



CLASS OF 1963 – ALUMNI NOTES SEPTEMBER-OCTOBER, 2016

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On May 13, 2016, a Class of 1963 event, masterfully organized by Peter Cressy, was held at George Washington's Mount Vernon. Present were Jim Biles, Shirley and Ed Carlson, Susan and Charles Cheney, Sarah Anne and Peter Cressy, Midge and Skip Eastman, Jo Anne and Paul Field, Lucia and Carter Findley, Bev and Steve Gunther, Steve Hall, Mimi Head, Pat and Jere Johnston, Alice and David Joseph, Joan and Bob Kelly, Luciana Marulli and Mike Koenig, Mike LaFond, Jane and Ernie Linsay, Nelson Luria, John Mansfield, Lee Smith and Wick Murray, Inga and Alan Parker, Susan and Jon Rose, Lisa and Victor Sheronas, Elaine Soeder and Charlie Soule, Marcia Hill and Guy Struve, Gay and Walt Sturgeon, and Liz and Tom Wehr. The event included discussions of George Washington as a military leader (by Peter Cressy and Wick Murray), statesman, entrepreneur, and slave-owner; tours of the Mount Vernon house and grounds, Education Center, grist mill, and distillery (with whiskey tasting); and dinner at the Mount Vernon Inn. We are extremely grateful to Peter Cressy for conceiving this event and bringing it to fruition.

Believing that climate change is the major threat to civilization as we know it, **Peter Erskine** marched on the Shell and Tesoro oil refineries in Anacortes, WA as one of 1,000 activists in the three day non-violent direct action, "Break Free from Fossil Fuels," occurring in 15 countries in May, 2016. Peter wrote: "I acted in support of the 52 people, from 18 to 74 years old, who were locked down to the train tracks for two days, were arrested, and now faced charges for trespassing. One entire day of the

action was devoted to solidarity with the Native American tribes whose land is now occupied by the two refineries. There is beautiful footage in the video link, <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=cx2bPIQjthg> (at 18 seconds and 104 seconds, I am the dorky guy in the red sweater carrying the banners). After 25 years of making art about climate change (see my website www.erskinesolarart.net) and hopelessly seeing the CO₂ in the atmosphere increase by 40%, non-violent direct action now seems like the most useful thing I can do for my grandchildren.”

Dick Foster reports: “After years of avoiding serious sports, I entered this year’s International Indoor Rowing Championships in Boston in February, known as the C.R.A.S.H.B.’s (a *double entendre* which originally stood for ‘Charles River Association of Sculling Has Beens’). I am happy to report that I can report after the event. There were not many in our age group competing over the 2K distance, but I managed to finish in the top five. I was in the oldest flight of our age group (70-74), so I had to fend off a bunch of youngsters. Next year I will be the youngster, so perhaps I will have a better shot at a higher position. My youngest son, Thomas, graduated from Mother Yale in in May 2016. He is going on to Oxford for a D. Phil in Astrophysics (he counts exoplanets). He is stroking the JV lightweight crew for Yale this year. (No, he and his father do not race each other.) Cath is well and teaching health policy at Columbia and serving on various hospital boards. My older boys are doing well with the oldest at JPMorgan in FinTech M&A and the middle son (Yale ’96) running a medtech startup in San Francisco, Digisight – digital ophthalmology. He has sired my three grandsons.“

Retracing a course **Troy Murray** first took 52 years ago through Japan's Inland

Sea, sailing then aboard a wooden-hulled Navy minesweeper based on Kyushu, Troy and Pat enjoyed a cruise that included stops not only in the Inland Sea but also in South Korea, along Honshu's northwest coast, and Tokyo. Their congenial shipmates included two members of our partner Yale Class of 1964 (Dave Lindsay and Stuart Aisenbrey), along with 14 other Yalies and their spouses. Troy writes: “Even after the changes of half a century, Japan and her people remain compellingly attractive and interesting.”

Cedric (Ric) Reverand retired in December of 2013 after serving as a professor of English at the University of Wyoming for 43 years, during which he received the university’s major teaching awards (The Ellbogen Award for Outstanding Teaching and the Mortar Board “Top Prof Award”), and, in 2003, UW’s highest honor, the George Duke Humphrey Distinguished Professor Award. Ric remains active as a scholar of 17th- and 18th-century literature; in fact, the first thing he did upon retirement was finish up editing an anthology of essays, *Queen Anne and the Arts* (Bucknell University Press, 2014), timed to be published in the anniversary year of Queen Anne’s death. And Ric continues as editor of one of the leading scholarly journals in his field, *Eighteenth-Century Life*. In February 2016, Ric also received the Governor’s Arts Award in recognition of his building and running UW’s concert series for nearly 30 years.

Stan Riveles ventured from Taos to visit his children back east in May 2016. In Boston, he walked with his daughter Maria for a POTS fundraiser and awareness rally. A difficult-to-diagnose autonomic disorder, POTS (postural orthostatic tachycardia syndrome) is caused by the body's failure to properly regulate blood pressure and heart

rate. Fatigue, migraines, nausea, and dizziness are among the chronic side effects. Many consultations with specialists failed to yield a diagnosis until, through the late **Dan Arons'** intervention, she was led to the right physician and evaluation. Maria works in development at Harvard Law School. Her symptoms are currently under control. Stan's son Simon, whom he visited in Brooklyn, has a thriving, specialized law practice in the area of hedge and private equity fund formation (Riveles Wahab LLP). On a concurrent visit to the Ellis Island Museum, Stan found the ship's manifest documenting the arrival of his grandmother and father. It lists "Luba Rywles (age 60) and Judel Rywles (age 13)" as arriving on the *Aquitania* and being admitted to the U.S. on March 11, 1922.

Since his retirement from the U.S. Department of State, **Steve Steiner** has now been working for over five years on the Gender and Peacebuilding team at the United States Institute of Peace, where he has focused on programs to empower women in countries that have gone through violent conflict and engaging men in those countries to respect the rights of women. Most recently, he has been involved with a new program training young men in Afghanistan on peace building and gender respect. Steve also has just returned from Ukraine where he has been taking part in a USIP program providing training in peace building, reconciliation, and leadership skills to women and men who have been displaced from their home regions by the Russian occupation of Crimea and aggression in eastern Ukraine. Ukraine currently has 1.7 million Internally Displaced Persons, fourth in the world after Iraq, Syria and Yemen.

Dick Teitz recounts: "I planned to work for four months in Chalatenango, El Salvador, but canceled after my partner Ellen suffered a major stroke in January 2016.

Fortunately, she has made an excellent recovery, and I likely will take another USAID overseas project in the Fall of 2016.”

Joe Valenta and his wife Cindy have built a new small single-story home in Everett, WA, and love it. Joe anticipates that this will be the last in a long line of 14 new homes they have owned over his years in the midwest and on the west coast. He was a real estate broker for the past ten years, after retiring from IBM in 2005. Earlier this year Joe and Cindy went on an amazing Princess Cruise of East Asia, ending with a tour to the Great Wall on the day of his 76th birthday! Joe and his wife will celebrate #50 next year. Upon returning home, Joe completed his autobiography, a composition of short stories about homes, travels, employment, and life’s lessons for his family...Now he will undertake research into his Czech ancestry, with future plans to visit Prague. This fall Joe, who is a retired Navy Captain, will participate in the annual conference for the Naval Order of the United States (NOUS) in Hawaii in support of the group’s many projects to honor our nation’s sea service history. With real estate squarely in the past, he is focusing on the nearby grandkids, landscaping projects, and rekindling his passion for painting, specializing in American folk art.

Walter Alexander Hunt, Jr. passed away peacefully on May 27, 2016.

Originally from Summit, NJ, Walter graduated from The Pingry School in 1959. He earned a Bachelor of Arts degree from Yale University in 1963, followed by a Master 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 Gensler’s office there, 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 of Gensler and became the Northeast Managing Director and Vice-Chair of the firm, retiring from the firm as Vice-Chairman Emeritus in 2012.

Walter spent more than four decades in the design industry, serving on the Board of Directors of the New York Chapter of The American Institute of Architects from 1997-1998 and as the President in 1999. He was an active fundraiser for Yale's School of Architecture, 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. Walter 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. After retirement, Walter founded ONE@@TIME Project Consulting, which provided pro bono consulting services exclusively for not-for-profit organizations.

Walter is survived by his beloved wife, Judith Tansey Hunt; sons David Alexander Hunt, Christopher William Hunt '90, and and Stephen Austin Hunt '96, and grandchildren William, Madeleine, Eleanor, Taylor, Caroline, Ryan, Hannah, and Alexander.

Dave Hilyard remembers: “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.”

Rees Jones writes: “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.”

Stan Riveles recalls: “The intellectual highlight of our 2006 mini-reunion in San Francisco was Walter Hunt’s architectural tour of the city. For an afternoon, Walter entertained and stimulated us with his observations about local history and the connections with building landmarks. Witty and self-assured, Walter seemed the embodiment of the city’s outsized personality.”

The United States Embassy in Budapest, Hungary has dedicated its conference room in memory of **Mark Palmer**. in recognition of Mark’s contributions to the advancement of democracy when he served as our Ambassador to Hungary during the

crucial period of the 1980s, when popular protests were beginning to weaken the Communist dictatorships that had ruled for so long in Hungary and other Warsaw Pact countries. Mark's widow, Dr. Sushma Palmer, took part in the dedication ceremony.

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.”

James Harlow Wilmotte died on April 25, 2016 at Golden Living Center–Brentwood in Evansville, IN. He was born on January 4, 1941 in Oak Park, IL. Jim graduated from Yale University in 1963, and worked in IT from 1963 to 2006, primarily for Montgomery Ward and Zurich. He is survived by sons Jeff and Brad, brothers, Tom and Steve, sister Sue (Wilmotte) Trainor, grandchildren Vanessa and Charlie Wilmotte, and many nieces and nephews.

Bill Zimmermann writes: “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 in the hospital battling cancer 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, and he entered a care facility. I will never forget his sense of humor, the depth of his understanding, and his fundamental kindness.”

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