the son of a furniture factory president, Robert Allen Keyworth, and his wife Leontine Briggs Keyworth. He went to Yale, and graduated in 1968 with a doctorate in physics from Duke University. He took a job at Los Alamos upon graduation and rose to head the lab's physics division. While there, he grew fond of Western belt buckles and developed an easygoing style.

Dr. Keyworth, as the nation's highest scientific official, helped lead the federal hunt for ways to bring Reagan's dream to life. Candidate weapons included chemical lasers, particle beams and — Dr. Teller's favorite — the X-ray laser, powered by a hydrogen bomb. Dr. Keyworth became one of the most visible champions of the president's vision, giving it, for all its futuristic dimensions, a veneer of scientific credibility.

After leaving the White House, Dr. Keyworth was a board member at General Atomics and Hewlett-Packard, where he became the company's longest-serving director. He lived in Carmel, Calif.

He is survived by his wife, Marion (formerly Schwartz); a son, George; a daughter, Deirdre Hernandez; a sister, Linda Davis; a brother, Rick; and four grandchildren from his marriage to Polly Lauterbach Keyworth, who died in 2004. He is also survived by his stepchildren Doug Schwartz, Bryan Schwartz and Mike Schwartz, and 10 stepgrandchildren. In decades of private life, Dr. Keyworth concerned himself more with issues of business innovation than with reflections on Dr. Teller, or on his Washington experiences, or on the global impact of Reagan's antimissile crusade.

Yale Kneeland III



Yale Kneeland III of Hadlyme, CT died suddenly on August 25th 2014.

He was a graduate of St Paul's School, Yale University and NYU's Institute of Fine Arts.

Yale worked as a conservator at the Metropolitan Museum of Art for many years.

He is survived by his wife Judith Cotton, son Timothy Cotton, his sisters Anna and Hopeton, and many nieces and nephews.

from Leonard Chazen:

We recently learned that our classmate Yale Kneeland died suddenly on August 25.

I was introduced to Yale in the spring of our Junior Year when the Elihu 1963 delegation had its first meeting. Yale had started out with the Class of 1960, taken time off to serve in the military and work in business, and was now back in New Haven to get his college degree. He seemed like a man of the world who had been dropped into a group of inexperienced boys.

At our weekly Monopoly games with Dick Neubert, Yale would dispense the wisdom about career planning he had acquired while working at a small investment firm. "It's not enough to earn a living," he would tell us, "you have to make 'keeping money'." I now see that Yale was talking about private equity before it even had a name. To someone who wondered what he would do with himself when he got out of college, Yale's vision of life was totally dazzling.

During my years as a lawyer I always expected to see Yale at the head of a table running a big deal, but in fact I didn't meet him again until a lunch following our fiftieth reunion. Then I discovered that he had left business early and had spent most of the past five decades as a curator at the Metropolitan Museum. Although by then I had learned that people's lives take unpredictable turns, I wasn't ready for this: the tough-talking Yale Kneeland had become one of the world's leading experts on decorative arts.

At lunch my wife and I talked to Yale and his wife Judy Cotton about their travels in Morocco, and they offered to help when we were ready to plan our long deferred trip to North Africa. That would have been a great excuse to get back in touch with Yale. Unfortunately, it never happened, and I then I learned the news that Yale had died over the summer.

Robert E. Knight



Robert E. Knight died in Loveland, CO on August 13, 2016. Born in Alliance, NE, he graduated from Alliance High School in 1959 and from Yale College with high honors in Economics in 1963.

Bob received his M.A. in 1965 and his Ph.D. in 1968 from Harvard University.

He spent 13 years as a monetary economist with the Federal Reserve Bank of Kansas City, where he rose to be Secretary of the Board. Bob moved from Kansas City to become the fourth generation to head the Alliance National Bank and Trust Company. He authored numerous economic articles and spoke throughout the country on banking issues.

Bob was one of five Yale classmates featured in *Halftime*, a 1988 film aired on PBS about men in midlife. He headed the Bondholders Protective Committee in the bankruptcy of Executive Life Insurance Company in California.

Bob was a proud eccentric who flew kites and enjoyed donning his clan kilts, Gunn and McPhee, for Scottish activities. Ever devoted to dachshunds, he contributed to cancer research at the Animal Cancer Center at Colorado State University College of Veterinary Medicine, and established Duffeeland Dog Park in Sun City, AZ.

He succumbed to a one-in-a-million brain disease, cortico-basal degeneration. In 1966 he married his beloved wife, Eva Youngstrom Knight, who survives to cherish a lifetime of memories.

Geoff Noyes writes: "We all know Bob best as one of the five subjects of our 25th Reunion PBS video, *Halftime*. From our experience there, he and I became best friends. I was with him at the end, and let me report that his dry, often acerbic and sharp political wit never left him. One of his last pronouncements to me was, 'Geoff, I will make it to November 8th!' He is survived by his beloved wife of 50 years, Eva, by several Yale summer externs, and by countless friends."

Raymond Harris "Harry" Lane



Raymond Harris "Harry" Lane, who was born in Savannah, Georgia on December 1, 1941, died on July 9, 2013 in Hospice Savannah.

Harry grew up on Combahee Plantation in White Hall, South Carolina. He attended Middlesex School for Boys in Concord, Massachusetts, where he was the first to be captain of two sports (baseball and hockey). Harry graduated from Yale with honors in history.

He was a man of many talents and vocations: a successful buyer and seller of woodworking and shop tools, a diesel mechanic, a charter pilot, and a maker of banjos and fine furniture. Harry traveled extensively.

His favorite destinations were India, which he visited nine times, and London, where he bought numerous books for his collection.

Harry is survived by his siblings, Mills B. Lane III, Louise Lane Talbot, Remer Y. Lane, Jr., and Thomas Middlebrooks Lane, and a number of nieces and nephews.

Neil Thompson remembers:

"Harry Lane was the strongest guy in our class without question. What a commanding presence! Nobody, absolutely nobody messed with Harry Lane, and yet I never saw him belligerent. He had a fabulous smile and laugh and some rather strong political opinions. I saw him in front of Calhoun College in June 1963 on his BMW motorcycle. Exams were over. I asked, 'Harry, where are you going?' He replied, 'I am going to see the world, young man.' And so he did. Everyone who knew him has a Harry Lane story. Wonderful, fabulous man."

Jon Larson remembers Harry Lane as follows:

"Harry was almost a fifth roommate in the Calhoun quad I shared with Bill Robbins, Juan Rodriguez and Rusty Hale. He had a single down the hall and dropped by often. I remember him as a gentle giant of a man. I used to work out on occasion with Harry in the weight room in the basement of Calhoun. I got my workout just putting weights on the bar and covering Harry with the monster loads he was hoisting with biceps the size of my thigh.

Harry visited Karen and me as newlyweds in Honolulu. I tried many times to contact Harry over the years to catch up, but alas never any response. Karen, who is the better judge of character of the two of us, really liked Harry deep down and sensed that he was very sensitive and hugely intelligent underneath his huge frame of an exterior and his Marlon Brando wannabe persona."

Bill Bell remembers:

“Harry was close to being a “legend in his own time”. In fact, at a lunch gathering of Calhoun College friends at our 50th, a major topic was “has anyone heard from Harry Lane?” Sadly, we now read that he died a month after our gathering. Harry was a wonderful mixture of Marine Corps Platoon Leader Training lingo, Marlon Brando lines, physical presence, and serious student who challenged the intellectual presumptions of some professors. If there was anybody who you would want to be in a foxhole with, it would be Harry Lane. I considered it a real honor occasionally to be invited to hop on the back of his motorcycle for a ride out to the Big and Tall menswear store, the only place with clothes his size. Everybody who knew this gentle giant will always have vivid memories of Harry Lane.”

Roger Malcolm Laub



Roger Malcolm Laub died on November 4, 2015 in Columbus, OH.

He is survived by his wife, Karen Wade Laub, and his son, Aaron Malcolm Laub.

Roger earned a Ph.D. in English Literature from the University of Kansas, and a master's degree from Trinity Lutheran Seminary.

He was a gifted college teacher and later a pastor. Roger and Karen converted to Catholicism.

Dick Moser writes:

“Roger was a gentle soul, bright, idiosyncratic, and supremely literate. I know of no one else who, when angry with a roommate, would strike out with, ‘You have the physiognomy of a worm!’”

Rick Willis recalls Roger Laub as follows:

“We roomed together sophomore year, having met as freshmen in the scholarship-job stews of Timothy Dwight’s dining hall. He returned to Nebraska at the midpoint of our sophomore year, completed his degree at Omaha University, entered seminary in his mid-forties, and was ultimately ordained a priest in the Roman Catholic

Church, which vocation he plied until his death. He was a singular man (I know we all are, but he more than most), with an unusually vivid and articulate personality. He did more good in our world than most.”

Frank Scott Letcher



Dr. Frank Scott Letcher, 74, passed away in the presence of his family on December 17, 2015. He was an accomplished physician; a loving husband and parent; a passionate supporter of the arts, with a lifelong interest in Russian music, literature and culture. He touched many lives, and he will be missed deeply.

Dr. Letcher was the son of Isabelle Letcher and Charles W. Letcher, M.D., who was a Navy flight surgeon during World War II and practiced family medicine in Miami, Oklahoma from 1945 to 1978. Dr. Letcher was deeply influenced by his father's example of service to the people of northeastern Oklahoma.

Dr. Letcher was a cum laude graduate of Yale University, majoring in Russian Language. During college he met Irene Koslova, and they married in 1963. After graduating from Washington University medical school in St. Louis in 1967, he went on to serve as a Lieutenant in the U.S. Naval Reserve in Philadelphia and two years as Director of the Head Injury Research Laboratory at the Naval Medical Research Institute in Bethesda, MD. He completed his medical training as a resident at Washington University and was certified by the American Board of Neurological Surgery. He practiced neurosurgery for 30 years in Tulsa, at St. John and Hillcrest hospitals, until his retirement in 2005.

Frank Letcher had an enormous range of interests. He was fluent in Russian, and taught neurosurgical techniques in Russia during the fall of the Soviet Union. In 1991, he founded the first private practice of neurological surgery in Russia with Dr. G.S. Tigliev, which still exists today in St. Petersburg.

He was passionate about music. He served on the Board of the Tulsa Opera for five years. After his retirement in 2005, he became the founder, president, and CEO of the Tulsa Symphony Orchestra, which is now flourishing in its tenth year. He played French horn, first with the Yale Band, and, late in his life, with the TCC Community Band and Orchestra. He delighted in facilitating connections between colleagues and artists he admired. In 1994, for example, he published *Metaphysical Head*: a collection of the works of Mihail Chemiakin, and his introduction of Chemiakin to conductor Valery Gergiev, artistic director of the Mariinsky Theater in St. Petersburg, led to their later artistic collaboration. For his devotion to the arts, he was awarded the Oklahoma Governor's Public Service Award in 2007.

His integrity and commitment to excellence were well known by his colleagues, and he endowed two annual awards at Hillcrest, one for the person who, "by word or deed, best manifest the principles of compassion and

selflessness enunciated in Matthew 25:40," and another to recognize "those nurses in surgical and critical care nursing who distinguish themselves by the excellence of their service to patients."

The center of Frank Letcher's life was always his family, and in particular, his wife, Irene. For his 50th college reunion, he wrote: "I will never be able adequately to express either the depth of my love for my wife or how much I owe her... Today an overwhelming sense of gratitude toward life fills me. I have known true love for 53 years. In spite of all the challenges in my lifetime, it has been given to me to avoid the cynicism and indifference to which one can fall prey at our age. I am enjoying life and I am at peace for which I am so very grateful."

He is survived by his brothers, Scott, John, and Bill Letcher, and their families; his wife, Irene; daughter, Elizabeth Letcher and husband, Steve Doberstein; daughter, Katherine Martin Groseclose and husband, Chris Groseclose, their daughters, Claire and Amelia and sons, Carey and Hawkins.

A memorial gathering will be held at a later date. In lieu of flowers, please make memorial donations to either Tulsa Opera, or to the Tulsa Special Olympics, in honor of his grandson Carey. www.stanleysfuneralhome.com

from Val Dusek:

I learned with sorrow of the death of Frank Letcher recently:

Our first night as roommates at Yale he, Carton Chickering, and I argued until 3 AM about Baron Korzybski's interpretation of special relativity. I thought that is what college should be like. The original stimulus may not have been of the highest quality, but the argument was. He was very argumentative when young (If you said it was raining, he would argue, ingeniously, that it was not). This sometimes drove me up the wall. But as he and I mellowed with age we got along very well. His interest in Russian and Russia, greatly enabled by his marrying Irene, led him to practice medicine in Russia for some years until the post-Yeltsin deterioration and corruptions drove him out. He also sponsored contemporary Russian art and facilitated the publication of "The Metaphysical Head," combining his aesthetic interests with his medical ones.

He became a brain surgeon and, after retiring, revived almost single-handedly the Tulsa symphony orchestra and initially served as both financial and musical director of the Tulsa symphony on the side. He had an excellent but somewhat perverse sense of humor and once typed in a demo typewriter at the Yale Coop, "This typewriter has a lascivious carriage." He made Russian-Latin puns which none of us could understand, and then laugh uproariously.

A few years ago I and my father in law visited Frank and Irene in Tulsa, where we were magnificently hosted and shown the city. Still more recently Frank and I corresponded about the philosophy of science course he was taking and particularly Heisenberg (not the "Breaking Bad" meth brewer, but the physicist-philosopher).

I will very much miss Frank.

Robert Livingston M.D.



LIVINGSTON, Robert M.D , 75 , of Tucson , AZ , passed away peacefully at home surrounded by loved ones on September 8, 2016.

Dr. Livingston was a Professor of Medicine at the University of Arizona since 2006 , where his clinical and research specialty was breast cancer. He was practicing at University of Arizona Cancer Center until recently.

Prior to moving to Tucson , he was a Professor of Medicine and Chief of Solid Tumor Oncology at the University of Washington , Seattle, for 24 years. He also served as -Chairman of the Lung and Breast Committees for the Southwest Oncology Group, a national cancer research organization , helping to design clinical trials that improved the care and treatment of many cancer patients, while contributing to more than 400 clinical research papers.

Bob will be warmly remembered as a caring clinician, innovative researcher, and dedicated teacher. Literally thousands of Bob's grateful patients, former students, research colleagues, fellow faculty, and friends worldwide will mourn his loss, but will continue to reap the rewards of his generosity and spirit.

He was born in Tulsa, Oklahoma on June 3, 1941. He received his medical degree from the University of Oklahoma and his oncology training at the National Center Institutes, Bethesda, MD, AND M.D. Anderson, Houston, Texas, where he was lucky enough to meet his beloved wife, Shirley. He was a clinician, investigator, mentor, and friend to all, but also a loving husband, devoted father, and grandfather.

He is survived by his adoring wife of 42 years, devoted children and grandchildren. Our hearts are breaking, but we feel so fortunate to have had him in our lives, puns and all.

The family requests donations to be made to the University of Arizona Cancer Center to support training and mentorship. Checks payable to UAF/UACC may be sent to UAHS, P O. BOX 245018, Tucson, Arizona 85724, designation "In Memory of Robert Livingston" in the memo line.

John Mitchell Lucas



John Mitchell Lucas died early in the morning of January 21, 2018 in Darien, CT. He had been ill with Parkinson's disease for a long time. He is survived by his wife Kathy Neilan Lucas (née Krieger) whom he married in June of 2002. They have no children.

The son of Marcus Aurelius and Mary Virginia Lucas, John was born in 1940 in Kansas City, MO. He graduated from Yale University in 1963 and the University of Pennsylvania, School of Architecture in 1968. During graduate school and for several years after, he worked both building houses in Warren, VT at Prickly Mountain and in the office of Louis I. Kahn, in Philadelphia.

Of working for Louis Kahn, in 1991 for comments at a Kahn retrospective, John wrote: "Words cannot express the experience of working for Lou, much of the time on long charrettes on projects that were never completed". For some portion of his time working for Kahn, John lived out of his Buick, his T-shirts neatly arranged in the trunk. Similarly, at Prickly Mountain, he lived in a shack he'd built on the foundation of a silo. His heat: a Glenwood stove; his blankets: 6" fiberglass insulation batts taped together. Earlier at Prickly, it was John who came up with its name at a meeting of the founders Dave Sellars and Bill Reinecke, with John Mallery, Randy Taplin and several others. They were assembled on a large rock at the top of the mountain - well, all but John. John was sitting next to the rock on a spread of raspberry bushes. After a while, he was heard to say "Ouch, it's so prickly up here" and the name stuck.

After Kahn died, John stayed on to catalog Lou's drawings and then to photograph his projects across the world. In subsequent years, up to 2005, John worked for Pellechia & Meyers, Philadelphia, and then in New York City for Johnson/Burgee, Edward L. Barnes, Eli Attia, and finally Kohn Pederson Fox (KPF). For a year in 1975-1976, he taught at Tunghai University, Taichung, Taiwan.

At KPF, he was a sought after mentor to younger architects. Recognized as a special talent, he was a beloved anomaly in the firm. He took a particular interest in the use of computers in design, and developed a skill at the fundamental plan geometry of large and complex projects all across the world; their zoning, circulation, access, elevator, services, etc. He had become an Architect's Architect, ever curious; ever excited to refine his trade, the tools he brought to it, and the community he worked with.

Earlier in his life, he was known to his peers as "Luke the Duke" - apt then, now and forever.

David J. MacKenzie



Dear Guy, thank you so much for your kind words about my late husband David and for remembering him. He always said his days at Yale were some of the best and he cherished his association with Yale and the friendships re-established at the Reunion greatly

My children and I miss him deeply.

Attached is one of the published obituaries

If it would be possible for me to receive a copy of the class notes and website access in due course , I'd be grateful.

I hope we may stay in touch.

Kind regards, Khadija

from Steve Day:

"An ill-favored thing sir, but mine own".

No Shakespeare, I, so this is the best I can conjure. I am sure Kiwi would forgive, and buy the next round, as well.

Wet, pink lips, doing a startlingly good impression of a fish. That was my introduction David "Kiwi" MacKenzie.

David's passion was photography, and we spent endless hours in the Timothy Dwight darkroom, developing film and a friendship.

Kiwi was not a morning person, and he was in constant peril of failing classes scheduled at hours better suited to farmers.

We tried all manner of devices to get him out of bed and keep him out. He would find the hidden alarms, the radios, the flashing lights, disarm them, and return for another class-avoidance session with our rather spartan bunk beds.

I shall miss his risqué double entendres from the "Land of the long white cloud".

from Vic Sheronas:

David MacKenzie, a.k.a. Kiwi, and I shared the same entryway in our freshmen year in McClellan Hall; David had a single on the fourth floor. Being from New Zealand, he was instantly nicknamed Kiwi. Being both gregarious and an extrovert trumped any shyness about being a foreigner from halfway around the world; he immediately joined in on most any of our freshman silliness. Matter of fact, he'd instigate many of them. To me, he was most known for his over-the-top escalation of squirt guns. Water fights, usually squirt guns but sometimes balloons, would erupt often and spontaneously. Most of us participants chose a small, but very accurate, squirt gun; of course, being small, it had limited capacity and must be reloaded often. On the other hand, Kiwi opted for capacity, for endurance. He bought this big honking thing requiring two hands to hold; wasn't particularly accurate but it could go on forever before needing more water. I lost track of him after freshman year. Blessedly, our paths crossed at our 50th reunion. I was delighted to reconnect with him and to join him as one of the speakers honoring our professors.

from Mike Skol:

I came to know David very late in our lives, as we prepared for the discussion group on Yale-in-Singapore at our 50th. Dozens of e-mails, but face-to-face not until the reunion itself. Since then we shared thoughts on our cataract surgeries (we both saw more clearly in our seventies than ever before). But it was his clear-headed comments on his adopted country, Singapore, that I best remember: His reasoned optimism about the political and economic future of that city-state was, for me, more valuable than all the writings of certain academics (at Yale and elsewhere) who imposed their ideologies on a place in which, for the most part, they had never set foot. And this brief acquaintance with him was one more example of how my circle of friends within the Class of '63 has continued to grow.

from Jerry Selness:

I got to know David (Kiwi) at our 50th when I shared a suite with him for the reunion. We helped each other at the reunion and on the last day he volunteered to take with him to New Zealand on his next trip there, business cards and sell sheets for my America's Cup art of 1988, 1992 and 1995 races. He graciously followed through with his offer, identifying the right galleries and sales outlets at the Auckland basin for limited edition prints of my onsite renderings of the starts and finishes of each race. He is remembered for his enthusiasm and Kiwi can do attitude.

Edwin T. Mason



Edwin T. Mason "Ned", passed away January 17, 2013 at age 71.

Husband of Janice nee Fairbairn; father of Laurie (Ross) Landman, Lisa (Gregg) Swab, Lyn (Jim) Schmidt and Sarah (Matt) Swanston; grandfather of Madelyn and Whitney Landman, Tate, Mason and Tanner Swab, Grace and Joey Schmidt, Sam and Finn Swanston.

Ned was a graduate of New Trier High School, Yale University and Northwestern Business School. He also served in the Marine Corps Reserves.

He was preceded in death by his sister Joan (Quigg) Porter. He will be missed by his brother Mark (Karen) Mason, many nieces and nephews and wonderful friends.

W. McCook ("Cookie") Miller, Jr.



McCook "Cookie" Miller died peacefully on Tuesday, September 12, 2017, at the age of 76.

Son of W. McCook Miller and Margaret Berger Miller. He is survived by his brother, George (Dale); sisters, Margaret Douglas (Rod) and Katherine Thomas (Rob); and seven nieces and nephews who affectionately called him "Uncle."

Cookie was a graduate of Shady Side Academy, Yale, and Columbia Law School. He was a decorated Navy veteran having been assigned as weapons officer on the LSMR St. Francis River, which operated along the

coast of Vietnam. During his service on it, that ship inflicted more casualties on the enemy than any other naval vessel.

He began his legal career with Kirkpatrick, Lockhart, Johnson and Hutchinson, and later started his own practice. He served on the Boards of Mercy Hospital, Pittsburgh History and Landmarks, and the Pittsburgh - Muskoka Foundation, and he was a very active supporter of and fund raiser for Epiphany Catholic Church. He was a Knight of Malta.

Cookie loved the game of golf. He had been a member of the Fox Chapel Golf Club, Rolling Rock Club, the Duquesne Club and the Pittsburgh Golf Club. He relished his friendships at out-of-town clubs including the Links Club in New York City, The York Club in Toronto, and the Beaumaris Yacht Club in Canada.

He will be missed by family and friends. In lieu of flowers, his family suggests contributions be made to The Pittsburgh Foundation in honor of the Margaret Bart Berger Miller Fund.

Richard Norman Neubert



Richard Norman Neubert died on October 14, 2010. At the time of his death, Richard lived in Falls Church, VA. As recalled by his younger brother Stephen, Richard was a handsome, charming and “cool” young man who was generous to the point of inviting him to join Richard and his date for a college weekend in his freshman year at Yale, as well for a month-long driving trip cross-country during the summer after his junior year.

Richard was also a devoted husband to his wife Deborah and a loving and supportive father to his two daughters, Alexis and Katherine.

He lived in a variety of places during the various phases of his life, from New York City to Los Angeles to Western Massachusetts to New York City again and finally to Northern Virginia/Washington, DC.

His talent as a writer and artist infused his work as an editor for the Yale Daily News, as a screenplay writer and documentary filmmaker, and as a marketing communications writer and manager. He endured his illness with courage and grace, and he is greatly missed by his family.

from Warren Hoge

“In the years before we arrived at Yale, Dick Neubert and I had become such close friends that we arranged to room together freshman year. We had formed that friendship in a summer community on Fire Island where our families had cottages, and we both got jobs as pot washers in the kitchen of a ship that went to five European and North African ports over the summer of 1960. Always adventurous and a little reckless, Dick almost brought that journey to a quick and ignominious end by shouting ‘Man Overboard!’ one late night in the middle of the Atlantic and causing the captain to summon all 300 hands on deck and demand that the culprit confess. No one did, and the truth has remained a secret until now. At Yale, Dick cut a distinctive and alluring figure. One of the handsomest members of the class, he accessorized his Byronesque good looks with a shock of unruly hair, rumpled three piece suits and a book always clutched under his arm. Tall and very thin and walking in a head-held- high way that seemed to further elongate him, he strode across campus with a tousled purposefulness that suggested he was always going to be one step ahead of the rest of us English majors in finding creative pursuits. Sure enough, after graduation, he went West and became a Hollywood screenwriter and rakish squire to movie stars. I envied him and always felt a little special for being in his presence.”

from Len Chazen

“When I spent a summer in the late 60’s at the Rand Corporation working on communications regulation, Dick was my glamorous Hollywood friend. He had just finished a well-received documentary on the Los Angeles skid row, and he seemed to know all the glamorous young people in Hollywood. Being the wonderful person he was, he found plenty of time to hang out with the policy wonk from New York. We had great times in Santa Monica that summer and whenever a scandal erupted, Dick was there to give us the inside story.”

Robert H. Nichols



Robert H. Nichols, a prominent labor union lawyer, died Friday, November 22, 2013, after battling cancer for a year and a half.

Bob lived the bulk of his adult life in the Kenwood area of Chicago, where he and his long-time wife Jean Christy Nichols raised their four children, Marc, Seth, Ethan, and Rebecca . The Nichols divorced recently after more than 40 years of marriage. Jean was a school teacher in the Chicago Public School System and one of the pioneers of the Head Start program in the mid-'60s. Bob was a graduate of the Harvard School for Boys in Chicago, where he was a high-scoring forward on the basketball team, making the All-State small school squad

in his senior year. At Yale, a knee injury cut short his basketball career, causing him to switch to the lightweight crew.

After graduation from Yale, Bob spent a year in San Francisco, earning a certificate in public affairs from the Coro Foundation and whetting his interests in public service and the labor movement. After earning a law degree at the University of Chicago in 1966, Bob joined the well-known union-side law firm of Cotton, Watt, Jones and King. During his career there, he represented various locals of the Meat Packers Union and the Airline Pilots Association (ALPA). Bob became an expert on airline merger and seniority list integration issues. He was most proud of the litigation he helped mount that won for the first time female flight attendants' right to continue to fly after marriage.

When his law firm dissolved in 1995, Bob went to work full-time at ALPA ultimately becoming its senior staff person for the United Pilots. These were contentious and troubled times, culminating in United's descent into bankruptcy between 2002 and 2006, which resulted in steep wage cuts and loss of pensions for the pilots. Bob also played a key role in United's subsequent merger with Continental, helping to win a decent collective bargaining agreement for the pilots and achieve seniority integration of the two pilot groups. "Trying to get a bunch of pilots to agree on anything isn't like herding a bunch of cats – it's more like taming a bunch of mountain lions," points out Jonathan Laing, Senior Editor for Barron's and Bob's brother-in-law.

Bob was respected by management negotiators for the fairness and pragmatism of his advocacy. Bob was an avid sailor for more than four decades, sailing out of Monroe Street Harbor in Chicago. He also liked to spend time in his summer home in New Hampshire.

Ed Walsh recalls that Bob was the driving force behind his attendance at the 50th Reunion. Ed adds: "I suspect that his desire to attend the Reunion kept him going after his diagnosis."

Perhaps a posting on the ALPA website summed up Bob's life most succinctly:

"Bob was a great lawyer, a good friend and a big, humorous, engaging personality with lots of interests."

Mark Robie M.H. Palmer



Mark passed peacefully at home on January 28, 2013. He was the Beloved husband of Dr. Sushma Mahyera Palmer, and the Loving son of the late Captain Robie E. Palmer (USN, Ret.) and the late Katherine Hooker Palmer. Mark was the Devoted brother of Georgiana Palmer Cheney (George) and the late Alexandra Palmer. He was the Fond son-in-law of Santosh Mahyera and brother-in-law of Meena Pandit (Jatinder), Anil Mahyera

(Elka) and Rohit Mahyera (Shivani). Mark is survived also by nieces and nephews, Hooker Cheney (Emmi McLean), Andrew Cheney (Kerry Armstrong) and Diamante Smith (Peter), Neha Ahluwalia, Tristan Mahyera (Birte) and Alexis Mahyera, Shiraz Mahyera (Anna) and Rohani Mahyera. and nine grandnieces and grandnephews. A memorial contribution may be made to Freedom House or the Council for a Community of Democracies or a charity in Mark's name selected from [Favorite Charities](#).

from Jon Larson:

Mark was yet another of those massive forces of nature that I totally missed connecting with during my undergraduate years at Yale along with so many of the other fabulous 1000+ men in our class with whom I failed to make a personal connection. Totally my own overly narrow focus, and nothing to do with Mark's abilities already on display at Yale in his Russian studies program which he put to immediate good use in the Foreign Service of our country.

I discovered this yet again in preparing this In Memoriam section to be posted to our class web site, I took the time to read his piece in our *Yale 1963 at 50* class book. What an amazingly talented, serious and accomplished man he was, what an interesting life he led, and how he compartmentalized his post Yale years into three careers, each different from the other.

He walked in the face of evil everywhere he perceived it existed and stared it down cold. A quote from his piece is included here. *"What is the central lesson which Yale and my three "careers" have taught me? The twentieth century was the bloodiest in human history because dictators made it so (Hitler, Stalin, Mao, Pol Pot, et. al.). With nuclear weapons increasingly available to them, the world's remaining dictators — about twenty percent of the total number of leaders as of this writing — could make the twenty-first century orders of magnitude more devastating. Look around: dictators are behind or in front of every "evil" in the world today. The centerpiece of American and all democratic governments' foreign policies should be to make them an extinct species — to move aggressively and largely through non-violent means to complete the creation and maintenance of a "dictator free world".*

He wrote this as he faced the end of his brave six year fight against melanoma cancer that he described in his piece prepared for our 50th reunion class book that he knew he could not attend due to failing health, and then his passing several months thereafter and before the reunion itself. Bravery, thy name is Mark (Robie M.H.) Palmer.

from our YAM November-December issue:

A special forum on democracy was held in Washington DC on July 14, 2014, the birthday of our late classmate Mark Palmer, to honor Mark's vision and his legacy in promoting the establishment of democratic institutions and practices around the world. The forum was hosted by the Council for a Community of Democracies (CCD), a leading democracy NGO which Mark served as Vice President of the Board of Directors, and was moderated by our classmate Steve Steiner.

Over 40 democracy experts and activists and close professional associates of Mark took part in this special forum, which was planned as the informal start to a series of substantive events that will seek to advance and institutionalize Mark's inspiring legacy in this field. Participants noted, among other things, Mark's leading role in the establishment of the National Endowment for Democracy and its network of democracy institutions, as well as his leadership, as United States Ambassador to Hungary, in giving moral support to the Hungarian democracy activists who opposed and eventually brought down the Communist regime.

Mark later led the way, under CCD auspices, in the publication of a "Diplomats Handbook on Democracy Advancement", which numerous governments now use as a training manual for their diplomats. Subsequently,

Mark also led the way in the publication of a similar practical handbook for military officers around the world. The next step in efforts to advance and institutionalize Mark's legacy will be a forum hosted in Washington by Freedom House on September 15, which will focus on the state of governance in Russia and the repercussions of Russian actions in Ukraine on Eastern Europe, the Caucasus and Central Asia. This will be followed by future forums which address, among other key international issues, the state of Internet freedom and the crises in the Middle East.

Stephen Baillie Parker



Stephen Baillie Parker, age 73 passed away in hospice care on April 23, 2015.

The son of Harry Solomon Parker, Jr. of Chicago, and Catherine Agnes Baillie, who was born in Nova Scotia of Scottish immigrant parents, Steve was born on July 15, 1941 in Jacksonville, FL and raised in Cohasset, MA. He graduated from Milton Academy in Milton, MA in 1959 and Yale University in 1963, where he was a member of the varsity crew, the Berzilius Society, and Zeta Psi fraternity.

He enlisted in the United States Navy and served in Vietnam during combat from 1963-1966 as a Lt. (j.g.) gunnery officer on the U.S.S. Jenkins. After being honorably discharged, he received an MBA from Northwestern in 1968 and worked at 3M before becoming CEO of Electronic Systems Personnel and Computer Depot, which he founded. He was a member of the Young Presidents Organization. He entered the field of executive search, joined Russell Reynolds Associates, became a Managing Director, and opened their Minneapolis office, which under his leadership became the number one office in the world. After moving to Atlanta in 1995, he became President of the Tuxedo Park Neighborhood Association and the Yale Club of Georgia.

He joined the Yale Alumni Schools Committee (ASC) nearly 20 years ago and from 2000-2015 served as the Atlanta ASC Chair, setting up all alumni/ae interviews for Yale undergraduate applicants. During his tenure as Chair, the ASC grew to well over 600 applicants and nearly 250 volunteer interviewers, the single largest ASC in the world. An avid golfer, he was a member of the Atlanta County Club and enjoyed the fellowship of the Gansome and Senior Men's Golfing Group.

Proud of his Scottish heritage, Steve had a special love of the bagpipes.

He is survived by his wife of 24 years, Barbara Long, M.D, children Emily Parker of Minneapolis, Anne Weil of Baltimore, Baillie Parker of Minneapolis, Kathryn Long of Far Hills, NJ, and Harrison Parker of Atlanta, two sisters, one brother, and three grandchildren. Donations to Our Lady of Perpetual Help Home in Atlanta are appreciated.

from Jon Larson:

I remember Steve from our Yale crew days on the Housatonic. Then I met up with him again in Honolulu. He was in the U.S. Navy at the time training and sailing out of Pearl Harbor and living in a big bachelor home he rented with a group of men in Manoa Valley near where Karen and I lived. My last physical memory of Steve was he and Toby Welo and I playing golf at the Barbers Point Naval Air Station golf course, a great afternoon of fun in the sun shared between good Yale "buds" as we riffed between strokes about our life achievements (past and planned) and anticipated with some trepidation the coming Vietnam War and how it would affect each of our lives. Steve had a beautiful wife Barbara and family. He was a lanky tall, handsome guy. He made contributions to Yale heading up the recruitment program in Atlanta (read his piece in the Yale 50th Class Book). Steve's passing is another not so gentle reminder to us all that each day is a gift to be enjoyed. I miss Steve and his passing is noted with sorrow at another good man leaving this good life on earth too early and before his time.

A Tribute to Steve Parker from the Yale Undergraduate Admissions Office

By Mark Dunn, Yale Class of 2007, Associate Director of Admissions

For more than 50 years Steve was a proud alumnus of Yale. And for nearly 20 of those years, Steve was a member of the Yale Admissions Office's Alumni Schools Committee, which enlists alumni volunteers to interview high school students applying to Yale College. Since 2000 Steve served as Director of the Atlanta Committee, dedicating hundreds of hours of volunteer work to the program. There is only one appropriate word to describe Steve's service, leadership, and dedication to this work: extraordinary.

To understand just how extraordinary Steve was in his role, it may be helpful to know what an ordinary director does. An ordinary director is responsible for communicating with about 25 volunteers who will interview fewer than 100 applicants a year. Steve managed a group of almost 250 volunteers and an area with more than 600 applicants, by far the largest Yale Alumni Schools Committee group in the world (lovingly nicknamed "The Pride of the South" in New Haven). An ordinary director would complain that the number of applications was outpacing the number of volunteers. Steve relentlessly sought out new volunteers and encouraged them to join in the work he found so valuable. An ordinary director assigns interviewers to applicants and is done. Steve wouldn't rest until he had ensured that every single interview was completed – and if you were a new volunteer who thought you could get away with dropping the ball on an applicant or two, Steve would correct your thinking quickly!

An ordinary director communicates with the Admissions Office once or twice a year. Steve kept in touch on a weekly basis - always to ask what more he could do for the office and for the applicants. An ordinary director might make a brief appearance when an admissions office representative gave a presentation for local high school students and parents. Steve arrived 30 minutes early to every presentation to greet the crowd. He'd sit in the audience through the entire 90 minute talk (loving every minute of it, even though he had heard the same stories and bad jokes dozens of times). He'd proudly take the stage to talk about the interviewing program, calming the audience's fears about what it's like to be interviewed for Yale, and assuring them that his volunteers were a student's best advocate. His obvious joy for the work, and his signature smile, made everyone in the room smile right back at him every time. And when the presentation was over he'd stick around for another 30 minutes answering questions from anyone and everyone who'd made it there.

Most importantly, Steve's service as a Director was extraordinary because he knew *whom* he was really serving: not Yale, and not the admissions office, but his local community: the diverse group of bright, ambitious, deserving students who had gotten the crazy idea in their head that they might want to go to college 1,000 miles away at one of the best universities in the world. Steve cared deeply about these students, their families, their teachers and counselors.

Steve and Barbara hosted an annual “truce dinner” at their home, an ingenious event that brought together a Yale admissions representative and a Harvard admissions representative, who would declare a one-night truce in the name of educating local guidance counselors from every imaginable type of high school about selective college admissions. Steve hosted two receptions every year for admitted students and their families. Most probably didn’t know what to expect when pulling up to his beautiful house, but in an instant he made them feel welcome and at ease. Like that beautiful house, which Steve and Barbara so frequently filled with visitors, Yale might seem intimidating from the outside, but Steve made it his mission to make the university feel as warm and friendly as he was.

A little more than twelve years ago I was one of those students who felt more than a little intimidated walking up that driveway. I was 17, had only ever spent a couple hours on Yale’s campus, and was starting to wonder what I had gotten myself into. As soon as I got inside and met Steve, I knew I was headed to the right place. Steve and the other alumni in attendance were bright and funny, friendly and humble, excited and full of life. Steve had hired a Yale *a cappella* group that was in town to perform just for us. The food was amazing. Over the next twelve years, I had the time of my life at Yale, I joined an *a cappella group* myself, I started my first job at the admissions office, and I walked up that driveway many more times. Every time the feeling inside that house was the same. It was the same feeling Steve wanted to make sure every applicant, parent, counselor, and volunteer received: *you are welcome here; you are valuable; you can do something great.*

In every way imaginable way Steve was extraordinary. And whenever you spent time with Steve, he made you feel a little extraordinary too.

For his years of service to Yale, to the Undergraduate Admissions Office, and, most importantly, to the thousands of young people Steve touched, the entire Yale community expresses our greatest and most sincere appreciation to a truly extraordinary Eli.

from George Johnson and Nelson Luria:

Stephen B. Parker died on April 23 after a short illness from brain cancer. He spent four years on the lightweight crew, was a member of Berzelius, Zeta Psi, and one of the 16-member senior assemblage that sprawled across two entries in TD.

After the Navy and a Northwestern MBA, he settled in Minneapolis for 27 years, then in Atlanta for the next 20 until his death. Steve showed great entrepreneurial talent. After two years at 3M, he owned and managed two successful placement firms and an equipment rental business. In the mid-1970’s, he founded NASDAQ traded Computer Depot, which, under his leadership, reached \$100 million in sales of IBM PCs and related products at leased spaces at department stores.

When other computer manufacturers with other distribution channels caused the company’s demise, he opened the Minneapolis office of Russell Reynolds Associates, which became that executive placement firm’s number one office. He later founded Converge Search in Atlanta. In Minneapolis he served on the Board of Breck School (Episcopal) at a crucial time when the school moved and purchased a new campus.

His service to Yale was evident, not only as President of the Yale Club of Georgia but also as Chair of the Atlanta Yale Alumni Schools Committee which during his tenure (2000-2015) became the largest ASC in the world. Steve’s son, Harrison, played the bagpipes at our 50th Reunion Battell Chapel Memorial service. Steve’s life was celebrated by friends and family both at a funeral service at the Cathedral Church of St. Philip, Atlanta, and at a memorial gathering at the Minikahda Club, Minneapolis. George Johnson was among those in Minneapolis and said perhaps for many of us who knew Steve: “Our friendship was a special part of my younger life.”

Steve is survived by his wife, Barbara Long, and children, Emily, Anne '94, Baillie, Katy Long and Harrison.

Ogden Mills Phipps



Ogden Mills Phipps, the patrician owner and breeder of top thoroughbred horses, including Orb, the winner of the 2013 Kentucky Derby, died on April 6th in Manhattan. He was 75.

The cause was pancreatic cancer, said his daughter Daisy Phipps Pulito, an owner and the racing manager of Phipps Stable, based at Belmont Park in Elmont, N.Y.

Mr. Phipps, known as Dinny, belonged to one of racing's leading families. With wealth inherited from Henry Phipps, one of Andrew Carnegie's partners in the iron and steel industry, in 1926 his grandmother Gladys Livingston Phipps started the Wheatley Stable, which bred, among many

others, Seabiscuit and Bold Ruler, sire of Secretariat.

His father, Ogden Phipps, who died in 2002, raced legendary horses like Buckpasser, Easy Goer and Personal Ensign under his own silks — an all-black shirt and a cherry-red cap — to which his son added red cuffs when he, in turn, began running his own horses in the early 1960s.

Starting out with a handful of horses, the younger Mr. Phipps developed a breeding operation based on top-quality broodmares stabled at Claiborne Farm in Paris, Ky.

"We are about the fillies: They provide consistency over generations," he told *The New York Times* in 2013, the year that Orb, which Mr. Phipps owned with his cousin Stuart S. Janney III, captured the prize that had eluded the family for three generations. Orb went on to finish fourth in the Preakness Stakes and third in the Belmont Stakes, the other two legs of the Triple Crown.

Over the years the operation produced stakes-winning horses like Successor, the 1966 champion juvenile colt; Rhythm, the winner of the 1990 Travers Stakes; the Breeders' Cup winners Inside Information and Storm Flag Flying; and Smuggler, named the champion 3-year-old filly in 2005 after winning the Mother Goose Stakes and the Coaching Club American Oaks at Belmont Park.

Mr. Phipps, the longest-serving chairman in the history of the Jockey Club — he held that office from 1983 to 2015 — was a racing anachronism. He did not buy from commercial breeders selling at the auctions that now dominate the industry, preferring to develop his own horses. In an age when owners look for precocious, win-early horses to recoup their investments quickly, he took the patient approach, emphasizing soundness, durability and the bloodlines to generate future champions. He relied on the services of one trainer, Claude McGaughey, known as Shug, who began working for him in 1985.

Orb's victory, Joe Drape wrote in *The New York Times*, "reminded the sporting world of a sepia-toned era in which old-money families with names like Whitney and Mellon and Vanderbilt ran horse racing like a private club, on handshakes and coin tosses."

Ogden Mills Phipps was born on Sept. 18, 1940, in Manhattan. His mother, the former Lillian Bostwick, was the granddaughter of a founding partner of Standard Oil. George Herbert Bostwick, one of her brothers, was a top steeplechase jockey.

Mr. Phipps attended Deerfield Academy in Massachusetts and earned a Bachelor of Arts degree from Yale in 1963. A keen sportsman, he played championship-level court tennis, winning the national doubles title several times. He is scheduled to be inducted into the International Court Tennis Hall of Fame in the summer. He also engaged in tuna fishing and powerboat racing. Gordon Cooper, one of the original Mercury astronauts, piloted one of his oceangoing powerboats in long-distance races in the 1960s.

From 1976 to 1994 Mr. Phipps was chairman of Bessemer Trust, the private bank and investment adviser established by the Phipps family in 1907. He served as chairman of Bessemer Securities from 1982 until 1994 and sat on the boards of both companies until retiring in 2015.

Mr. Phipps was chairman of the New York Racing Association, the organization that runs the racetracks at Aqueduct, Belmont and Saratoga, from 1976 to 1983. As chairman of the Jockey Club, he was a leading voice for reform in the racing industry, calling for a much stricter policy on the use of equine drugs.

"The facts are clear: if we care about the future of our sport, our equine athletes cannot be burdened by the taint of drugs," he said in 2013.

Mr. Phipps lived in Palm Beach, Fla., and had homes in Old Westbury, on Long Island, and in Saratoga Springs, N.Y. In addition to his daughter Daisy, he is survived by his wife, the former Andrea Broadfoot; a son, Ogden Phipps II; four daughters, Kayce Reagan Hughes, Kelley Reagan Farish, Lilly Phipps Cardwell and Samantha Phipps Alvarez; and 24 grandchildren.

Remembrances:

by Jim Thompson:

Dinny Phipps was a member of Pierson College and roomed across the hall from me and Hoy McConnell, my roommate, during sophomore year. He was a fun, down to earth guy, who enjoyed life and was interested in sports and horse racing. He was a good athlete with remarkable quickness for a man his size (about 6' and 245 lbs.) and he played squash and court tennis quite well. I asked him to play for one or more of Pierson's inter-college sports teams, football or baseball, but his travel schedule interfered with that. I can recall at breakfast one morning in the dining hall he was reading the New York Times and suddenly he raised his fist and said "Yes!" with real excitement.

According to the Times his horse, *Hitting Away* as I recall, had just won one of the big three races, the Belmont stakes as I recall. We enjoyed a great breakfast celebration. He indulged in several eccentricities which oddly enough were all linked together: parking tickets on York Street; never dry cleaning his new J. Press shirts; and losing his assigned reading books for a semester, then seeking to borrow mine. Since he lived in New York City, he'd travel home or to other parts of the country on weekends often following sports teams he liked (or had an ownership interest in) like the New York Yankees.

This caused him to return to Yale late Sunday nights or early Monday mornings and he'd park his car on York Street adjacent to Pierson and in front of J. Press and go to bed. He never got up in time to move it before it was ticketed and/or occasionally towed by the New Haven police. After accumulating a score of tickets, he made a deal with the manager of J Press to either have his car moved or pay his tickets on a timely basis. It helped that Dinny would buy most of his dress shirts and suits, to the extent he wore them, from J. Press.

This helps explain the tickets and the shirts, but what about his books? Dinny was not much on keeping his room neat or tidy or in taking his clothes and shirts to the dry cleaners. So he'd wear a new shirt for several days, then discard it in a pile next to the door in his room. As the semester progressed, his pile of new shirts grew to shoulder height and covered a chair next to the door. Upon his return one Sunday night several days prior to the beginning of the semester exams, he came into our room across the hall in a panic asking to borrow my books and assigned readings in two classes we took together. He said he'd lost his books or they were stolen. He then led us back to his room to demonstrate his absence of books.

As Hoy and I helped him look around, we noticed his pile of shirts. I suggested that he take them to a dry cleaner and grabbed an armful to move in that direction. As the pile receded, suddenly a box of unopened books appeared-- The Missing Books for the semester. Dinny was both pleased and embarrassed. He explained that

he was a fast reader so exams wouldn't be a problem, but my class notes would help, which I gladly shared with him.

Dinny was a talented and good natured person who we enjoyed talking with and sharing ideas. I would have liked to know him better at Yale but our social and academic paths diverged. After graduation he became very successful in the horse racing field where he made his mark and I became a lawyer in Maryland. May he rest in peace.

Robert Rasche



Robert (Bob) Rasche died in his Chesterfield, MO home surrounded by his family on June 2, 2016.

He suffered for 18 months with lung cancer.

Following Yale graduation, he completed his Economics Ph.D. at the University of Michigan. He was a research associate at MIT while working on the Federal-Reserve Board -MIT Monetary Research project. He taught Economics at Michigan State University for 27 years. retiring in 1998.

Immediately following that retirement, he moved to St. Louis. MO where he served as Director of Research at St. Louis Federal Reserve Bank for 11 years. He envisioned and nurtured St Louis Fed data services such as ALFRED and FRASER. He was an avid carpenter and family genealogy organizer and loved international and domestic travel. He is survived by his wife Dottie of 52 years, a son and daughter, numerous family members, and friends.

David Culver recalls: "While I never met Bob during our four years at Yale, I had the good fortune to meet him about eight years ago while taking a class on banking and the Federal Reserve at Washington University's Lifelong Learning institute. The President of the Federal Reserve Bank of St. Louis was scheduled to speak to our class, but he was called away and sent Bob Rasche in his place. Bob's introduction to the class included his curriculum vitae, and that was the start of a wonderful but all too brief relationship. Shortly after the class, I introduced Bob to several other Yale '63 classmates including Luke Fouke and Fred Hanser. Unfortunately, Bob couldn't attend our 50th reunion in 2013 due to a very busy international travel schedule. Bob was a delightfully interesting, well informed, and gracious individual whose *joie de vivre* radiated in everything he said and did. He will be missed!"

James O. Reinhardt



James O. Reinhardt passed away on August 16, 2016 after a valiant battle with cancer.

Jim was a resident of Epping, NH and Hobe Sound, FL. Born in Blue Island, IL, he graduated from Bloom Township High School in Chicago Heights in 1959, and from Yale College in 1963.

He was a U.S. Navy veteran and served as Communications Officer on the USS Platte during the Vietnam War. He worked primarily as an advertising representative for the Derry News and several other local newspapers. He then moved on to partner in his wife's art and architectural rendering business.

His passions included his family, reading, tennis, and supporting Democratic politics. He is survived by his loving wife of 26 years, Kathryn Jean Broland, and three children, Brown, Connie, and John Reinhardt.

Richard Smart Rewis



Richard Smart Rewis, 75 of Charleston, died on Sunday, January 25, 2015, at Roper Hospital.

Born Friday, December 15, 1939 in Norfolk, Virginia, he was the son of the late Millard Rewis and the late Helen Smart Rewis. He was the husband of Eulonda Brillon Rewis.

A beloved husband and father, Mr. Rewis was a caring and enthusiastic teacher and church musician who will be missed by all who knew him. He graduated from Yale University in 1963 and proudly served In the United States Marine Corps.

Surviving in addition to his devoted wife of 37 years are sons, Ben Rewis and wife Melanie of San Francisco, CA and Sam Merrill of Freeport, ME; stepsons, Ken Bailey of Mobile, AL and Jeff Bailey of Jacksonville, FL; step-daughter; Carol Lazu and husband Peter of Charleston; sister, Carolyn Key and husband Jim of Norfolk, VA and his grandchildren and step grandchildren.

from James K. Baird

Richard and I first met in 1958. Richard's father was the associate pastor at Greene Memorial United Methodist Church in Roanoke, VA which I attended.

When the Rewis family moved to Roanoke in the fall of 1958, Richard was a Yale freshman, and I was a high school senior who was considering applying to Yale. Over Christmas holidays of 1958, Richard kindly lent me his notebook for Chem. 12. To my great surprise and huge relief, I found that I could read and understand most of it. This gave me some confidence that I might survive as a chemistry major at Yale.

Bryan Rogers



Bryan Rogers, former dean of Art & Design, dies at age 72

Submitted by the Penny W. Stamps School of Art & Design - University of Michigan

Bryan Rogers, professor and former dean of what is now the Penny W. Stamps School of Art & Design, died Tuesday at home, after a lengthy illness and in the care of his wife, Cynthi, and son, Kyle. He was 72.

Born in Texas, Rogers graduated from Yale University in 1963 with a Bachelor of Engineering degree. He also received a Master of Science, Master of Arts and Ph.D. from the University of California, Berkeley in 1966, 1969 and 1971, respectively.

"The engaging learning that students experience in the Stamps School of Art & Design is due to the vision and leadership of Bryan Rogers. His belief in a program that is global, creative and connected led to dramatic changes that advanced the Stamps School. We will miss his gentle spirit and will continue to benefit from his important work as a scholar, dean and leader," said President Mary Sue Coleman.

Prior to coming to U-M, Rogers held positions at UC-Berkeley, San Francisco State University and Carnegie Mellon University. Both a practicing artist and a writer, he published and exhibited his work nationally and internationally.

Rogers was appointed dean of what was then the School of Art & Design (now the Stamps School) in 2000, after leading the School of Art at Carnegie Mellon. He stepped down June 30, 2012 and was the school's longest-serving dean.

His vision for the school was threefold:

- To make the arts part of the intellectual DNA of the wide-ranging domains that comprise U-M.
- To connect A&D students and faculty with their creative pursuits and the wider world through interdisciplinary collaborations, regional outreach programs and global learning exchanges.
- To send into the world well-rounded individuals with technical and conceptual skills, creative confidence, a capacity for continuing self-education, an appreciation for other cultures and perspectives, a well-honed critical intelligence, and an abiding passion for engagement with their communities and their world.

"For those who worked closely with Bryan, he is remembered most for his wry and often wicked sense of humor, his grace and devoted friendship, his love of music and reading, and the many acts of kindness that he performed without an expectation of thanks or recognition," said current Stamps School Dean Gunalan Nadarajan.

"I will always remember fondly and with deep appreciation the generosity of spirit and support he extended me as I transitioned into my position as dean at the school. Bryan has left both a professional and human legacy that we can all aspire to."

Rogers' vision has led the way in transforming art-design education at American universities and in championing the critical role of creativity in education.

His work has inspired a generation of creative thinkers and practitioners to move beyond centuries-old conventions and embrace new paradigms grounded in critical engagement, community and global awareness, and an understanding of the significant role artists and designers play in society.

Rogers' successes in achieving his vision include:

- An endowment for the school that ensures a bright future for the visual arts on campus.
- A curriculum that encourages thoughtful, creative, interdisciplinary problem-making and problem-solving.
- A tenured and tenure-track faculty that doubled in size during his tenure and reflects the range of contemporary creative practice.
- Expanded and improved facilities including private studio space for faculty, graduate students and seniors.
- Thriving national and international engagement programs that move art-design out of the classroom and into the local and global communities.
- A dedicated and professional staff capable of supporting ambitious programs and services.
- A hard-won recognition of the importance of art and design on campus, including the founding of ArtsEngine.

Cards and notes for the family may be sent to the Stamps School Dean's Office, 2000 Bonisteel Blvd., Ann Arbor, Michigan 48109.

Seymour S. "Sandy" Saltus



Seymour S. "Sandy" Saltus of Chester, NJ passed away on July 14, 2017 in Dover, NJ.

Sandy was born on January 11, 1942 in Morristown, NJ. He lived in Morristown before moving to Chester 45 years ago.

Sandy graduated from St. Paul's School in Concord, NH in 1959, and earned a bachelor's degree from Yale in 1963. He served in the U.S. Air Force from 1963 to 1968.

Sandy worked for Bankers Trust Company in Manhattan for 30 years before his retirement in 1998. He loved the opera, the sea, and sailing. He enjoyed electronics, making models, and playing the piano, and was an excellent marksman in target shooting.

Sandy is survived by his beloved wife of 48 years, Sarah Anne (McDougall) Saltus; two devoted sons, Nathan and Edward Saltus; four grandchildren, and three sisters.

Frederick Middleton Rotan Smith



Frederick Middleton Rotan Smith of Manhattan passed away on August 11, 2017, at age 75, from complications related to heart disease.

Fred was born in New York City, where he attended St. Bernard's School. He graduated from Deerfield Academy in 1959 and received a B.A. in History and Economics from Yale University in 1963.

After serving in the U.S. Marine Corps, Fred was hired by First Boston in 1967 and remained at the firm, and its successor Credit Suisse, for the duration of his career, retiring in 2002. He remained a senior advisor and consultant to the firm for a number of years thereafter. At First Boston, Fred established and then headed the firm's media, transportation, and telecommunications Investment Banking Coverage Group. He later founded and co-headed the firm's international private equity investment business.

Fred was a devoted father, world traveler, and passionate golfer. A fierce competitor, he won three club championships at the Fishers Island Club and two at the Deepdale Golf Club where he also won five senior championships.

Fred is survived by his three children (Frederick M. R. Smith, Jr., Margaret Smith Warden, and Charles Lister Smith), three grandchildren, and his beloved Alexa Gale Kroeger.

Bob Hanson writes:

"I did not know Fred Smith when we were classmates at Yale, but our paths often intersected during our respective investment banking careers. Fred was a tele-communications banker at First Boston, while I had a similar role at Merrill Lynch. On those occasions when First Boston and Merrill Lynch shared a banking assignment, it was a pleasure to work with Fred, although we were nominal competitors. He was the consummate investment banker – knowledgeable about the industry he covered and an all-around good guy. He will be missed."

William C. Stifler III



William C. Stifler III, a retired lawyer who had been chief real estate solicitor for the city of Baltimore, died November 27, 2015 of complications from dementia at Symphony Manor assisted living in Roland Park. He was 74.

"Bill was a terrific guy and a very good lawyer whose concentration was real estate law: He brought to his practice legal principles and an ability to solve business problems in a most efficient way;" said Cleaveland D. Miller, principal and chair man of Semmes, Bowen & Semmes. "He was just a fine person."

"He handled significant and challenging deals with good cheer," said City Solicitor George Nilson. "He was just a lovely and delightful gentleman."

William Curtis Stifler III, the son of pediatricians Dr. William C. Stifler II and Dr. Jean Rose Stifler, was born in Baltimore and raised in Roland Park.

After graduating in 1959 from Gilman School, where he captained the baseball team and played varsity basketball and football, he began studies at Yale University. He transferred to the University of Maryland, College Park, where he earned a bachelor's degree in 1964. After graduating from the University of Maryland School of Law in 1967, he clerked for Maryland Court of Appeals Judge William J. McWilliams.

He joined the Baltimore law firm of Niles, Barton & Wilmer in 1968, where he worked for nearly two decades. He subsequently practiced with Weinberg & Green and Semmes, Bowen & Semmes, until being named chief real estate solicitor for the city of Baltimore in 2004. He retired in 2011.

"He was an experienced lawyer who handled many major deals," recalled Mr. Nilson. "He was well liked by the people he worked with in the department."

"He enjoyed his job with the city," said Mr. Miller. "He was a charming and delightful person, and his clients and the people he worked with loved him."

"Billy was deeply committed to the intellectual and ethical pursuit of the law and served for 15 years as secretary of the Character Committee of the Maryland State Bar;" said his wife of 32 years, the former Ellen Keats, who is executive director of development at the Kimmel Cancer Center at Johns Hopkins Hospital.

"There was no one who was more appropriate to serve as secretary to the Character Committee of the Maryland State Bar Association than Bill Stifler;" said Mr. Nilson.

Mr. Stifler was active in numerous civic, educational and museum organizations, and served on such nonprofit boards as Maryland Prisoners Aid, the Baltimore Montessori Charter School, the Baltimore Museum of Industry and Gihnan School. He had been president of the Hampden Family Center for many years.

During the 1980s, he was president of the Roland Park Little League, where his children played baseball.

Beginning when he was a young boy, Mr. Stifler spent summers at the family home on Isle au Haut in Maine.

"His love for the beauty and wildness of the Maine coast also marked some of the happiest times in his life," said Mrs. Stifler.

Mr. Stifler also maintained a deep interest in the history of the American South and read extensively about its political, economic and racial history.

He was also interested in the Great Mississippi Flood of 1927 that inundated Arkansas, Mississippi, Louisiana. Of the 630,000 people who were affected by the flood, some 200,000 African-Americans were displaced by it and forced to live in relief camps.

Mr. Stifler was a fan of the blues."Billy liked traveling through the South, and he even drove through the Mississippi Delta and visited the home of blues singer Robert Johnson, who lived in Clarksdale, Miss.," said his wife.

Mr. Stifler was a member of the Maryland Club and the Wednesday Law Club.

He was a communicant of the Episcopal Church of the Redeemer, 5603 N. Charles St., where a memorial service will be held at 11a.m. Wednesday in the church chapel.

In addition to his wife, Mr. Stifler is survived by a son, William C. Stifler of Towson; a daughter, Sarah L. Stifler of Los Angeles; a stepson, James W. Sibal of New Orleans; a stepdaughter Allison S. Baker of Towson; two brothers, Dr. Robert Stifler of Chapel Hill, N.C., and Dr. David Stifler of Essex Junction, Vt.; and seven grandchildren. An earlier marriage to Ann D. Dandridge ended in divorce.

William Stirlen



William N. Stirlen died on June 19, 2013 in Pacific Grove, California, from cancer.

Bill matriculated at Yale with the Class of 1961, withdrew for two years, and then returned and graduated as a member of our Class.

After graduating from Yale, Bill received an MBA from Northwestern, and served as CFO of four publicly traded companies, beginning in Rochester, New York and ending in the San Francisco Bay area.

Bill stayed in close touch with his roommates, Dick Hopper and Mike Green.

Bill is survived by his wife, Shu-Tin, sons, Chris and Bryce, and several grandchildren.

Mike Green remembers Bill as follows:

"Bill was Iowa through and through, born in Muscatine and growing up in Barrington. He was a star athlete at Barrington High School in football, baseball, and track and was also an accomplished piano player.

I always accused him of having a multitude of personality defects because he was the son of a mortician and enjoyed working in his father's mortuary. However, Bill was warm, engaging, fun, and smart, except when he took the field to play for the Calhoun and Ezra Stiles football teams. He loved the physical contact and I remember that in a number of games he would emerge with a broken nose spread across his face and not even realize it. It was that toughness that I believe made him so successful in life. He fought his cancer with the same warrior spirit he exhibited on Yale's playing fields."

Richard Chandler Seamans



Richard C. Seamans, 73, of Rolling Hills Estates, CA, passed away Sunday, September 27, 2015, while pursuing his greatest passion (after skiing), hiking in the Sierra Nevada Mountains in Yosemite National Park.

Richard was born November 5, 1941, in Pittsburgh, PA to Frank L. "Zeke" Seamans and Mary Jane Chandler Seamans. He graduated from Mount Lebanon High School in 1959, and from Yale University in 1963. He earned his law degree in 1966 at Harvard Law School.

On June 13, 1964, he married his high school sweetheart, Susan White Seamans, also originally of Mount Lebanon, and Mount Lebanon High School where they met and first dated in 1958. Suzy served as a city council member and mayor in Rolling Hills Estates.

Richard practiced law for Rockwell International and The Boeing Company for over 30 years. He retired in 2001 and spent the last 14 years actively enjoying life. He was an avid skier and hiker in the Mammoth Lakes area and played tennis frequently.

In the past several years he became an aspiring photographer, capturing the scenic landscapes of his hikes and the many destinations to which he traveled with his wife. He recently received an award for one of his photographs.

Richard is survived by his wife, Susan White Seamans of Rolling Hills Estates; his two children, Pamela Seamans Feldman and her husband, Ben of Chapel Hill, NC, and Andrew White Seamans and his wife, Marcia Brooks of Durham, NC; four grandchildren, Maxwell Richard Feldman (17), Amanda Sarah Feldman (15), Ezekiel "Zeke" Brooks Seamans (18), and Lucy Brooks Seamans (14); he is also survived by his sister, Barbara S. Cummings of Marenisco, MI; and two nieces, Caryllon Huggins and Tiffany Cummings.

Gifts may be made in Richard's honor to the Palos Verdes Peninsula Land Conservancy (PVPLC), P.O. Box 3427, Palos Verdes Peninsula, CA 90274

Jerald L. Stevens



Jerald L. Stevens, 73, died at his home in Chester, Vermont, on Sept. 5, 2014.

Jerry loved ideas, people, and community. Active as a volunteer in the neighboring town of Grafton, he expressed his love of books and learning as a trustee of the Grafton Library, his enjoyment of a good party through his promotion of the Grafton Day Celebration, and his willingness to cause a ruckus in passions like his alternative plan for the abandoned Red Church building.

Although variously describing himself as an atheist and a Buddhist, he was active at and a deacon of the Grafton Church. Swimming and his keen intellect led him from Bloomington, Illinois, to Yale. He graduated from Yale College in 1963, from the Harvard Business School in 1967, and worked in private finance. Jerry was appointed at age 33 as Welfare Commissioner and then as Secretary of Human Services by Massachusetts Governor Michael Dukakis. Five years later he became the Vice President of Finance and Administration at Yale University.

Jerry returned to the private sector as President of Vanguard Investments in 1983. He retired to Vermont in 1994. Always an athlete and lover of things physical, Jerry played rugby in college, ran the Boston marathon in the 1970s, biked to work before it was cool, and became a master club rower in his 50s. Last year he was still bench-pressing 200 lbs.

Jerry was ever curious about and generous with others, and appreciative of their individual perspectives, insights, and strengths. He was a confidante and catalyst for many, including his partner, Michelle Dufort, four siblings, children (Jake, Peter, Will, and Kate), his former wife, Barbara, and their six grandchildren (Louisa, Dashiell, Katharine, Maggie, Sally and Sabina). He was predeceased by his parents, Louis Schenck Stevens and Mary Frances Dunne Stevens. SERVICES:

A memorial service will be held at the Grafton Church in Grafton, VT on September 27, 2014 at 11 a.m. Donations in his memory may be made to the Jerald L. Stevens Memorial Fund c/o Grafton Library, P.O. Box 129 Grafton, Vermont 05146.

Published in the *Rutland Herald* on Sept. 10, 2014

Jerald L. "Jerry" Stevens, 73, died Sept. 5, 2014, at his home from melanoma.

He was born June 6, 1941, in Bloomington, IL, the son of Louis Schenck Stevens and Mary Frances Dunne Stevens. He received a Bachelor's Degree from Yale College in 1963 and Masters of Business Administration from Harvard University in 1967.

He was Commissioner of Public Welfare and Secretary of Human Services in Massachusetts in the 1970s, Vice President of Administration and Finance at Yale University from 1978 to 1982 and then President and Chief Operating Officer of Vanguard Investments from 1982 to 1985.

He retired to Vermont in 1994. He was a trustee of the Grafton (VT) Library and deacon of the Grafton Church. He loved to read, run, bike and row. He was ever curious about and generous with others.

Survivors include his partner, Michelle Dufort of Grafton; his former wife and mother of their children, Barbara Ray Stevens of Washington, D.C.; his four children, Jacob Stevens of Brooklyn, NY, Peter Stevens of Concord, Mass., William Stevens of San Francisco, CA, and Katharine Stevens of Genga, Italy; his siblings, Robert Stevens of Freeport, ME, James Stevens and Stephen Stevens of Bloomington, IL, and Ann Sweeney of Keller, TX; and six grandchildren, Louisa, Dashiell, Katharine, Sally, Margaret and Sabina.

Jerry Stevens lost his 18-year battle with melanoma at his home in Chester, VT, on September 5. A memorial service was held at the Grafton Church on the 27th. Phil Stevens reminisced about his roommate and fellow swimmer, and read some remarks sent by John Lahr, another roommate. Both texts are available at the class website. Lahr could not attend the service, because he was on a book tour following publication of his long-awaited new biography of Tennessee Williams. Peter de Bretteville and Gar Murtha also attended the service. Jerry's daughter Kate said that he wanted his classmates to know that he had established the Jerald L. Stevens Memorial Fund at the Grafton Library, P.O. Box 129, Grafton, VT 05146.

Remarks made by Phil Stevens at the memorial service for Jerry Stevens, Grafton Church, Grafton, VT, September 27.

I have a written message from John Lahr, who kept much closer contact with Jerry than any of the rest of his Yale roommates – and indeed John was most diligent in trying to keep us all connected after graduation. We all would second John's sentiments, but before I read them, I want to insert a few of my own. But first, an *apologia*. I think my theology is pretty similar to Jerry's – I'm not much of a theist; and I, too am active and an officer in a church. Like Jerry, I find no conflict there. The church is a social institution. But I was raised in a New England Congregational Church like this one, and never in my wildest dreams would I ever have imagined that I would say in a church certain words that are contained in both my and John's remarks. I will justify my use of those words in two ways: 1) today is Saturday; and 2) We used obscenities like these in our banter with

each other as exclusive terms – they were part of what I might call a “culture of endearment” at Yale in the early 1960s. So, here we go.

I knew Jerry pretty well for four years at Yale. He and I were roommates for two of them. In our junior year five of the most unlikely roommates you can imagine shared quarters in Branford College. I, athlete and straight arrow; Jerry, athlete and boisterous hail-fellow-well-met; Johnnie Bowen, singer, later MD and renowned surgeon, died of cancer in 2013; Dick Thieriot, businessman; Lahr, writer.

We were all high achievers in our own areas, all very different, but we got along well. Let me draw one image for you that I think conveys our camaraderie. We hired a photographer to come to our room to photograph us for a Christmas card. We all lay side by side on our fold-out couch bed, in T-shirts, under an old bright rainbow Afghan made by my grandmother: Jerry, with a pipe in his mouth, Thieriot in a night cap, nestled in the crook of my arm, and Johnnie Bowen, all holding lit candles, and all dead asleep. And John Lahr, standing on one leg on the back of the couch over our heads, grinning broadly – what we called a “shit-eating grin,” his other leg raised like the Dancing Shiva, wearing only blue oxford boxers and a T-shirt, arms in ridiculous arabesque. In case anyone missed the message, on his T-shirt he had written, “*Sugar Plum*.” It was priceless. I still have it and cherish it.

Bowen left us the next year to accept the Senior privilege of a single room, so that last year we were four. But Jerry and I had been fellow swimmers since freshman year, and swimming was a big deal at Yale. He was a breaststroker, and constructed like one – big strong chest, shoulders, and arms. As Lahr says, Jerry was smart – and wise; and he was truly a loyal friend. In my experience, friendship was a special thing for him – friends came first; the concerns of friends pushed everything else away. I was really busy at Yale – English major, athlete – the swimming season began in October and ended in April, and “bursary boy” – in those years scholarship students gave Yale 12 hours per week of work – and those were time-clock hours; and in my first 2 years I didn’t have many good friends. So Jerry’s friendship was really important. And it was genuine—he was really interested in me. He made time for me, he gave me generally good advice. My nickname was Flip; Jerry called me “Flipper.” He was funny. He giggled like a child at a good joke. And he was politically liberal, and he saved me from the Extreme Right, and the he he he he he Calliopean Society, into whose clutches I had nearly fallen the year before – but that’s another story. I have many stories...

Over the next 51 years we communicated sporadically – I put him on our Christmas card list, but we talked only occasionally, and we met seldom. But whenever we did, Jerry’s attitude was as if talking to me was the greatest thing that could have happened to him just then. It was exactly like that in early September, a few days before he passed, when I phoned him. Kate Answered, and advised me that he was weak... but he picked up the phone and in a strong voice, sparked by apparent delight at talking to me, he told me of his condition, and plans, and alternative plans, for his own demise. Indeed, as Will read to us earlier from Dylan Thomas, Jerry was not going to “go gentle into that good night.” My friend, I will miss you.ou.

I will read some remarks from John Lahr, who right now is in Provincetown, one stop of many on a whirlwind 2-week publisher’s tour criss-crossing the nation to talk about his new book, his biography of Tennessee Williams. John’s memories of Yale events are a bit different from mine; but about Jerry’s personal attributes, we all would concur.

About eighteen Christmases ago, my family and I rented a house in this picturesque town to be with Jerry who had cancer and who, it was thought, would not see out the year. The stubborn bastard has only just this month decided to leave us. Those extra nearly two decades were gravy.

Our buoyant, goofy, weirdly intimate conversation began when we were roommates at Yale; and we kept it up down the decades. A few days before he died Jerry said, ‘Johnny, don’t call again. I don’t have the energy.’ Jerry without energy is impossible to imagine. He was a ball, maybe even a whirlwind, of confounding, restless energy. It was Jerry, back then, liquored up at Bennett Junior College who got all of Yale banned for a week from that paradise of pulchritude for ripping out the urinals of a local roadhouse; and Jerry who once announced himself at our Branford rooms by setting fire to the front door. And let’s not mention at this solemn

occasion what happened to the legs of our living room furniture or the duck whom he insisted cohabit with us Senior year in our living room. We laughed. We laughed so hard its memory is evergreen. And that laughter, whether playing “three-wahoo” golf at Pebble Beach—yelling ‘Wahoo’ three times during the course of play—or tobogganing down a winding Vermont road at midnight—is the grace notes of joy in my life.

Jerry was, by any measurable standard known to man, eccentric. He was incorrigible, insatiable, irrepressible, smart—very smart—fierce, funny, unmoored, unabashed, human. He was also, it must be said, dangerous. It was hard to walk the streets with the guy either up here in Vermont or in Manhattan. “Hi ya” he’d say to people, mostly attractive women, walking along the Vermont streets, as if he were running for Mayor; that hail-fellow act didn’t play quite the same way to the wary burghers and the princesses of the Upper West Side. You sometimes had to walk behind him or even away: it was just too embarrassing. But Jerry was undaunted. He sailed through life propelled by his own whims and his own whimsy.

Of course, there was a shadow to Jerry: his compulsions and his rustication in the country broadcast anxieties he preferred the world, and maybe even himself, not to know. But he met life with courage and vigour and wonderful humour. I have a photo of us together at our 25th reunion on the mantelpiece of my office: Jerry in his bow-tie and in his prime. It’s been there for a decade; it’ll be there when they cart me off. But I don’t need the photo to remind me of his gaudy presence. I carry him, as all his beloveds do, inside me; we still have our talks. And I still call him a crazy asshole. He is still my dear, unaccountable, cherished friend.

Raymond Carver, also like Jerry struck down by cancer too early, wrote this “Late Fragment”:

And did you get what
You wanted from this life, even so?
I did.
And what was that?
To call myself beloved, to feel myself
Beloved on the earth.

Jerry was beloved by his wonderful family and by his friends. I hope he knew it. I hope he got the life he so bravely fought for. I think he did.

God, he was a great guy.

from Jon Larson:

One of my favorite early memories of Jerry was from back in the Fall of 1959. The coordinated water ballooning of unsuspecting classmates traversing the courtyard in Vanderbilt Hall at the far south end of the Old Campus was a huge diversionary fun break from studies. The poor unsuspecting target would take off running at the first balloon to strike and would zig-zag across the courtyard dashing for the nearest entranceway. I recall Jerry entering the courtyard as our next victim. We had a number of rooms coordinated and ready with a large supply of full balloons for a full barrage strike. But instead of dashing for cover at the first strike like all the others, Jerry did not alter his slow walking pace and he continued to saunter across the courtyard as around 20 water balloons all splashed around him onto the ground at his feet. He did not take even one direct hit. He turned around, smiled at his unseen attackers from above, opened the door and walked into the dorm bone dry. We all decided Jerry was one very cool cat under fire. I think this personality trait held up his entire life, judging from the stories about his life shared between classmates over the years.

from Bill Bell:

I am saddened, but not surprised, to learn through this email of Jerry Stevens' death. The website serves a great purpose by enabling the reading of John Lahr's endearing eulogy. I'd like to add the following words:

Jerry pushed life's envelope, as evidenced by his ongoing survival of melanoma for so many years. The summer we spent together, both of us Yale Summer Interns in Washington, was one continuous and sometimes absurd adventure, made even more joyous when we met his future wife, Barbara, and her college roommate, who I dated. The raucous adventures with friends continued when we returned for our senior year, played rugby (he was REALLY strong), besmirched Yale's good name at Bennett Jr. College, and enthusiastically ushered Jerry into married life with an all-time great wedding.

Subsequently, Jerry never slowed down. Harvard Business School, where we met up occasionally, whet his competitive appetite. He enjoyed bettering "the guys with their prissy little wives pushing their husbands to succeed." A few years later, showing me into his Boston financial firm, he gestured to the entryway painting of a single apple. "That's what we're going after here," he told me, "the big apple". His tenure as Massachusetts' Secretary of Human Services was one of candid integrity, such as when he told a packed hearing that the legislators could go ahead and cut welfare payments, as long as they were willing to accept an increase in street crime. He loved handling Yale University's investments, but at our 20th reunion he told me that "Yale is such a wonderful place, it would be so easy just to be forever happy here, and so I had to leave." He then enjoyed the heady early days at Vanguard. But there had to be more...

Homesteading in the back hills of Vermont was almost challenge enough. In several visits there, I sensed that he found great fulfillment in earning the friendship of local residents. He thrived on the physical demands of tending to the horses; the melanoma was simply a worthy adversary, and he prevailed for years by staying in great shape. The love received from his children fulfilled him. I think that he departed this world finally feeling that he had left few stones unturned.

James Hamilton "Kimo" Tabor II



James Hamilton "Kimo" Tabor II, 74, of Waimea, Hawaii, a retired accountant and management consultant and an Army veteran, died February 3, 2016 in Kona Community Hospital.

He was born in Honolulu, Hawaii.

He is survived by sons Joshua and Britton, daughter Sloane Perroots, sister Lisa Davis and six grandchildren. Private services will be held. In lieu of flowers, donations are suggested to St. James Episcopal Church, 65-1237 Kawaihae Road, Kamuela, HI 96743.

from Jon Larson:

Auwe! We have lost another true "Son of Hawaii". This one cuts close. We were both born "pre-Pearl Harbor" and grew up together in the tropical paradise of the Hawaiian Islands in the '50's dominated by rural agriculture (sugar and pineapple), tourism, the U.S. Military, with statehood yet to come in 1959, the year we graduated. These were great years for our country as well. All in all a good time to grow up. The economy was growing, we were not at war, middle class America was growing and saving, and only Sputnik came along to cloud our day. The "greening of America" and the social unrest and conflict of the '60's and the 'Nam war were still ahead of us. Punahou School, sports, girls, hot-rods and surfing occupied most of our time in the 50's growing up in Hawaii, as Twain in 1866 wrote "*The loveliest fleet of islands that lies anchored in any ocean.*" These were idyllic times for Kimo and myself and our Punahou friends, most certain never to be repeated.

At Punahou we were best friends where our only conflict was competing for the affections of Mary Kaye Jeffries, (Kimo won out eventually). I knew his mother and father well. I kept close to Kimo over the years via email after our years together at Yale, through his service in Vietnam, his family and career in Honolulu for many years, and his relocation to the Big Island in Waimea. Kimo was a very deep thinker. He marched to an internal drummer, different from many of us, whether 'Nam conflicts where he served us well, or other, I don't know. A real gentleman and a very gentle soul. I never once heard him raise his voice in anger. I am saddened at this news which cuts closer to the bone than my self-protection cushion finds comfortable. Reminds me at 74 of my own vulnerability. I have posted his passing sadly on the growing In Memoriam section of our Punahou59 web site as well as here on our Y63 site.

Kimo's (too early) passing reminds us that each day we are here together truly is a gift. We have fewer of them available to us than we have already used up. Use them well.

At his request his remains have been spread high up the volcanoes of Mauna Loa and Mauna Kea on the Big Island where he will enjoy the beautiful views and the gentle trade winds, forever.

Rest in peace Kimo. We miss you already. The world seems a little smaller here without you.

from Kimo's Punahou friends in Hawaii....

Aloha Kimo,

From all of us who will join you some day...

May the memories of our good times together with you at Punahou remind us to give thanks for all that we have. And may our fond memories of you remind us to reassure our loved ones (every day of our lives while we are here together with them) that we love and enjoy and need them very much. These are your special gifts to us.

And may our tears in memory of you be like gentle rain that feeds and softens the desert places in our souls so we will continue to bloom and grow beautiful things for all the world to see, for as long as we are here, and forever thereafter.

Me kealoha pumehana, Your many friends at Punahou

from Tom Chun:

Kimo and I met and became friends in a world that no longer exists. Hawaii in the 1950's was often described as a "racial paradise" of peace and harmony, but this was a myth to bolster the tourist industry. Although Hawaii's population was predominantly non-European, Punahou School (where Kimo and I met) was majority European,

with hundreds of children of Caucasian military officers temporarily stationed in Hawaii bused to the school from military housing to maintain the desired racial makeup. Restrictive covenants barred Asians from living in certain Honolulu neighborhoods. Private clubs excluded Asians from membership; it was front page news when the Pacific Club admitted Asians in 1968 (and some members quit in protest). The Civil Rights Act of 1964 was not yet law, so Asians were not hired for senior positions by major companies or leading law firms (other than those they founded themselves). Many businesses were still controlled by descendants of Congregational missionaries from Yale who had settled in Hawaii in the 19th century, As the old saying goes, "the missionaries came to Hawaii to do good, and they ended up doing well."

In this world, Kimo was a prince of the realm. His father was president of one of the legendary "Big Five" companies that controlled the sugar industry under the Kingdom of Hawaii and then dominated the Hawaiian economy through the mid-20th century and statehood. By contrast, I was essentially a nobody. Nevertheless, despite our sharply different backgrounds, we became friends at Punahou. We both joined the Fence Club at Yale, where our friendship became even stronger. After graduation, Kimo served in Vietnam, where I recall he was wounded and exposed to Agent Orange; I suspect his wounds were not all physical. In any event, he used to visit me from time to time in San Francisco on his way to Singapore or elsewhere. Eventually, our face-to-face meetings became less frequent, particularly after he took up residence on the Big Island. My last contact was through email correspondence regarding our 50th Yale Reunion, when Charlie Dilks had arranged a Fence Club reception at Mory's. Kimo did not make it, and my regret at not seeing my lifelong friend one more time is painful.

from John Derby:

My memories of Kimo go back to being Boy Scouts together at Troop 35. Our dads were both scouters and served as Presidents of the Aloha Council, Boy Scouts of America. Kimo grew up on Tantalus Drive way above our neighborhood and we were not in the same class at Punahou so it was not until we arrived at Yale that we really connected again.

My best memories were during the summer of 1962 between our Junior and Senior years, Kimo and I went to Europe together. We flew to Paris and took a train to Munich where we picked up a brand new Volkswagen. The game plan was to travel to the major cities where our dads would send us money to pick up at American Express. Our m. o. was to follow "Europe on Five Dollars a Day"; after dinner we'd park the car around the corner from a youth hostel and walk in with our sleeping bags to spend the night and have a cheap breakfast. We usually managed to communicate in English along the way. Kimo had Spanish at Punahou and I had French at Hotchkiss but Kimo was learning Chinese at Yale and I was learning Japanese. We did find Chinese and Japanese hitchhikers along the way to practice speaking with.

In the ensuing three months we managed to put over 17,000 miles on the odometer as we drove to Salzburg and Vienna, down through the Italian Alps to Assisi, Florence, and Rome; further south along the coast to Amalfi where we looked up our Yale York Street barber, Luigi Sacco. There are more Amalfians in New Haven than there are in Amalfi. We then headed north along the Italian and French Rivas and were at Avignon by Bastille Day. We skipped Spain and Portugal but did see a real bull fight in Lunel in Southern France. From there we drove up to Switzerland and then into Germany again. The autobahn brought us to Berlin and we took a bus through checkpoint Charlie into communist East Berlin. After Frankfurt we went through Copenhagen Denmark over to Sweden and up to Norway. Coming back through Belgium and Luxembourg we were low on cash and had just enough to ship the Volks across the English channel where we had another money drop. We went to a brewery tour, ate cheese and crackers with lots of beer and managed to stay a night with the tour guide. After London and up to Edenborough, we shipped the car back to the USA at leHavre and flew home.

Kimo made it back from Viet Nam in time for our wedding in August 1965 (or maybe he was on leave). He was married after that to Jackie and I was the godfather for one of their two sons. Kimo joined Haskins & Sells and struggled to get his CPA. He would come into the Waiialae-Kahala Branch once in a while to talk story and

would say that he was working on some top secret multi-million dollar transaction that never worked out. We didn't have much contact after that when he was divorced, was taking care of his ailing father and moved to the Big Island.

Aloha Kimo...

from Paul Dahlquist:

I knew Kimo had died. I heard he was in the hospital and then the next day, before I could get to the hospital, I was told he had passed away. Very sad. Kimo had a marvelous mind, but Vietnam and who knows what else sidetracked that mind into some parallel universe at times. Unfortunately, I haven't seen Kimo for some time, though I used to see him regularly. He would also drop into the Gallery of Great Things where Charlene works and say hi to her, but those visits stopped a while ago as well. Very sad. Kimo and I were good friends at HPA and I stayed with him at his folks' place on Tantalus a number of times. Every time I go by it on my motorcycle I remember then fun we had...I graduated from HPA in '59 after he left in his Sophomore (I think) year. We lost touch with each other at Yale, and never really reconnected. I remember him at HEA/HPA as a body builder, a quiet guy, but a good friend.

Richard Stuart Teitz



Richard Stuart Teitz, 74, San Antonio, Texas, passed on June 19, 2017. He was born in Fall River, Massachusetts and raised in Newport, Rhode Island was a 1959 graduate of Rogers High School in Newport, received his Bachelor's degree from Yale University in 1963, and did post-graduate work at Harvard University and the Fogg Art Museum.

He spent more than 30 years in museum administration, including twelve years as Director of the Worcester Art Museum in Worcester, Massachusetts.

He later settled in San Antonio, Texas, where he was an educator, strategic consultant, restaurant reviewer, running coach, gallery director, and recently had begun painting. He volunteered with the Peace Corps in Panama and helped many non-profits organize and obtain grant funding. He loved working with USAID on projects in Africa and Georgia (formerly part of the USSR). He particularly enjoyed substitute teaching at Keystone School and interviewing high school applicants to his alma mater Yale.

Richard started running in his thirties to prepare for a climb to the base camp of Mount Everest, and went on to run 173 marathons, including Boston, New York, and Capetown, South Africa. He coached many Team In Training participants and enjoyed continuing to win races in his age group. He came to New York to do the Avon Walk for Breast Cancer with "Team Teitz" in 2010 with his two daughters, son-in-law Travis, sister Alexis and friends. In 2011, he completed a sail across the Atlantic to the Azores of Portugal with his sister Louise Ellen Teitz and friends. He loved to travel and went so many places!

Richard was predeceased by his parents, Lucille Feinstein Teitz and Alexander George Teitz, and sister Alexis Dale Teitz. He is survived by his children Rebecca Ackerman, Jessica and son-in-law Travis Becker, and Alexander Teitz, beloved grandsons Joshua and Daniel Ackerman and Zachary and Samuel Becker; sister Louise Ellen Teitz, brother Andrew and sister-in-law Lois Teitz, and their daughters, beloved nieces Elizabeth and Alexandra Teitz. He also leaves with love his partner Ellen Spangler, her daughter and son-in-law Jessica and Bryan Taylor, and their son Jackson Taylor.

Richard requested no service; the family will plan a life celebration in San Antonio at a later date. If you would like to make a contribution in his memory, Richard particularly supported the Keystone School in San Antonio and The Worcester Art Museum in Worcester, Massachusetts.

Tom Chun recalls: "As freshmen, Dick and I were assigned to the same entryway in Lawrance Hall. We roomed together at Silliman and as next-door neighbors on the next-to-top floor of Ezra Stiles (just below Paul Weiss's apartment). Both of us went on to Harvard for graduate studies, he in art history and I in law.

Nevertheless, we had starkly different backgrounds. I was from the Far West (Honolulu, HI), he was from the Far East (Newport, RI). My father was a civil servant, his was a Harvard lawyer. I leaned right politically, he leaned left. I was inexperienced with girls, he had an uncanny attraction for passionate women.

Obviously, we became lifelong friends. Dick was relentlessly cheerful and adventuresome. Although he was not an athlete at Yale (we spent much more time over beers than in the gym), he became an accomplished and persistent marathon runner (luckily, he was just out of range of the Tsarnaevs' bomb at the 2013 Boston Marathon).

Late in life, he took on extended overseas assignments in Panama (Peace Corps) and Georgia (USAID). He also became a food critic and painter, and a prolific Facebook user. He took advantage of life's opportunities, and he faced its challenges with perspective and a sense of humor.

Fortunately, his daughter Jessie settled nearby in Palo Alto. Hence, his visits became more frequent, and we typically got together over lunch to discuss, *inter alia*, his most recent adventures. It was a shock to learn that he had entered hospice care and that his most recent visit was his last. A Dios, faithful friend . . ."

Robert Francis Tomain



Born October 5th, 1941 in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, and was the oldest of three children. Graduated from Yale University and received an MBA from Georgia State University. Married Marlene Galket also of Pittsburgh in 1963.

After serving four years as a captain in the Air Force, he began a life time career in the mortgage lending industry culminating in becoming CEO and Chairman of Home Federal Savings & Loan in Atlanta and HomeBanc, which became the largest home lender in the Metro area.

Under his leadership, innovative concepts were introduced to the industry. Ultimately, Home Federal became the first Savings & Loan in Georgia traded on NASDAQ. After the successful sale of the company he held several board of director positions with local financial institutions.

In 1996, he ran with the Olympic torch for the games held in Atlanta.

He is survived by his wife of 52 years; his three daughters, Leslie Tomain, Robin Shelley, Shelley Taylor and six grandchildren (all within the Atlanta metropolitan area); and his sister, Nanci Tomain of Pittsburgh, PA. He is preceded in death by his parents, Frank and Doris (Broz) Tomain and his brother, John Tomain.

Mr. Tomain passed away at Emory's St. Joseph's Hospital in Atlanta on August 1st, 2015. He will be remembered for his generosity, outspoken honesty, caring for those he deeply loved and singing his version of Blue Moon.

The family is honoring his request for a private memorial service. Donations may be made in his name for cancer research at www.donate.cancer.org.

from Jim Little:

I am sad to report that Bob Tomain YC '63 died August 1, 2015.

He was one of our roommates in Berkeley. He was a wonderful guy who valiantly fought mouth and then throat cancer for several years, enduring many procedures and much medical treatment.

He participated in all of our Berkeley roommate mini-reunions over the years with Dillion Hoey, Ned Mason, Lee Marsh, Nelson Levy, Rees Jones, Tom Fake, Dick Cheney, Dick Ainsworth '64, Walt Macauley '64 and me.

Bob started dating Marlene who would become his wife of 52 years while at Yale in 1960. I started dating my future wife, Molly, the same year. We have maintained a friendship with them all this time and got to see them

most recently in March along with Nelson and his wife, Louisa. At that time, he was on a feeding tube and spoke in a hoarse quiet voice but was full of life and spirit and flashed his old sense of humor.

He will be missed by all who knew him.

Peter Louis Truebner



Peter Louis Truebner, of Darien, Connecticut – a loving husband, father, grandfather and friend – died on January 23, 2015 after a valiant struggle with cancer. He was 73 years old. Peter was born on May 29, 1941 in New York City, to Louis Harold Truebner and Elise Nieschlag Truebner, and was raised in Stamford, Connecticut. Peter earned his Bachelor of Arts at Yale University in 1964, his Juris Doctor at the University of Michigan in 1967 and his Master of Law from Georgetown University in 1969. He also served in the United States Marine Corps Reserves. Mr. Truebner served as the Assistant U.S. Attorney for the Southern District of New York from 1969 to 1974 before returning to Connecticut where he would practice law for the next 40 years. As a litigator, he represented his clients in the federal, state and local courts. His practice was primarily criminal defense, civil litigation and family law. He was a member of the bar association in Connecticut and District of Columbia, as well as the Federal Bar Council and Connecticut Association of Trial Lawyers. His commitment to the Darien community played an important part of his life.

From 1994 to 2009, he served as a Commissioner for the Darien Police Department. Peter also served as Chairman of the Darien Housing Authority, local Red Cross Chapter, and was an active member of the Republican Town Committee. Peter was a life-long sportsman, a history highlighted by his role on the nationally ranked, undefeated Yale Football Team of 1960. One of his great passions was paddle tennis. He played both tennis and paddle tennis for Middlesex Club, and was also a member at the Silvermine Golf Club. Peter is survived by his wife, Jan Wright Truebner; their son Steve Truebner, his wife Emily and children Clara, Teddy and Tim, of Kansas City, MO; his daughter Blair Truebner Gorman, her husband Chris and daughter Piper, of Rowayton, CT; Sisters Elise Henning of Darien and Wendy Knapp of North Haven; and devoted nieces and nephews.

Calling Hours are scheduled for Thursday, January 29th from 4:30 – 7:30 p.m. at the Edward Lawrence Funeral Home, located at 2119 Boston Post Road, Darien, CT 06820.

A Memorial Service will be held on Friday, January 30th at 3 p.m. at the Noroton Presbyterian Church, located at 2011 Boston Post Road, Darien, CT 06820. In lieu of flowers, donations can be made to the Obie Harrington-Howes Foundation, Darien EMS-Post 53, or A Better Chance in Darien. www.lawrencefuneralhome.com.

from son Steve Truebner:

The snow conditions the last few days, resurrected some fond memories. After a big snow storm, when the roads were plowed and the sun started to peak out. The phone at the house would start to ring. Are the courts clear? Do we have a fourth? And it was quickly declared - It's a beautiful day for some paddle.

Thank you all for coming this afternoon. Your friendships meant everything to my father.

And thank you to Chief Lovello and Darien Police Department, for your very, special tribute today -- and what you do every day for the town of Darien.

As you know - My father loved to tell stories. And he was good at it, too.

One of my favorites was when he was living in Washington DC – A young, taut Marine, who was in a law fellowship at Georgetown. After walking a date home, he realized he was in some unfamiliar territory. This wasn't a problem until he picked up on the fact that he was being followed. So he crossed the street. And whoever was following, crossed too. On the next block, he crossed back. So did his pursuer. At this point he knew there was trouble, and the footsteps continued to get closer and closer. By the time the attacker put his hand on the back of my Dad's shoulder, he was says he was coiled like steel bear trap. He grabbed the arm and launched him over the top. A struggle ensued, but the attacker was indeed subdued. However, Peter Truebner wasn't finished with the lesson. He jammed his hands into the guy's pockets, fished around, until he came out with seven bucks. He mugged the mugger.

Peter Truebner was indeed a fighter. Really only losing the one fight, that we all lose at the end.

The outpouring of love and remembrances has been simply amazing. I'd like to share with you some of the words that others used to describe him Peter Truebner.

- Hard, gritty, determined.
- Endearing, witty and loyal.
- Pizazz! A twinkle in his eye. A jovial spirit.
- Delicious insanity.
- Tough as nails, and hell on wheels.
- A pitbull of a lawyer, a lawyer's lawyer, an accomplished raconteur.
- A lousy putter.
- Passionate, informed, an uncommon gentleman.

Although, my favorite though comes from my Mom – a Cream Puff.

The people here today got to see that special cream puff that existed under that tough exterior.

As you heard, there is a special brotherhood with his friends and teammates from Yale. In particular, the undefeated – and as he would make sure I added, untied – nationally ranked, 1960 Yale Football team. Over the reunions and dinners, he loved that fact that the team motto has become "The older we get, the better we were!"

A group of hardnosed men, who played above expectations. There for each other in the good times and there for each other in the tough times. They knew the toughness, they knew the creampuff.

One of the other places both sides were on display was in the courtroom. A focused prosecutor in his early career, and a fierce advocate on behalf of his clients in later years. And that unique delivery of his; it was smart,

credible and persuasive. As your lawyer, there was never in doubt that you were in good hands, and he genuinely cared about you.

A friend of mine shared a story with me this week – and he has given me permission to share it with you. May years ago, he was in the Stamford Courthouse -- for something minor, and certainly an injustice. Waiting there with his mother – who was very nervous and concerned – to appear before the judge. They called his name, they stepped forward and were asked if they had counsel or needed a court appointed lawyer. His mother replied that they did in fact need a court appointed lawyer. But then from the back of the courtroom came a voice. That deep, baritone of a voice – “Your honor, I’ll be representing this young man”. It was Peter Truebner, and my friend says, he saved the day.

The relationships that he forged over his 73 years meant the world to him. You could always count on him for a good laugh, a current event or sage advice.

Sports and politics, of course, were always hot topics.

If you were from Wisconsin; be prepared to talk about the Green Bay Packers. Did you watch the Yankees game last night? Or bumping into him downtown, you might get an unexpected update on a Australian Opens quarterfinal match that you weren’t aware was even being played. Blair’s friends would come back from college, and quickly be asked about the status of their teams. Some interesting answers, I promise you.

And with all his friends and family, he loved to celebrate the good times.

And wedding dance floor was his specialty! Usually the first on the dance floor and the last off; But it was really his dance moves that were so memorable. And you know what I’m talking about – something between a shuffle and a man looking for glasses in the dark.

He was a great dance partner.

And of course, his favorite partners were my sister and Mom.

Blair likes to describe him as a “man of the people”, which is true. But above all, he was a family man. The individual relationships that he had with each of us were unique and special in their own way.

I can’t describe you what he meant to you, but I can you how much you meant to him. Including his beloved primos in Brazil – who dubbed his “Nova Yorque” many, many years ago.

Whether a husband, a father, a father-in-law, a grandfather – and by the way, he was 100% creampuff with his four grandkids – a brother, an uncle or a primo. How incredibly fortunate we all are that he was ours, and will always be.

In closing, one of the stories that he used to tell was about former President Gerry Ford, somebody he liked – in particularly because he too was a Michigan Man. After President Ford passed away in 2006, and his body had lay in State in the US Capital, he and his family were afforded Air Force One for the flight back to what would be his final resting spot in Grand Rapids. The pilots on the flight adjusted course slightly to the north, to fly over the Michigan Stadium in Ann Arbor, or The Big House as its better known. As they flew over they, tipped their wings as a salute.

Peter Truebner, today we’re all here to tip our wings to you.

from Chris Getman:

I hope that there’s a fire extinguisher here, because this roast could get rather hot.

I'm honored to have been asked to make some remarks about Peter and his Yale connections. Given the huge outpouring of comments from teammates, classmates and friends I'm going to use quite a few references. I will also try to bring substance to the important role he played in our lives.

Peter was an unusually intelligent and funny man. His staccato delivery and unique way with words were legendary

Hank Hallas noted, "He always had a twinkle in his eye and a very very unique verbal delivery which is impossible to describe." Jud Calkins wrote, "There he is, across the room, deeply engaged in conversation... drink clutched in one hand, the other gesturing for emphasis. As he catches the sight of another approaching friend, a broad grin flashes, a palm shoots forward and a throaty greeting emerges from deep within—followed inevitably by a provocative opening line. He was an accomplished raconteur...and oh, that voice, rumbling forth in a raspy way as if he'd just completed the last wind sprint of the day's practice."

Jud goes on to say, "Sure he was known to crack a beer at the back of the bus after a J.V. game, but hey, Coach Stu Clancy had told his boys after a difficult loss that all they needed before the next encounter was a case of beer and an oil change." Ian Robertson put it this way, "We loved Peter for his extraordinary intelligence and indomitable spirit." Given his relatively small size as an interior lineman, he truly impressed his teammates with his grit, determination, perseverance, optimism and courage.

When we think of Peter, we inevitably smile. Joe Lieberman remembers fondly his shifting into his Mel Allen mode and doing the broadcast of the daily whiffle ball game in the Pierson courtyard much to the amusement of all. Shift to gravely, staccato Truebner mode) It's a beautiful day here in the Pierson Courtyard as the Suns trail the Moons 3-2. Righthander Bill DeWitt steps into the batter's box, man on second, one out. Fireballer Mike Arms great name for a pitcher, eh? is on t5he mound for the Moons. De Witt, who is batting a hefty 197 taps the plate and tugs at his belt. Arms takes the sign from Kramer, toes the slab and fires a fastball high and tight. De Witt swings and lofts a fly ball to right center. Hanser's over, flips down the glasses and makes the catch.

Dan Moger, respectful of Hanser's cannon, wisely stays at second. I don't know why they have De Witt batting second. He's such a banjo hitter he should take hitting lessons from Pete Seeger (Pause).Ladies and gentlemen what a perfect day to crack a cold one, and that should be a Schaefer, the one beer to have when you're having more than one. We all know that in Pierson it's a trip to the Dean's office, if you DON'T have more than one, so hit the fridge right now. The next batter Drayton Valentine, who is third in the league with a .322 average, steps in and glares at Arms. The windup, the pitch, it's a line drive past a diving Chip Oldt into left. Moger, who was off with the pitch lopes around third and heads for home. Left fielder, Yogi Kiernan fields it cleanly and fires to Kramer. Bang Bang, he's safe! We're tied at three. It's Schaefer time!!!! Pete Putzel told the story of his going after a noted bridge player for some sort of serious white-collar crime while in the U.S. Attorney's office. After defense brought in multiple highpowered witnesses who testified that bridge is a game of honesty and integrity and that his client would never cheat on anything, the Judge asked Peter if he had any closing remarks. Without missing a beat he responded, (shift to Truebner mode)". Your honor, the Government passes." He was very quick on his feet. Ed Whitcraft recalls himself, Mit Massie and Peter being summoned to Freshman Dean Harold Whiteman's office and being told, "Gentlemen, there is a lot of muddy water coming out of 346 Wright Hall." Ed went on to say that after being with Truebs for three years at Hotchkiss and two at Yale, "I had to get married to get rid of him."

Both Ed and Jeff Collinson, another roommate, recalled the time when Peter went to get ice for one of their legendary whiskey sour parties. He got the ice in his laundry bag and dumped both it and a pair of sweaty football socks into the vat. Jeff noted that they added an extra kick to the famously potent mixture. No pun intended. In the pre-mooning era, Peter proudly displayed his spanking new Brooks Brothers blue and white striped boxers to the Pierson dining hall on parents' week-end. That earned him a direct, do not pass go, six month stint in the Marine Corps. I pity his poor drill instructor who must have known that he was never going to break an extraordinarily intelligent and determined recruit. No way. Throughout his life he was a strong defender of the downtrodden and a dexterously vocal critic of the bloviated. This was obvious when he became counsellor to

Benny Sherman, an alcoholic ice cream salesman also known as The Humpty Dumpty man. Inevitably, a hung over "Dump" would show up at the corner of High and Elm right below 346 Wright fifteen minutes after Kelly, the Good Humor man had arrived and park behind him. Naturally, given his favorable location, Kelly would attract most of the traffic. Peter would consistently get in Dump's face, telling him, (shift to Truebner mode) "Benny, if you don't get up earlier and stay off the sauce, you're toast". He even tried to organize the freshmen to boycott Good Humor and buy Humpty Dumpty.

Sadly it was to no avail. Poking fun at Yale's self-inflated image, he was published in *Time Magazine* noting that he had aced an important modern history current events test taught by a famous professor simply by reading *Time*. His verbal dexterity and one liners were legendary. One "hands of a pedophile" described a paddle player who was quick at the net. There are too many others to mention. I remember him saying to a recent Yale football player who was describing the year around commitment one needs to make now in order to play college football (shift to Truebner mode) "hell when we were reporting for early ball, we'd throw the beer can and the cigarette butt out the window at Exit 59 on the Merritt Parkway." I can imagine him as a defense lawyer saying, (shift to Truebner mode) "Your honor, I know that Jose was in the room at the time of the incident, but he couldn't possibly have done it because he wouldn't have had time to sharpen the axe." Because of his gruff and sardonic manner, Peter was also often the recipient of reciprocal barbs, which he graciously received.

I report two instances from the audited minutes of our class of 1964 golf outings. "Some smirks arose from those on the first tee as Sam Francis, proclaimed himself a 23 handicap and then launched a huge drive right down the middle of the fairway barely missing Truebner who was lining up for his third shot." Or "Truebner Wins Grand Slam at '64 Outing." "Peter Truebner recently received the coveted Gland Slam at the Class of 1964's semi-annual golf outing. Truebner was recognized for being farthest from the pin, closest to the tee, taking the most strokes to the fairway and shortest putt missed. (shift to Truebner mode) "I'm ecstatic," he beamed. "I've been playing sports all of my life and this is the biggest honor I've ever received.

Given the other talent out there with similar skills, this is a unique award. My thanks to the Committee which made this possible." There's so much more to mention which time does not permit. Suffice it to say that Truebs was a funny, loyal, intelligent, witty and compassionate man. It was a privilege for me to have been his friend for almost fifty-five years. As he liked to say, (shift to Truebner mode) "The car was in the garage the entire time."

from Jon Rose:

The remembrances for Pete Truebner brought back distant memories, and at the same time made me wonder about the fate which prematurely takes from us a man who obviously brought such joy to so many.

While Pete and I both attended Hotchkiss and Yale, I never had the good fortune to become his close friend as did several who spoke so eloquently at his service last Friday. I suppose in those years Pete and I would have been placed at the opposite ends of the good conduct medal spectrum. As a class officer, I was sworn to report to the student council all evil-doers who committed the terrible crime of smoking on campus (this was even before the 1964 Surgeon General's report). In contrast Truebs reveled in thumbing his nose at any would-be authority figure--faculty member or student. His nickname for me was "Granny" which he claimed he derived from the grey tufts of material sticking out from my earmuffs. I think that was just an excuse, but the nickname stuck with me for our four years on the Hill.

Tag Adams had it about right about the Hotchkiss experience in those years for a number of people. In those years for too many it was a place where fun went to die. I think Truebs and many of his friends, Tag, Mit Adams, and Ed Whitcraft found it so at the time. We were warned by the opening speech of our Headmaster, Tom Chappell: "Some will tell you that these will be the happiest years of your life. Do Not Believe Them.."

I cannot top the story about "mooning" the Pearson dining hall. However, our senior year I do recall Truebs as a ringleader in constructing overnight a brick wall across the long Main Corridor effectively blocking access to the Dining hall for breakfast. (The bricks were temptingly piled for a constructing project adjacent to the main building). When the headmaster arrived and was blockaded, he did not miss a beat. "He loudly announced" no breakfast until each of you takes a brick back where it belongs.

As you have read, Truebs survived both Hotchkiss and Yale to contribute much to his family, his community and his friends. We shall miss him in so many ways.

from Hank Hallas:

Personal remembrances of Peter Truebner "Truebs", as many of us called him, was a quintessential "YOUNGUY". He landed at Yale and was quickly embroiled with a grand collection of excellent guards on the 1959 Undefeated Freshman Football Team. He lacked size, ability and speed but had an unbelievable amount of grit and determination. Despite his physical limitations he stuck out Freshman ball and graduated to face even tougher odds with the varsity on the 1960 Undefeated squad. Many of freshman teammates saw the handwriting on the wall and walked away. Not "Truebs". He shared that delicious insanity shared by other "YOUNGUYS" that someday our talent would prevail and we would carry the Yale football torch forward onto victory. All "YOUNGUYS" and many non "YOUNGUYS" from that era loved and respected "Truebs". Somehow we were all in that same lifeboat we believed was a mighty battleship.

My first encounter with him was in a contest at Hotchkiss vs. my Loomis football squad in the fall of 1958. I heard his voice first and suspected Hotchkiss had maniac in the line and that it would be a long hard day on the gridiron. Both conclusions turned out to be true. We shared several classes and friends at Yale and soon discovered that behind the bravado was a brilliant and thoroughly charming young man usually "hell on wheels"! He always had a twinkle in his eye and a very unique verbal delivery which is impossible to describe. "Truebs" hit the same brick wall many "YOUNGUYS" did in the fall of 1960. I recall he eventually decided he would remake the U.S. Marine Corp and I recall feeling sorry for his drill instructor because no Marine that I knew could match his intelligence, his grit, his determination. I am sure the Corp is a better place because of him.

"Truebs" made one huge contribution to Yale football, I don't recall whether it was sophomore or junior year but he had taught himself how to kick "onside kicks" and had the brass to convince "Ollie" that he could do it and that it would work. And it did! "Truebs" was not a traditionally gifted kicker of punts, extra punts or such. But NO ONE could match his specialty, the "onside kick". My last interaction with "Truebs" was at Mory's during the mini

from Jud Calkins:

ODE TO PETER L. TRUEBNER "TRUEBS"

There he is, across the room, deeply engaged in conversation, leaning in to his listener, drink clutched in one hand the other chopping the air for emphasis. As he catches sight of another approaching friend, a broad grin flashes, an open palm shoots forward and a throaty greeting emerges from deep within -- followed inevitably by a provocative opening line.

Truebs -- the guy who always got on the bus, no matter how much he was destined to play that day as a Bullpup or Bulldog and no matter how outmanned he was physically by his opponent. Tough as nails on the interior line: there he was, future Marine, going up against the West Point junior varsity and doing them in as a proud co-captain, so designated by beloved coach and undertaker Stu Clancy.

Surehe was known to crack a beer at the back of the bus after a JV game, but, hey, Coach Clancy had told his boys after a difficult loss that all they needed before the next encounter was a case of beer and an oil change.

Truebs rocketed to fame freshman year over something associated with trousers. He was King of the activity and took pride in the underwear pattern of the day. As a federal prosecutor he learned his trade well, becoming a wily white-collar defense guy, protecting his classmates, among others, in times of need and regaling us all with bizarre stories of the law. He was an accomplished raconteur.

Truebs was one of the chosen who believed that anything worth doing was worth overdoing. This extended in spades to his career in paddle tennis, which made him stiff as a board the next day but never incapable of making the cocktail affair that evening.

He was well versed on all matters of the day and conversation with him was a delight. This included his commentary on one of his chief passions, Yale football, where his critique of the latest game or the evolution of the program generally were insightful and usually right on the money.

And oh that voice, rumbling forth in a raspy, breathy way, as if he had just completed the last wind sprint of the day's practice.

Peter could be at the right place at the right time too, such as at the conclusion of Yale's lopsided win over Harvard to complete the famous 1960 undefeated season. Photographs record a jubilant team transporting coach Jordan Oliver on their shoulders. There is Truebs, front and center, beaming with the best.

Truebs was a fixture at our Bullpup reunions, which have taken on an endearing life of their own in recent years. There will be a gaping hole in future events left by our departed friend, and we pledge to raise a glass and sing a fight song in his loving memory.

From a classmate, teammate, and devoted friend,

Jud Calkins, January 26, 2015

from Vic Sheronas:

Lisa & I attended the memorial service and following reception for Peter Truebner. Jan was quite correct about the outpouring of love and support as well as the friendship and all that you did to make his life memorable. This was easily the most memorable AND beautiful service that I have ever attended in my entire life. And Jan was reveling in both receiving and giving love and support. For those of you who couldn't attend, I thought you'd be interested in learning about the overall experience and tenor of the service.

My personal observations:

- While I never got to know Peter very well, I sure knew him well after those three hilarious, long, loving and informative remembrances by his son and two friends, one of which was Chris Getman. It'd really be worthwhile to get transcripts of their remarks. In addition to being a lifelong friend, The Honorable Taggart Adams also has a budding career as a comedian; he mastered the art of timing in his delivery. Jan laughed heartily at many of their stories; also dabbed her eyes.
- I noticed that Dave Mawicke was lustily singing "Joyful, Joyful We Adore Thee."
- The Rev. Brandi Drake officiated; she has an enormous amount of stage presence. For someone who professed not to know Peter very well, her Pastoral Message was both beautiful and spot on.
- There was a large Yale contingent present, from the classes of both 1963 and 1964.

- At the end of the service, an appropriately loud version of "Proud Mary" by Creedence Clearwater Revival was played. All that was missing was folks doing some form of glide or slide down the church aisle!
- Befitting our growing interest in each other, I got to make the acquaintance of several more Yale graduates and classmates.

from Bob Hanson:

My connections to Pete go way back to 1955, when my 9th Grade football team at Greenwich Country Day School faced off against the New Canaan Country Day School team, of which Pete was a stalwart member. Greenwich prevailed that day, which I never let Pete forget. We were united at Hotchkiss, where Pete was one of the anchors of the football team, while I warmed the bench. Later on, as a Yale Freshman, I can remember walking across the Old Campus, from Vanderbilt to Wright, where Pete, I and others crammed for an upcoming test. Pete actually graduated with the Class of 1964, but always affiliated himself with 1963. I have fond memories of visiting with him at our 50th. He was a good friend, and he will be missed.

from Dave Mawicke:

Peter was a friend, classmate, teammate and my lawyer. In this latter capacity, I put him to the test, often. He never failed me. Holly and I were fortunate enough to have had lunch with Peter and Jan on December 20th. He was still in reasonable shape then. How quickly things can change. Very sad.

Peter once told me that when the Class of '63 wanted donations, he told them he gave to the Class of '64 and vice versa.

Peter was avid about Yale football, Michigan football and Republican politics. We exchanged phone calls often about these things, agreeing usually on the football and never about the politics. The political banter back and forth was lively. I was hoping to get him to jump out of his hospital bed by praising Barack's State of the Union address, but alas that conversation was not to be. I will miss him...

from Ian Robertson:

Men of Yale rejoice! The Marine has landed. The situation is well in hand.

We have it on good report that Peter Truebner was allowed entry despite being unconventionally turned out, sporting "flags," a choice he felt more appropriate for the occasion than "ants."

He was heard to be chanting: "Patton, Nolan, Barnes & Lynch Huff, Livingston, Svare" Modzelewski, Robustelli, Katcavage & Grier"

It is now assured that next fall: Undefeated Yale will beat Harvard. Harbaugh will revive Michigan's fortunes and The New York Football Giants will prevail in the Super Bowl

A word to his teammates; Peter insists that the term "undersized" be expunged from the record. While it is true that at 5'8" (an altitude he shared only with Tony Gengarelly) he was not the tallest of guards. 4 other guards were only 2 inches taller, 2 others 3 inches taller and only 1 was 6'0". At 185 he outweighed William Kay and Stephen Wilberding. BUT Peter weighed only 2 pounds less than Jay Huffard and only 5 pounds less than all but one of the guards (who weighed 200). He figured his height was an advantage allowing him to get under his opponent. Otherwise he was as "big" as the rest of the guards. So there.

Accordingly, let the record show that Dr. Peter L. Truebner J.D. was a:

le-vi-a-than **noun** \li-'vī-ə-thən\ : something that is very large and powerful

He never thought of himself as over matched. Indeed, at the triumphant reunion of the 1960 team Peter quietly remarked that during that glorious season his father wondered why Peter wasn't starting. He was not playing behind Ben Balme. Peter did not disagree with his dad indeed at one point he was one man away from starting. The depth chart will reveal that by the 6th game of the 1960 season (Cornell) Peter was listed as second team on the depth chart. That week he was "the next man up."

On the football field Peter was a man who gave no quarter and expected none. Had he been called on to defeat a Balme-Pyle double team he would have said "I can take 'em!" Although his tour of duty on the second team lasted but one game, Peter was undaunted. He would battle his way back from the You Guys and win the starting job. Nonetheless Peter was a quintessential You Guy, beloved of Stu Clancy. Stu who cared little for the "one captain" Yale tradition, appointed as many "Captains" as he saw fit. Peter was among the chosen. I recall nodding to Peter once after winning the toss, he looked 'em in the eye and said in that authoritarian voice of his "we'll take the ball!"

Game Over!

Earlier last year Peter suffered what was thought to be a stroke. Extensive tests revealed another diagnosis. Peter reported "there was no hemorrhage, *only* melanoma of the brain and liver." Only a Balme Pyle double team – he could take 'em. His was a valiant battle. There was no fear, or despair, only frustration that "they won't let me drive."

We loved Peter for his extraordinary intelligence and indomitable spirit. We loved him because if we lost it could not possibly be a great game, or even a good game. We loved him because we absolutely would win the next one.

A triumphant Truebs carrying Ollie off the field after whupp'in Harvard 39 – 6 is the perfect memorial to our dear friend.

He was TrueBlue. Aloha Peter... *Hands of Steele* (aka *Pineapple*)

James H. Ware



James H. Ware, the Frederick Mosteller Professor of Biostatistics and Associate Dean for Clinical and Translational Science at the Harvard Chan School, passed away on April 26, 2016 after a long battle with cancer.

Jim joined the faculty of the Harvard Chan School in 1979, after receiving his Ph.D. in statistics from Stanford University and spending eight years as mathematical statistician at the National Heart, Lung, and Blood Institute. He was Dean for Academic Affairs at the School from 1990 to 2009, and as such he had a deep and significant effect on shaping the School's academic and research vision.

After concluding his service as Dean, he returned to research and teaching. Jim was internationally recognized for his publications on the design and analysis of longitudinal and multi-level physiologic, clinical, and biological studies and on methodological issues in clinical trials research. He had a longstanding interest in studies of pulmonary and cardiovascular disease, and it is no exaggeration to say that his research efforts have helped save thousands, if not millions of lives.

Since 2008, he served as Director of the Biostatistics Program at the Harvard Center for Clinical and Translational Science. Jim had a great dedication to helping students, both undergraduates and graduate students – literally taking his work home with him between 1996-2003 when he and his wife Janice served as Masters of Cabot House at Harvard College. In addition to his wife Janice, Ware is survived by his daughter Cameron Ware and his son Jake Ware.

David Porter recalls: “Jim was our roommate for three years in Pierson. We became the 1400 Club in junior and senior years as seven of us (Jim, Mike Fowler, Koichi Itoh, Eric Souers, Eustace Theodore, Fong Wei, and myself) occupied that tangled suite of rooms above the gate in the north corner of the Pierson Quad next to Davenport. Jim unjustly considered himself an outsider as he did not share the prep school tradition and came to Yale from a Midwest rural background. But he was full of life and enthusiasm and in many ways the glue that held this diverse collection of ‘wombats’ together. After Yale, graduate school brought me to UW Seattle and Jim to Stanford. Once, in 1967, while he was ‘finding himself’ between his master’s and Ph.D. degrees, Jim showed up on the doorstep of the little house where Jean and I and our new baby girl were living. Jean remembers looking out the front window and seeing the baby carriage rolling down the street, followed at a short distance by Jim and myself running to catch up and having a good laugh on our way to the neighborhood park populated by an assorted miscellany of colorful occupants.”

Eustace Theodore remembers: “The Midwest was farther from New Haven in our day, a reality that made four years at Yale a challenge from time to time. Jimbo and I enjoyed a strong connection, for we shared a common background – public school kids from nowhere near. In recent years, after a powerhouse career on the faculty at Harvard, Jim reflected on the uncertainty felt during our time at Yale. Happily, he and I found the support we needed in our room, in the members of the 1400 Club – our name for the rabbit warren of rooms we occupied during our senior year. Over the years, from time to time we honored the friendships formed at Yale with reunions. Smoking our pipes, playing money hearts, delaying departure after supper for the library, purple punch, and planning for the arrival of girls on the weekend – all of that and more are woven into the tapestry of my memories of Jim. But at the center of it all is the image of his supportive smile when things got rough more than 50 years ago.”

Fong Wei writes: “Jim was what I always thought of as a classical Midwesterner, with an ingenuous naivete and sunny disposition which carried forward to the end. During his illness there seemed to be no end of optimism mixed with sober reality. Jim was clearly held in high regard as one can see in a symposium held in the honor of his retirement. It can be seen live streaming at the Harvard School of Public Health website and on YouTube. I and those who had the pleasure of knowing Jim and being his friend will miss him deeply.”

Joseph Martin Wikler



PORTLAND — Joseph Martin Wikler, 73, of Silver Spring, Md., and Harrison, died surrounded by family in Portland on Friday, Sept. 19, 2014.

Joe was a devoted husband to Madeline for 50 years, a loving father to Judy Rose (Noah Sensibar) and Karen (Matt Rademacher), and a proud grandfather to Elijah, Gabriel, Jonathan, and Kai. He is also survived by his sister Anne Mininberg.

A graduate of Yale and Yale Law School, he was a founding partner of The Rothschild Co. of Baltimore, and in retirement served on several boards, including The Oppenheimer Funds and the Associated Jewish Charities of Baltimore. Locally, Joe was an active supporter of the LEA, Deertrees Theatre, Bridgton Hospital, Gallery 302, and the local libraries. An avid tennis player, he enjoyed arranging matches on his home court, as well as participating in tournaments and events at the Bridgton Highlands Country Club. His family, friends, and tennis fans will all miss him.

Contributions in his memory may be made to The Amyloid Center at Boston University, 72 E. Concord St., Boston, MA 02118 (bu.edu/amyloid/donate), or to the charity of your choice.

from the Washington Post

Joseph Martin Wikler, 73, of Silver Spring MD and Harrison, ME, died surrounded by family in Portland, ME on September 19, 2014. Joe was a devoted husband to Madeline for 50 years, a loving father to Judy Rose (Noah Sensibar) and Karen (Matt Rademacher) and a proud-grandfather to Elijah, Gabriel, Jonathan, and Kai. He is also survived by his sister Anne Mininberg.

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from Madeline Wikler

Joseph Martin Wikler, (Yale '63, Yale Law School, '66) died on Sept 19 in Portland, ME, where he had summered for the past 23 years. He was 73. Joe practiced law for only two years before following his passion

for investment research and taking the advice of one of his law school classmates that it was preferable " to be paid by the idea, rather than by the hour."

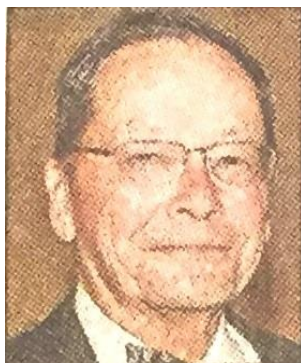
By the time he was in law school school Joe could be found in one of three places – the library studying, the gym working out, or the Bache office watching the tape (no CNBC yet). After several years in the Chief Counsel's Office of the IRS, he decided to turn his avocation into a vocation and was hired as an entry level analyst with an advisory firm in DC. He stayed for 6 years, became a partner, and a Chartered Financial Analyst. He then left to join a start-up investment advisory firm, The Rothschild Co. of Baltimore, where he was Director of Research and eventually the Chief Investment Officer. Over the next 20 years the firm grew and was then acquired by United Asset Management. Joe retired in 1994., although he continued working as an independent analyst.

Joe was President of the Baltimore Security Analysts Society and well known in the Baltimore investment community. In retirement he joined the Board of Directors of the Fortis Mutual Funds. After Fortis was sold he was invited to board of The Oppenheimer Funds, where he was a director until his death. He was also on the Board of the Associated Jewish Charities of Baltimore. For the past ten years Joe sponsored a Case Competition for business and finance majors at the University of MD,

An active weightlifter and tennis player, Joe was especially proud of his home court in Harrison, ME, where he enjoyed more than 20 years of competition and comraderie.

He is survived by his wife Madeline (Brown '65), daughters Judy Rose Sensibar (Brown '90) and Karen Ruth Wikler (Brown '91), and four grandsons. Contributions in his memory may be made to The Amyloid Center at Boston University, 72 E. Concord St., Boston, MA 02118 (bu.edu/amyloid/donate), or to the charity of your choice.

Stephen Van C. Wilberding



Stephen Van Cortlandt Wilberding, 74, of Casey Key, passed away June 11, 2016, surrounded with the love of family and friends.

Steve was descended from one of the oldest New York families, his first ancestor in the New World having laid out Wall Street. At 19, he left Yale University after two years in order to work for five years with a nonprofit organization, mainly in Asia and Europe, and with others founded "Up with People." His father didn't approve and arranged for Steve to be drafted into the Army, where Steve stayed for five years, becoming a Captain in the Infantry, Airborne, Ranger, and Pathfinder Officer for the 101st Airborne Division in South Vietnam. He earned 13 awards and decorations, of which several were for valor.

Steve earned his MBA from Columbia University and worked in international investment banking for Merrill

Lynch & Co., for 30 years. During this time, he started Merrill's banking business in Japan, managed its European investment banking from London, and managed the Saudi Arabian government's \$150 billion of reserves while living in Riyadh for more than five years. He also ran a merchant banking subsidiary dealing with emerging markets in Latin America, did privatizations in Eastern Europe and Russia, and established and ran three joint ventures for Merrill in Mumbai, India.

In 1999, Steve retired to Casey Key and became active on boards of nonprofit organizations, including Gulf Coast Community Foundation, Sarasota Memorial Healthcare Foundation, Marie Selby Botanical Gardens, Asolo Repertory Theatre, Conservation Foundation of the Gulf Coast and JFCS of the Suncoast.

Steve also enjoyed playing tennis and golf, bird watching (over 2,000 species on all continents), travel, and collecting.

Steve is survived by his wife, Teri A Hansen of Casey Key; son Van (YongHea) of Nigeria; daughter Ashley Balavoine (Olivier) of Princeton, New Jersey; son Beau (Suki), of Sarasota, and daughter Crystal Hansen of Sarasota. He is also survived by six grandchildren (Jacobus, Hannah, Hugo, Theo, Jaxon, and Julian); and first mother-in-law Ann Spaulding. Steve was predeceased by his first wife, Ann "Stevie" Wilberding. The family requests donations be made to the Stephen V. C. Wilberding Memorial Fund at Gulf Coast Community Foundation to be distributed to his favorite causes.

Remembrance from Ian Robertson:

Steve Wilberding

Was Our "Least" (but not last) guard.

He was two inches taller than Truebs

But at 5' 10" and 163 Steve gave away 22 pounds to Truebs.

According to our Brown Game roster

Only fullback Charles Blair, 5' 11" 160

Weighed less than Steve. Of course we all know that Horse at 6' 1" weighed 155.

But Horse played "tight" end so they listed him at 170.

At the memorial service for our "best" friend Peter Dominick,

Steve told me: "I loved football but I was out "Manned".

My competition at guard consisted of

Dietrich & Kay & Kiernan & Huffard & Truebner & Hellar

And Joe Wikler who at 6' 190 was all world at Horace Mann.

So as soon as we got our Bowl tickets I voted for self-preservation

...

With my feet!"

But Steve was not faint of heart

He left Yale after two years

Worked in Africa

Then became a Ranger, Pathfinder and Captain in the 101st Airborne.

He was awarded 13 medals, several for valor.

After Vietnam he went to work for Jerry Kenney at Merrill Lynch

Little known fact(s):

While at Merrill, Jerry was responsible for giving the Pope His Allowance

Similarly, While at Merrill, Steve was responsible for giving The Saudi Royal Family Their Allowance

Steve was a brilliant, brave and exemplary man

I am proud to be able to call him

Teammate, Classmate, and Friend.

Aloha Steve

Remembrance from Jerry Kenney...

I first remember Steve as a quiet, reserved classmate in Saybrook, but later learned that he had far more grit and determination with a deep pioneering spirit than I was previously aware. Steve descended from the Van Courtland /Wilberding families, one of the earliest patron family settlers in the Netherlands' New Amsterdam (Manhattan).

As Ian Robertson previously reported, Steve left Yale after his sophomore year and became a much decorated Ranger and Captain in the 101st Airborne. After returning to complete his Yale degree, Steve attended Columbia Business School, graduating 1st in his class.

I reengaged with Steve when I assumed responsibility for building Merrill Lynch's investment banking and capital markets business globally in the late 70's. We won an unusual assignment at the time from Saudi Arabia to develop for them a sovereign wealth fund, funded by rising oil revenues to finance the growth and diversification of the Saudi economy. The stipulation was that the Merrill team would have to live yearround in Riyadh, SA and train local Saudis to eventually replace them.

Steve was dispatched to manage the operation under the leadership of future Under Sec'y of the Treasury, David Mulford. This operation, now known as SAMA, was enormously successful and became the largest SWF. Several years later, we pressured Japan to open its capital markets to foreigners to support Japan's rapid international expansion. We succeeded, becoming the first foreign dealer and Tokyo Stock Exchange member.

Steve then became one of the first managers of our Japan business, which we built up rapidly to accommodate the surge in Japanese markets and Japanese business ambitions abroad. In 1984, Merrill then purchased a controlling stake in the largest Indian investment bank, DSP which became DSP Merrill Lynch. Steve was appointed President of DSPMerrill Lynch and oversaw the rapid build-out of our local presence and global leadership in Indian financings.

In the '90's, Merrill's new frontier was in Eastern Europe following the breakup of the USSR. These fledgling markets were new to capitalism and developed slowly, but Steve, who was assigned to lead this effort, devoted considerable time, as usual, understanding the local history and culture of the countries he served. Steve was aided in this effort by his wife, Stevie and they became effective partners in learning local customs and befriending domestic professionals. They were both a positive force in Merrill becoming a leading local player in international markets.

Despite his accomplishments, Steve was always self-effacing and generous in crediting his colleagues for their collective successes. Following the tragic World Trade Center explosions (9/11/01), the evacuation of Merrill's headquarters and turmoil which followed, Steve left Merrill and I lost track of him. He was an incredible source of cultural history and knowledge, a superb professional, a fine person and a reliable friend whom I will miss.

James Harlow Wilmotte



James Harlow Wilmotte, 75, of Newburgh, IN, passed away Monday, April 25, 2016, at Golden Living Center – Brentwood in Evansville. He was born January 4, 1941, in Oak Park, IL, to the late James Edward Wilmotte, Jr. and Alice Elanor (North) Wilmotte.

He graduated from Yale University in 1963, working in IT from 1963 to 2006, primarily for Montgomery Ward and Zurich.

Jim was preceded in death by his wife, Nancy Rae (Hammerstrom) Wilmotte; brothers, Bill and Bob Wilmotte; and sister, Valerie Shankland.

He is survived by sons, Jeff Wilmotte (Sarah), Brad Wilmotte (Stephanie); brothers, Tom and Steve Wilmotte; sister, Sue (Wilmotte) Trainor; in-laws, Ken and Chris Hurless; grandchildren, Vanessa Wilmotte, Charlie Wilmotte; and many nieces and nephews.

from Bill Zimmermann:

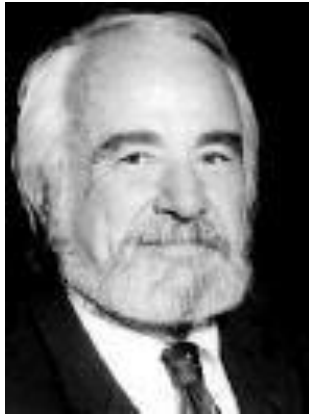
I met Jim in the line where we all signed in on our first day on the Yale campus. We immediately began a friendship that lasted 57 years, and I counted him as the best and most intimate friend I have had. Jim was the best man at my wedding to Fran in 2003, and we began our honeymoon taking the flowers to Nancy who was battling cancer and in the hospital that day.

Nancy was perhaps the best thing that ever came Jim's way, and our friendship was active while they still lived in Arlington Heights, IL. Nancy hung on until 2006, and they had built a house in Newburgh, IN where they planned to move after Jim's retirement.

Later in 2006 Jim moved to the house in Newburgh and we visited him there. Sadly, he began to decline, living alone without Nancy. There came a day when he would no longer allow visitors, so we talked almost daily on the phone. Then, even that stopped, he entered a care facility, and just 11 days ago we went to Newburgh to deliver a eulogy for this truly wonderful human being.

I will never forget his sense of humor, the depth of his understanding, and his fundamental kindness.

Peter Jennings Wood



Peter Jennings Wood, beloved husband, father, grandfather and brother, passed away September 5, 2014 at his home in Midlothian, Texas due to complications relating to lung cancer.

Born to Charles Anthony Wood, Jr. (BFA, Yale '29) and Marian Alice Jennings in Franklin, N. July 20, 1941. In 1964, he met Carol Gerling in Yosemite Park. They were wed exactly three years later.

Peter learned a love of architecture from his father and discovered a passion for education after graduating from the Yale School of Architecture in 1971. This led him to a career that included the University of Texas at Arlington, the American Institute of Architects, the University of Nebraska, the University of Houston where he held positions as Associate and Assistant Dean and Dean, and finally, Prairie View A&M.

His long career also included service in the Army as a Russian linguist. In 2001, he was awarded Educator of the Year by the Houston Chapter of the American Institute of Architects.

Peter is survived by his loving wife, Carol, children James, Anne and Charles and grandsons Jude, Jonah and Maxwell, and his brother, Paul (class of 1959) and Ingrid of Rockledge, Florida and Harvey Cedars, N. J.

He is remembered by family, colleagues and friends as a man of integrity, great sense of humor, always encouraging others, wonderful host and trip planner extraordinaire.... the last being a trip to Yosemite to celebrate the 50th anniversary of his and Carol's meeting.

from Jim Courtright:

The friendships formed at Yale are one feature of that experience that we ourselves create and value. Peter Wood's friendship was one of those. Pete was friend of mine in Calhoun at Yale and in later years when we had phone conversations and email exchanges mostly about architecture, academics, reunions, and Yale. He was passionate about architecture throughout his life and did his best to ignite an artistic spark in his students.

In architecture, he once sent me a full length tape, quite special to him, from a program of the art and designs, including the Vietnam Memorial of Maya Lin. He told me that in presenting to architecture classes her works, with their final simple elegance and deeper significance, he had to make an effort to do so without letting his feelings play the stronger role. A passion for architecture typified Pete.

At one time on returning from Greece I told him of my experience in ascending Mnesicles' Propyleae at the Acropolis, both in gaining glimpses and then losing them as approaching the great temple of Athena. He related to me how that was highly similar to the approach to the Yosemite Falls, both in gaining views and hearing sounds and then sounds alone and then at long last the Falls in full view. The lectures and persona of Vincent

Scully were of great impact on his professorial vision and I believe he had some hope that he too would be able to deliver great lectures well into his golden years. He gave no indication that he had any health problems, goaded me to keep my own health in good standing, and suggested that he would continue as long as his academic Dean would keep him honestly employed.

Pete also joked with me when I told him of my retirement and that, following the official date, my wife and I would be spending time with our daughter. He chided me for mooching on my daughter's generosity the moment the professor's paychecks stopped coming. There were also many other similar and enjoyable verbal joustings, a small sampling of which can be gleaned from his essays in the 25th and 50thClassbooks. I had hoped to convince him to make it to our 50th reunion and am sure we would have enjoyed his subtle humor and company, but in the end, it could not be arranged.

Still, he is to be remembered because his passion about and for architecture was the major driving force in his academic life. His Calhoun friends will recall how he devoted long hours to design and construction in those early years, when it seemed to us that there was for him always another project with yet another deadline. I am sure he was equally dedicated to enlightening his students and by his life and his interests showed us why the structures that surround us can inspire and motivate and create better human environments.

We who knew Pete were surprised by and deeply saddened by his unexpected passing. A friendship, such as his, is one that continued to add to our lives these many years after Yale. His friendship, as best our minds and time allow, now will likely stay in lasting memory of those who sensed how strong his passion was and those many of us who knew how much the Yale friendships meant to him.

End of the In Memoriam remembrances....



"S L O W D A N C E "

*"Have you ever watched kids on a merry-go-round?
Or listened to the rain slapping on the ground?
Ever followed a butterfly's erratic flight?
Or followed the sun into the fading night?
You better slow down, don't dance so fast.
Time is too short, the music won't last.*

*Do you run through each day on the fly?
When you ask "How are you?" - do you hear the reply?
When the day is done, do you lie in your bed
With the next hundred chores running through your head?
You'd better slow down, don't dance so fast.
Time is too short, the music won't last.*

*Ever told your child, "We'll do it tomorrow."
And in your haste, not see their sorrow?
Ever lost touch, Let a friendship die,
Cause you never had the time to call and say "Hi"?
You'd better slow down, don't dance so fast.
Time is too short, the Music won't last.*

*When you run so fast to get somewhere,
You miss half the fun of getting there.
When you worry and hurry through your busy day,
It is like an unopened gift.... just thrown away.
Life is not a race. please take it slower.
Hear the Music,,,,, before the song is over."*

Author unknown

'To Those I Love' by Isla Paschal Richardson

"If I should ever leave you whom I love, to go along the Silent Way,

Grieve not, nor speak of me with tears,

But laugh and talk of me as if I were beside you there.

I'd come - I'd come, could I but find a way!

And when you hear a song or see a bird I loved,

Please do not let the thought of me be sad,

For I am loving you just as I always have.

You were so good to me!

There are so many things I wanted still to do,

So many things to say to you.

Remember that I did not fear,

It was just leaving you that was so hard to face.

We cannot see Beyond. But this I know...

I loved you so! 'Twas heaven here with you!"

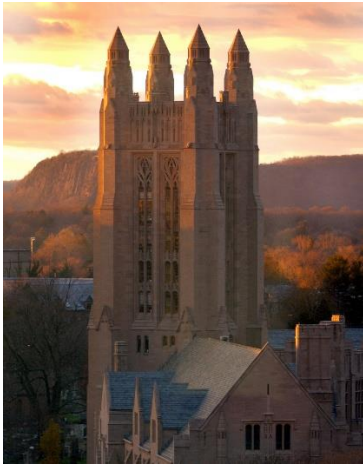
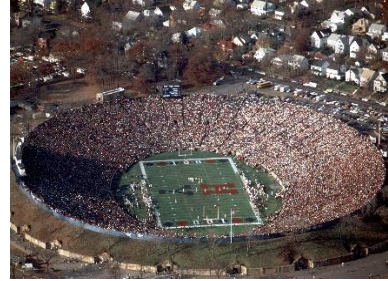
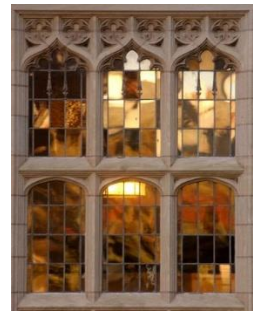
All my love,

*"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting,
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting, and cometh from afar;
Not in entire forgetfulness, and not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come...
from God who is our home."*

William Wadsworth

Ecclesiastes 3:1 - 3:8 King James Version of the Bible

- 1 *To every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven:*
 - 2 *A time to be born, and a time to die; a time to plant, and a time to pluck up [that which is] planted;*
 - 3 *A time to kill, and a time to heal; a time to break down, and a time to build up;*
 - 4 *A time to weep, and a time to laugh; a time to mourn, and a time to dance;*
 - 5 *A time to cast away stones, and a time to gather stones together; a time to embrace, and a time to refrain from embracing;*
 - 6 *A time to get, and a time to lose; a time to keep, and a time to cast away;*
 - 7 *A time to rend, and a time to sew; a time to keep silence, and a time to speak;*
 - 8 *A time to love, and a time to hate; a time of war, and a time of peace.*
-



YALE 1963
AT 55
IN MEMORIAM SERVICE
BATTELL CHAPEL JUNE 2, 2018

OBITUARIES, EULOGIES AND REMEMBRANCES

"How Bright Through Memory's Haze"

From all of us who will join you some day ...

May the memories of our rich times together with you at Yale remind us to give thanks for all that we have shared. And may our fond memories of you, our recently passed classmates, colleagues and friends, remind us to reassure our loved ones (every day of our lives while we are here together with them) that we love and enjoy and need them very much. These are your special gifts to us.

And may our remembrances of you today be like the gentle rain that feeds and softens the desert places in our souls so we will continue to grow and bloom and produce beautiful things for all the world to see and enjoy, for as long as we are here,,, and forever thereafter.

These are your special gifts to us today. Our lives are enriched knowing you. May you rest in peace and love. We are better for having known you.

