



CLASS OF 1963 – ALUMNI NOTES JULY-AUGUST, 2016

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We still have a few openings for our Yale '63 *British Isles Tour 2016* from September 10 to 30, 2016. Visit England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales by coach, ferry, and train, with five days in London. Check our Yale '63 website [www.yale63.org](http://www.yale63.org) for information, or e-mail Jon Larson at [jon\\_larson@hotmail.com](mailto:jon_larson@hotmail.com) or Jim Thompson at [jlthompson@mcanby.com](mailto:jlthompson@mcanby.com). The tour features a full set of professionally guided tours, a U.S. Embassy tour, and a special Yale '63 mini-reunion reception at the Savile Club.

**Jim Axtell** recently published his 19th book, *Wisdom's Workshop: The Rise of the Modern University* (Princeton UP). It got a favorable review by the President of Wesleyan in the March 4-5, 2016 issue of the *Wall Street Journal*. In 2012, Jim edited and wrote the lead essay for *The Educational Legacy of Woodrow Wilson: From College to Nation* (U Va Press), a subject that has hit the headlines, especially in Princeton, of late. At the invitation of a Princeton Board of Trustees subcommittee on Wilson's legacy, Jim was asked to contribute his written thoughts on Wilson's educational role at Princeton and whether it was cause to remove his name from the university's School of Public and International Affairs and a residential college. In addition to copies of his *Legacy* essay and the first chapter of his work *The Making of Princeton University: From Woodrow Wilson to the Present* (Princeton UP, 2006), which probed what Wilson might think about

modern Princeton, Jim submitted a long bulleted list of considerations. The Princeton Board of Trustees ultimately decided not to make any name change. You can guess where Jim stands on the issue.

**David Breithaupt** writes: “I was diagnosed with smoldering myeloma two years ago. Finally, in February 2015 it developed into myeloma. After a few months of chemo and a stem cell transplant, the cancer is now in complete remission. Am feeling really fortunate!”

**Don Cooke, Ron Crawford, and Mike Koenig** descended on **Bob Kusterer** in Bradenton, FL for a week-long '63 JE mini-reunion on April 5-12, 2016. Mike Koenig reports: “Highlights were SUNnFUN, the aircraft extravaganza, the REVS Auto Museum with the Cunningham (Yale '31) and Collier collections focusing on racing cars, and the Ringling Circus Museum. Oh, yes, also frequented were Woody's River Roo on the Manatee, and Linger Lodge.”

**Davis Dassori** writes: “My dear wife, Andrea, died on April 18, 2016. She had been diagnosed with brain cancer in November 2014. We declared 2015 a ‘jubilee year’ and had some wonderful times, including two trips to Italy and trips with our whole family to Mexico and England, before the disease eventually began to overtake her. My life feels empty right now; but I'm filled with gratitude for the wonderful life we shared, our beautiful children and grandchildren, and the boundless kindness and staunch support of our loving friends.”

**Carter Findley** reports: “Carter and Lucia Findley have good news: the birth of their first grandchild, William Lucian Findley-Lilly, born to Madeleine

Vaughn Findley (Yale '96) and Stephen Lilly on November 19, 2015. We are so excited!”

**Donald Avery Graham**, aka **Sharif**, writes: “On January 30, 2016 I was in a terrible car accident (T-boned by someone going 50) in Palm Springs, CA. My spine was broken in several places (I’m still in a halo brace), three ribs broken, and my pelvis cracked in three places. Amazingly, no nerve damage. My partner of nearly four years, Lyle Delariviere, must have snapped his head badly. He was in a coma for 11 days, then woke up. I saw him to say welcome back, but the next day I was told that his family and doctors had decided to pull his breathing tube as there was nothing they could do for him. He died on Valentine’s Day. He was only 55 years old, and I would happily have died in his place, but I was not given that option. Fortunately, I am a person of faith and know I will see him in the next life. I will be out of my halo in eight days, and then can return to regular life.”

**Steve Hall** reports: “On December 7, 2015 I joined Bechtel’s WTP Project (Hanford Tank Waste Treatment & Immobilization Plant) in Reston, VA to work on a project subsection called Direct Feed Low Activity Waste (DFLAW). The project involves 177 underground storage tanks containing a total of 56 million US gallons of radioactive waste at the Hanford, WA site where the plutonium reactors were located. The mission is to process and vitrify this waste to stable form for permanent storage. Progress has been slower than desired, fueled by both extreme caution and the plethora of unknowns involved. DFLAW is expected to break the logjam by treating the least noxious waste first, learning from an operations point of view on what it is hoped is the easier part of the problem. This is another first

of its kind project for Bechtel.”

**Joe Schofer** and his wife Nancy hosted a Northwestern University Alumni Association group on a cruise to Costa Rica and the Panama Canal in early February, and they were joined by **Ted Murray** and his wife Caroline. Ted relates: “We had spectacular weather as we explored some of the forests of Costa Rica, but the highlight of the trip was Joe's illustrated lecture and personal narration as we made a daylight transit of the canal. From his Civil Engineering roots at Yale, Joe has developed a specialty in large-scale infrastructure projects, and his commentary was very insightful. I did manage to arrange a trip to the ship's engine room, where we all admired Rolls Royce diesel engines at full-throated work. We also enjoyed visiting the bridge of the ship while underway, which took me back to my Navy days. It was great fun for all, and the combination of nature and technology, along with some good food and wine, made this a grand voyage for renewing a long-standing friendship.”

**Theodore (Sam) Streibert** reports: “I am doing well. I have met a new lady and we are enjoying getting to know each other and having fun. I play regular tennis, still climb, and love keeping up the place. I am active with the community and still practicing architecture.”

**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."

**Sven Erik Hsia** died on February 13, 2016. Sven was the son of Sung-Yo Hsia, a member of a prominent diplomatic family from Shanghai, and Suzanne (Chow) Hsia. His early years were spent in Sweden, and in 1950 he and his then recently widowed mother immigrated to New York City. Sven graduated from Phillips Academy (Andover), Yale College, University of Virginia Law School, 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. Sven founded Kensington Capital Management, Ltd., which merged in the early 1990's with the Roosevelt Investment Group, where he was a Managing Director. Sven retired in 2015. His interest in education led him to participate in 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. He is

survived by his devoted wife, Ay-Whang Hsia.

**Bob Jensen** recalls: “I was Sven’s roommate for three years. He was a multi-ethnic person, who fostered a multi-ethnic group of roommates. He invited me from Seattle, to join **Tom Rusling**, from Rochester, New York, and Jorje Zalles, from Lima, Peru, as his roommates. When Jorje took a one-year leave of absence, we were joined by **Lindsey Kiang**, of Japanese descent, from Hawaii. Is it any wonder we considered ourselves as a little United Nations? Sven was the epitome of energy. He was in constant motion. We occasionally talked about girlfriends. He asked me what I would think were he to date an American girl. I always thought, ‘Why not?’ Little did I suspect he ultimately would marry Ay-Whang, a lovely Chinese girl from Malaysia. It is fitting that Sven, who excelled in our culture, would find enduring peace and happiness with Ay-Whang. Sven was humble, generous, and selfless. I am grieved by his passing, but am hopeful we will meet again.”

**Ogden Mills (“Dinny”) Phipps** died of pancreatic cancer on April 6, 2016 in Manhattan. Dinny attended Deerfield Academy and graduated from Yale College in 1963. From 1976 through 1994 he 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. Dinny played championship-level court tennis, winning the national doubles championship several times.

Dinny belonged to one of horse racing’s leading families. With wealth inherited from Henry Phipps, one of Andrew Carnegie’s partners, his grandmother

Gladys Livingston Mills Phipps started the Wheatley Stable, which bred, among others, Seabiscuit and Bold Ruler, sire of Secretariat. Dinny's father, Ogden Mills, who died in 2002, raced legendary horses like Buckpasser, Easy Goer, and Personal Ensign. Starting out with a handful of horses, Dinny developed a breeding operation at Claiborne Farm in Paris, KY. "We are about the fillies. They provide consistency over generations," he said in 2013, the year that Orb, which he co-owned, won the Kentucky Derby. In an age when some 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.

Dinny was the longest-serving chairman in the history of the Jockey Club, holding that office from 1983 to 2015. 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 is survived by his wife, the former Andrea Broadfoot; a son, Ogden Phipps II; four daughters, Kayce Reagan Hughes, Kelly Reagan Farish, Lilly Phipps Cardwell, and Samantha Phipps Alvarez; and 24 grandchildren.

**Jim Thompson** remembers: "Dinny Phipps was a member of Pierson College and roomed across the hall from **Hoy McConnell** and me 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. At breakfast one morning in the Pierson dining hall

he was reading the New York Times and suddenly he raised his fist and said, "Yes!" with real excitement. One of his horses had just won a race. Dinny would travel home or to other parts of the country on weekends. This caused him to return to Yale late Sunday night or early Monday morning. He would 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 his car 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. At the end of the semester, he came into our room across the hall, asking to borrow my books and assigned readings in two classes we took together. 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."

**James Hamilton ("Kimo") Tabor II**, of Waimea, Hawaii, died on February 3, 2016 in Kona Community Hospital. A retired accountant and management consultant, he was born in Honolulu, HI. He is survived by sons Joshua and Britton, daughter Sloane Perroots, sister Lisa Davis, and six grandchildren.

**Tom Chun** recalls: "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. 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. 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 used to visit me from time to time. Eventually, our contacts became less frequent, particularly after he took up residence on the Big Island.”

**Paul Dahlquist** writes: “Almost everybody in Waimea knew Kimo, although few probably knew much of his history. His brilliant mind just kept churning, and conversations with him were fascinating, if not always fully understood by mere mortals. Kimo will definitely be missed.”

**John Derby** recounts: “My memories of Kimo go back to being Boy Scouts together at Troop 35. 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. In the ensuing three months we managed to put over 17,000 miles on the odometer. Kimo made it back from Vietnam in time for our wedding. We didn’t have much contact after he moved to the Big Island.”

**Jon Larson** writes: “As Tom Chun clearly states, not all was perfect under the surface in Paradise, but for us at Punahou, these were idyllic times, never to be repeated. I kept close to Kimo over the years, through his service in Vietnam, his

family and career in Honolulu for many years, and his relocation to Waimea in the Big Island. Kimo was a very deep thinker. He marched to an internal drummer, different from many of us. A real gentleman and a very gentle soul. I never once heard him raise his voice in anger. At his request his remains have been spread high up on the volcanos of Mauna Loa and Mauna Kea on the Big Island.”

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